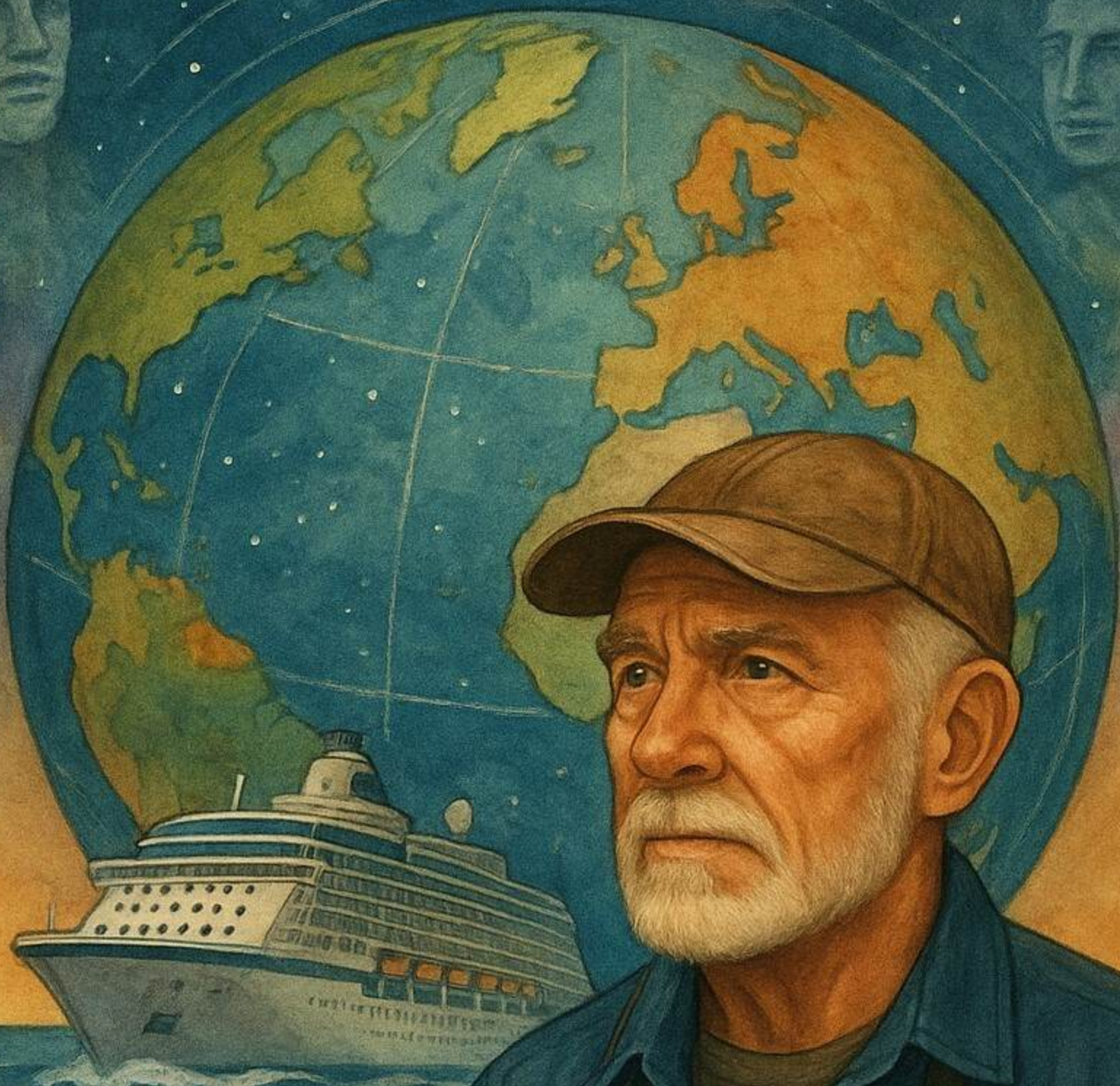
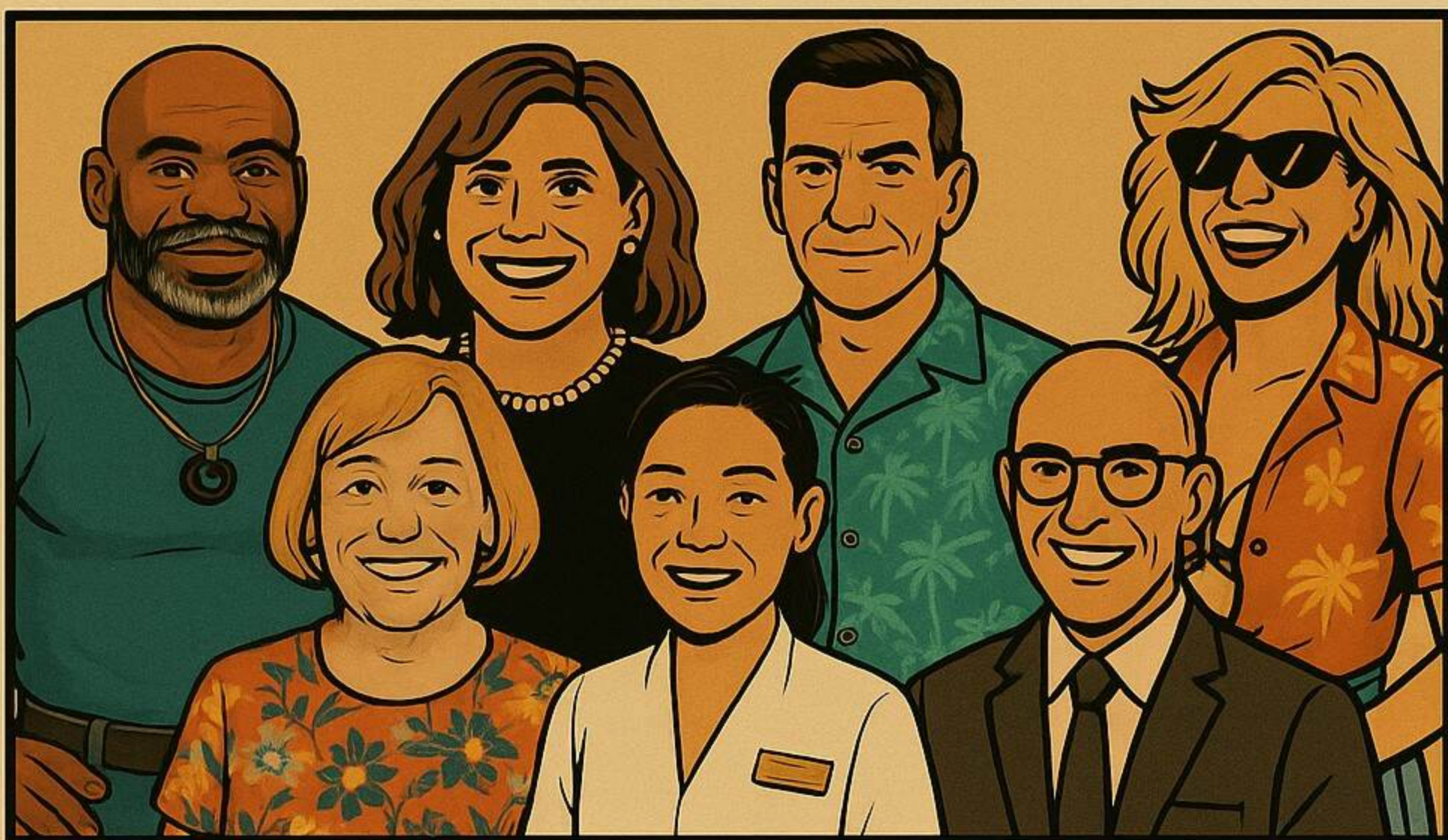


VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS



JOSEPH F. THOMPSON

**THIS COMIC BOOK IS
A WORK OF ART, BUT
FICTION. IT IS BASED
ON REAL EVENTS AND HAS
BEEN WRITTEN FOR
DRAMATIC EFFECT.
IT IS BASED ON REAL
PEOPLE BUT WRITTEN
AS FICTION.**



EVERY STORY BEGINS
AS A FLICKER OF
.. THEN SAILS ITO



THEY ARE HISPIRED BY REAL LIVE ,
BUT REWALINDEF...

... TO GET TO TRUTHS.



WELCOME RROARD, EVERVIGIN
NOU SEE HEMLAB...
EXCEPT THE PARTS WE MADEUP.

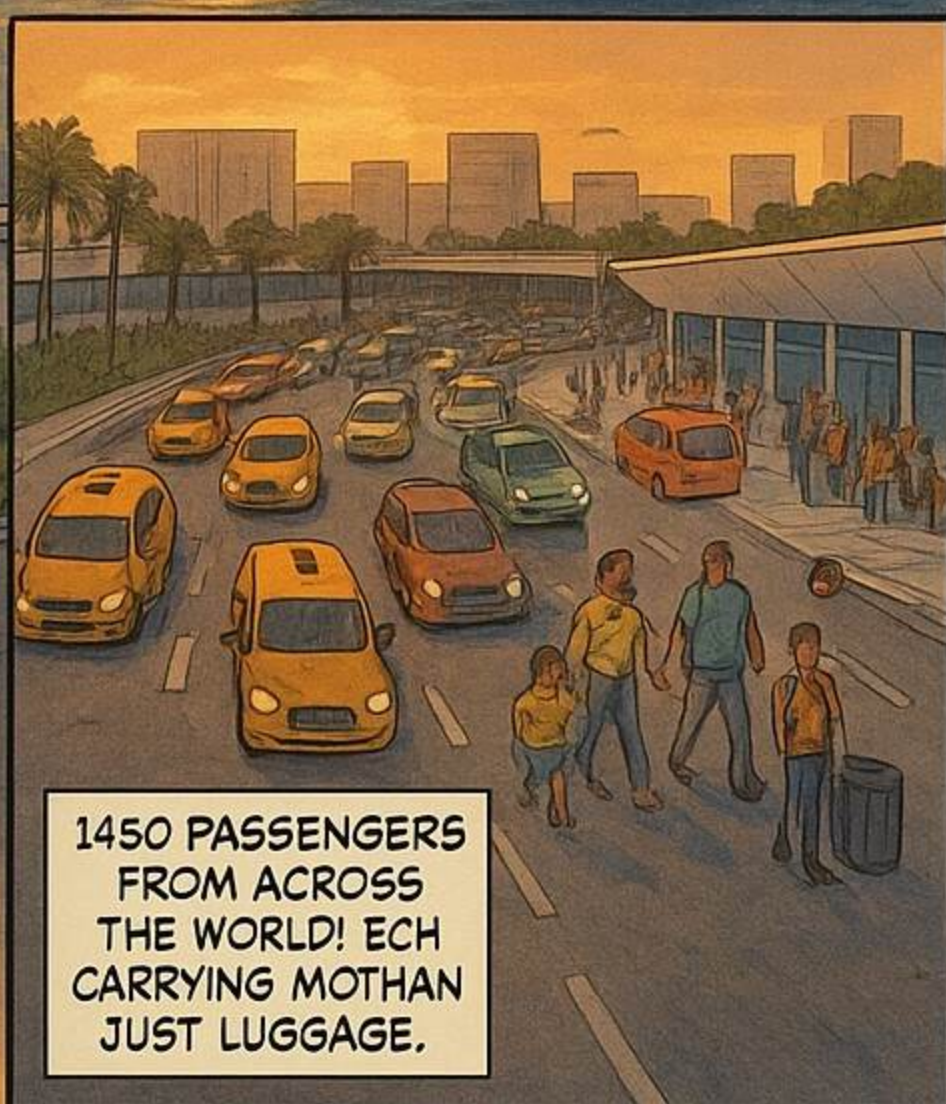
THIS IS A WORK
FICTION.

WHILL INSPIRED BY
ACTUAL EVERTS &ND
REAL IMONTDUUBLP.,
THESPOMOL R&LSIGM
AND SEEVVRIOS HAVE
BEED SRATTER FOR
ANTISTIC ANDMATIC
REFECT..



The Author

PORT OF DEPARTURE — MIAMI, 7:00 AM



1450 PASSENGERS
FROM ACROSS
THE WORLD! EACH
CARRYING NOTHING
JUST LUGGAGE.

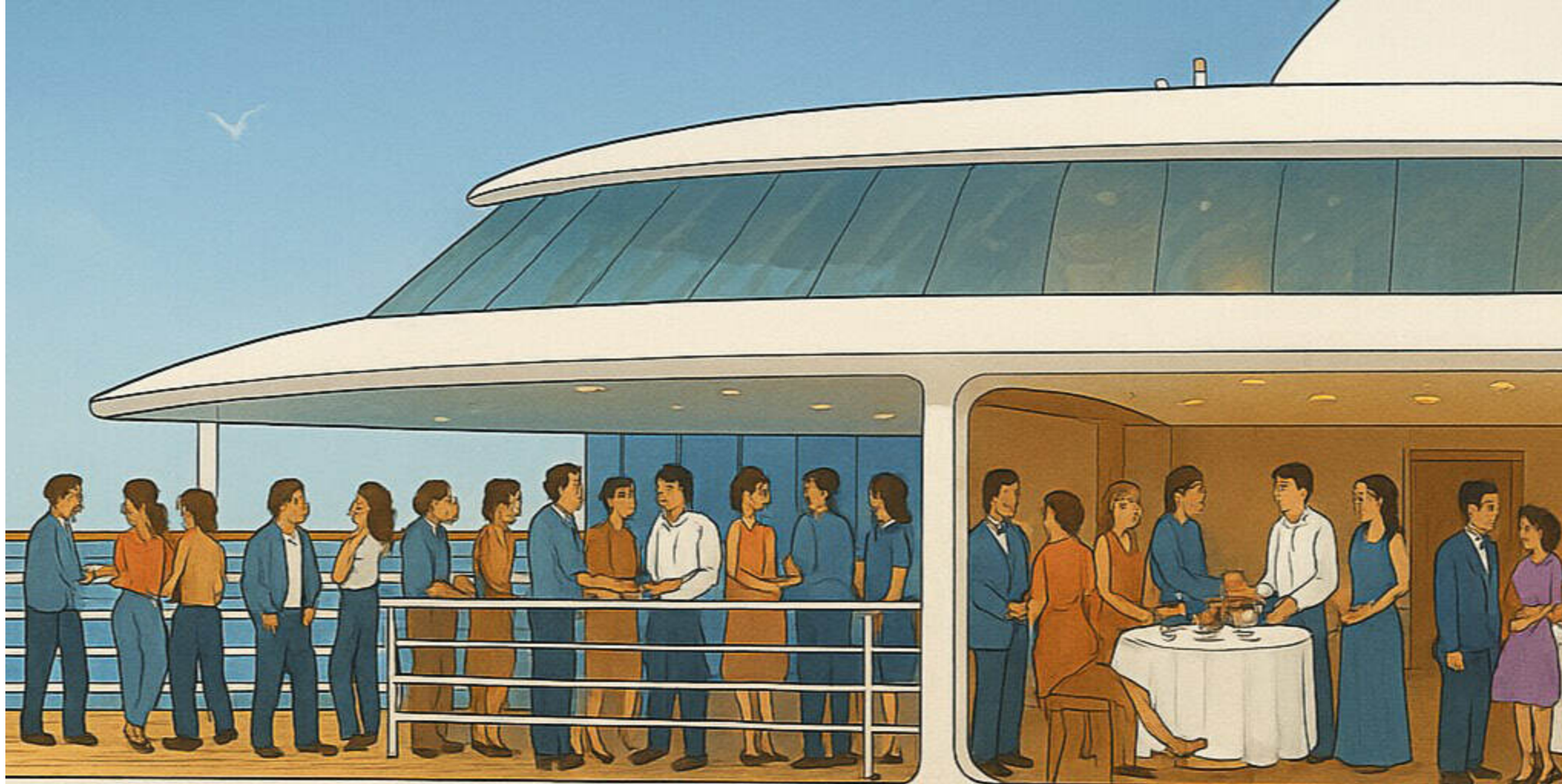


WELCOME
ABOARD
ADVENTURE
OF A LIFE-
TIME!

WELCOME ABOARD
THE ADVENTURE OF
A LIFETIME! THE
WORLD IS WAITING!



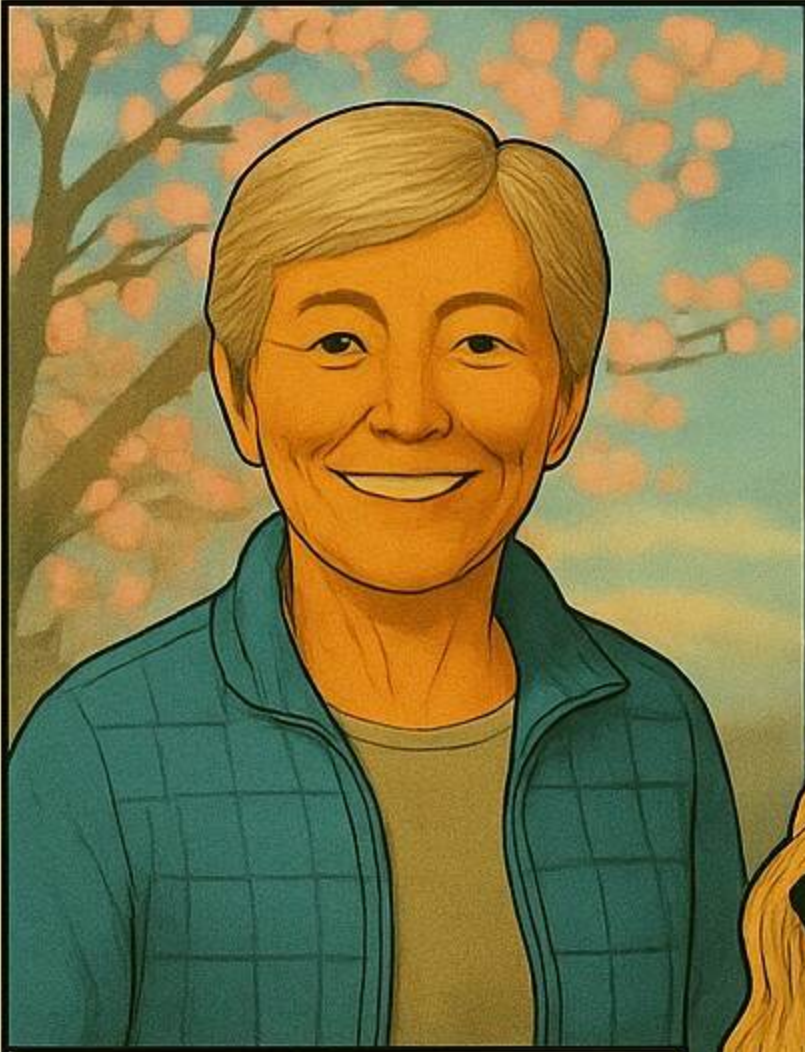
SOME OF US CAME
TO ESCAPE..
OTHERS CAME TO
REMEMBER.



SERENADE *OF THE* SEAS



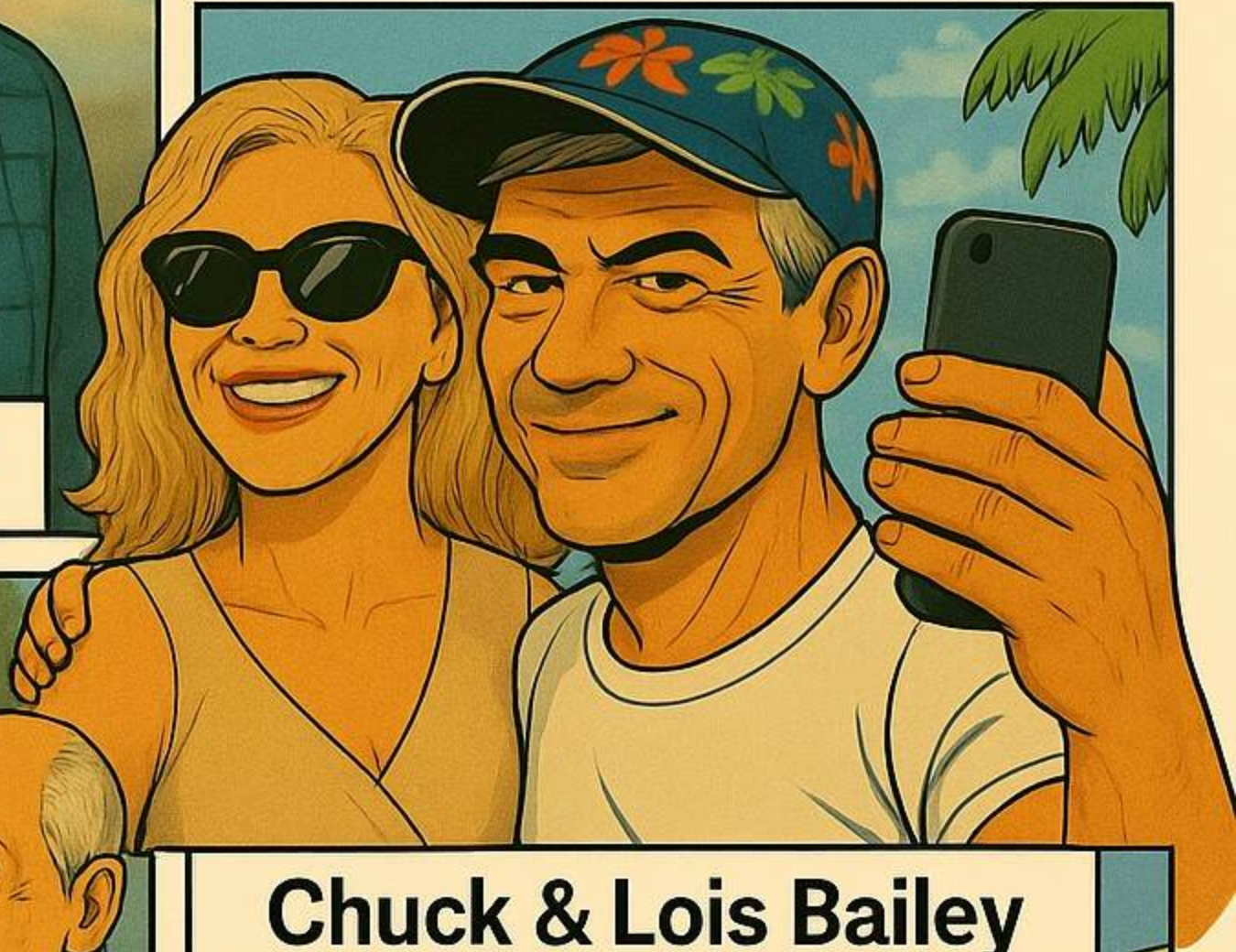
GLOBAL THREADS



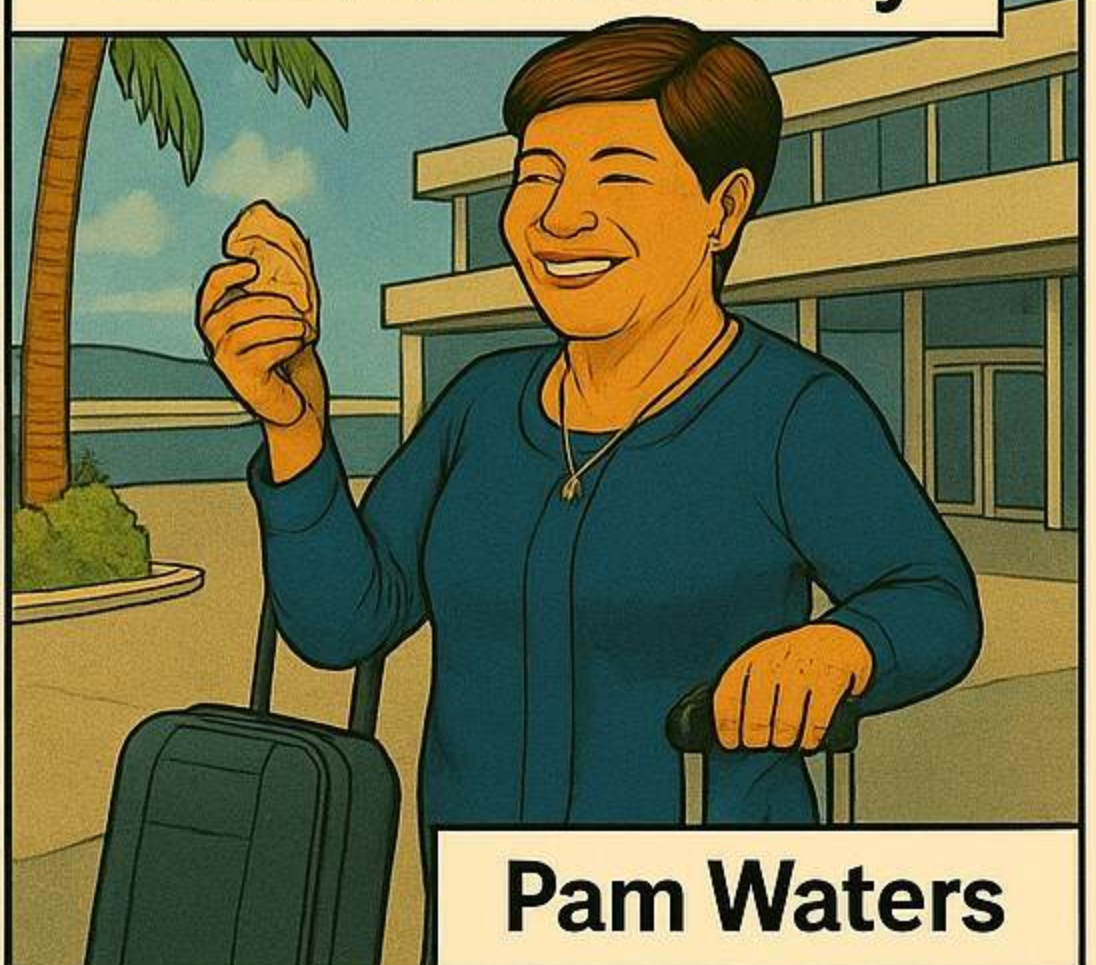
Judy Conner



Liu Chen

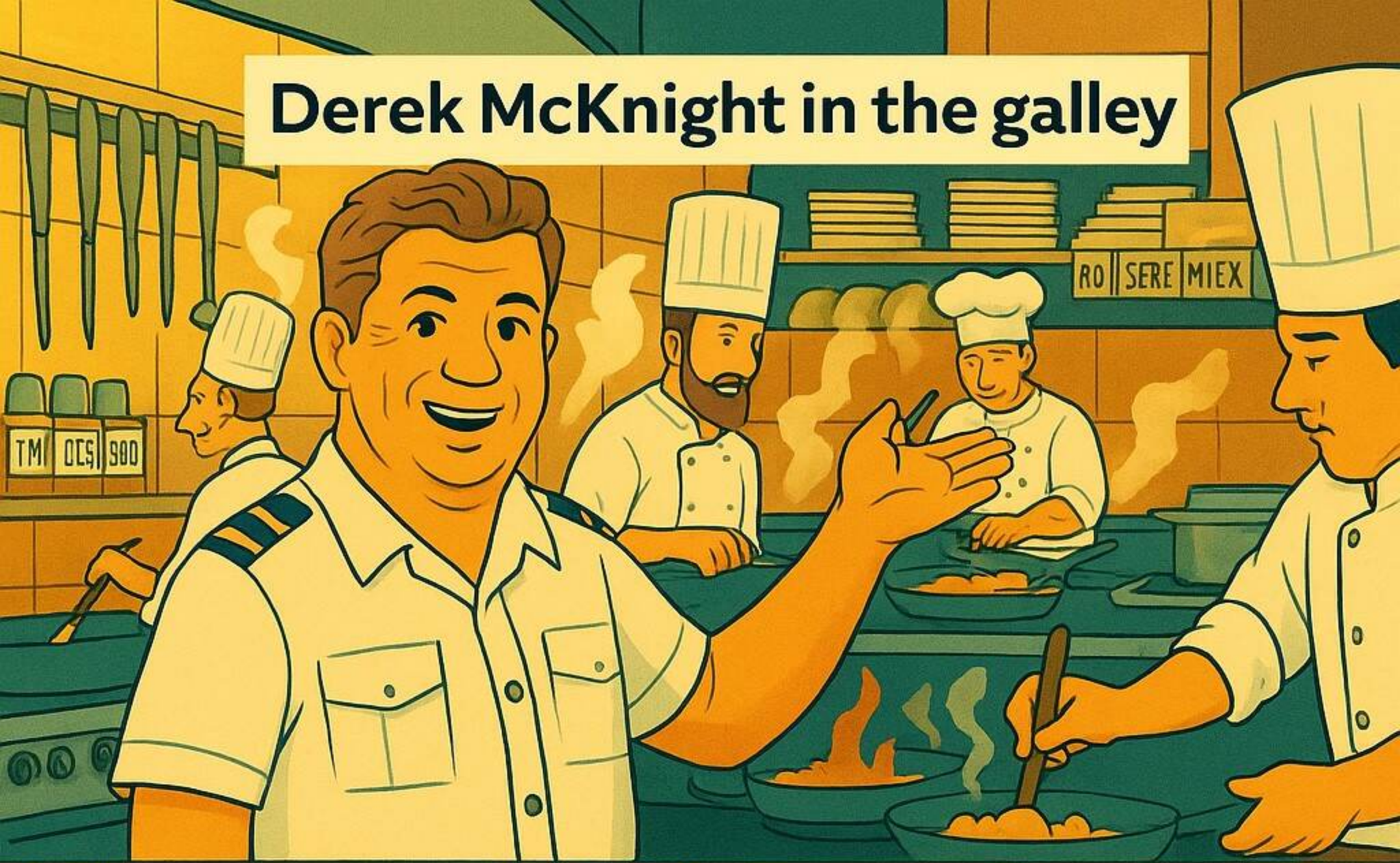


Chuck & Lois Bailey



Pam Waters

Derek McKnight in the galley



**Liu Chen at
Guest Services,
reviewing
guest lists.**



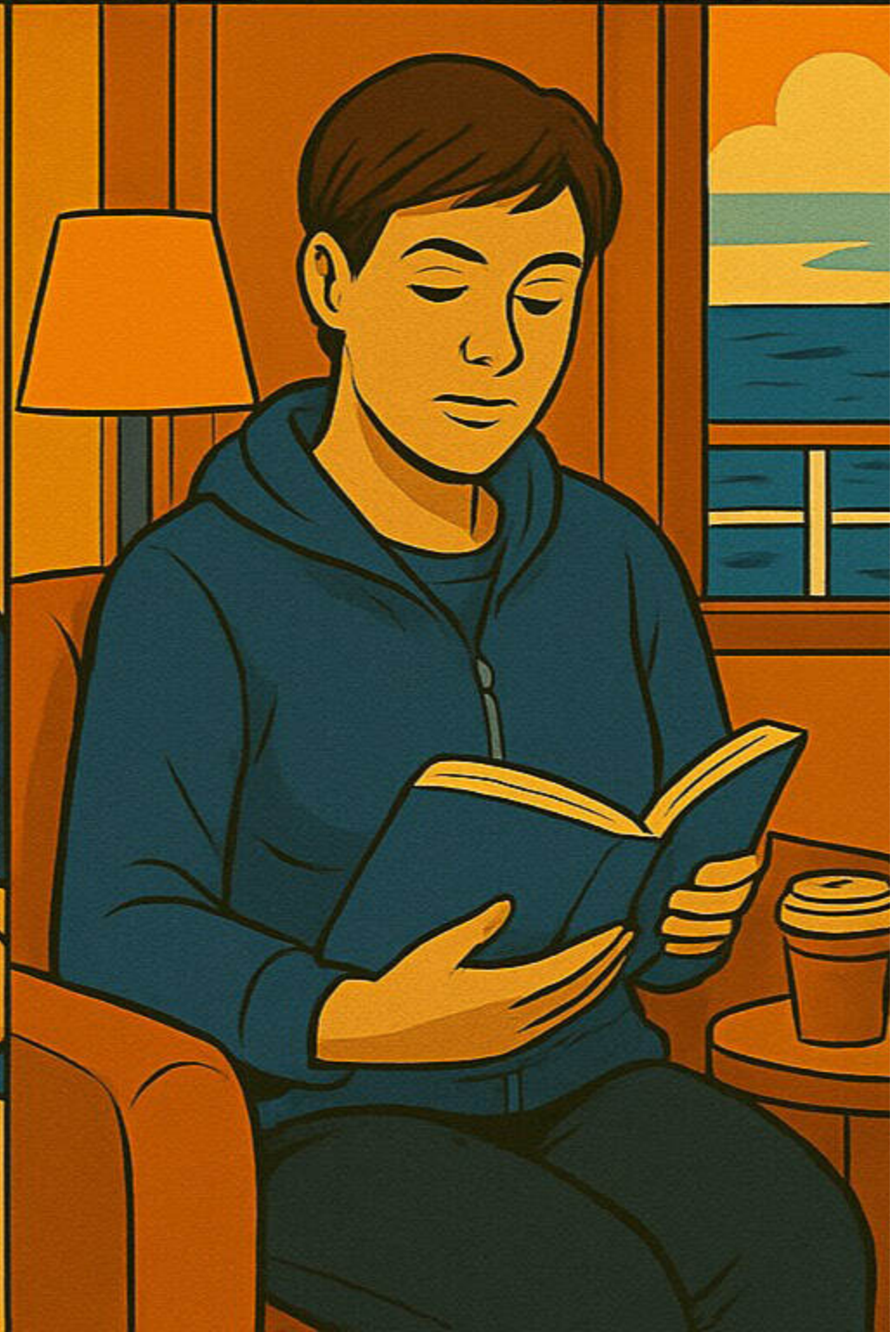
**Ms. Pen in Vitality
Spa, preparing oils,
folding robes**

ANTHONY ANTOINE





SERENADE OF THE SEAS



PRE-SAIL ANXIETY



He says it calms the
the nerves



Prepared for any
drinking emergency



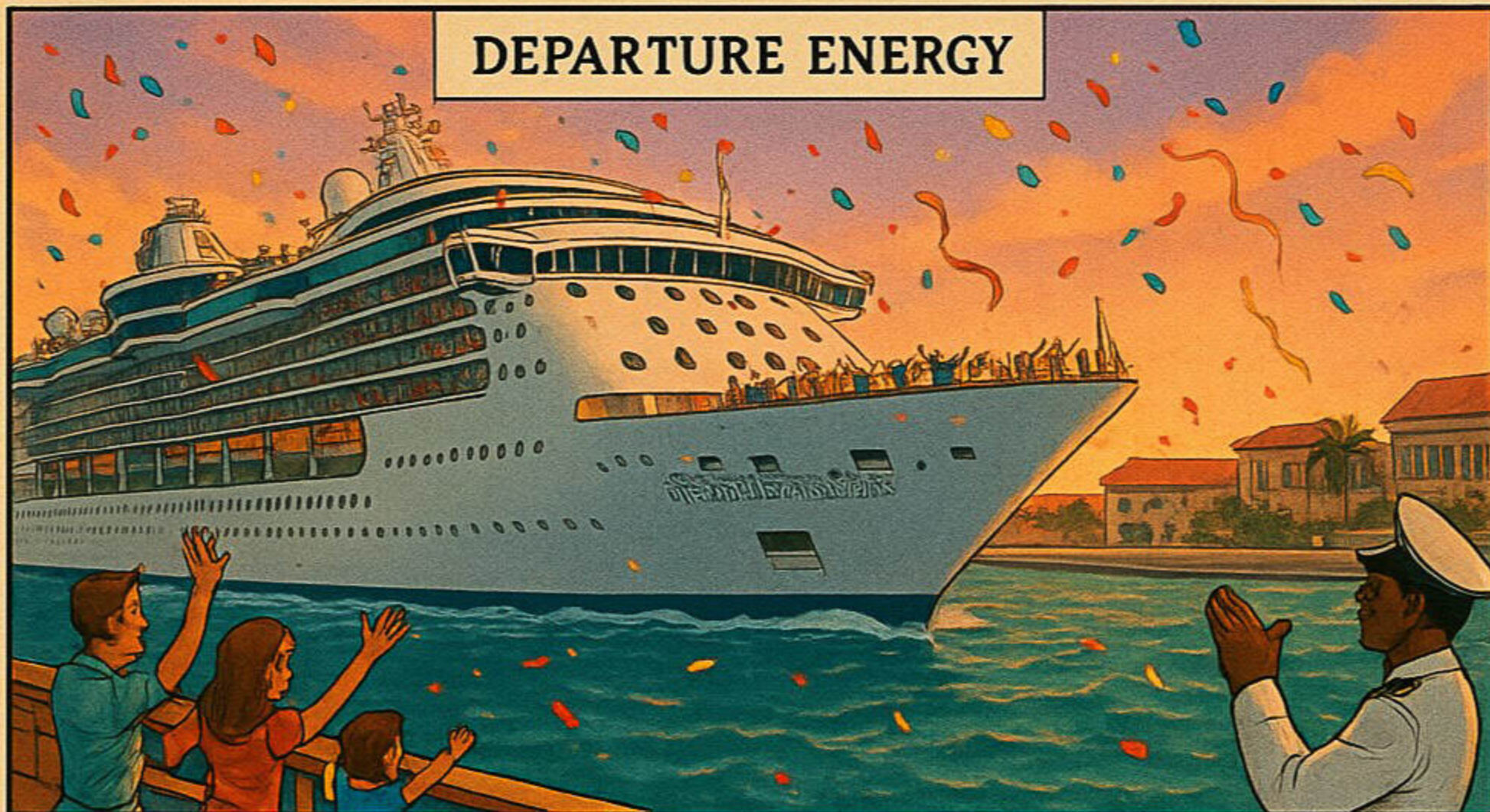
Still wondering if she
left the stove on



He sees something
poetic in her unease

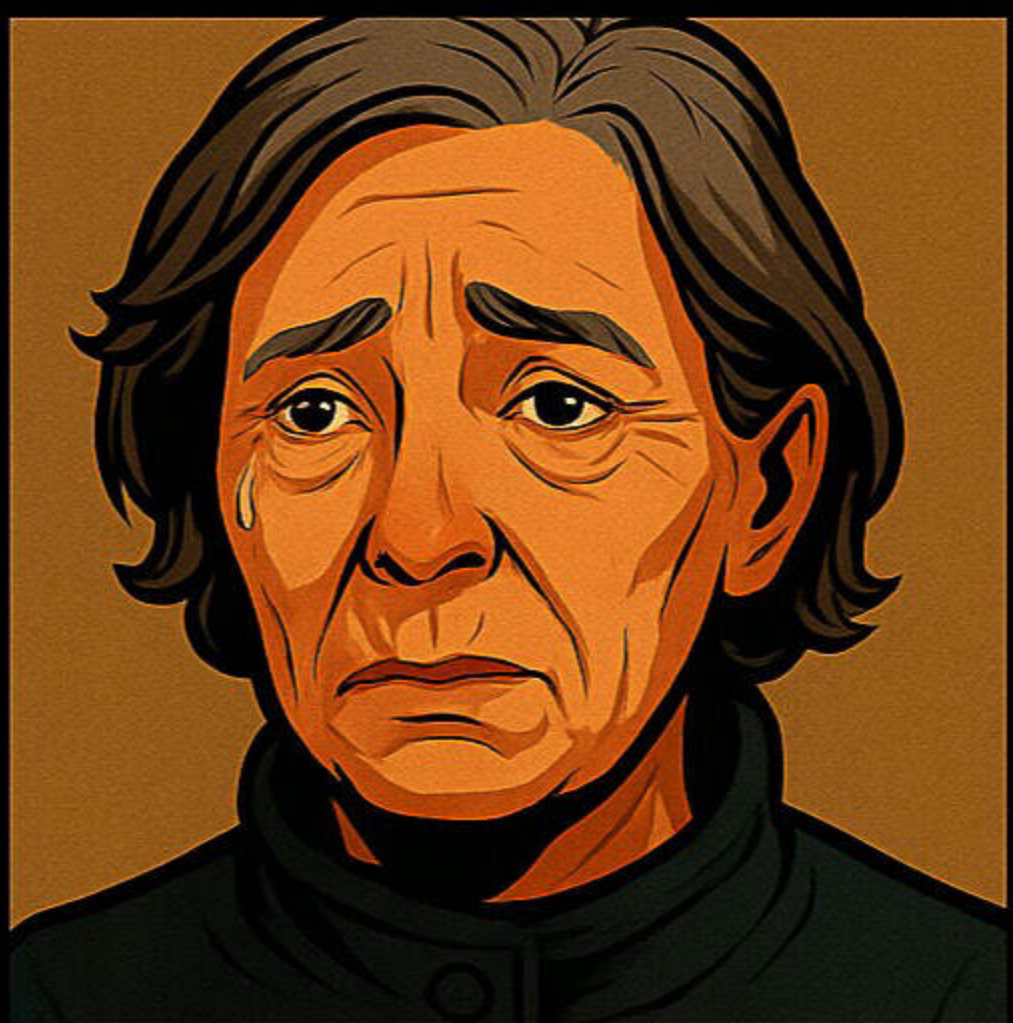
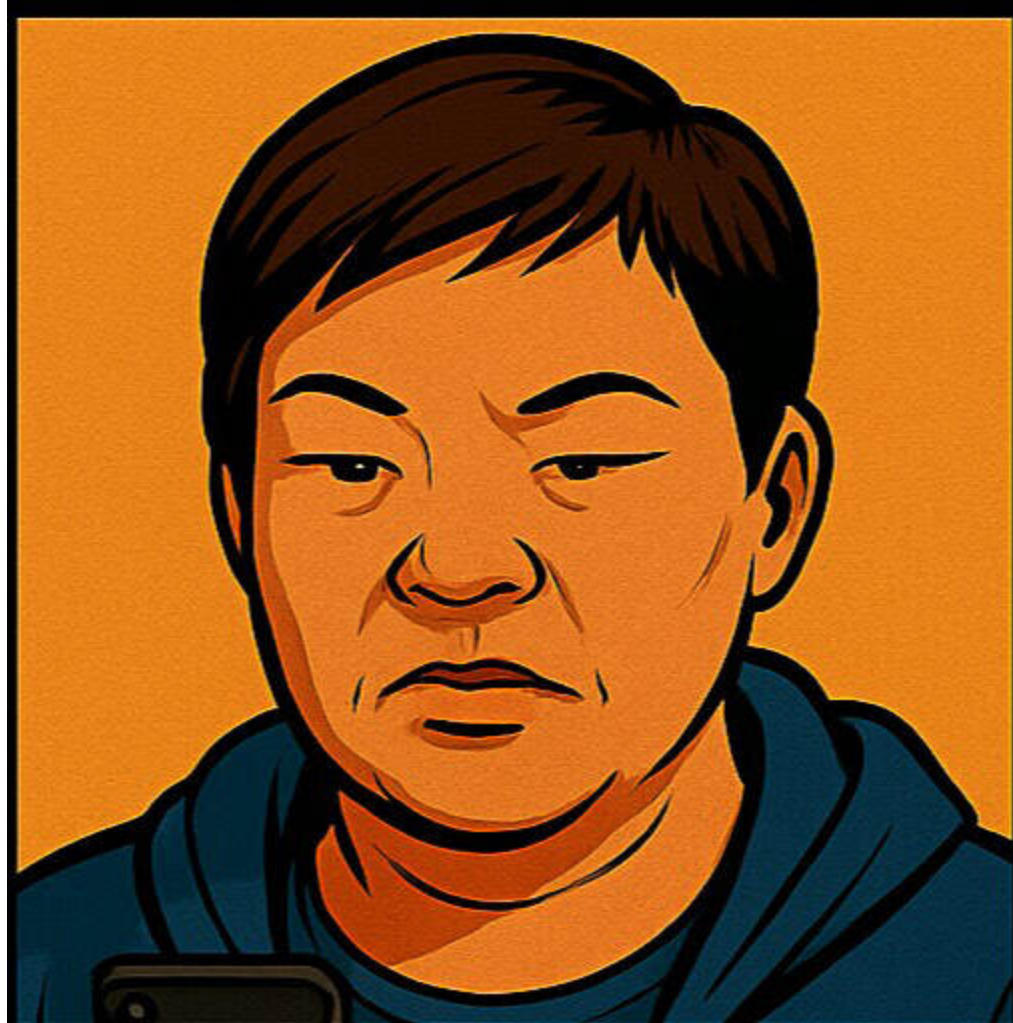
THE CALM BEFORE THE CASTOFF

DEPARTURE ENERGY



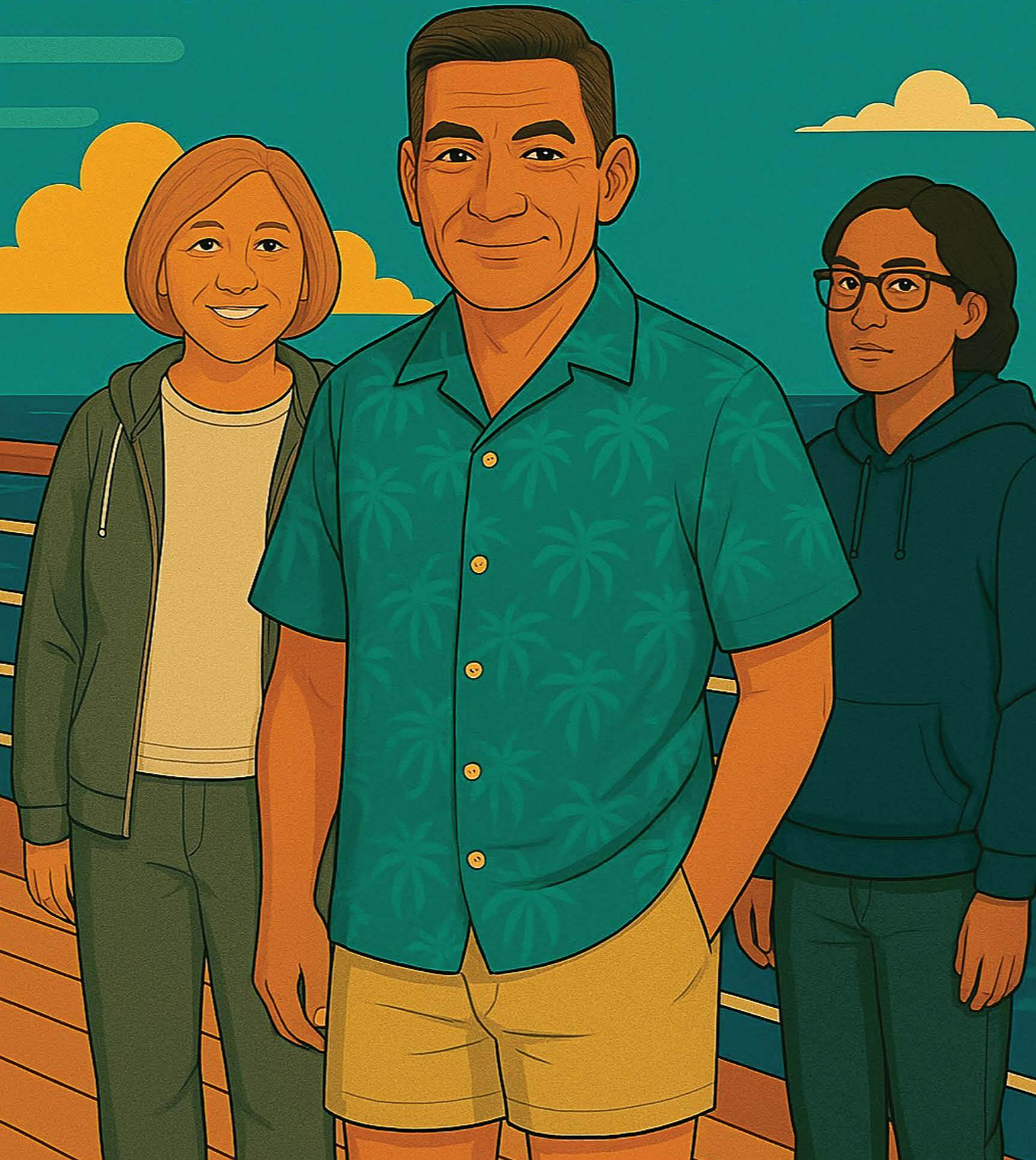
The
grand
adventure
begins.





CHAPTER 1

STOWAWAYS OF THE SOUL

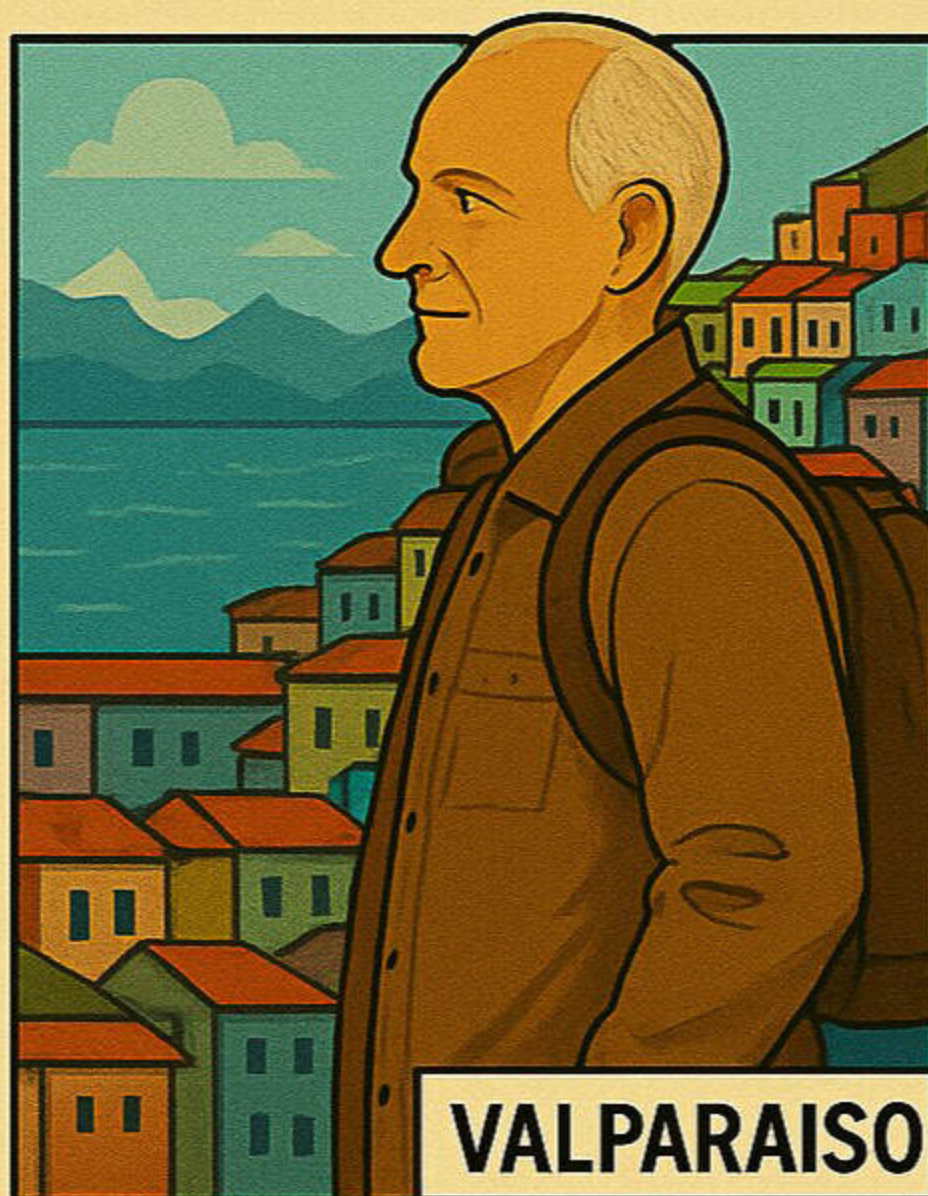
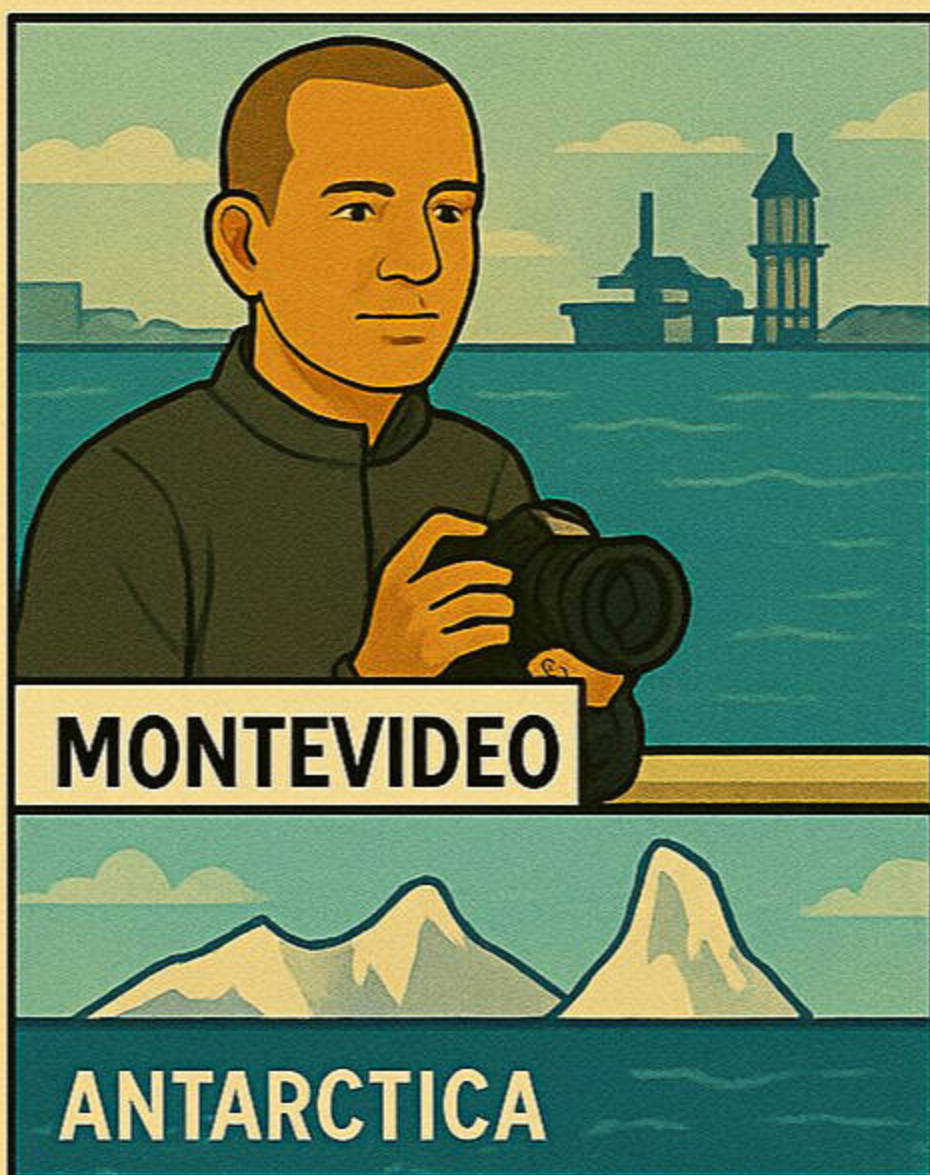


LET THE VOYAGE BEGIN.
LET THE ILLUSIONS FALL.



ACT I

THE AMERICAS & ANTARTICA



SETTLING IN



Judy Conner
arranging family photos.



Michelle' Domina
precise stacks of clothing.

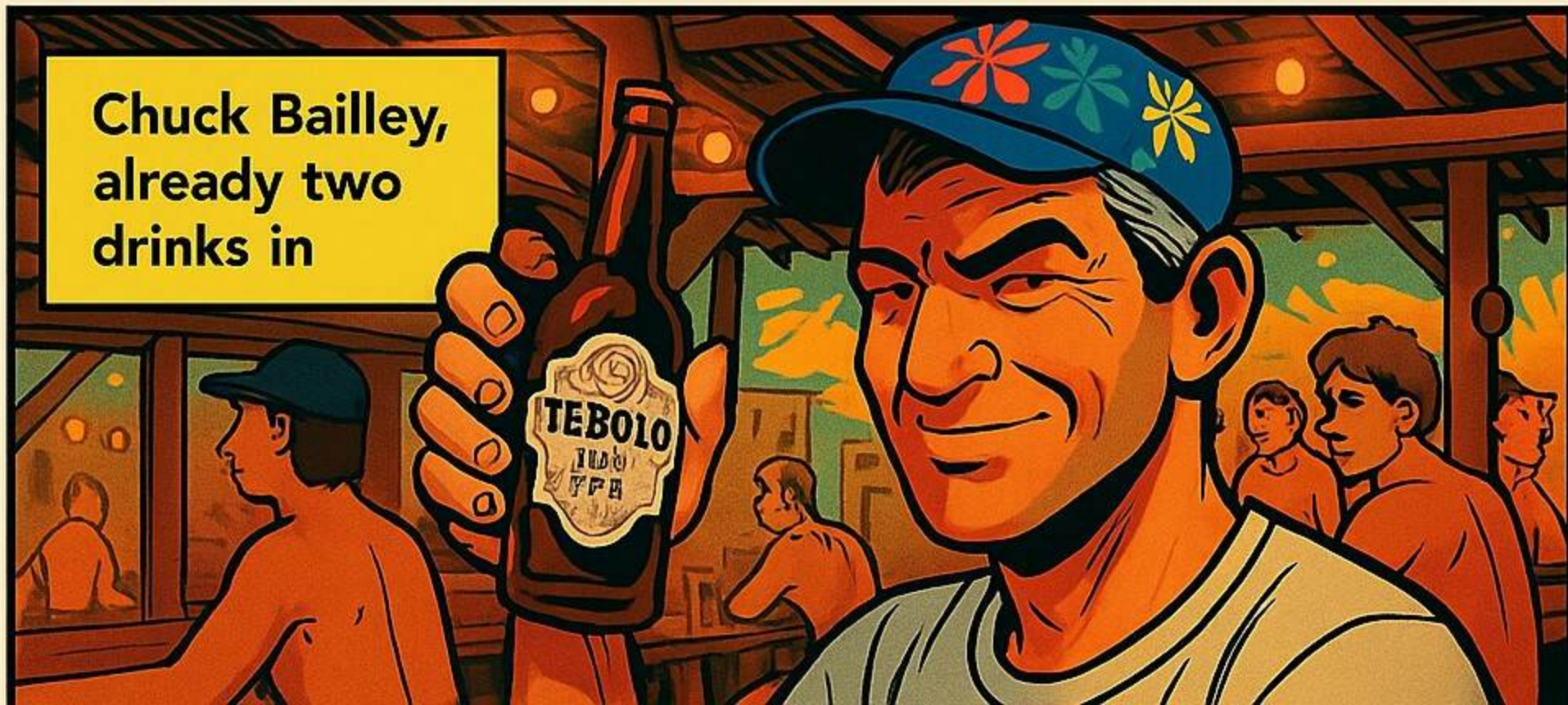


Tonya Piigrim smuggling extra
coffee packets into her drawer

Joff Eaton runs the first muster drill with comedic energy.

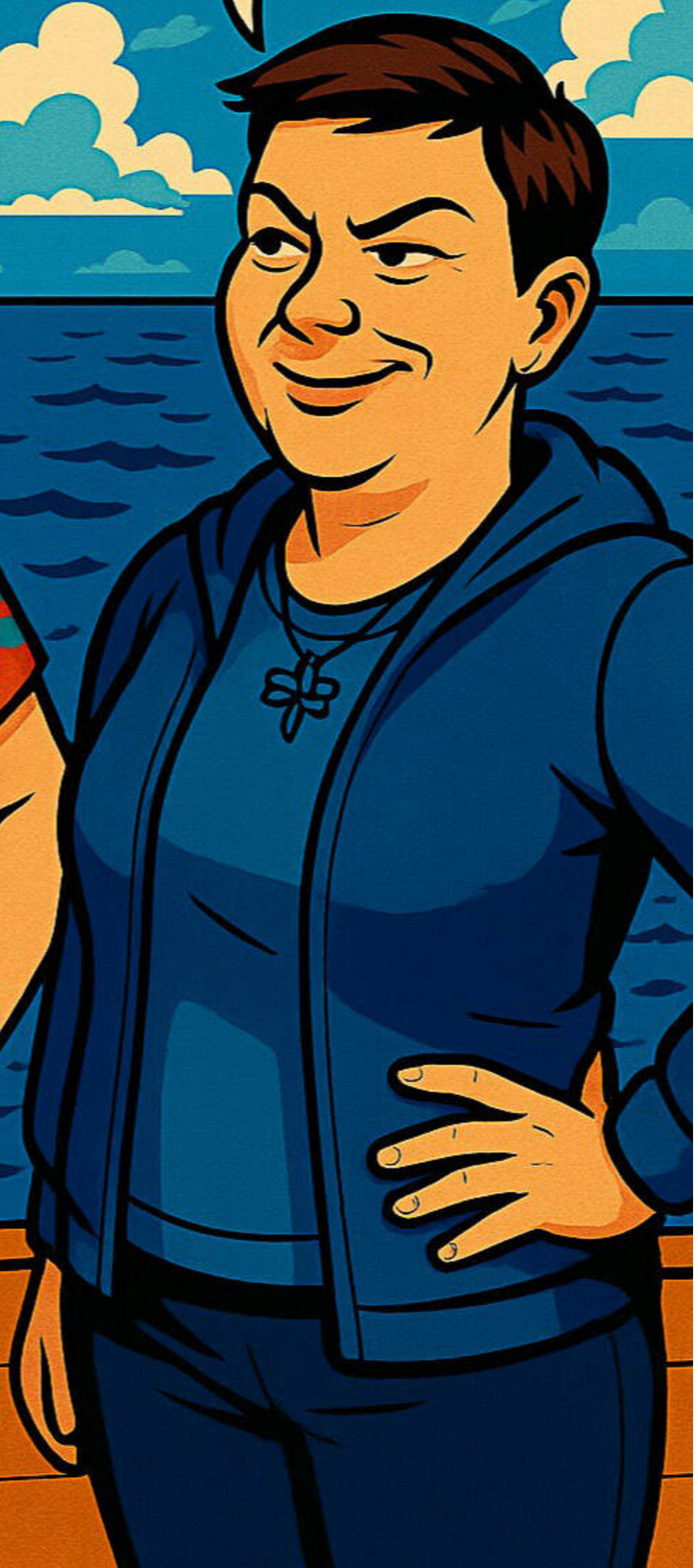
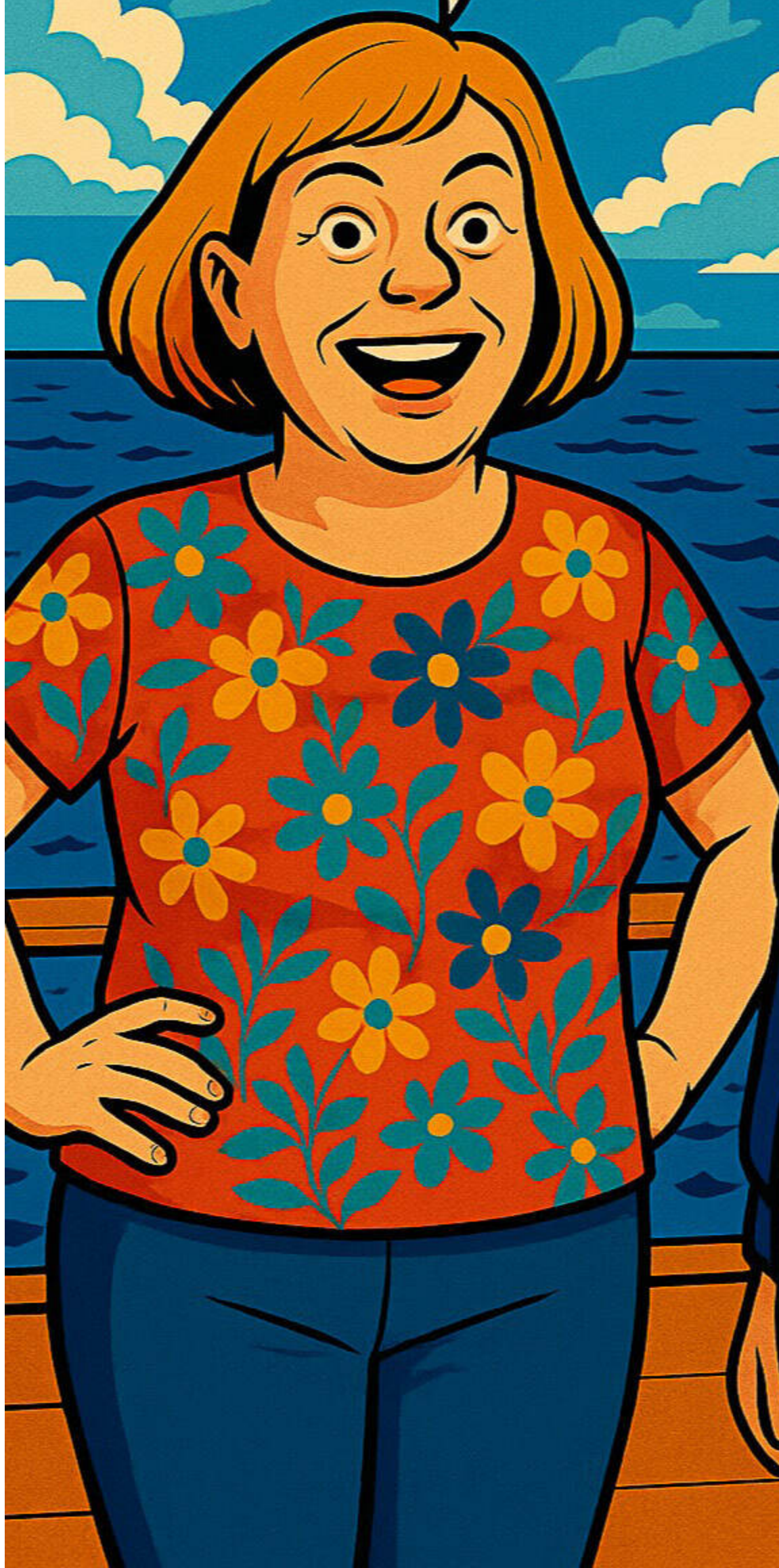


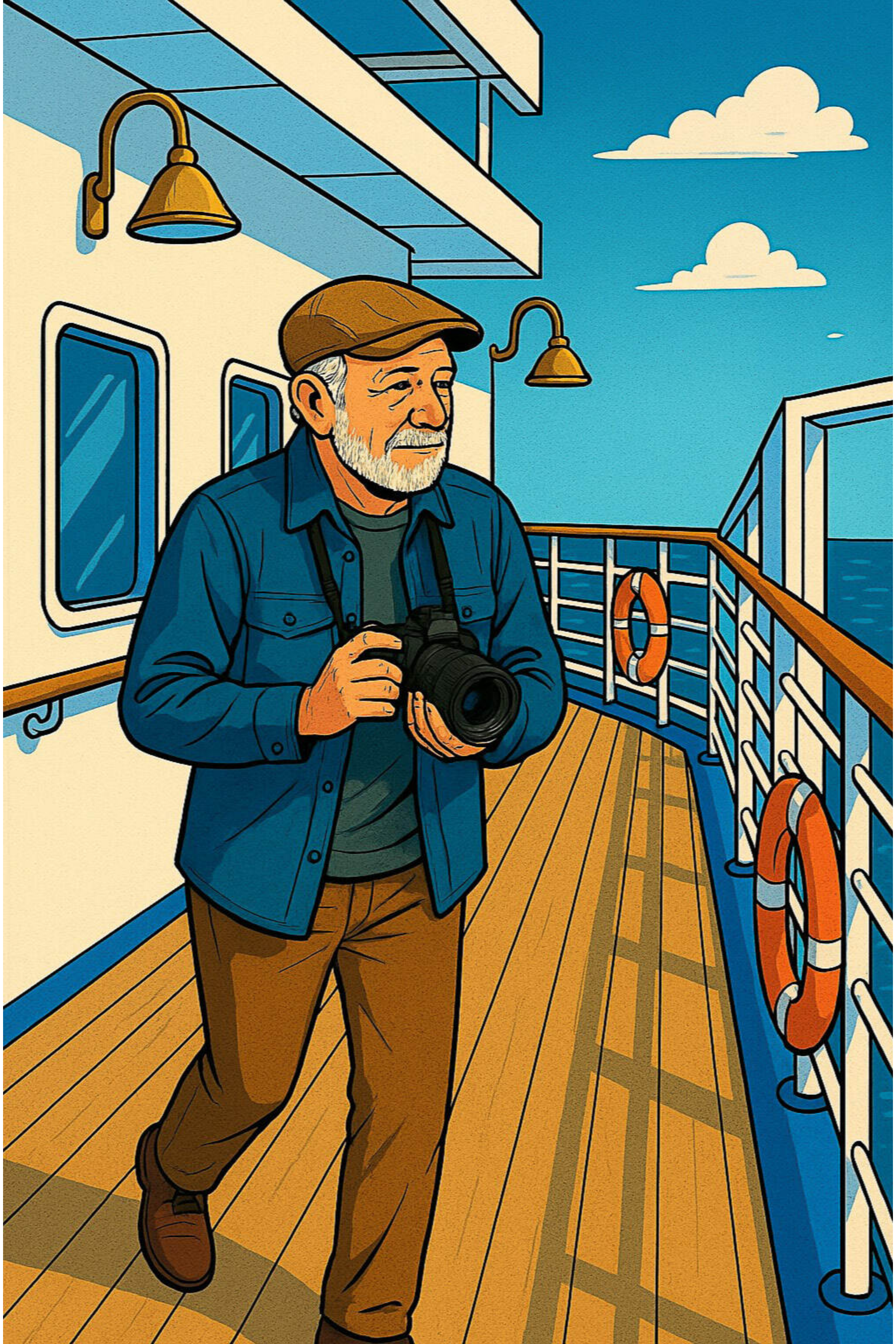
Chuck Bailey,
already two
drinks in



**I'M STARTING
A WOMEN'S
EMPOWERMENT
CLUB!**

**SHOULD I
BRING THE SA-
GE AND CRYSTALS
-OR JUST MY
THIRD EYE?**







Chapter 2

Revelations in Recife



RECIFE, BRAZIL



Recife was hot, crowded, and chaotic—but Maria made order out of the mess before anyone could sweat through their lanyard.



Let me take care of that for you. You'll be off ship in just a moment.

TASTE THE PORT—RECIFE, BRAZIL

When Derek leads a food tour, you follow—empty stomach required.



Oh my goodness—
what is this magic?

Recife left its flavor
on every tongue.





**CHUCK ARGUES OVER LOIS
FLIRTATIOUS BEHAVIOR WITH A LOCAL VENDOR**

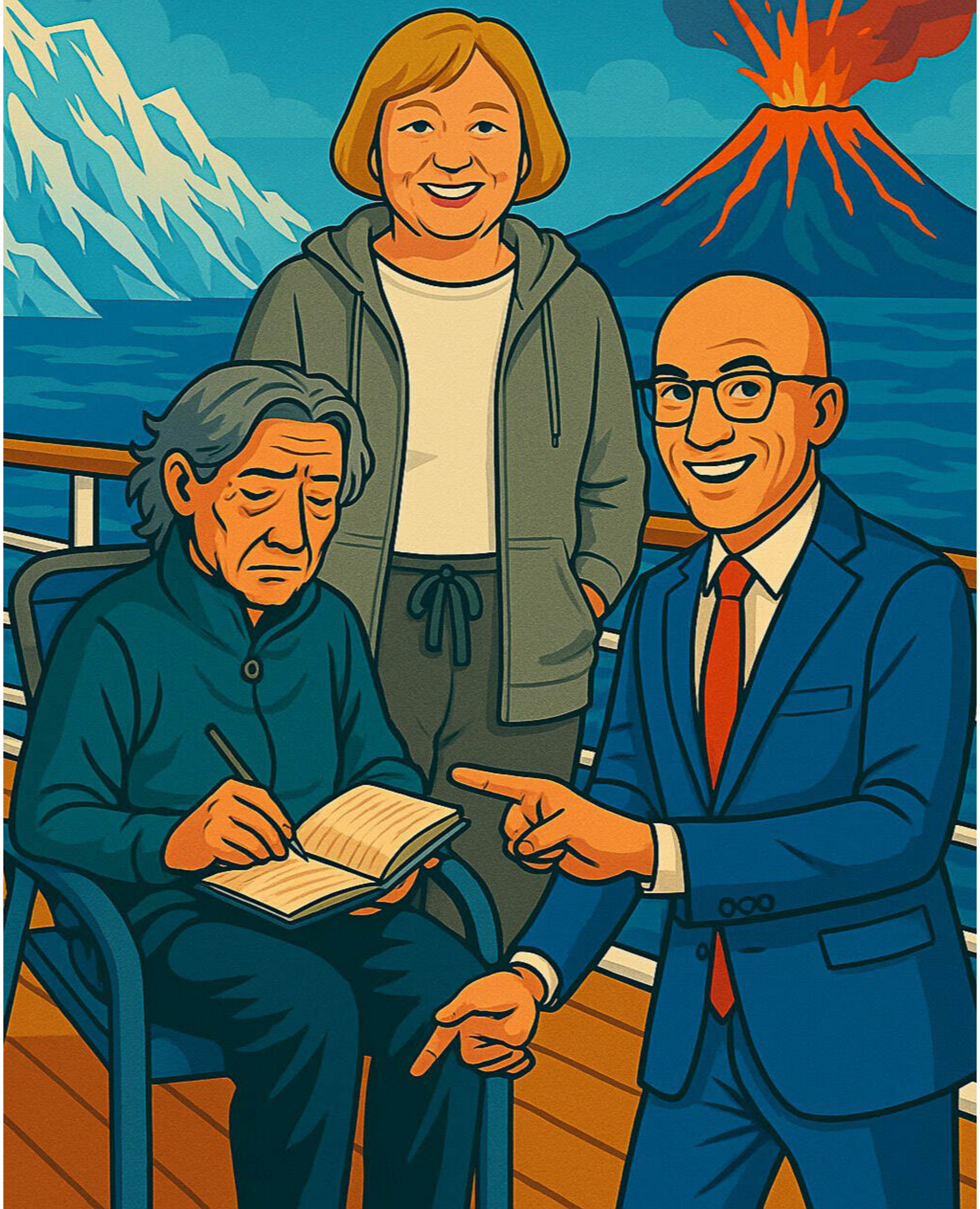
CHILD DANCING



WAR FLASHBACK

CHAPTER 3

ICE AND FIRE



MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY





For map outside changes—and something within shifts.



Montevideo: a city where the Atlantic whispers secrets to stone and steel.

**‘WE’RE NOT CROSSING
AN OCEAN—
WE’RE CROSSING
MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY.**





**BEATRICE JOURNALS
BY HERSELF**

**WAIT... MONTEVIDEO
BAY WAS MADE BY
VOLCANOES, RIGHT?**

HA

HA

HA

HA

GUIDEBOOK

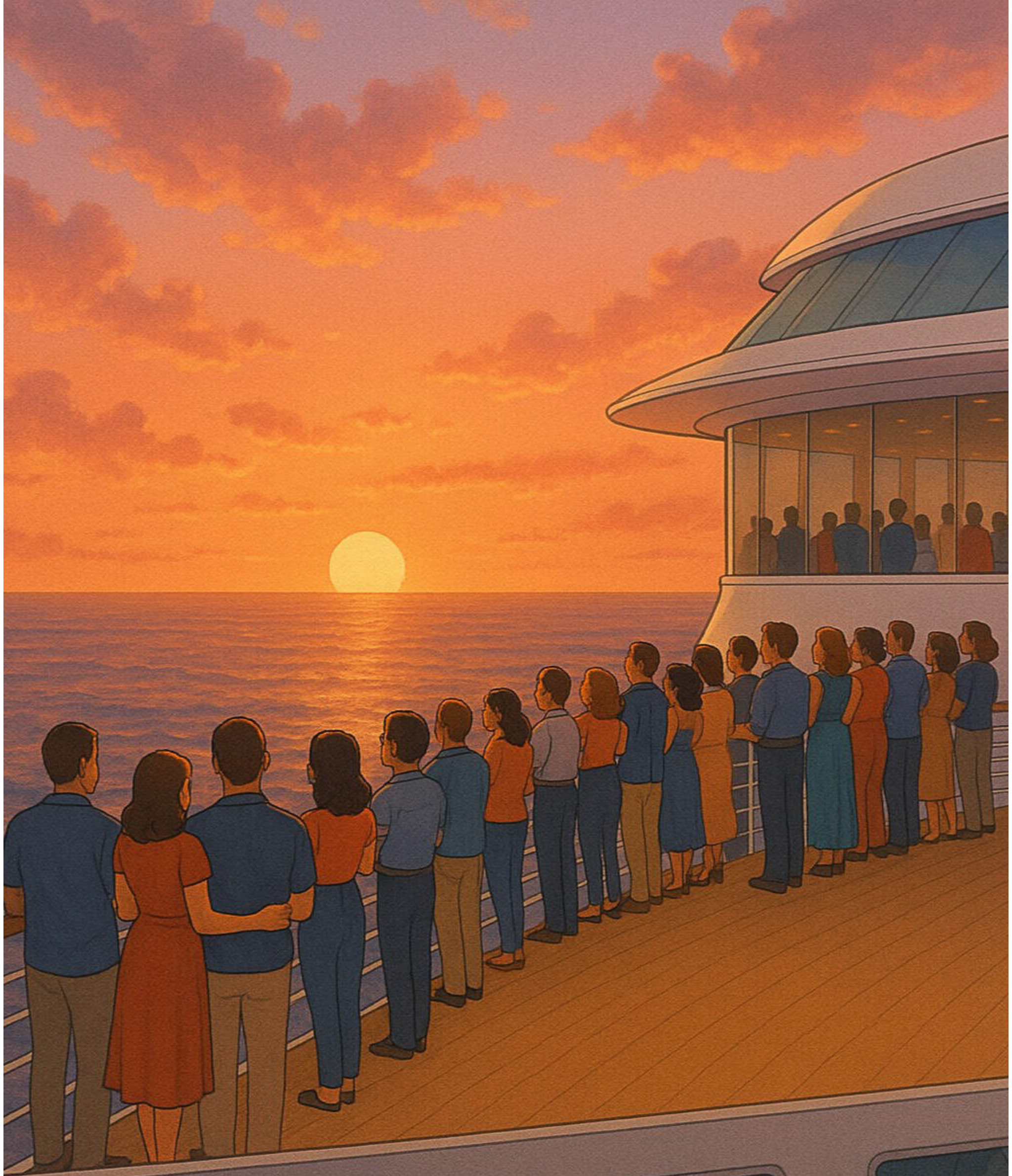
**Laughter erupts as Maura
clutches her guidebook.**



When you contain
a sea, you rearrange
an illusion.

MIDNIGHT MONOLOGUES

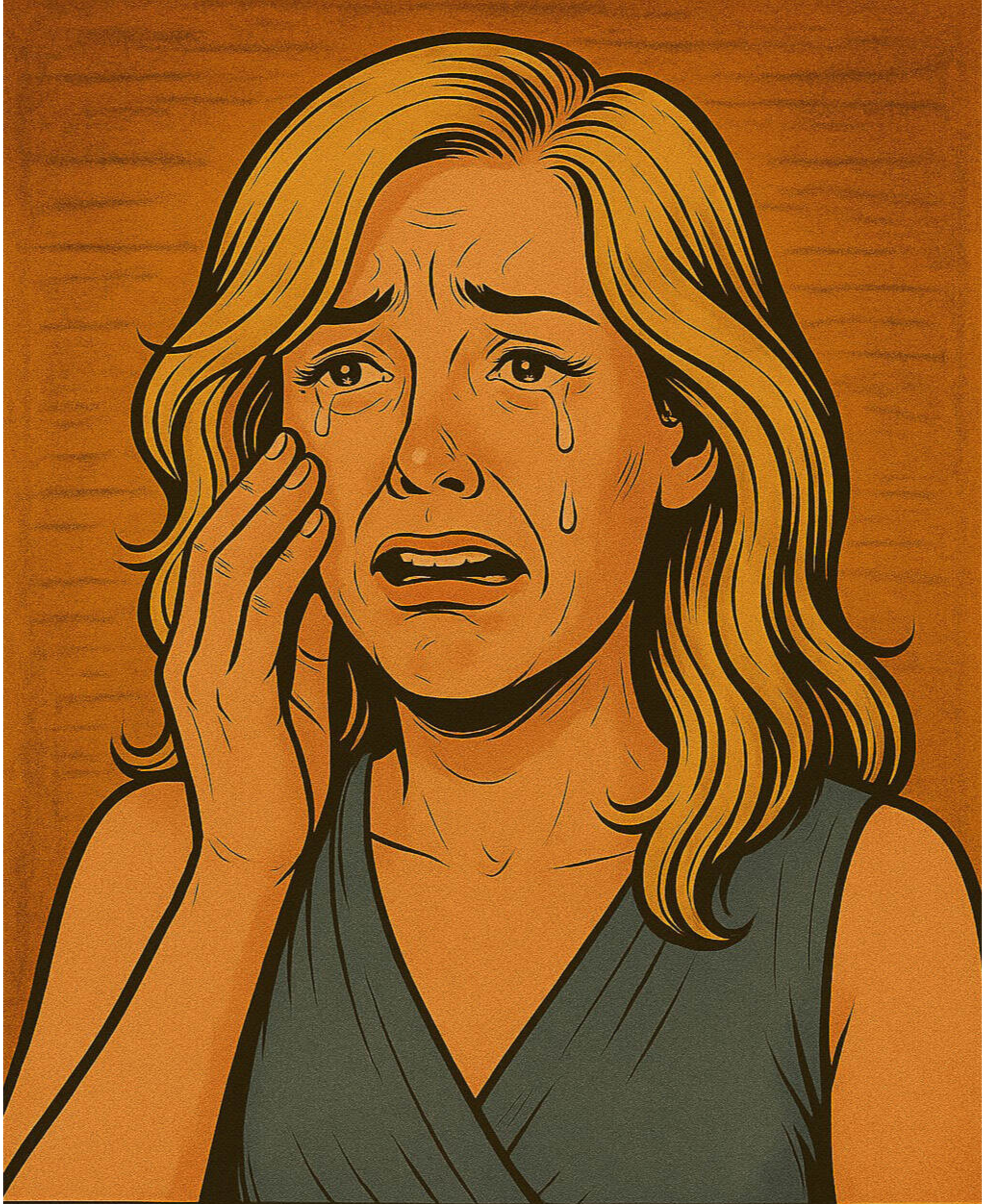




**WE LEFT HOME TO FIND
THE HORIZON. TURNS
OUT, THE HORIZON
WAS IN US ALL ALONG.**

WHEN I SAY,
"I LOVE MYSELF."
IT'S NOT EGO.
IT'S SURVIVAL.





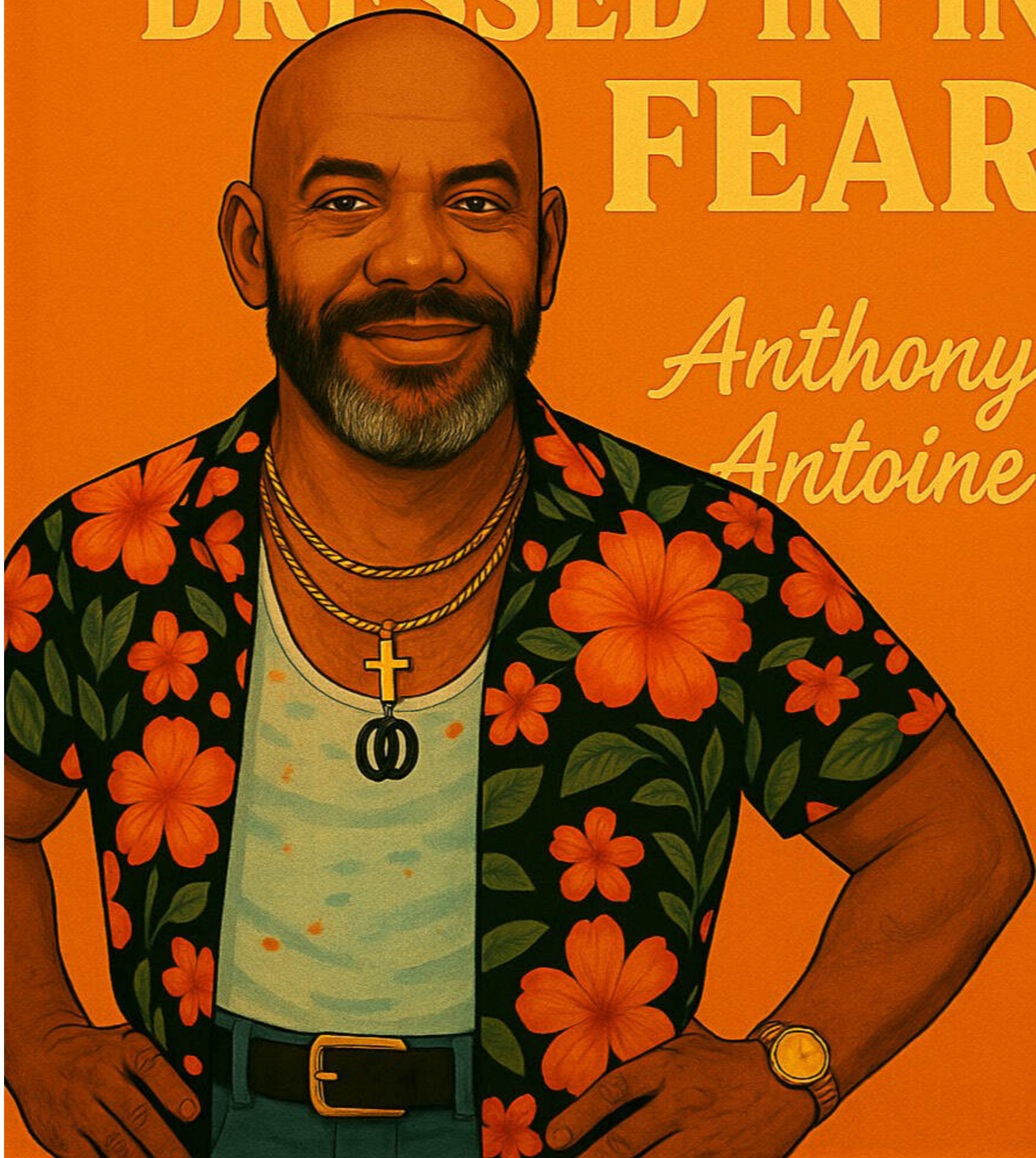
**“I’M AFRAID
I PEAKED AT 35.”**

**Joseph saying nothing.
He just offers a print from
his camera to a stranger.**



ILLUSIONS
ARE JUST
TRUTHS
DRESSED IN IN
FEAR

*Anthony
Antoine*





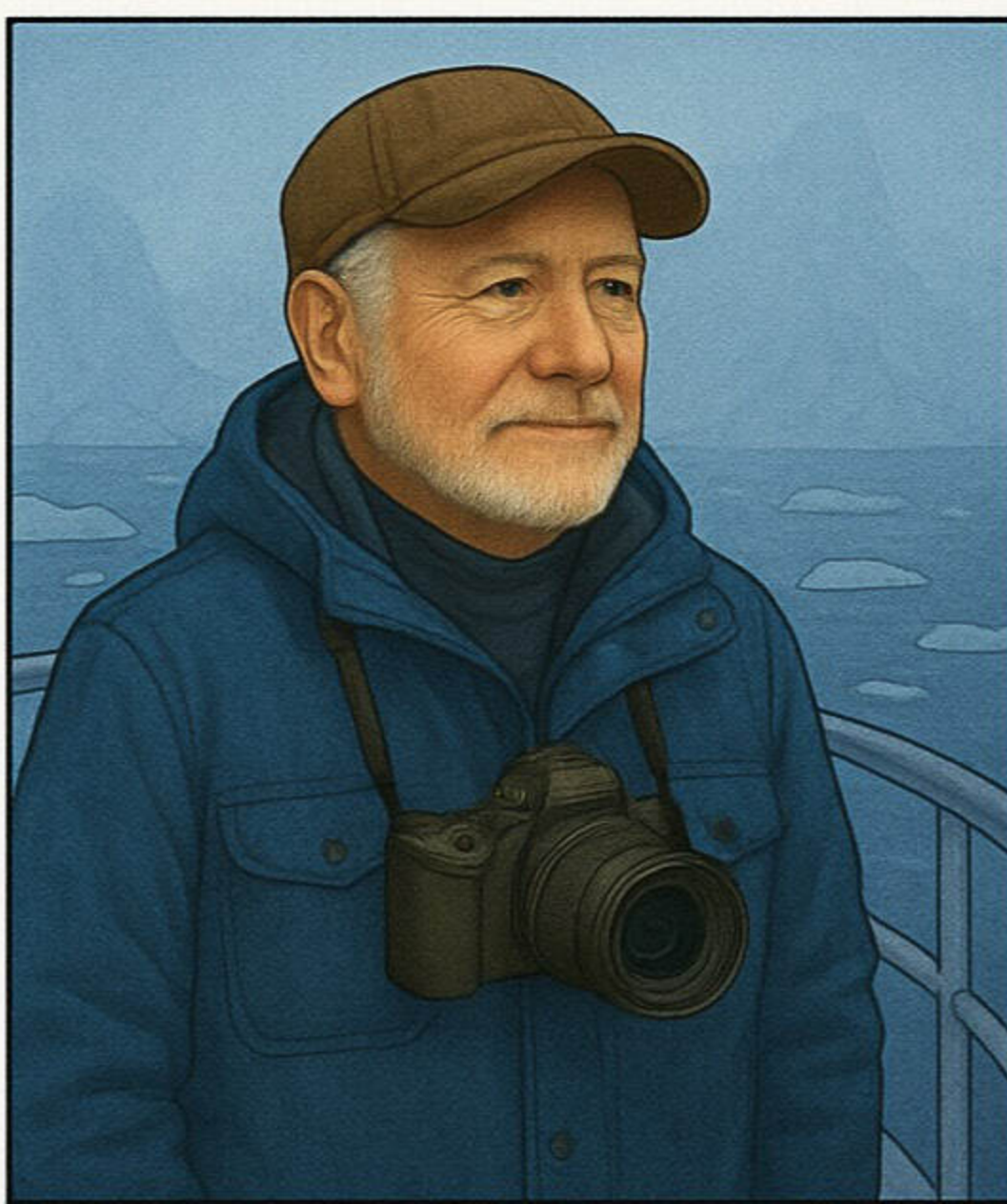
CHAPTER 5

PICTURES ON THE ICE

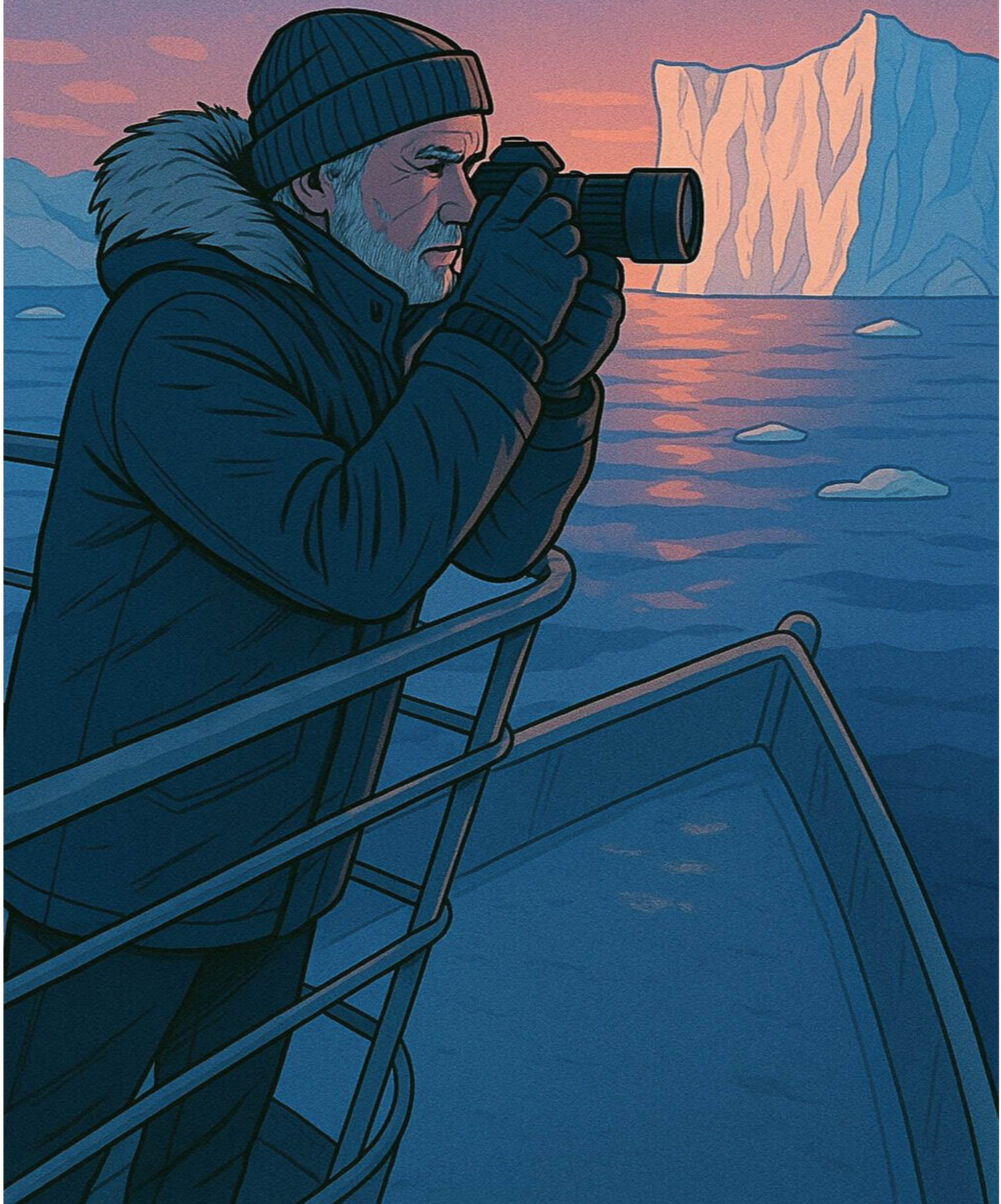
GERLACHE STRAIT

ANTARCTICA



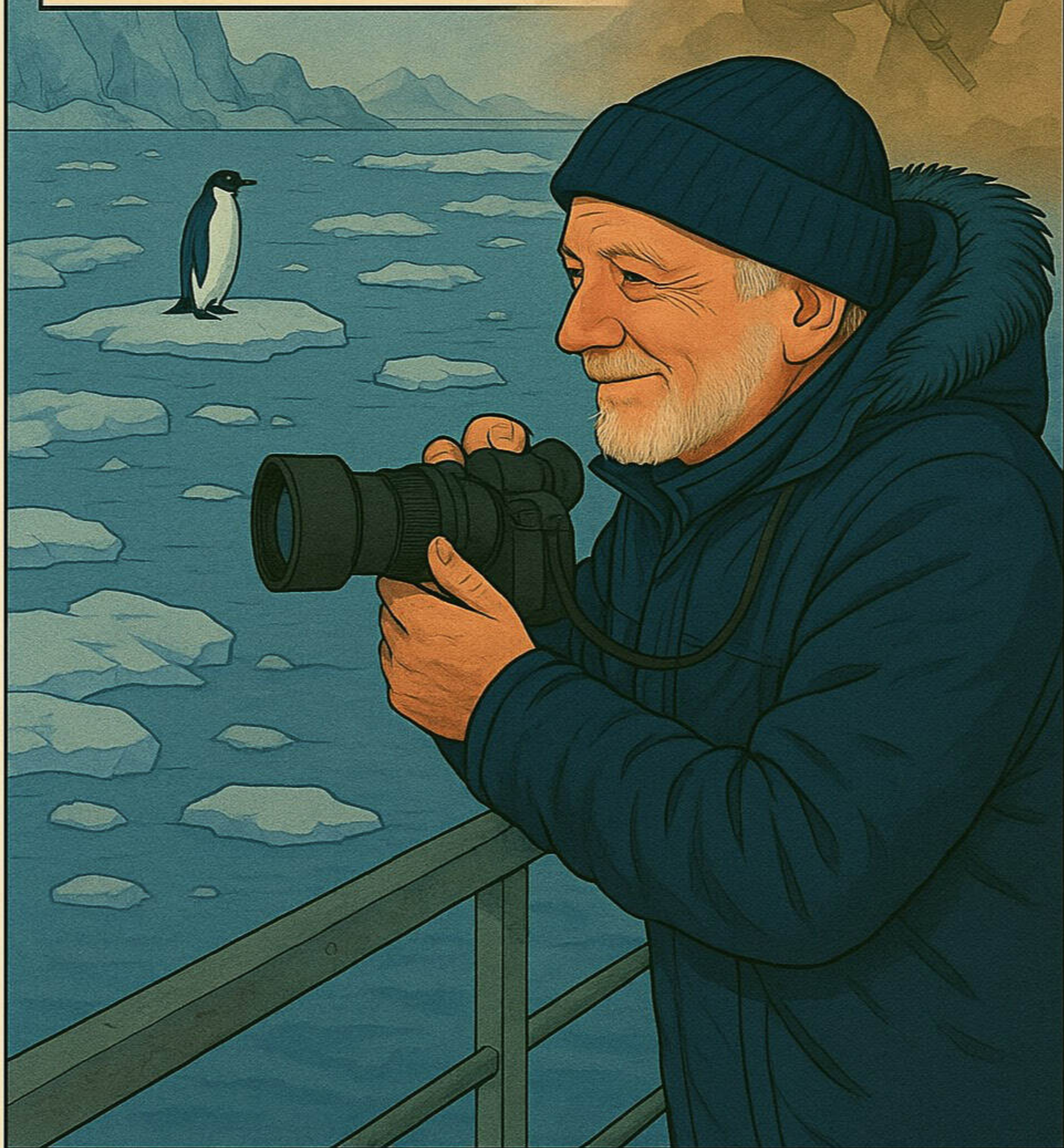


TODAY THE
GLACIERS ARE
CALLING ME.



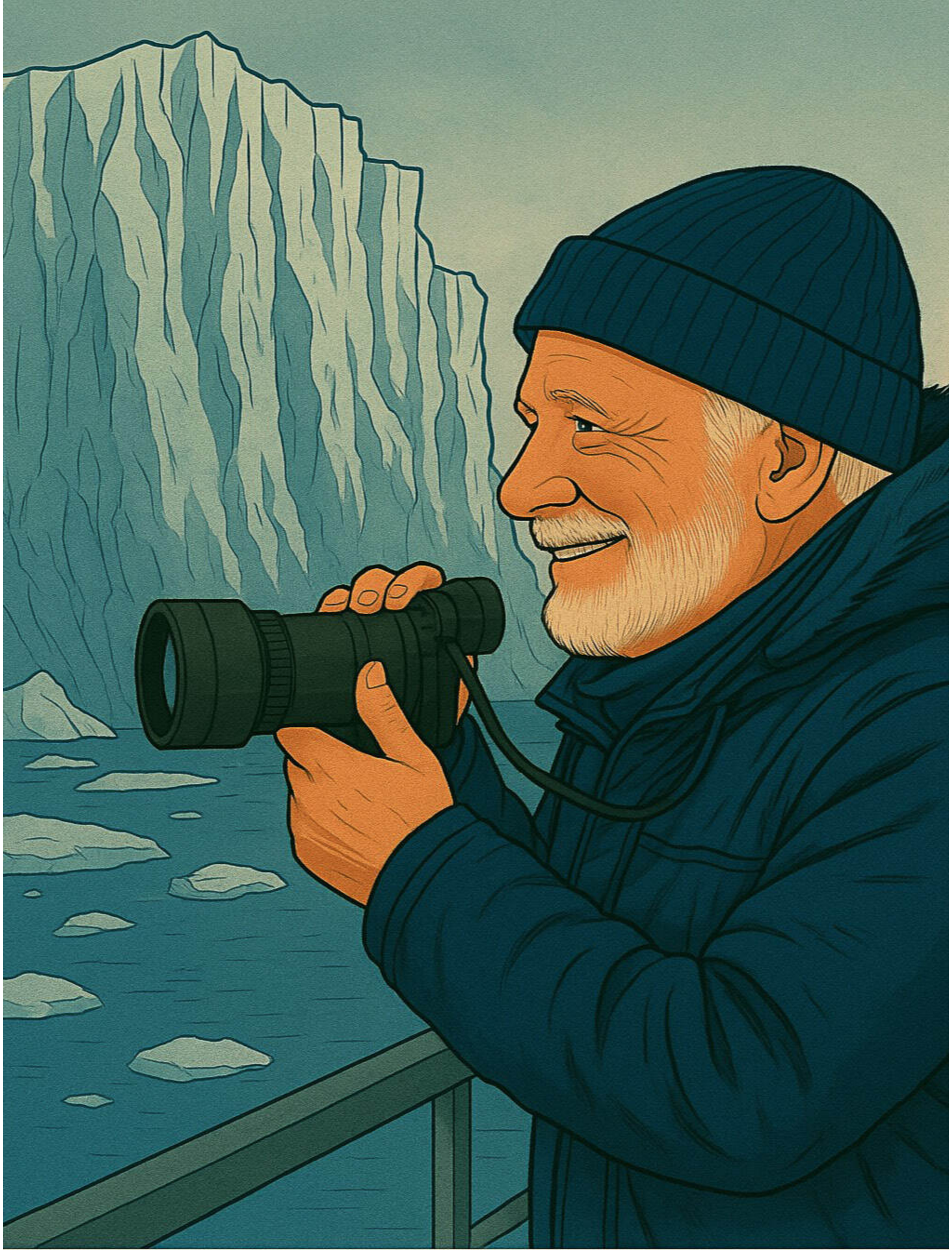
REFLECTIONS IN WHITE SILENCE

I've seen this kind of solitude before. Not in the cold—but in the heat. Desert Storm. A man, out of place. Alone.





Beatrice hands him
a cup of tea in silence.



**In war, I captured targets.
In peace, I capture truth.**

CHAPTER 6

ERIC'S PERFECT SERVICE



Eric prepares for a solo reservation guest—each detail tended with care.

A hand holding a card with a thank-you message in a cozy room. The card is yellow and has the text "Best tea. Best wine. Best night. Thank you." written in a cursive font. The room is dimly lit with a warm, orange glow. In the background, a silhouette of a person is walking away in a doorway. On the table in the foreground, there is a large glass of red wine, a lit candle in a holder, and two small plates, each with two cookies. The overall atmosphere is intimate and grateful.

*Best tea.
Best wine.
Best night.
Thank you.*



Chapter 7: ‘Maura’s Hashtag Activism



Maura rallies passengers to join a protest onboard 'For Penguins,' confusing climate with Antarctica history.

**ACTUALLY, NO,
IT WASN'T.**



**Michelle corrects Maura,
gently but firmly**



**Maura ends the day
researching actual activism—
quietly touched.**

CHAPTER 8

THE SOUTH AMERICAN GLOW

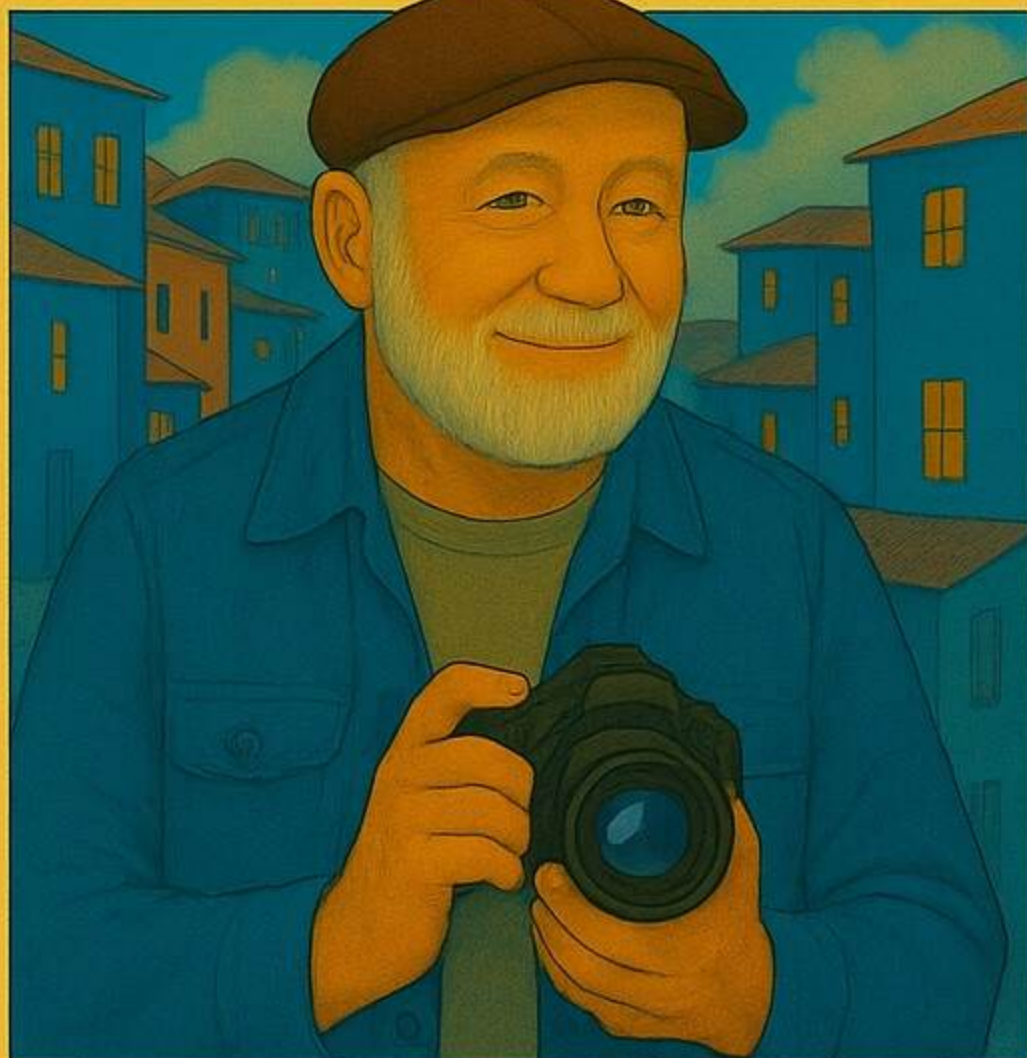
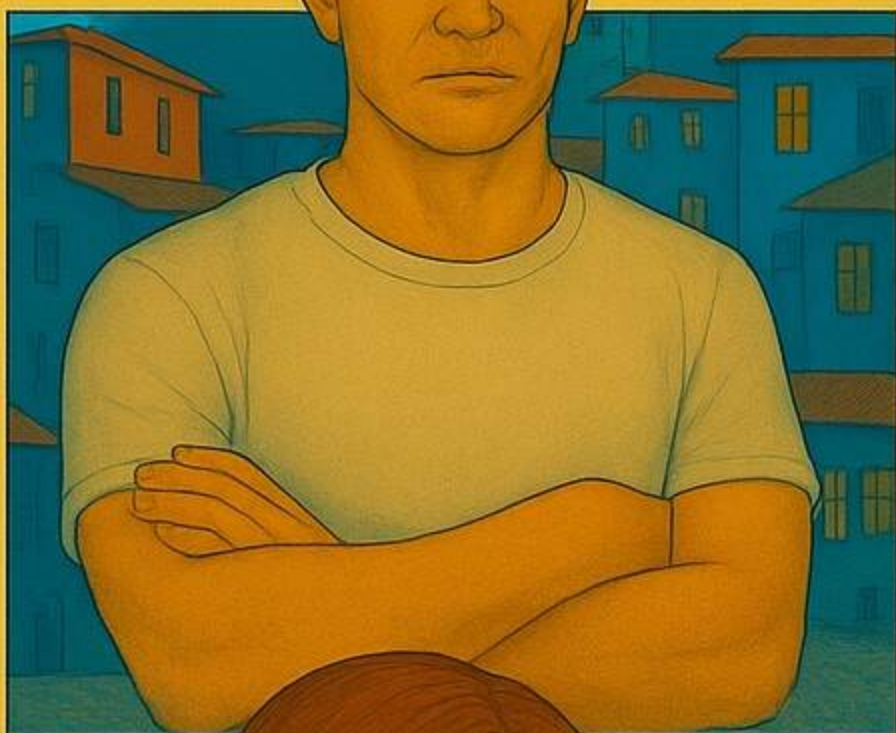
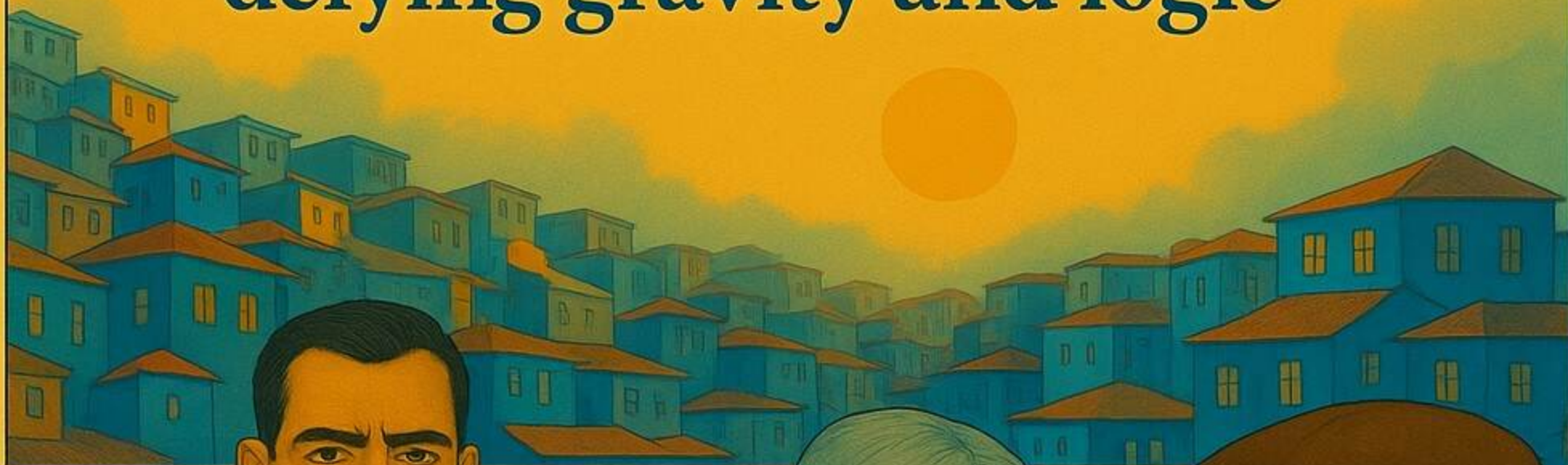


VALPARAÍSO CHILE

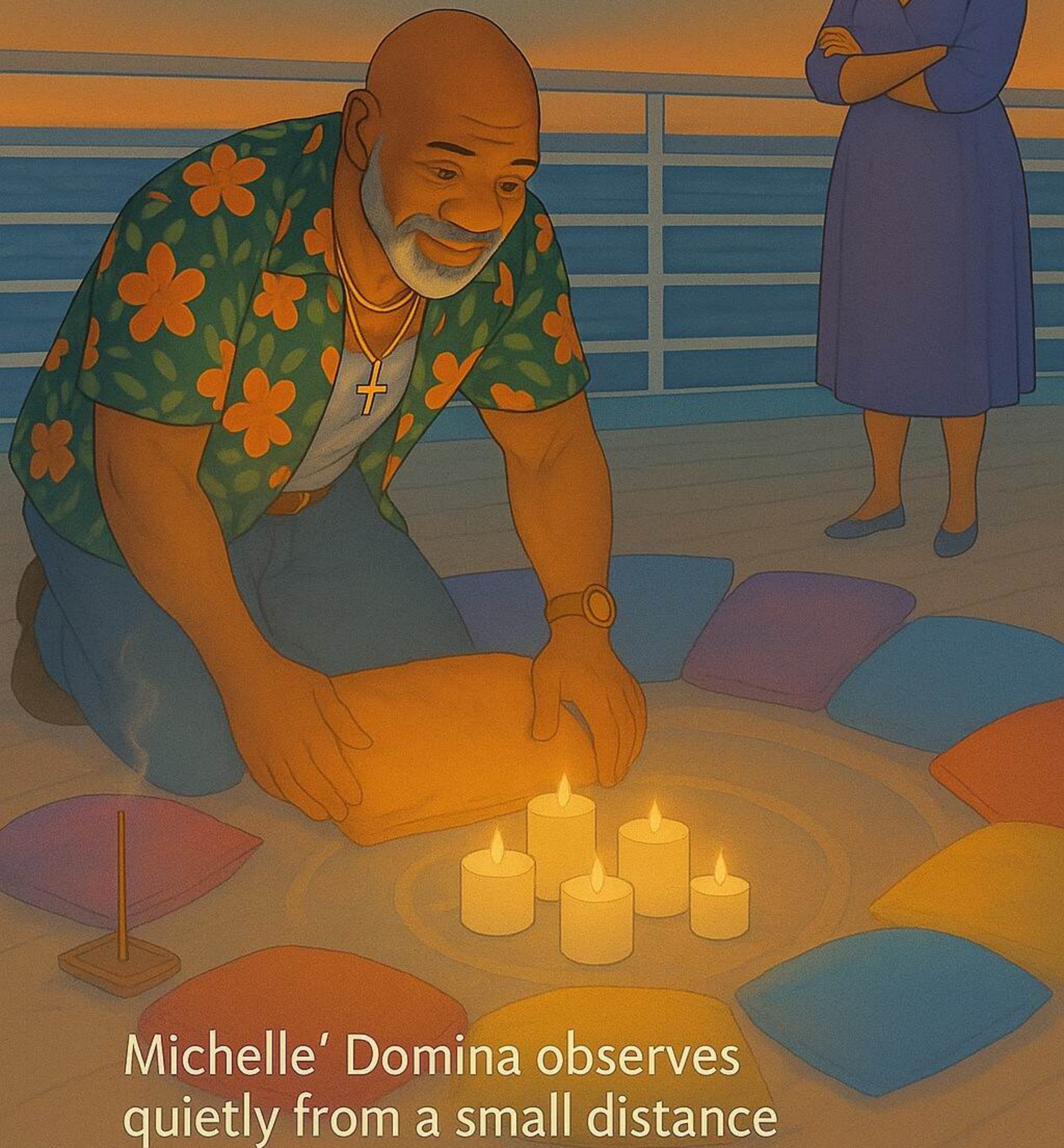


THE SOUTH AMERICAN GLOW

Valparaíso is a riot of color
defying gravity and logic



On the deck of the
Serenade of the Seas,
Anthony Antoine creates
a space for guests to
speak their hearts



Michelle' Domina observes
quietly from a small distance

ACT II: ASIA & THE PACIFIC

COLLISION OF CULTURES & INNER CRISIES

TAHITI (FRENCH POLYNESIA) → AUCKLAND → SYDNEY → INDONESIA
INDIA



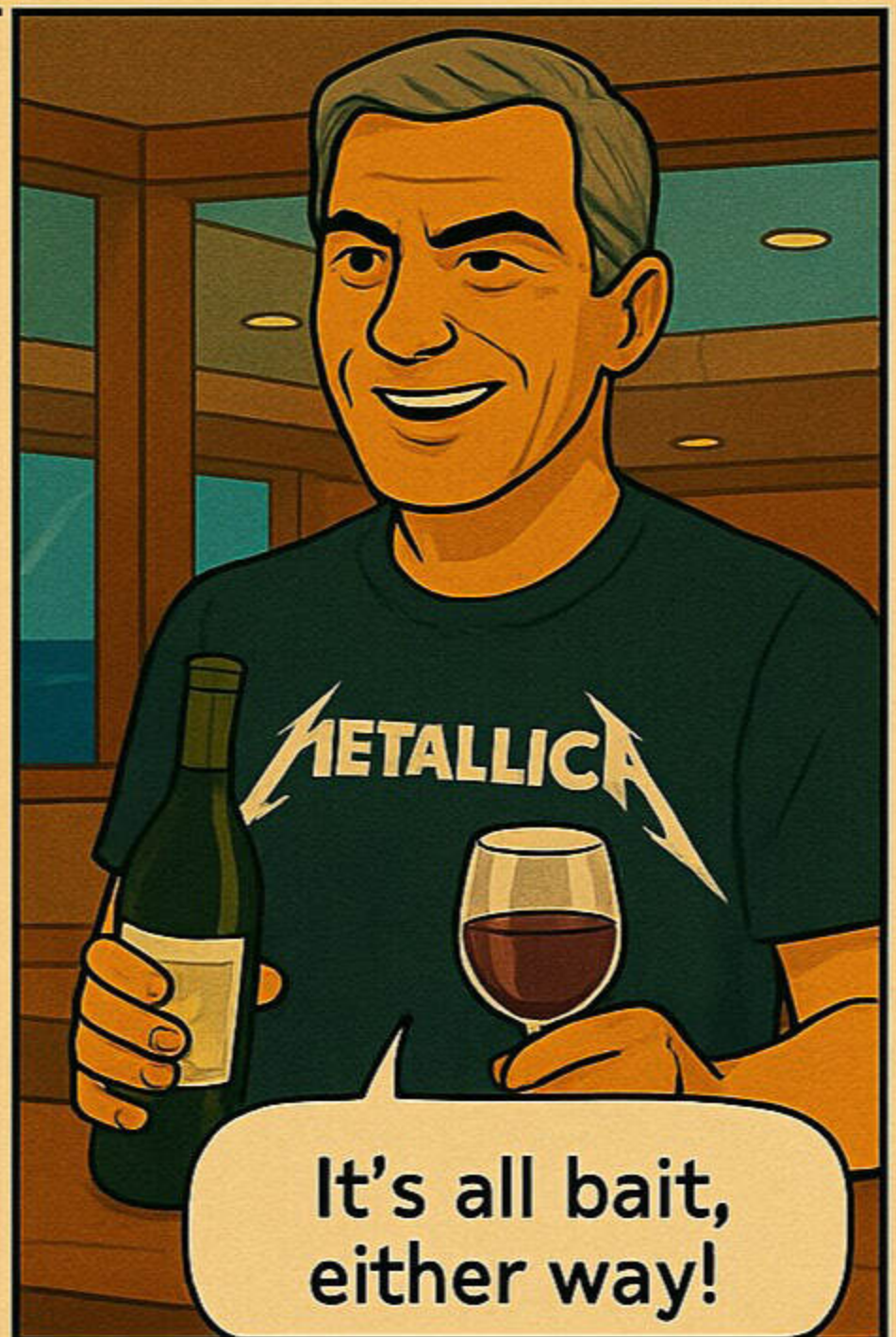
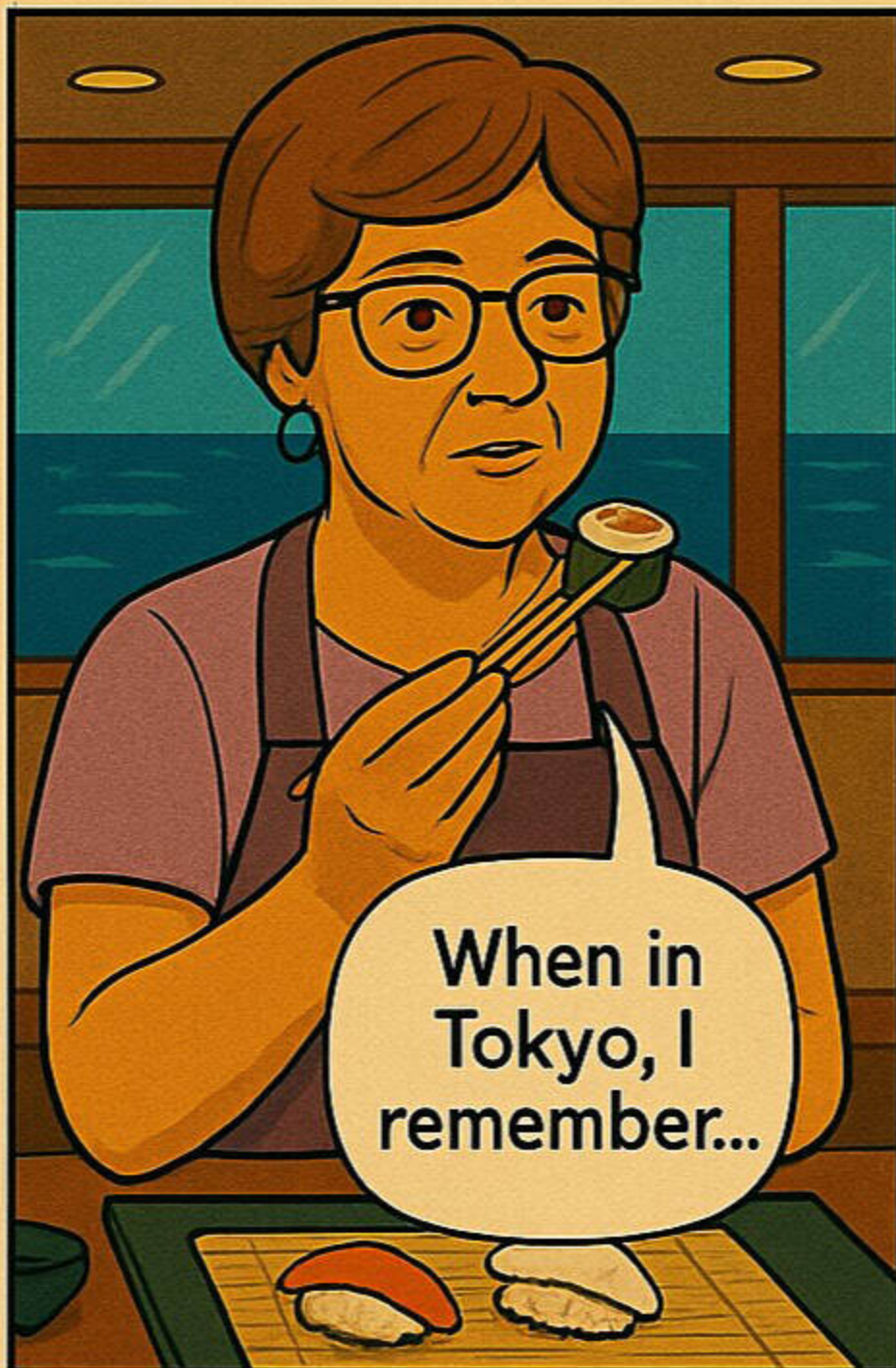
CHAPTER 9

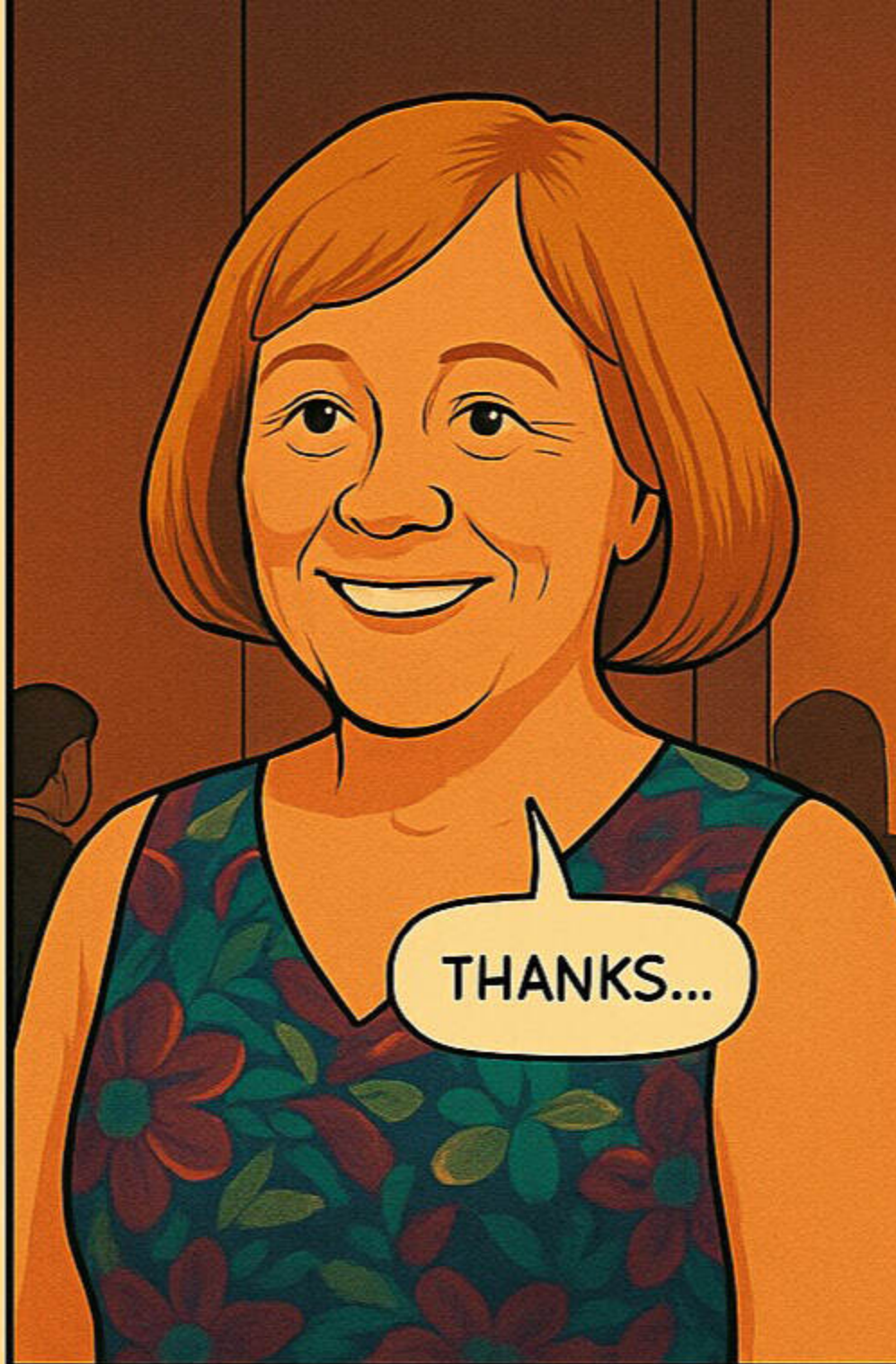
SUSHI AND SECRETS

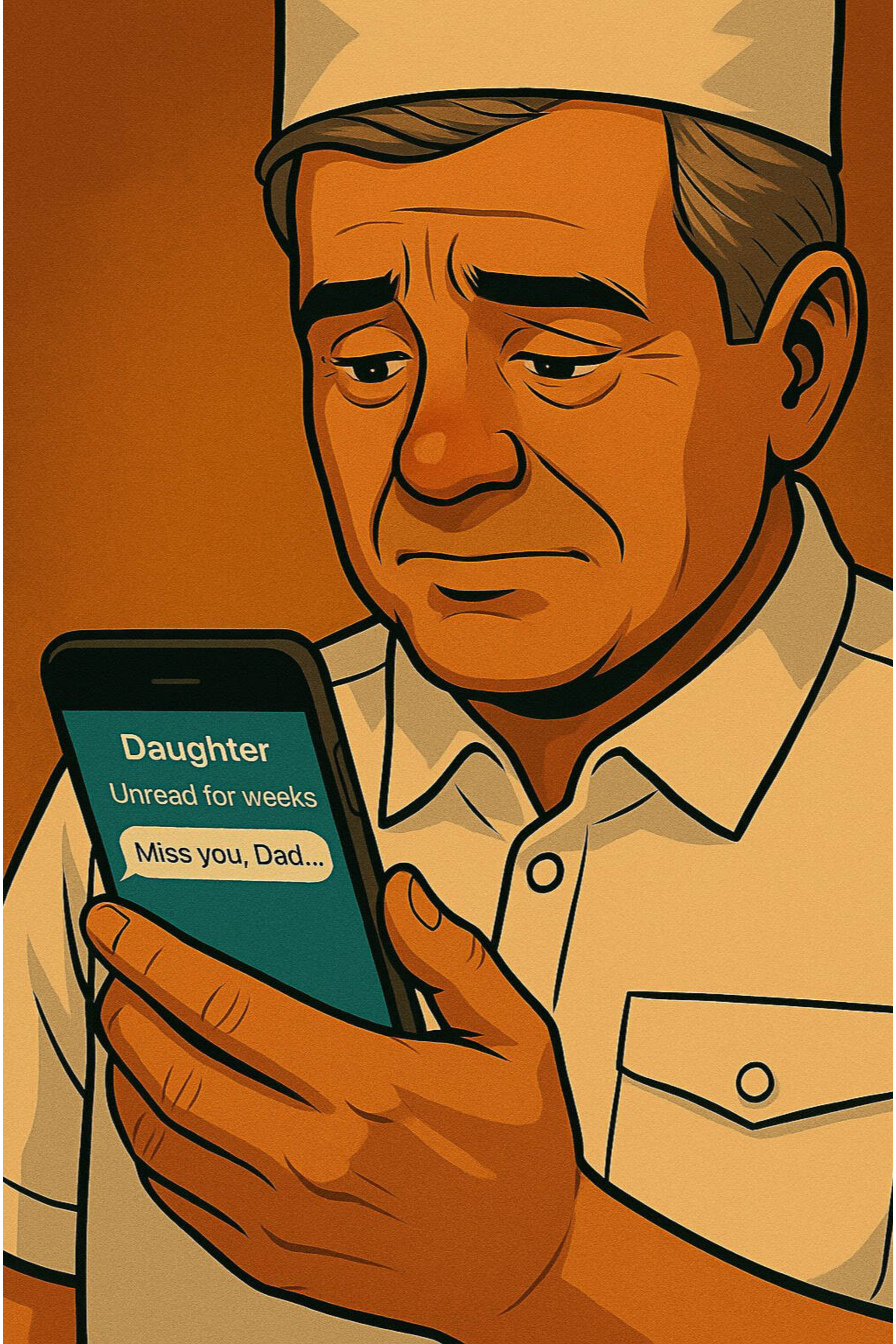




SEA DAY — IZUMI SPECIALTY RESTAURANT







Daughter

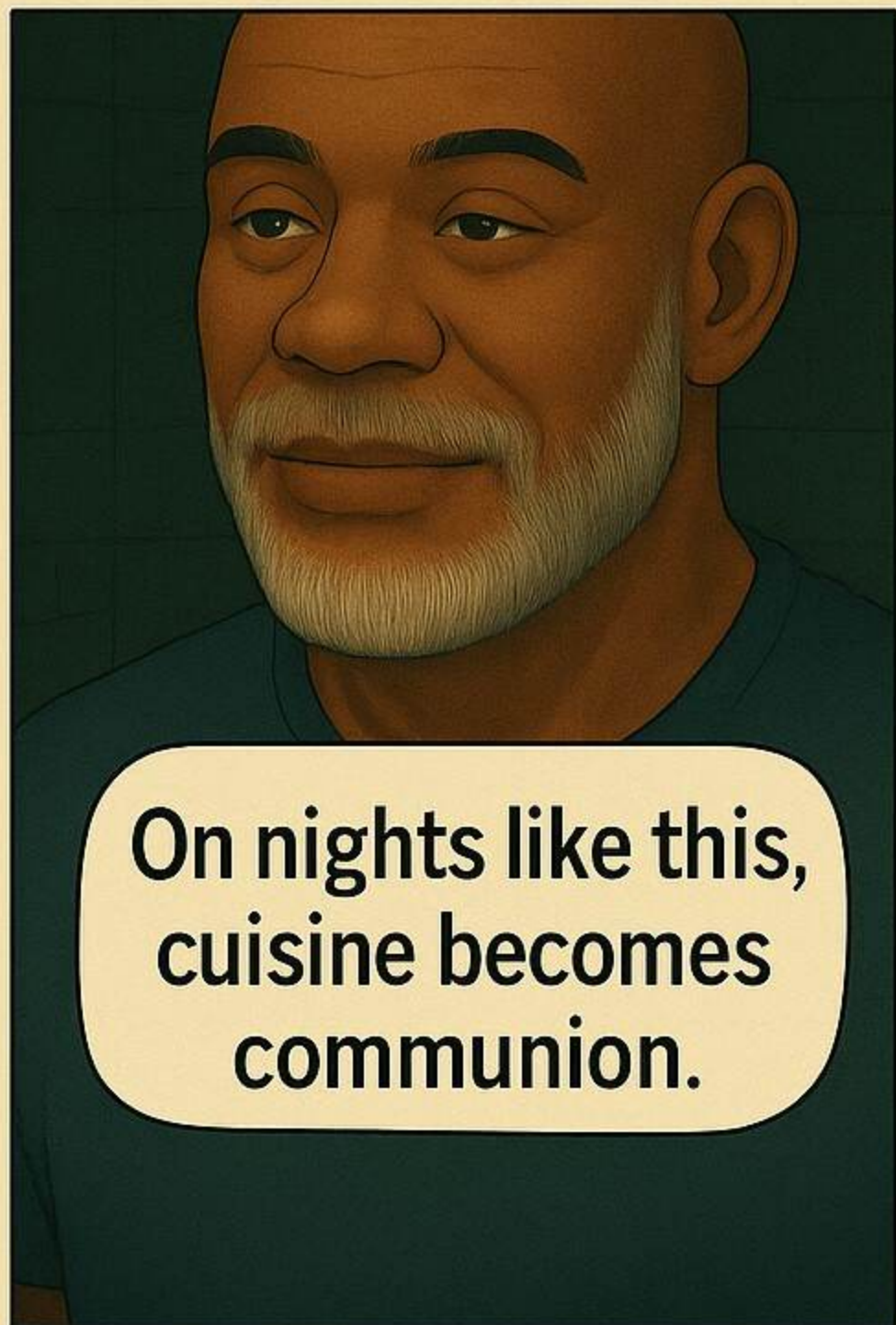
Unread for weeks

Miss you, Dad...



**COOKING'S
THE ONLY THING
I DON'T SCREW UP.**

**THEN TONIGHT,
WE EAT WITHOUT
FEAR.**



CHAPTER 10

SPA SISTERS



VITALITY SPA STAFF ONLY



MORNING RITUALS



Before the first guest arrives, they center themselves — with laughter, ritual, and a quiet strength.

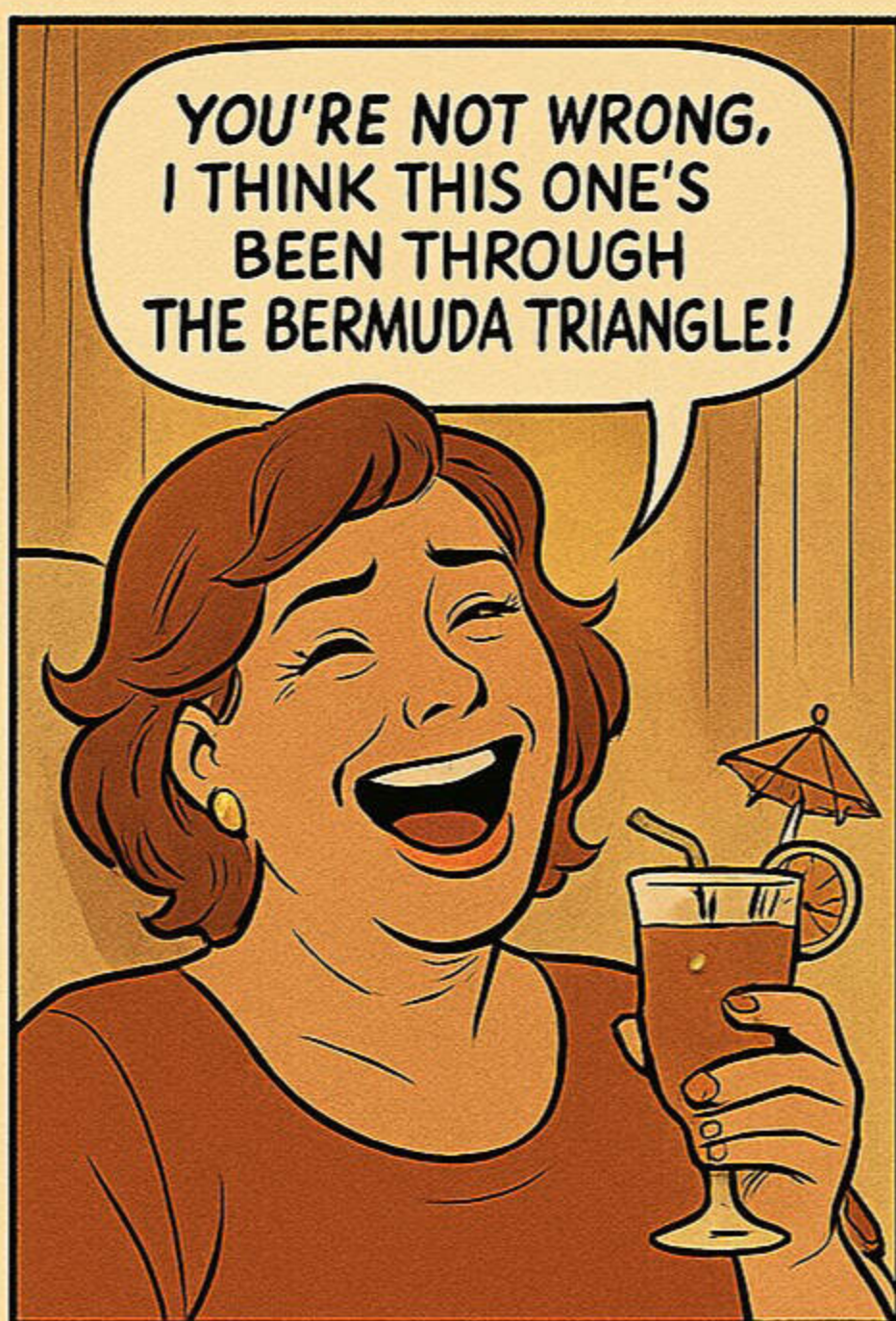


Ten facials today? Spa gods, give me strength!

You're an angel. I still owe you tea from crew party!



SHE TREATS EVERY FOOT LIKE A STORY—SOME TRAGIC, SOME COMEDY, ALL IN NEED OF REDEMPTION.



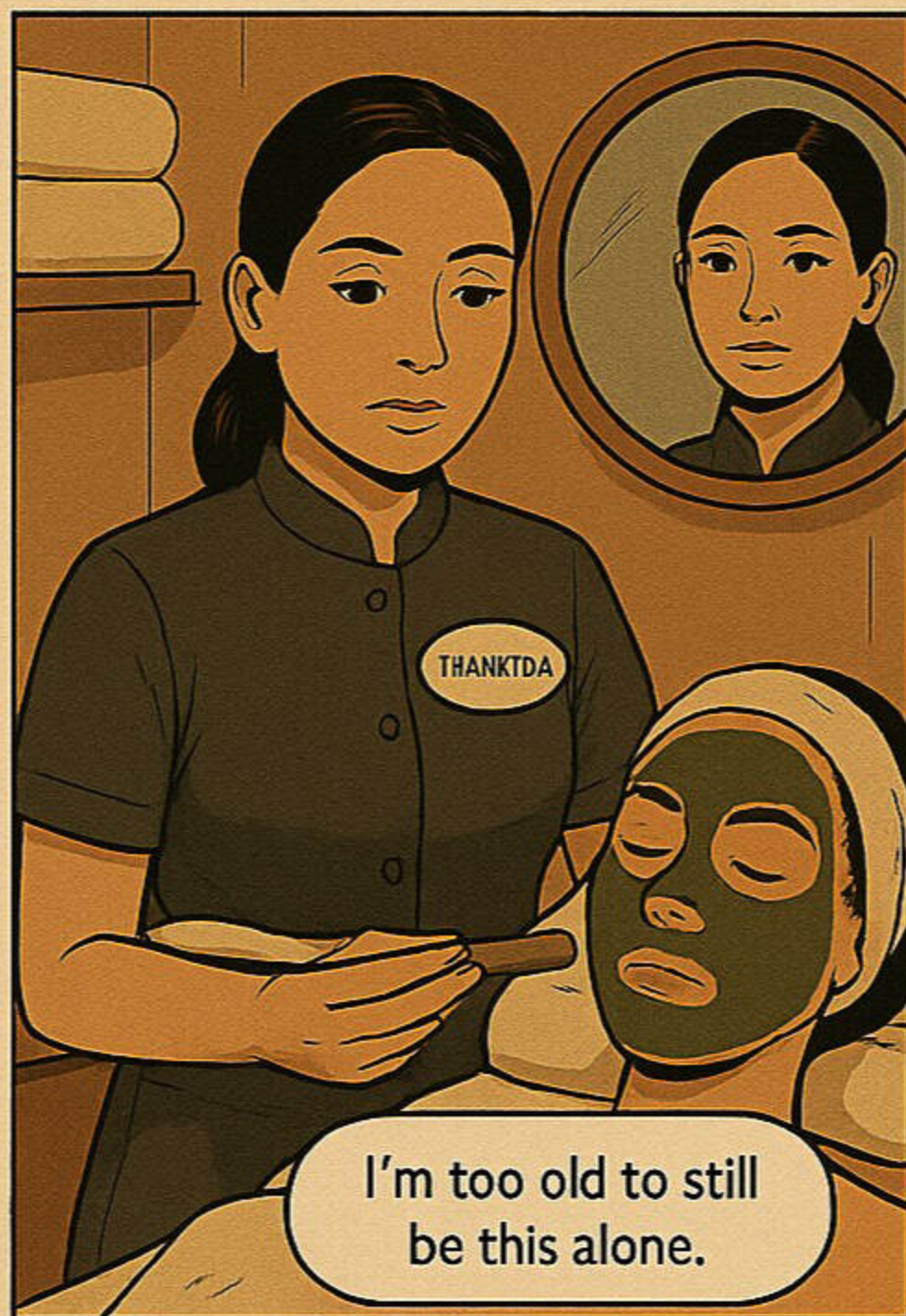


- Dianne tears up quietly—her son back home just started school.



**Long-distance love
and loneliness at sea**





The spa was a sanctuary for others. For them, it was a stage.

Chapter 11: The Dragonfly Oracle

There's a stillness on the water tonight.
A kind of hush that even an engines can't



She always said dragonflies
carry messages. But from who?



She always listened
to the wind, the leaves, the wings.



On a ship in
the middle of sea...

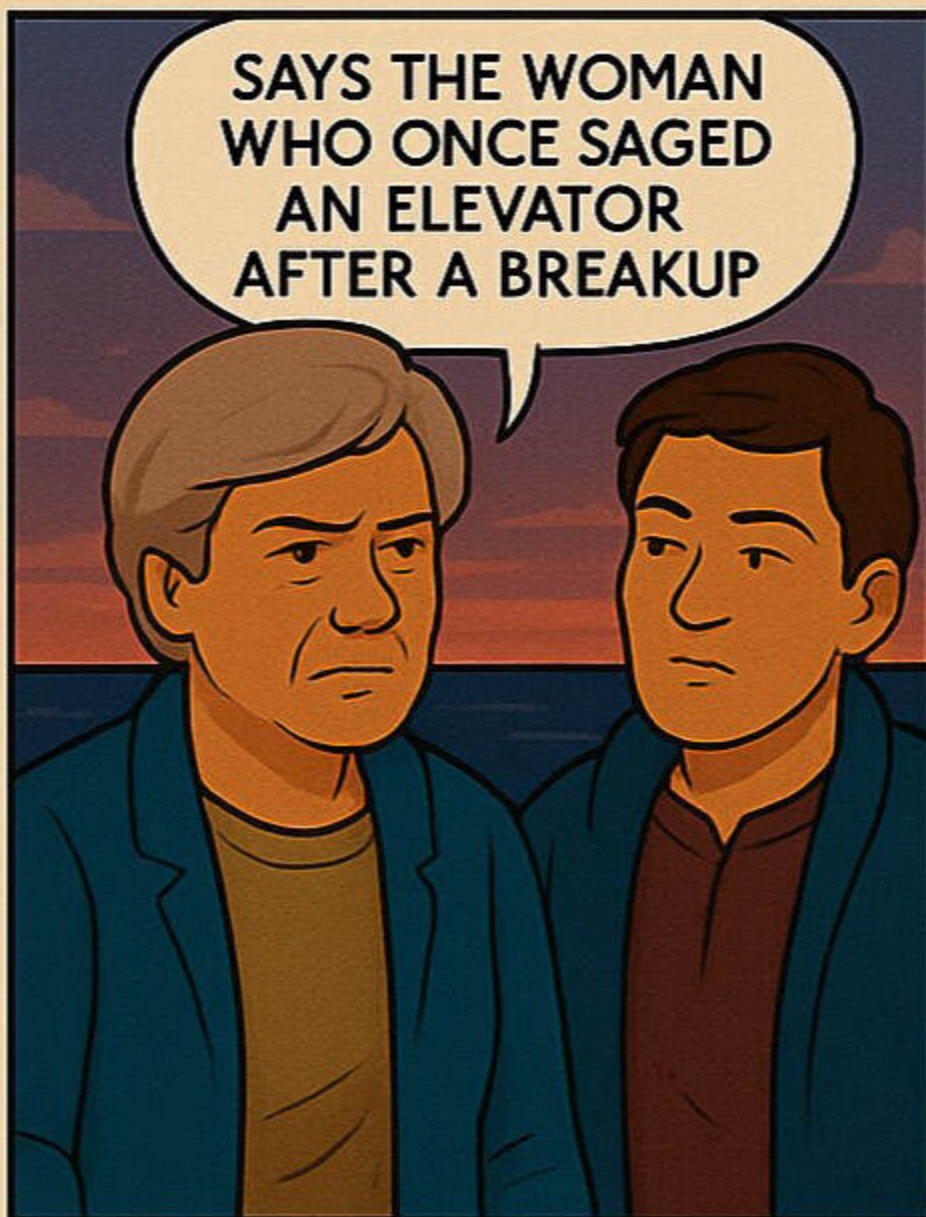


And she believed they answered.



Pam Waters invites guests to a soul reading session under stars

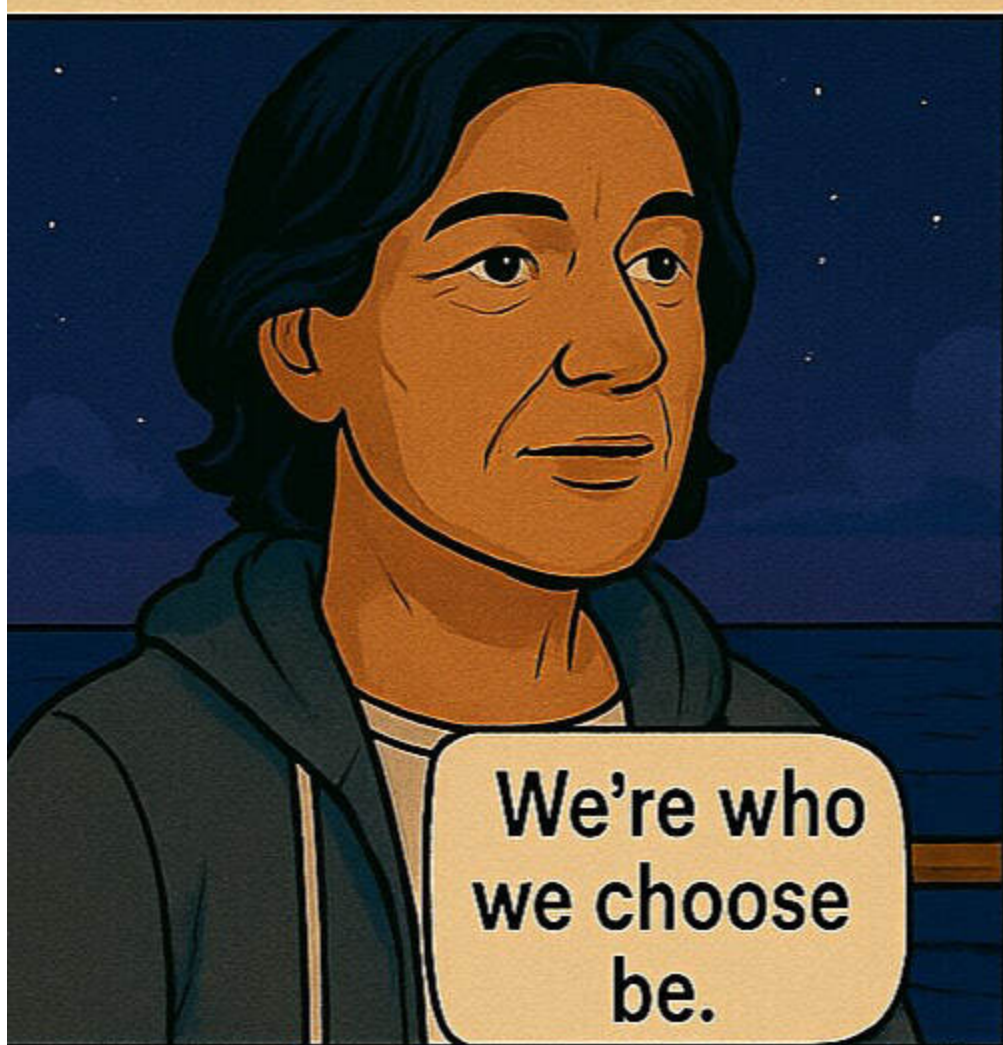
RUNES & REVALATIONS





**Michelle unexpectedly joins,
listens in silence
in the background**

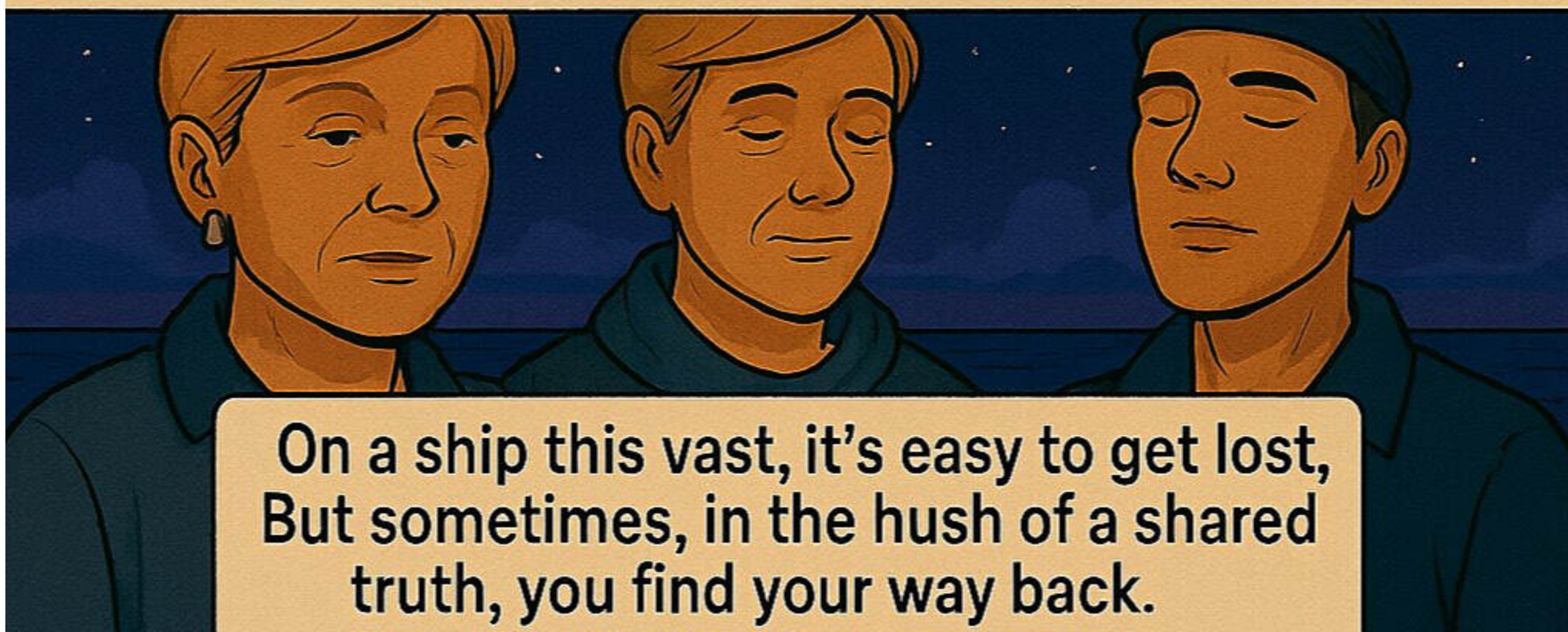
Some moments don't need a microphone.
They just need someone brave enough speak.



We're who
we choose
be.



We're who
we choose
be.



On a ship this vast, it's easy to get lost,
But sometimes, in the hush of a shared
truth, you find your way back.

THE VOICE BENEATH FEAR.

And just like that, the chaos.
faded—not gone, but quiet.
Because someone chose
to speak from the center.



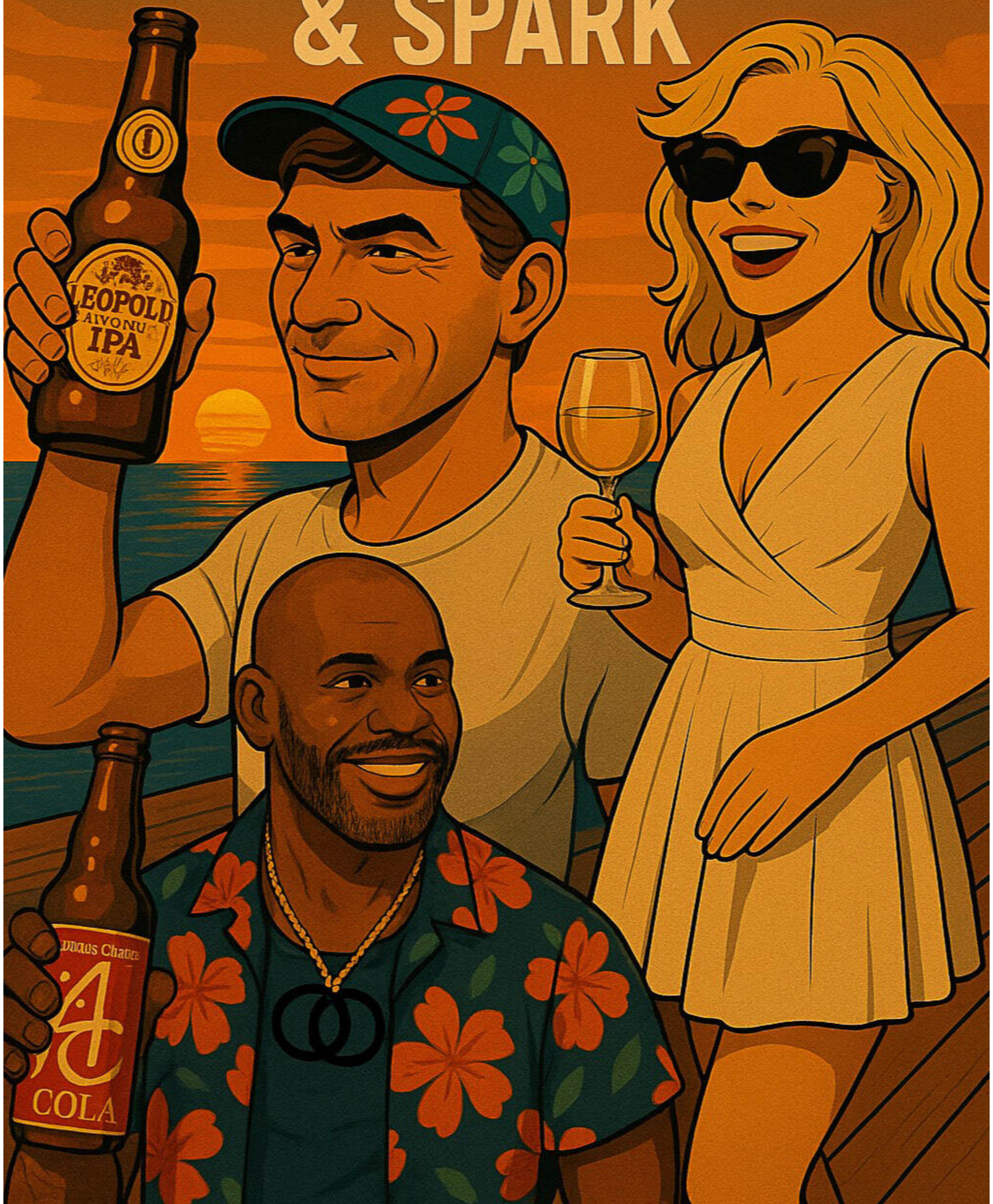
Your
fear is
not
truth.



Maybe that's all we needed.
Not answers. Just
courage that counded
like clarity.



Chapter 12: SYDNEY, SOLITUDE & SPARK



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA





A man and a woman are walking on a wooden pier at sunset. The man is on the left, wearing a green t-shirt and dark pants. The woman is on the right, wearing a light-colored dress and sandals. They are both looking down with sad expressions. In the background, there is a body of water, a bridge, and a city skyline under a cloudy orange sky.

I'm a shadow
of who I used to.

No. You're
just tired of
pretending.

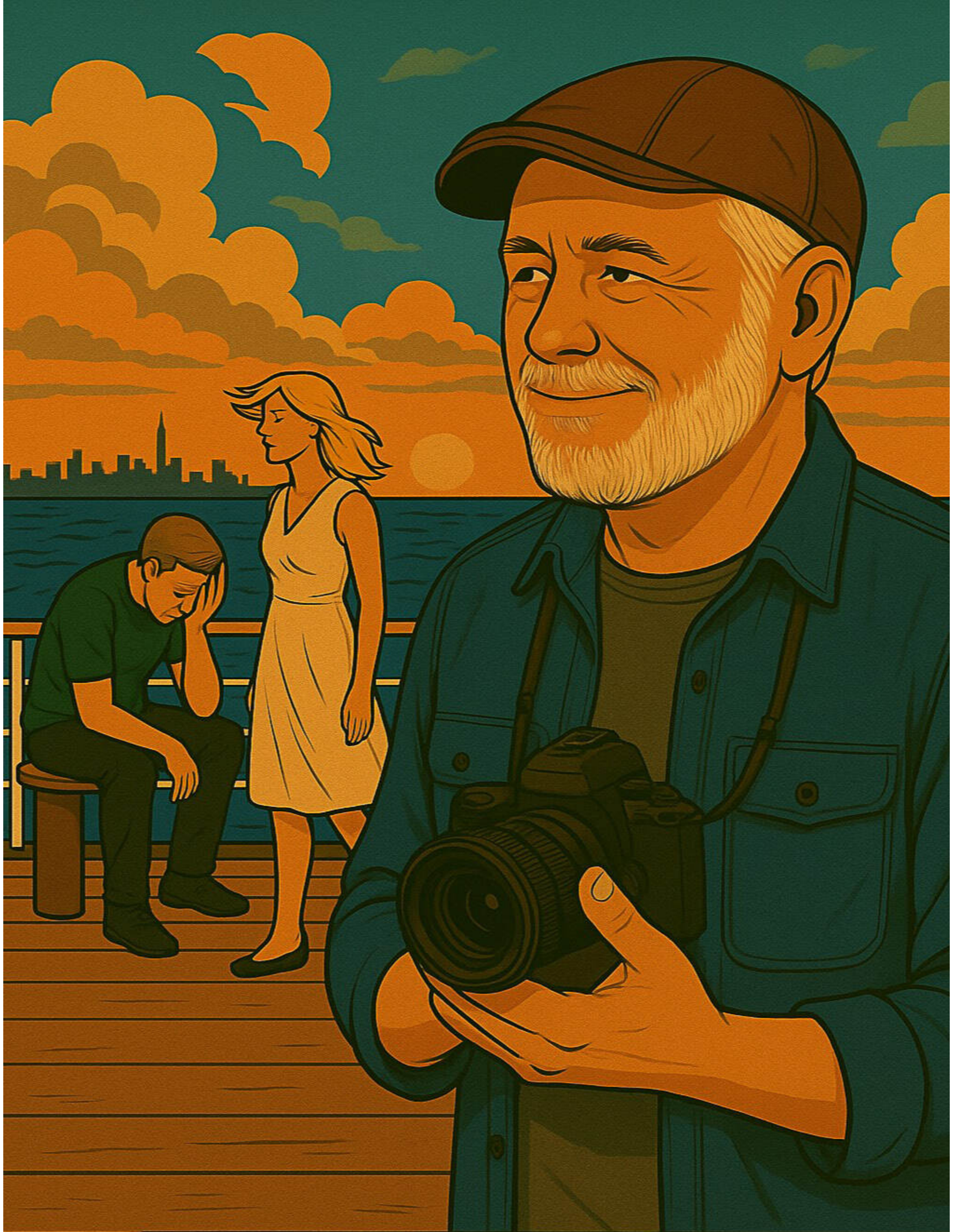
Pruitty
SUPERJAWN
LIX
CHAMPIONS
FEBRUARY 9, 2025

JAZZ BAR





**CHUCK BREAKS DOWN AT A
JAZZ BAR. LOIS LEAVES SOON**



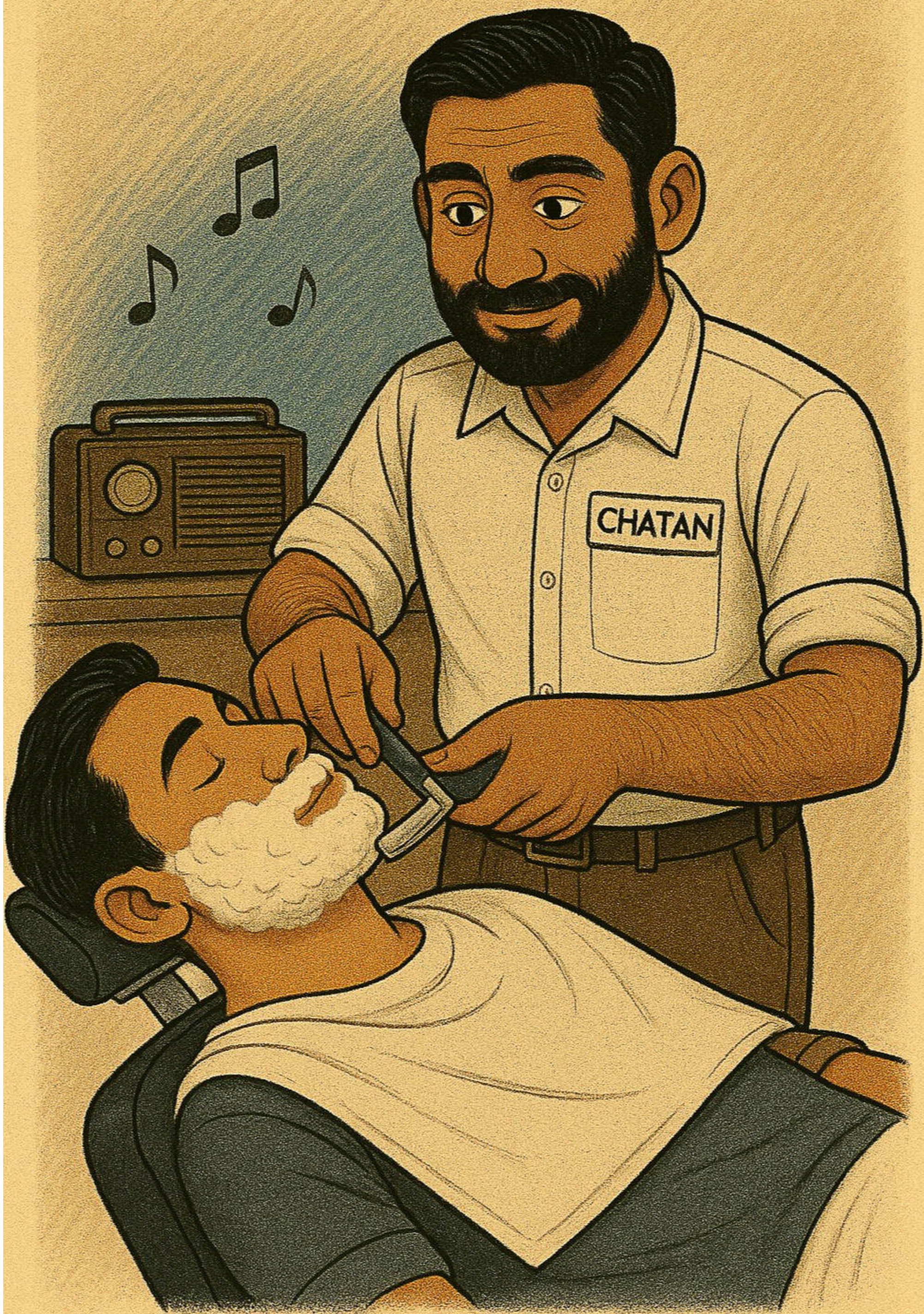
LONE FLAME INH THE HARBOR

CHAPTER 13

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HAIRCUTS

SERENADE
OF SEAS

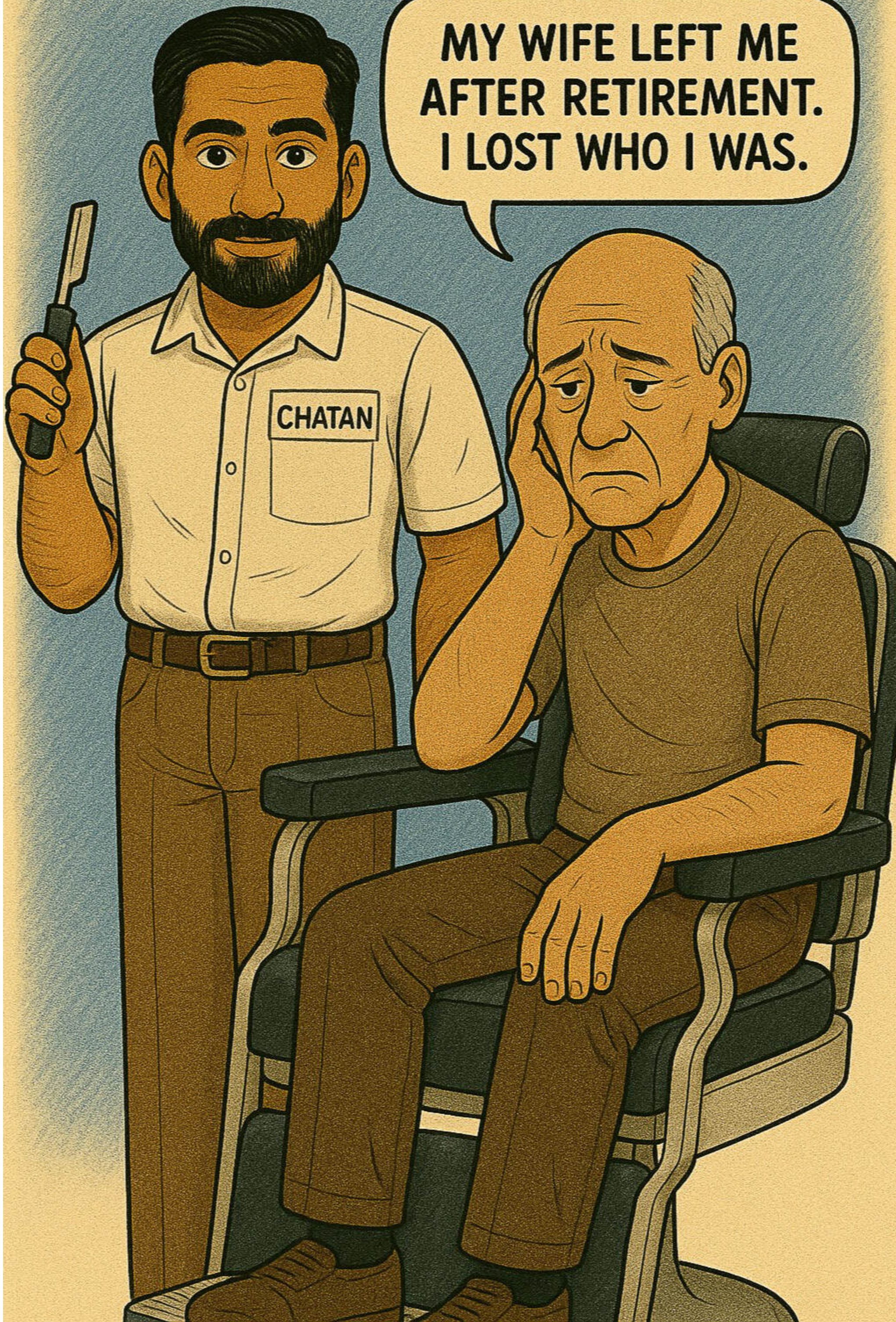




Sometimes,
we trim away
what hides
the truth.



**MY WIFE LEFT ME
AFTER RETIREMENT.
I LOST WHO I WAS.**

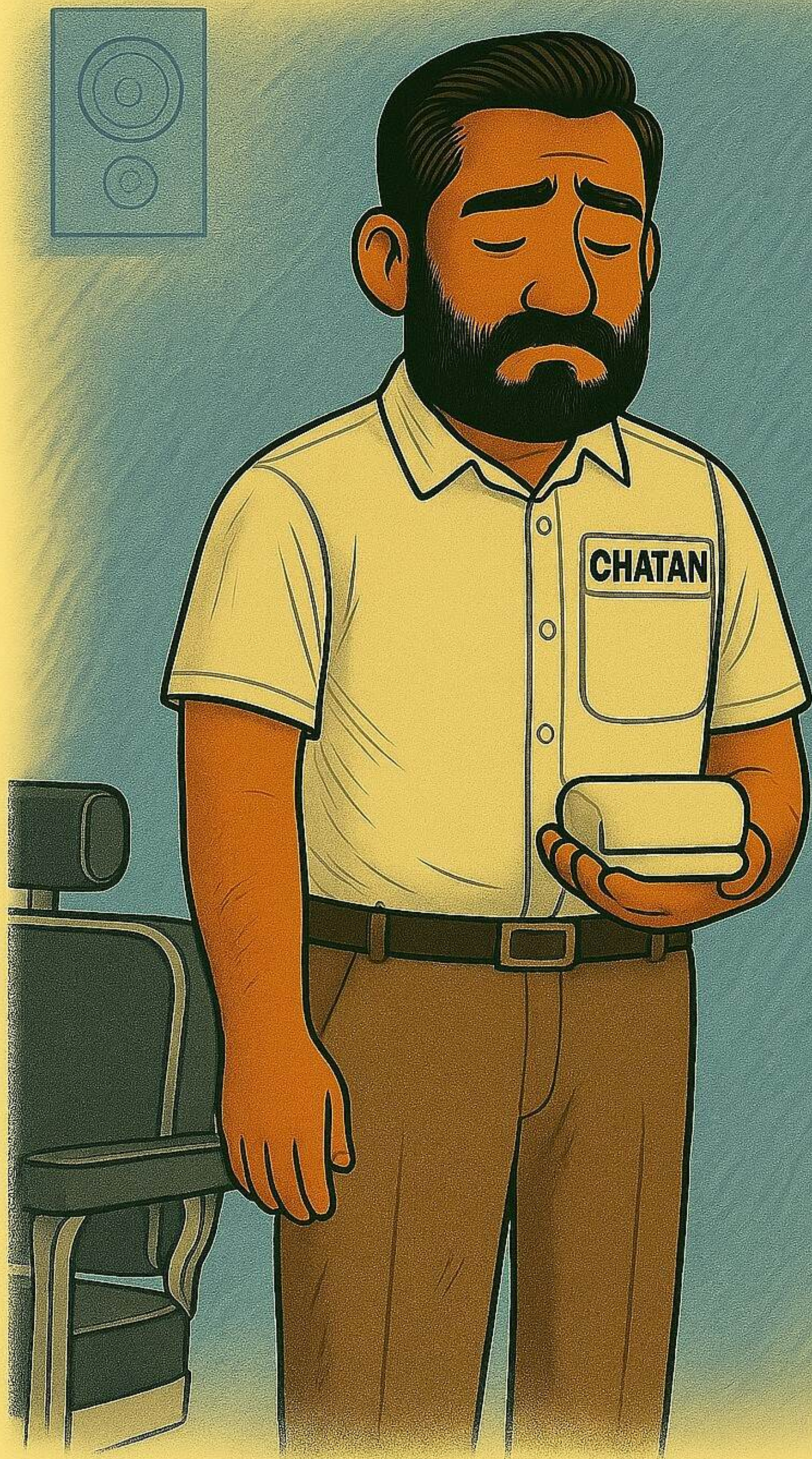


**SOMETIMES, WE
TRIM AWAY WHAT
HIDES THE TRUTH.**





Chatan quietly folds a towel
and breathes deep.



Chatan is very homesick.

CHAPTER 14

JUDY'S EMOTIONAL LEDGER





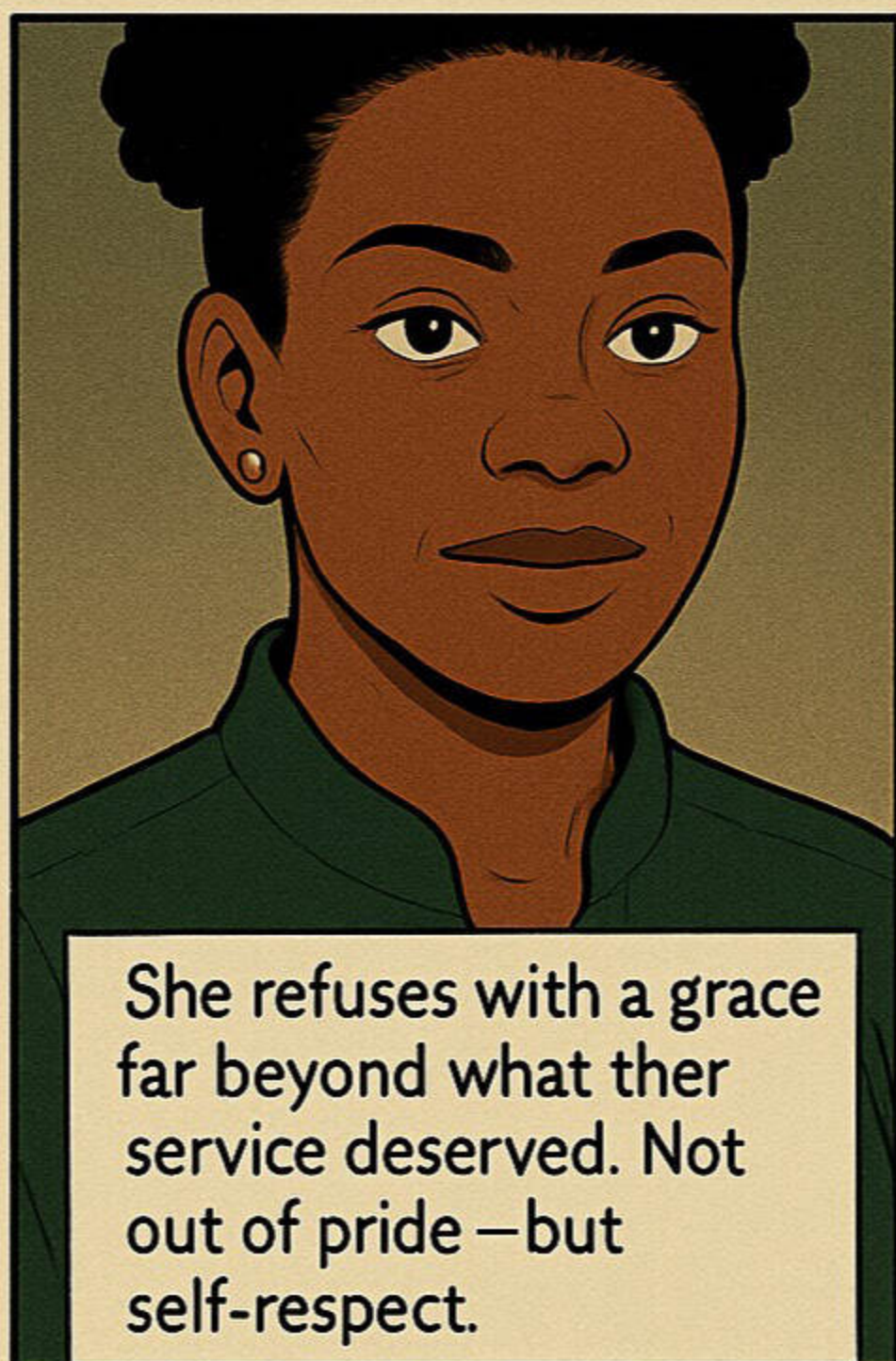
Judy Conner offers a generous tip and unsolicited advice



VITALITY SPA

That is more
than the service
deserves.





She refuses with a grace far beyond what her service deserved. Not out of pride — but self-respect.



She gave no explanation. She owed none.

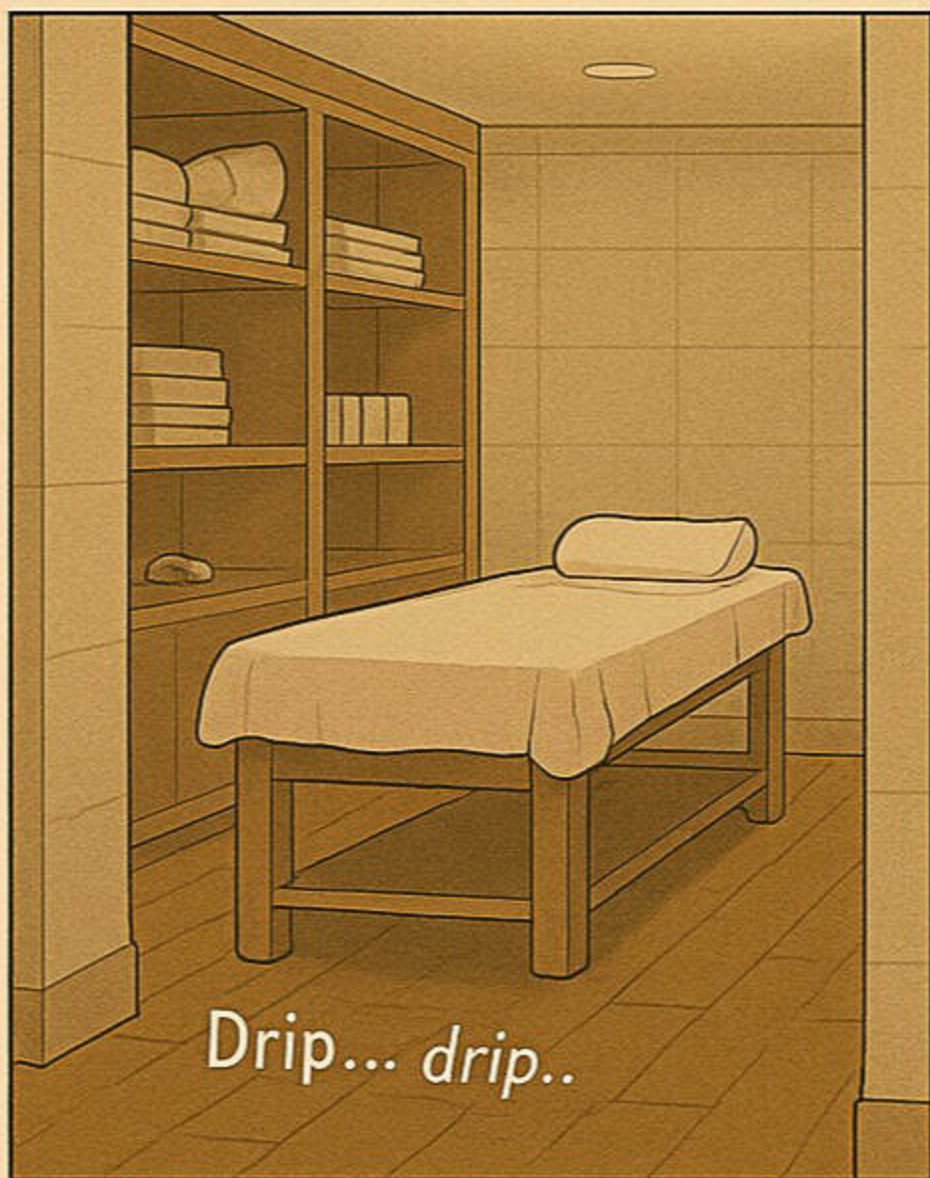


She thought it was kindness.



Maybe I give to be needed.

But maybe it was fear—of being invisible if she stopped.



Drip... drip..

Sound Effect (small)
fading



She gave everything—
warmth, time, attention.
But when had she last received

CHAPTER 15:

‘LIU’S COMMAND PERFORMANCE’



GUEST SERVICES



Everyone has their breaking point.
Liu's was simply higher than most.



She called it a 'command performance.'
I called it art under pressure.



Liu leads
with empathy,
not policy.

GUEST SERVICES



**Stilll making people feel
safe.**

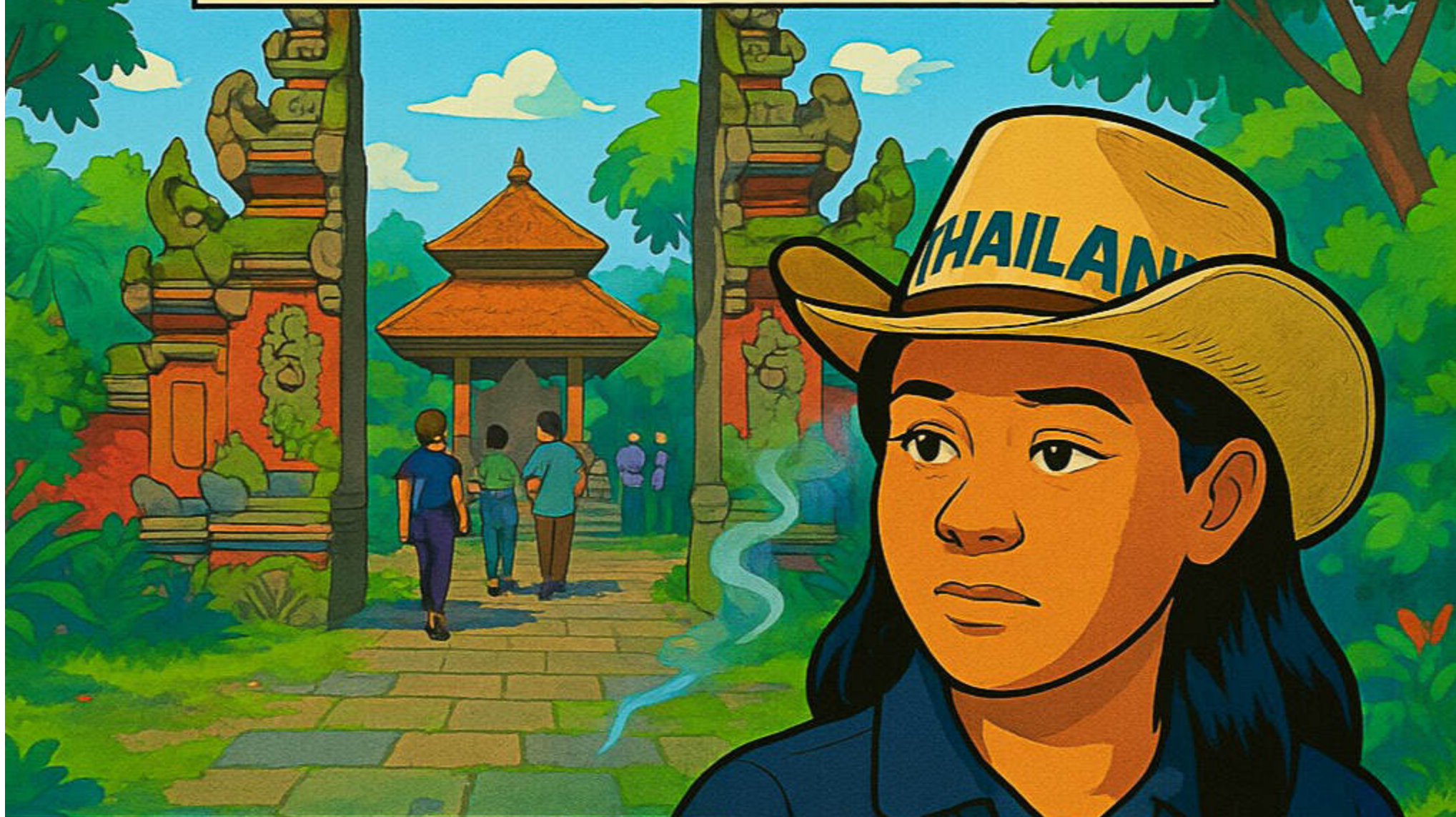
CHAPTER 16

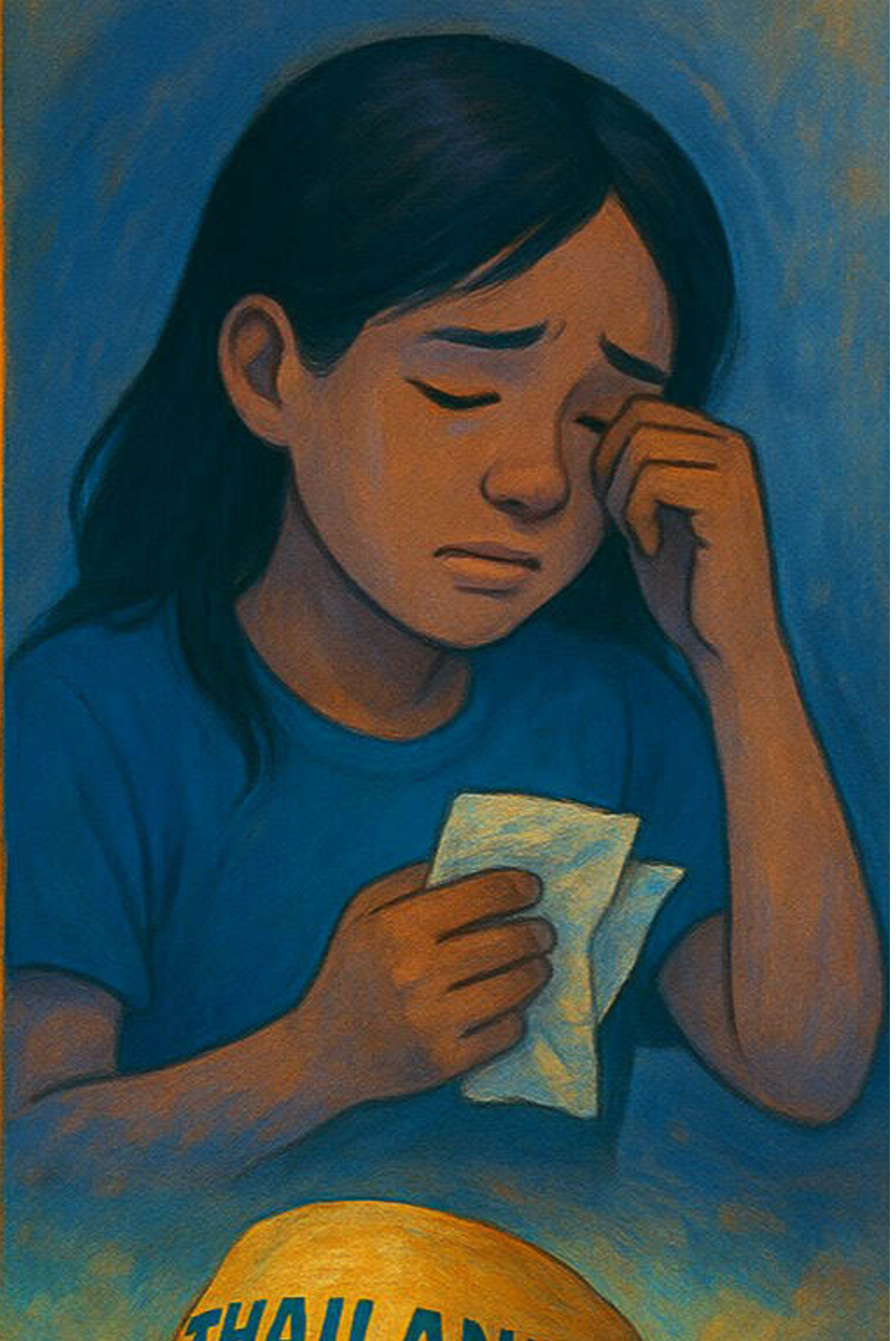
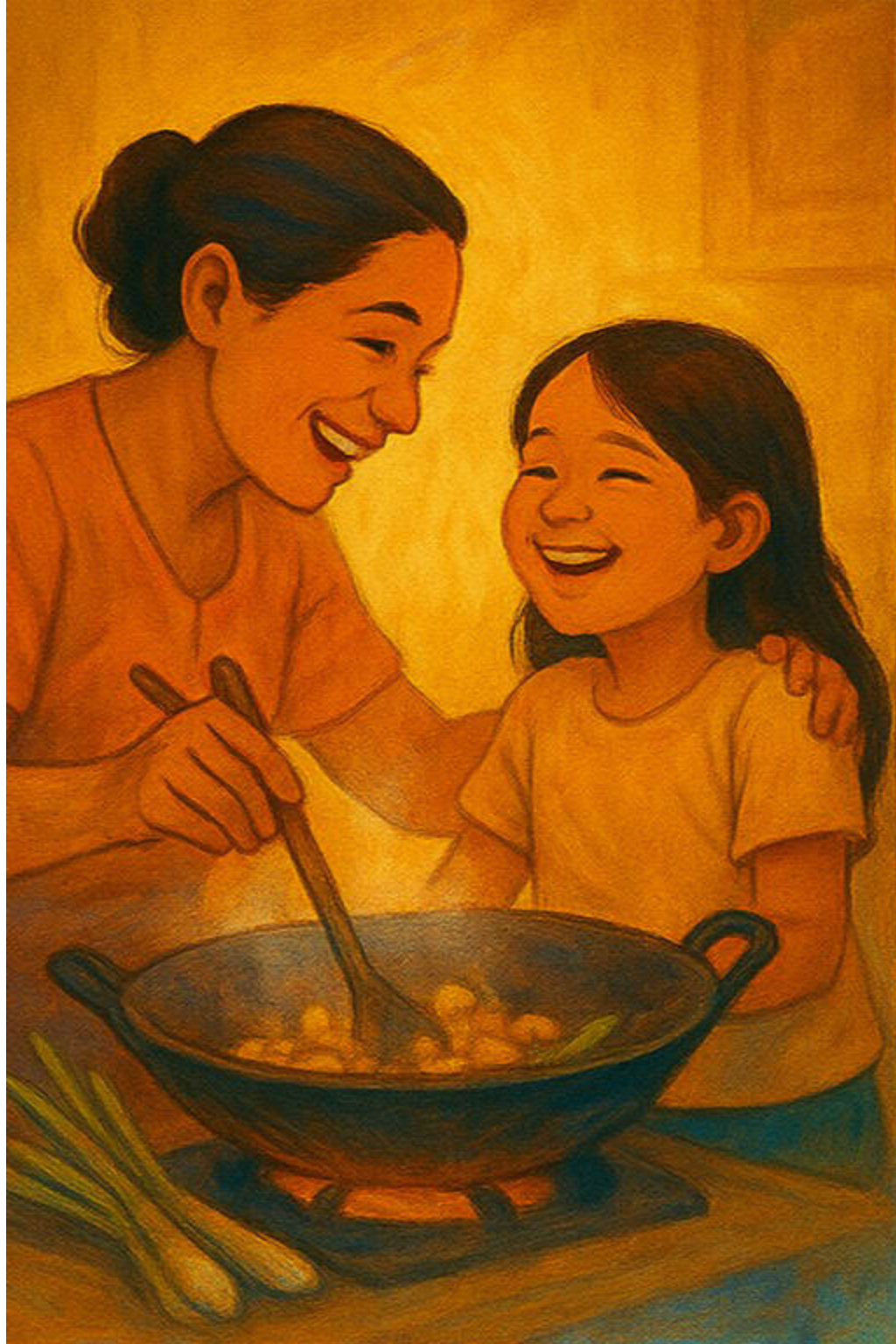
THANATDA'S LONGING

INDONESIA SHORE EXCURSION –
TEMPLE & MARKET



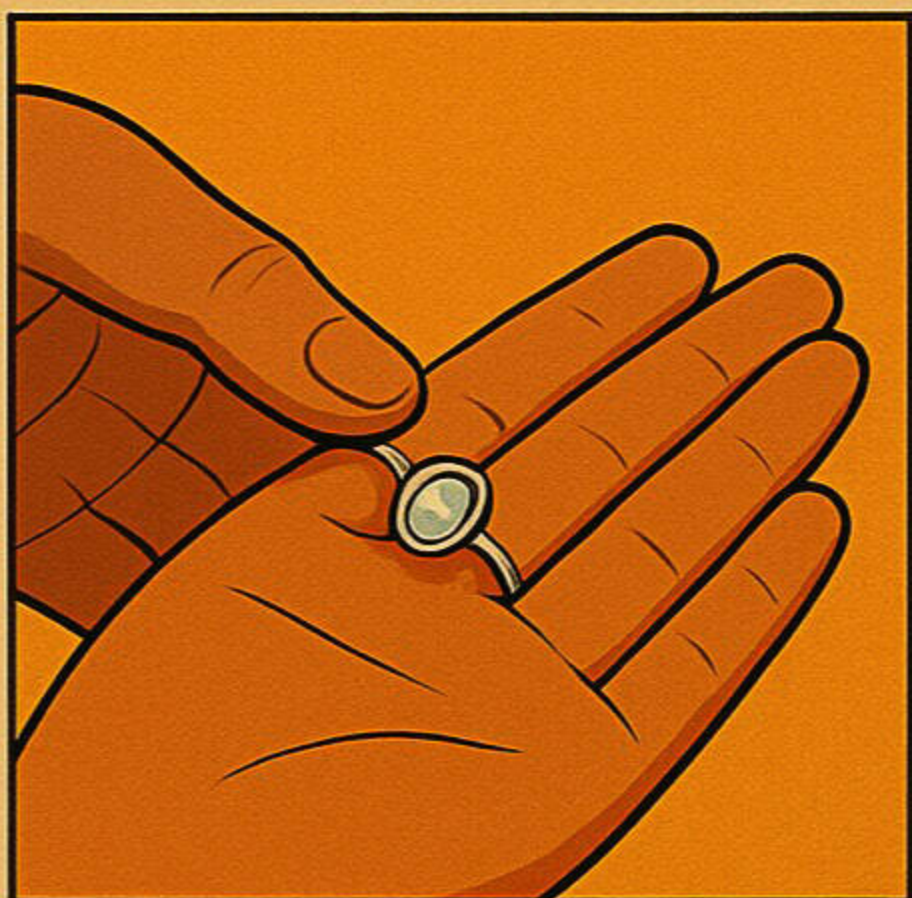
Brief shore leave. Just enough time
to remember who she used to be.







She stares at couples in the market,
children running through the stalls.



Moonstone: for
inner growth and
strength.

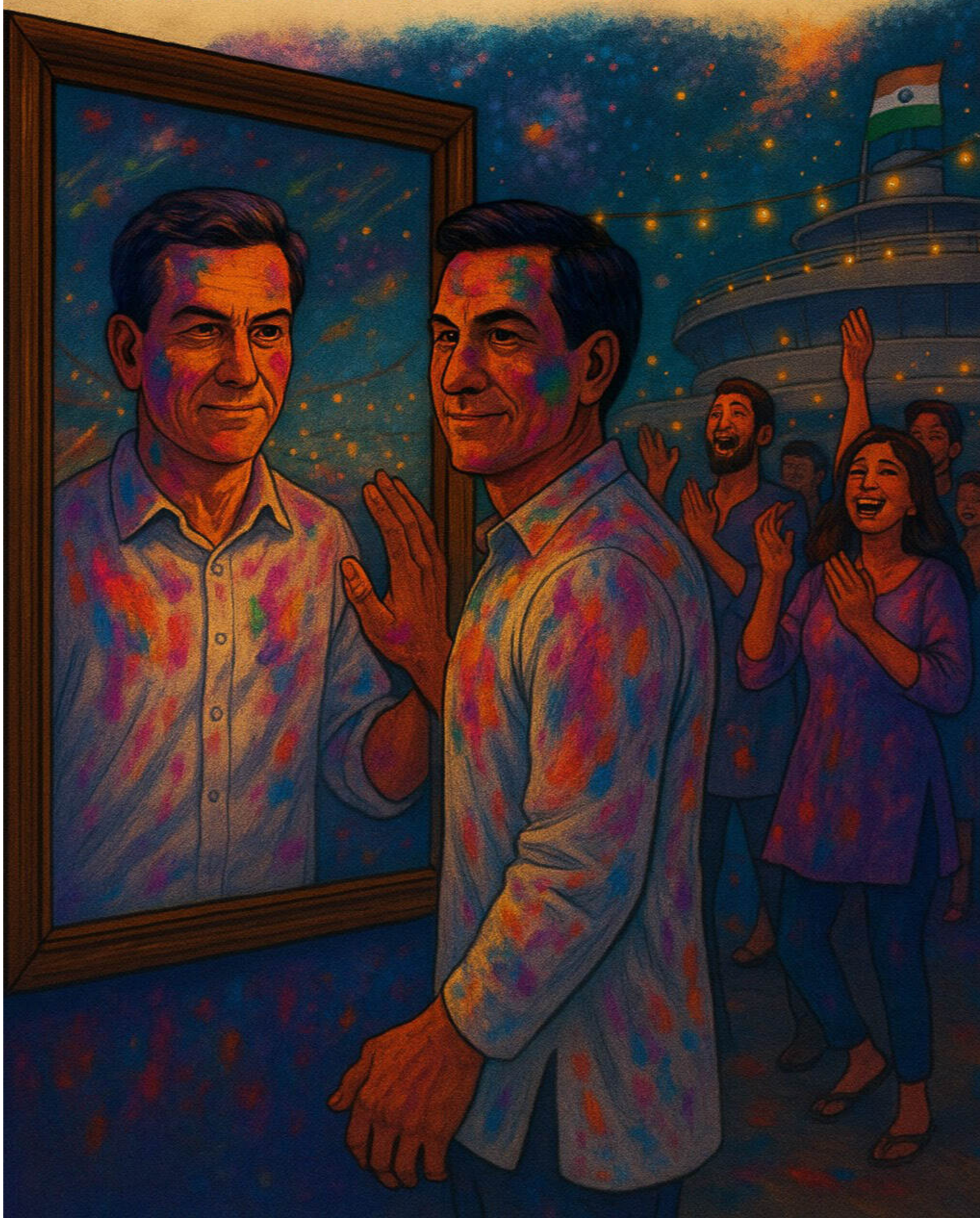


Some journeys don't take you far.
They bring you back to yourself.

CHAPTER 17

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

HOLI NIGHT ONBOARD – INDIA THEME PARTY

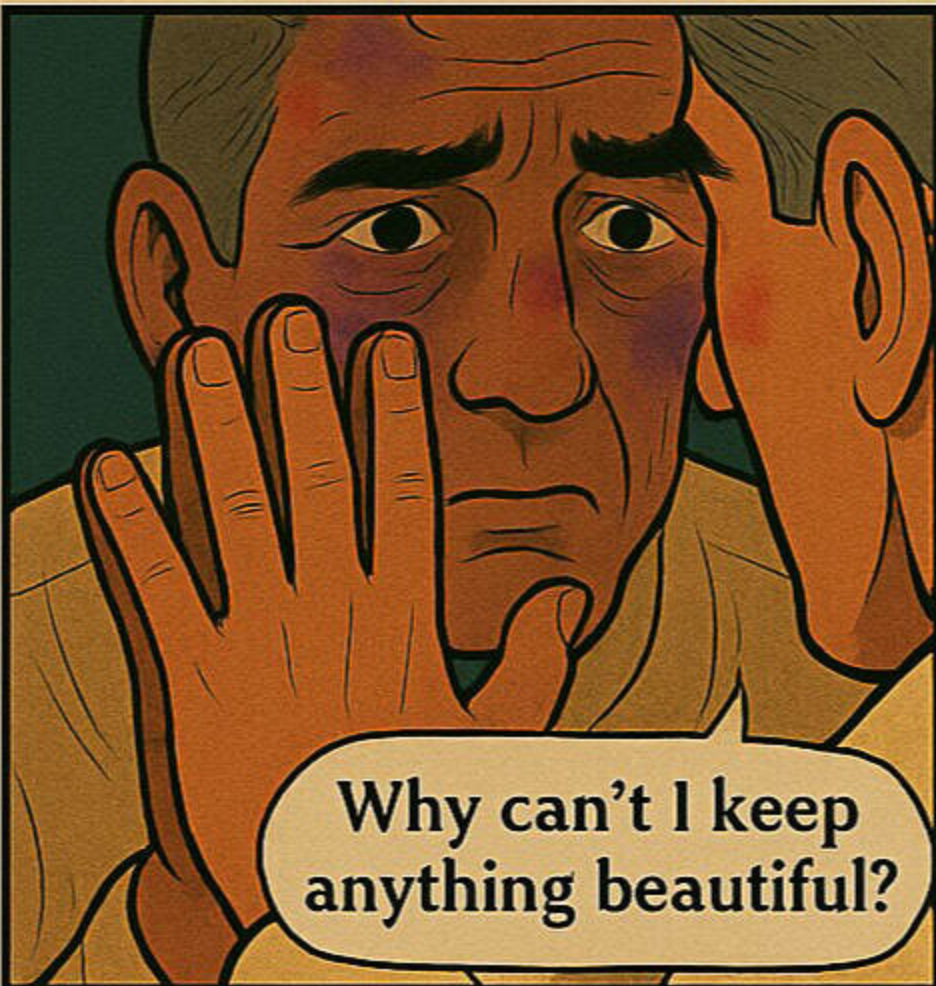
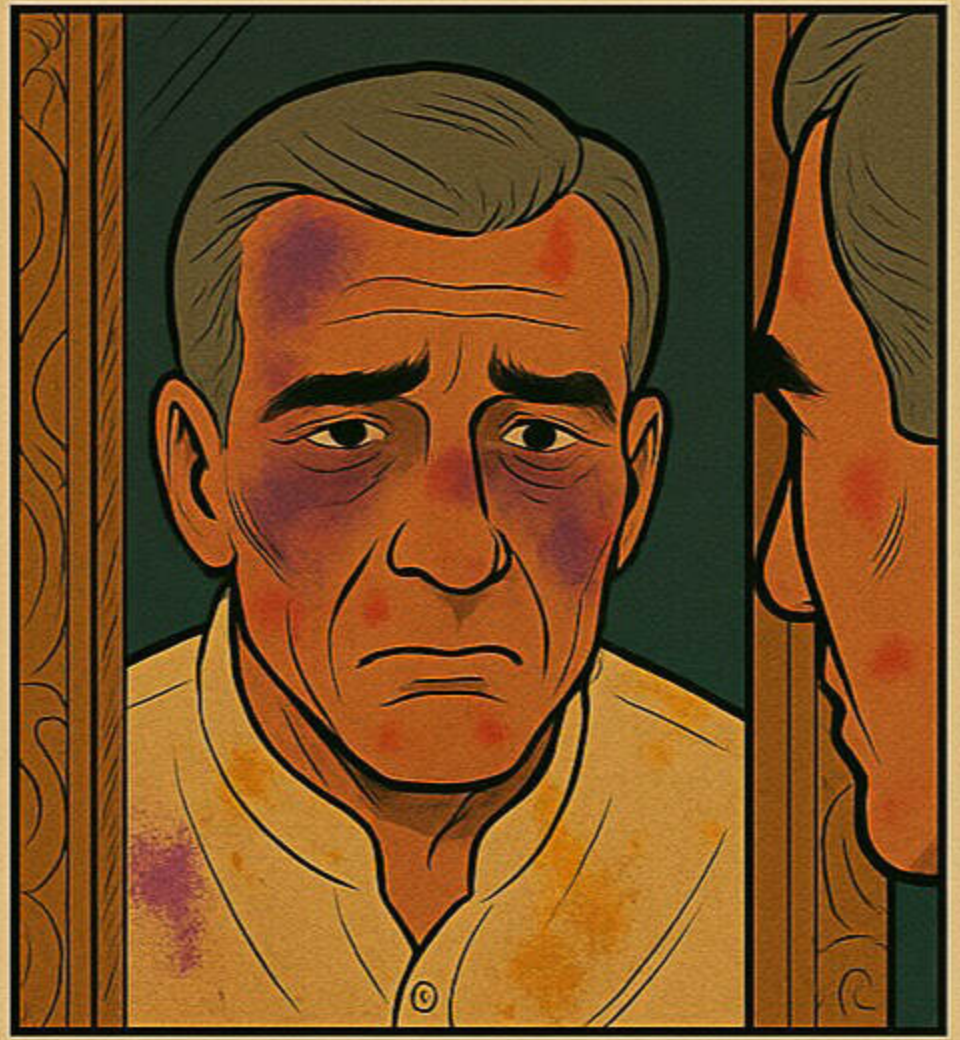


It wasn't just a party. It was a permission slip—
to forget, to forgive, to feel again.









Why can't I keep
anything beautiful?

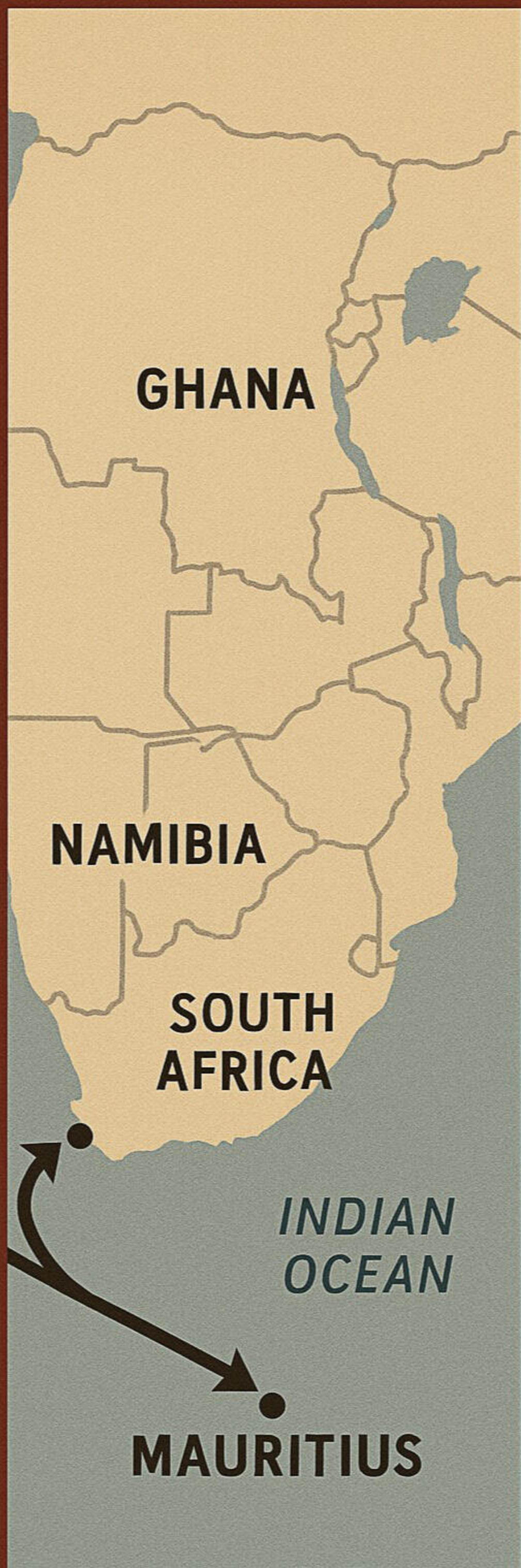


When the music ends.
what echoes is truth.

ACT III: AFRICA & SOUTHERN EUROPE

CONFRONTATION,
CRISIS &
CATALYST

ATLANTIC
OCEAN



CHAPTER 18: LOIS' BREAKING POINT

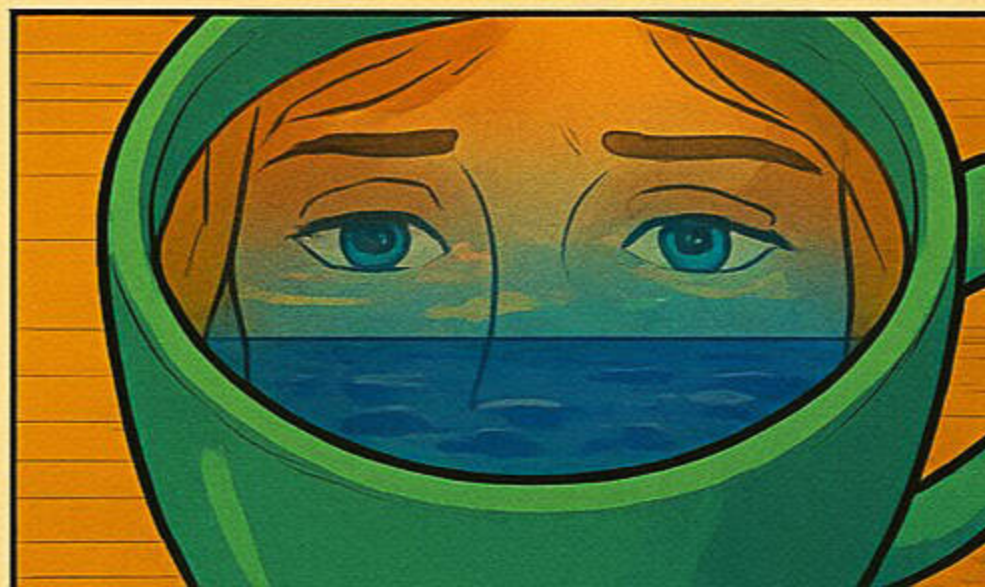
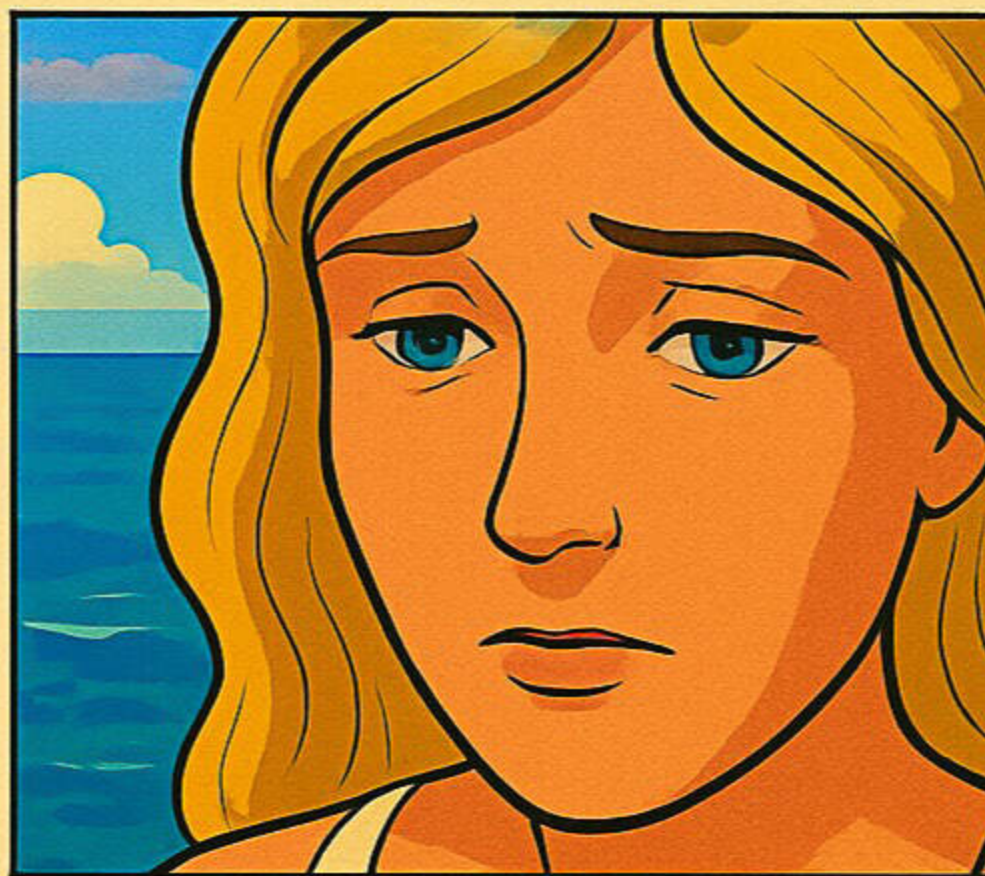
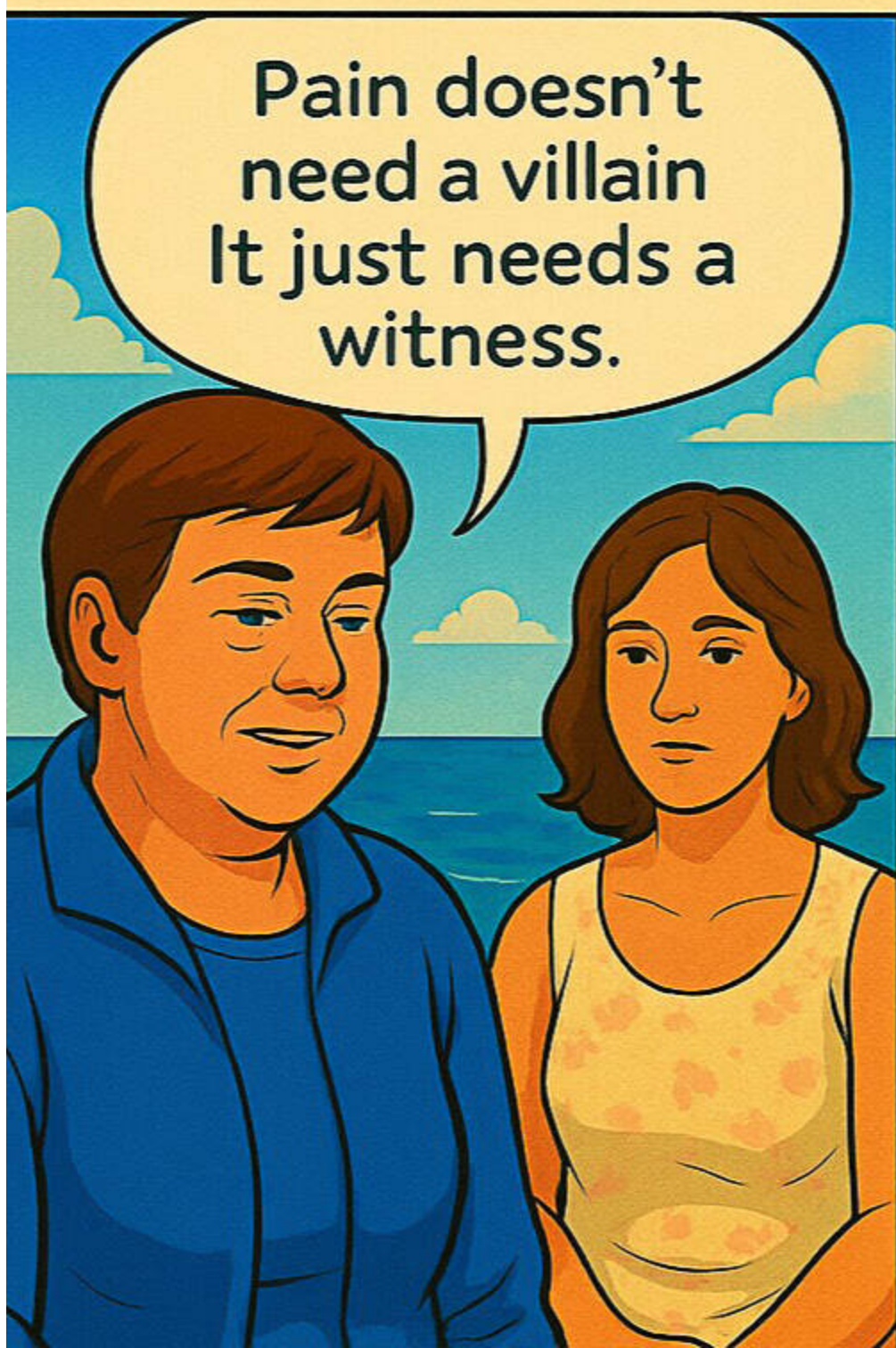
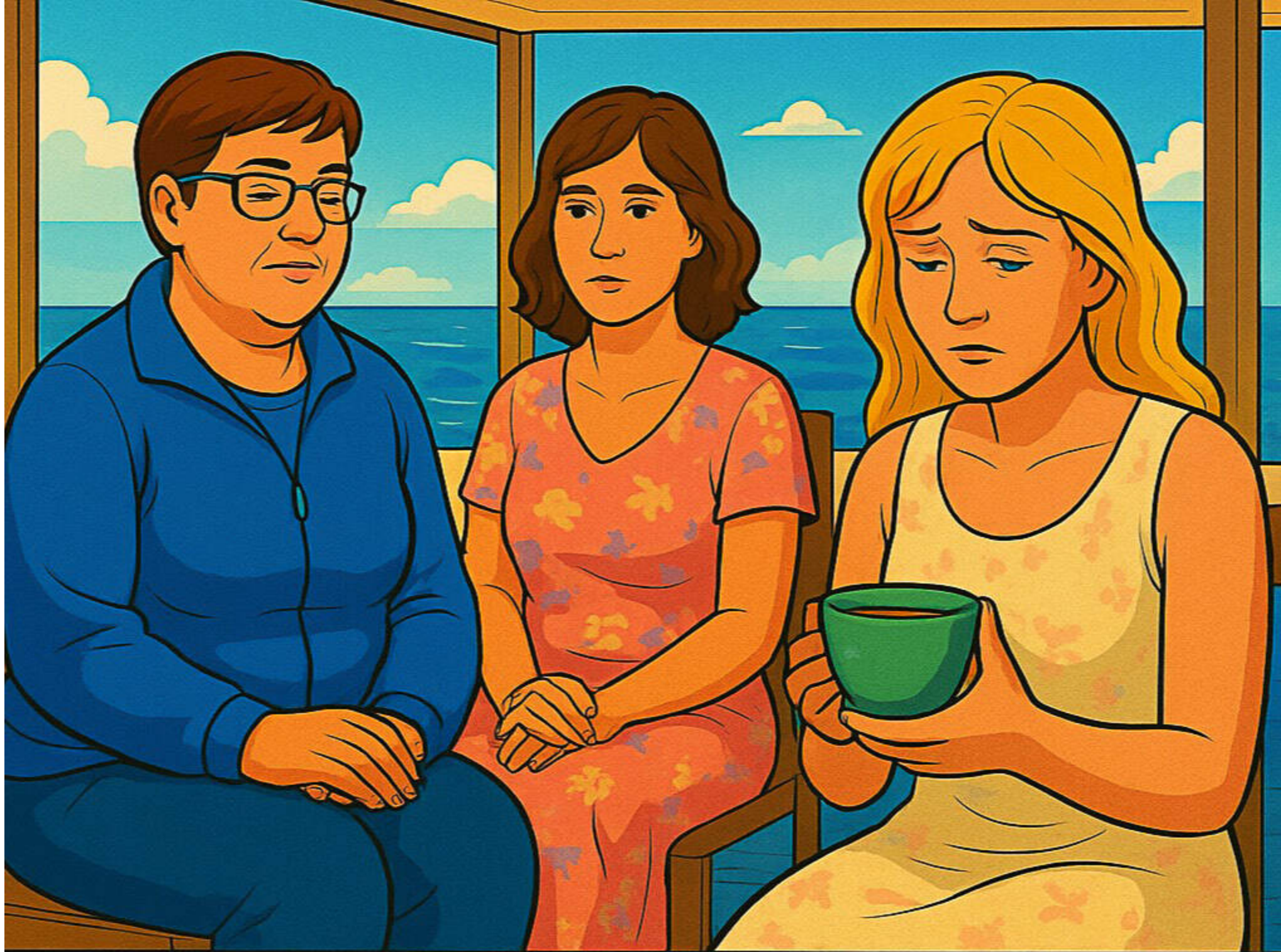


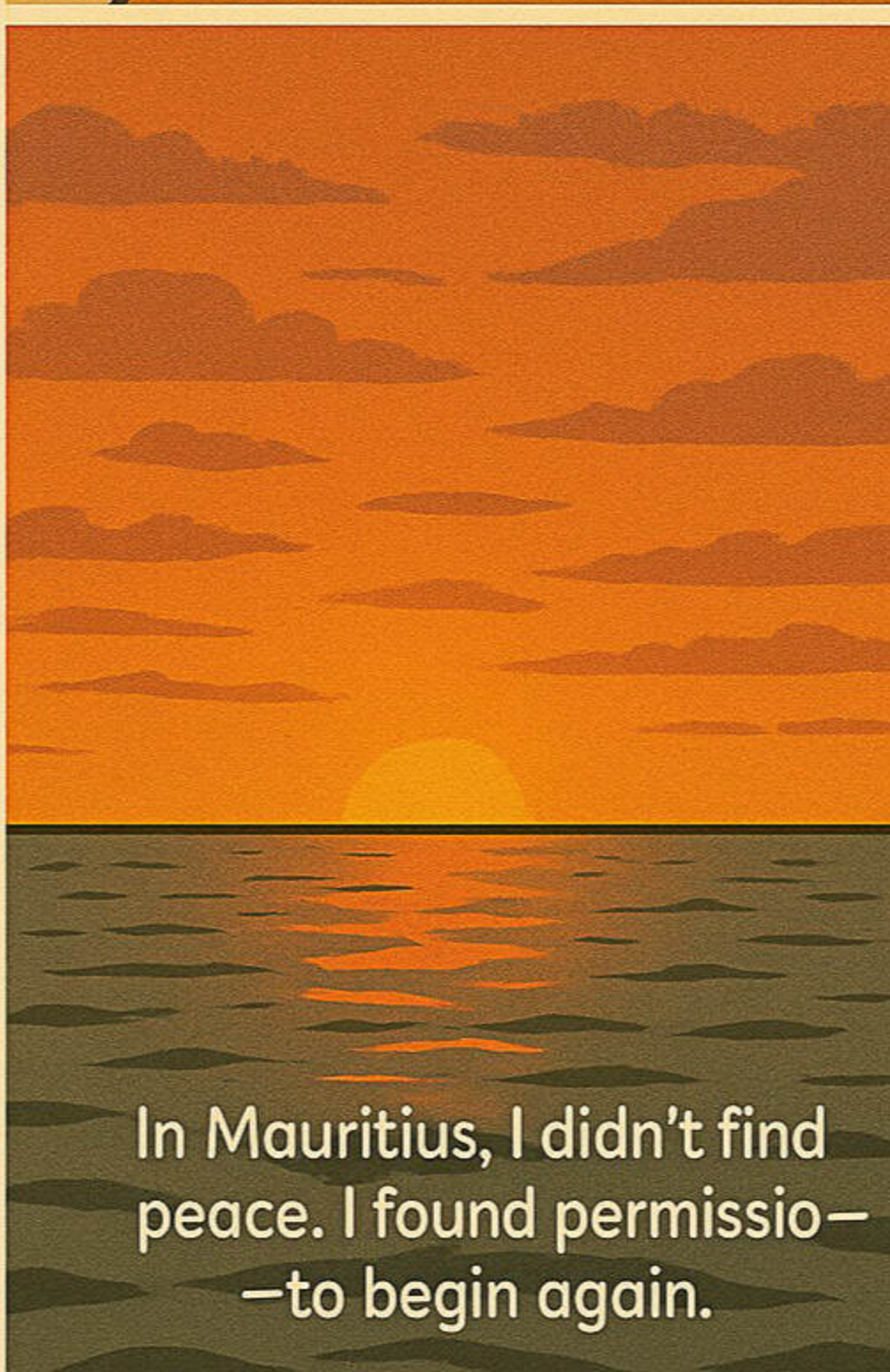
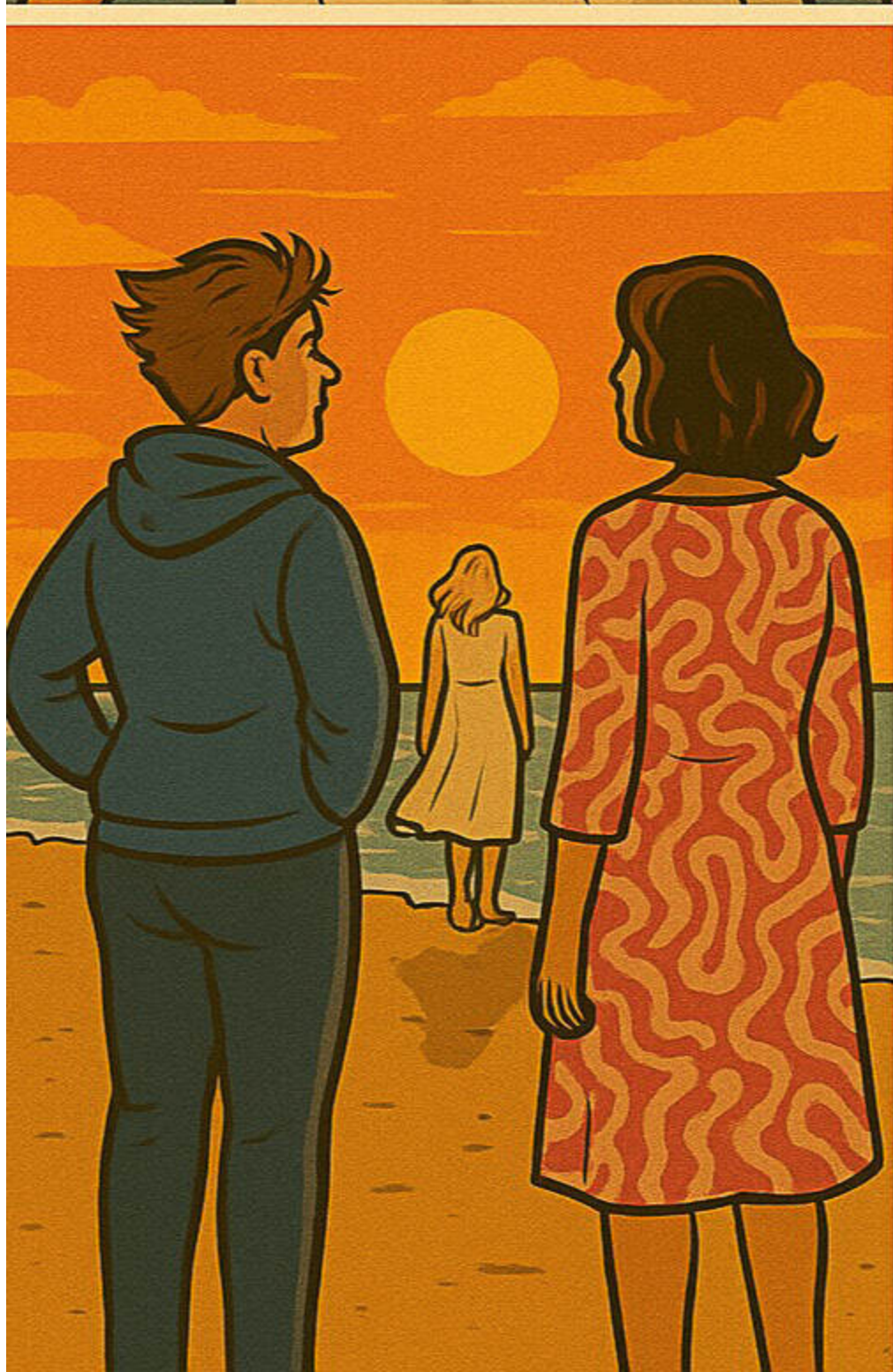
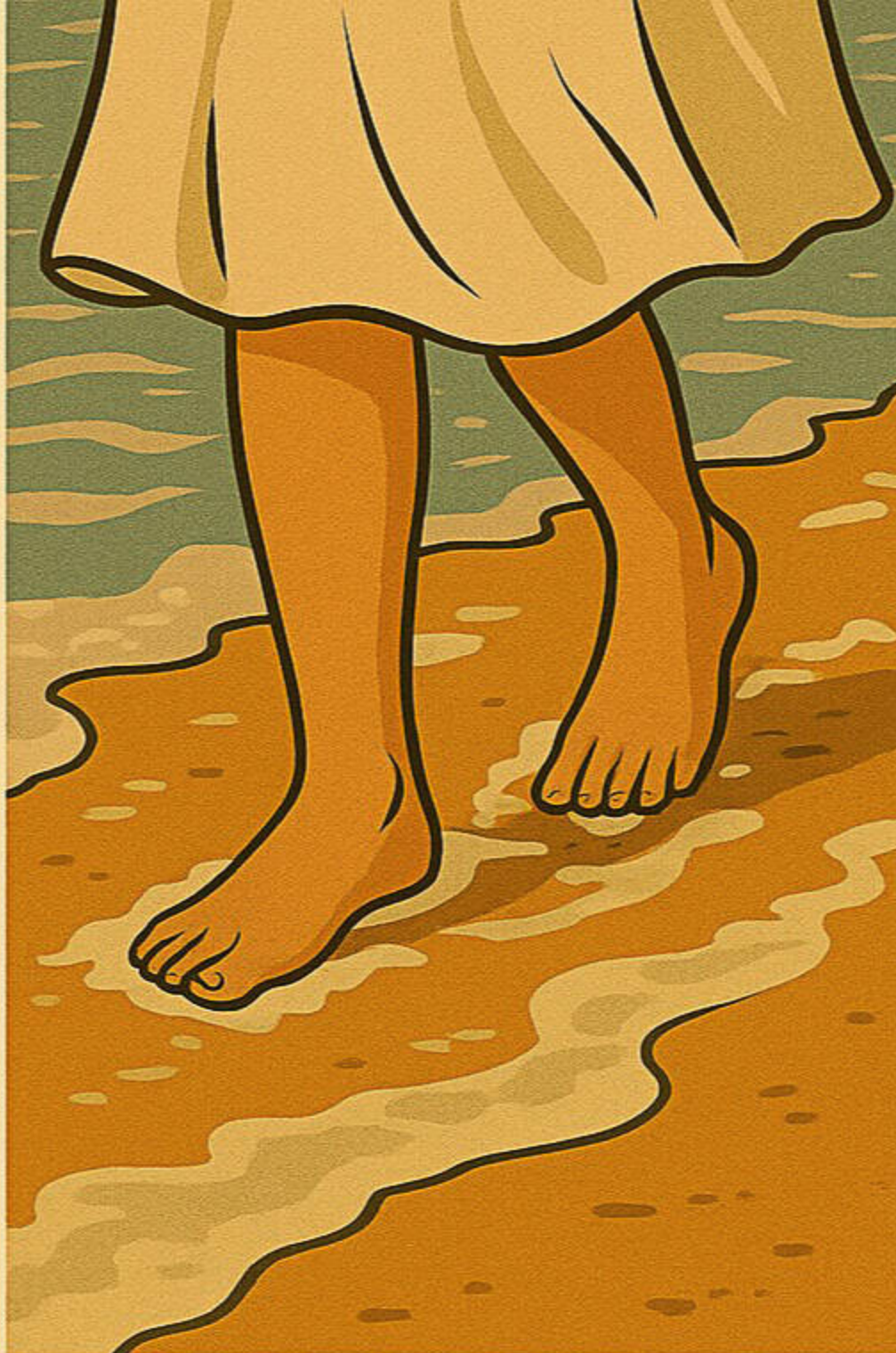
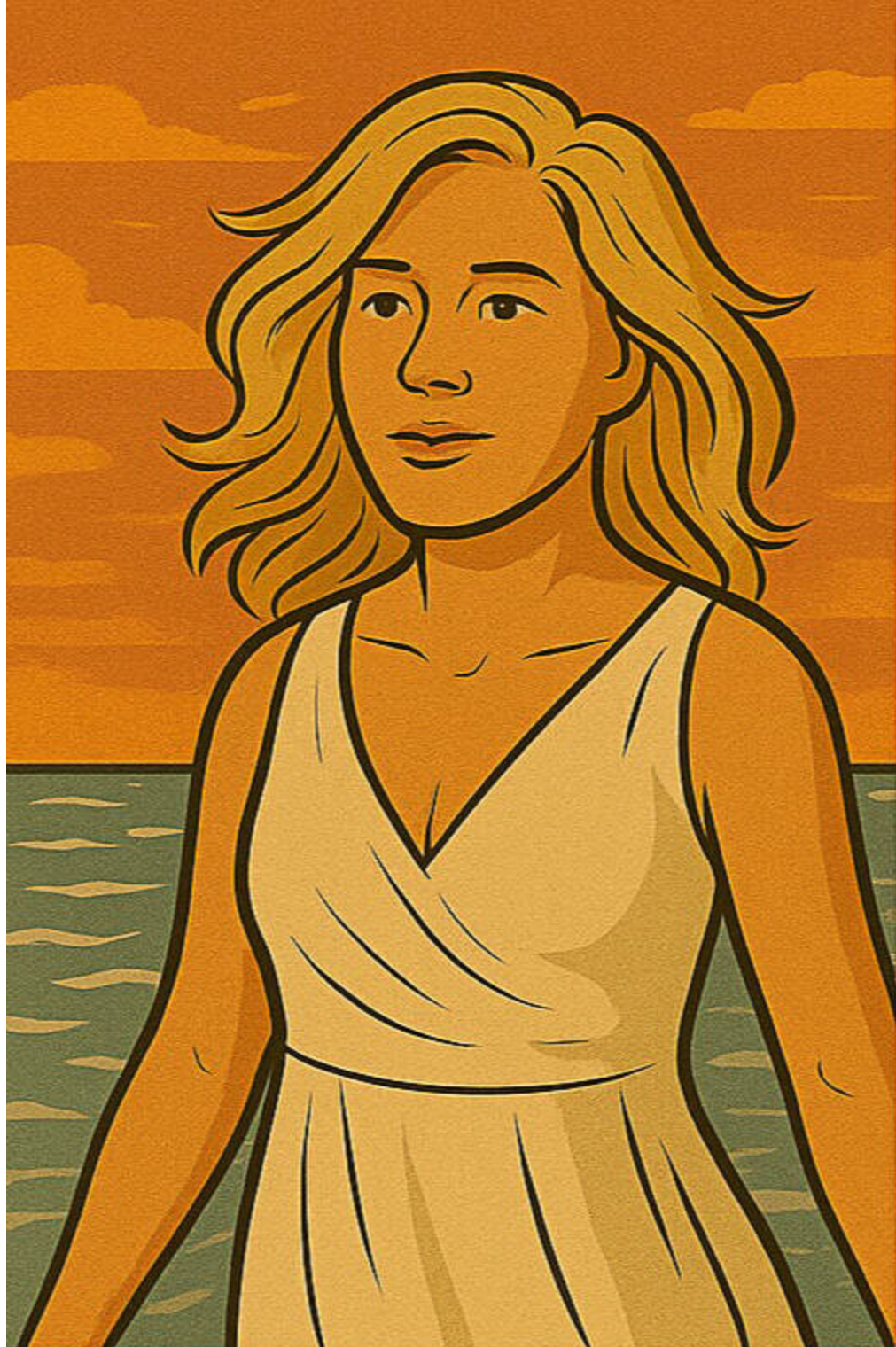
LOIS'S BREAKING POINT





Lois reaches an emotional crisis and finds solace with Pam and Roberta

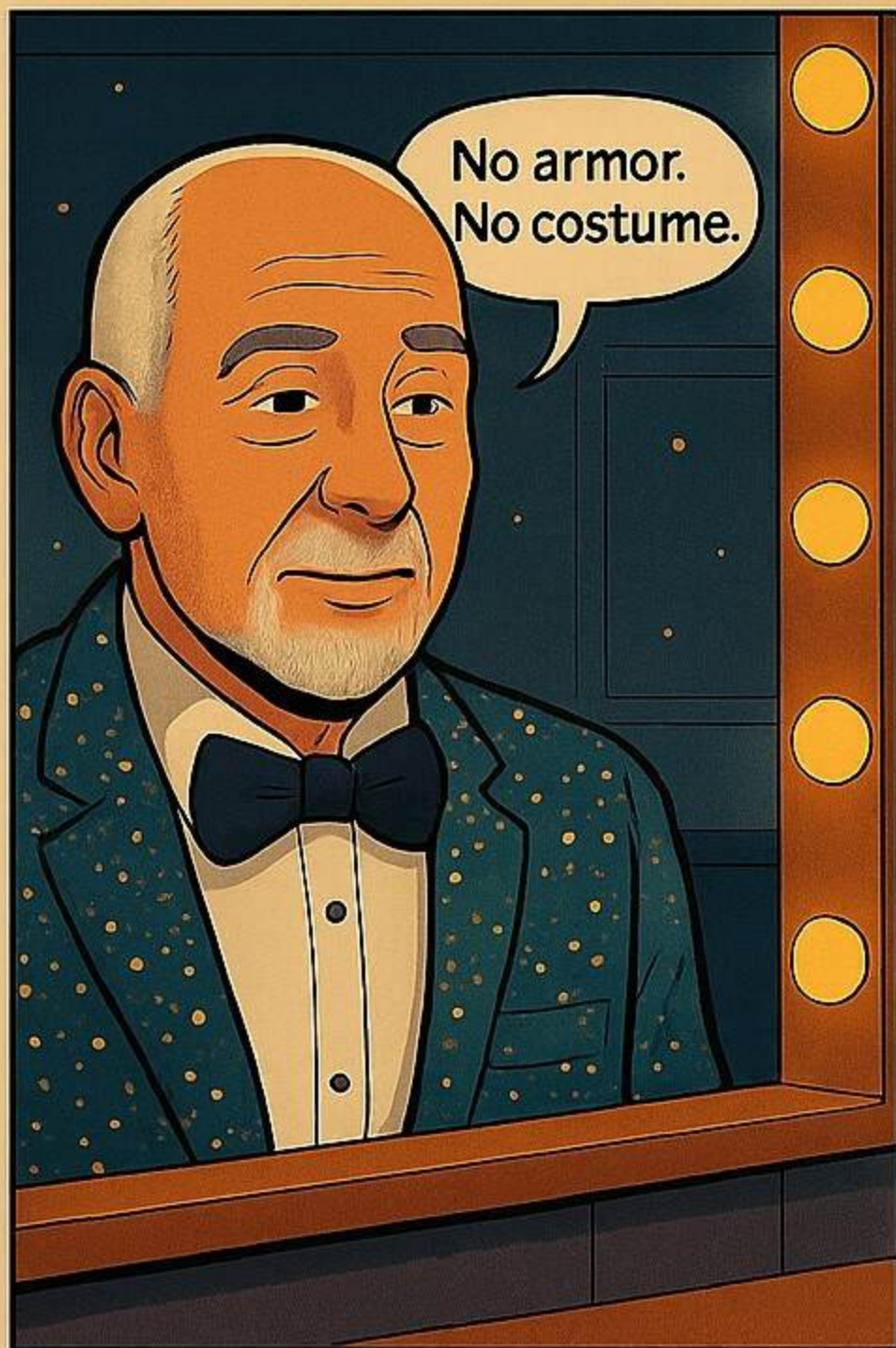
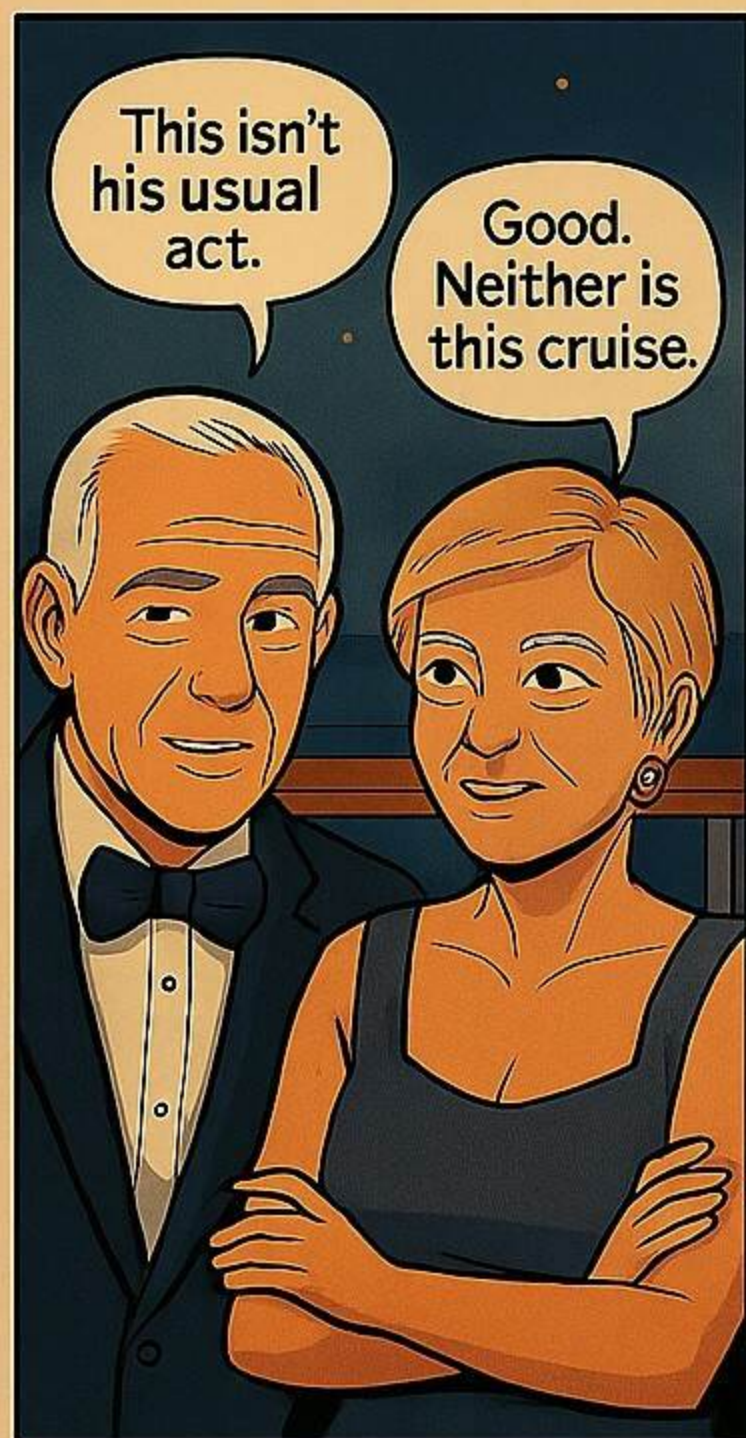
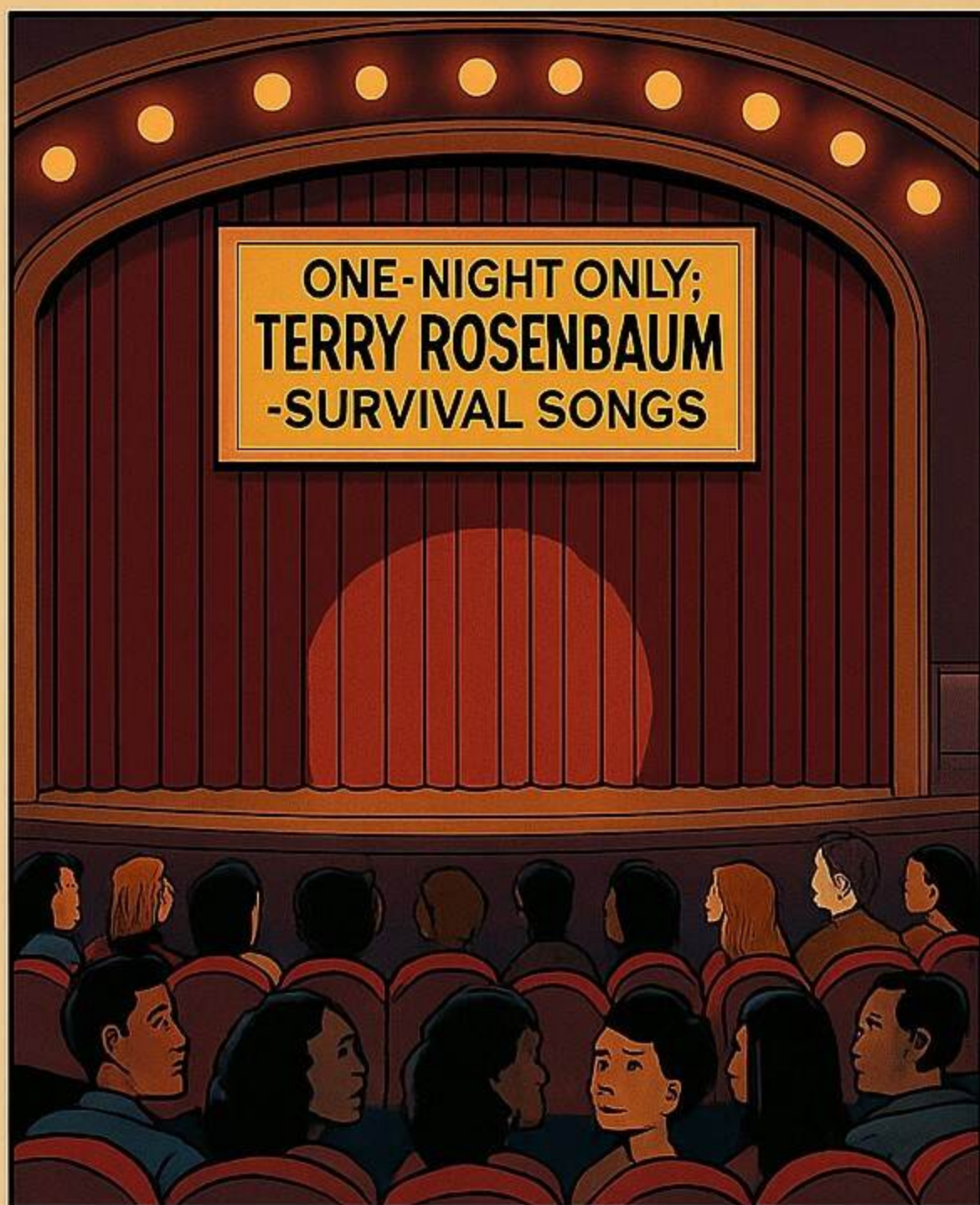




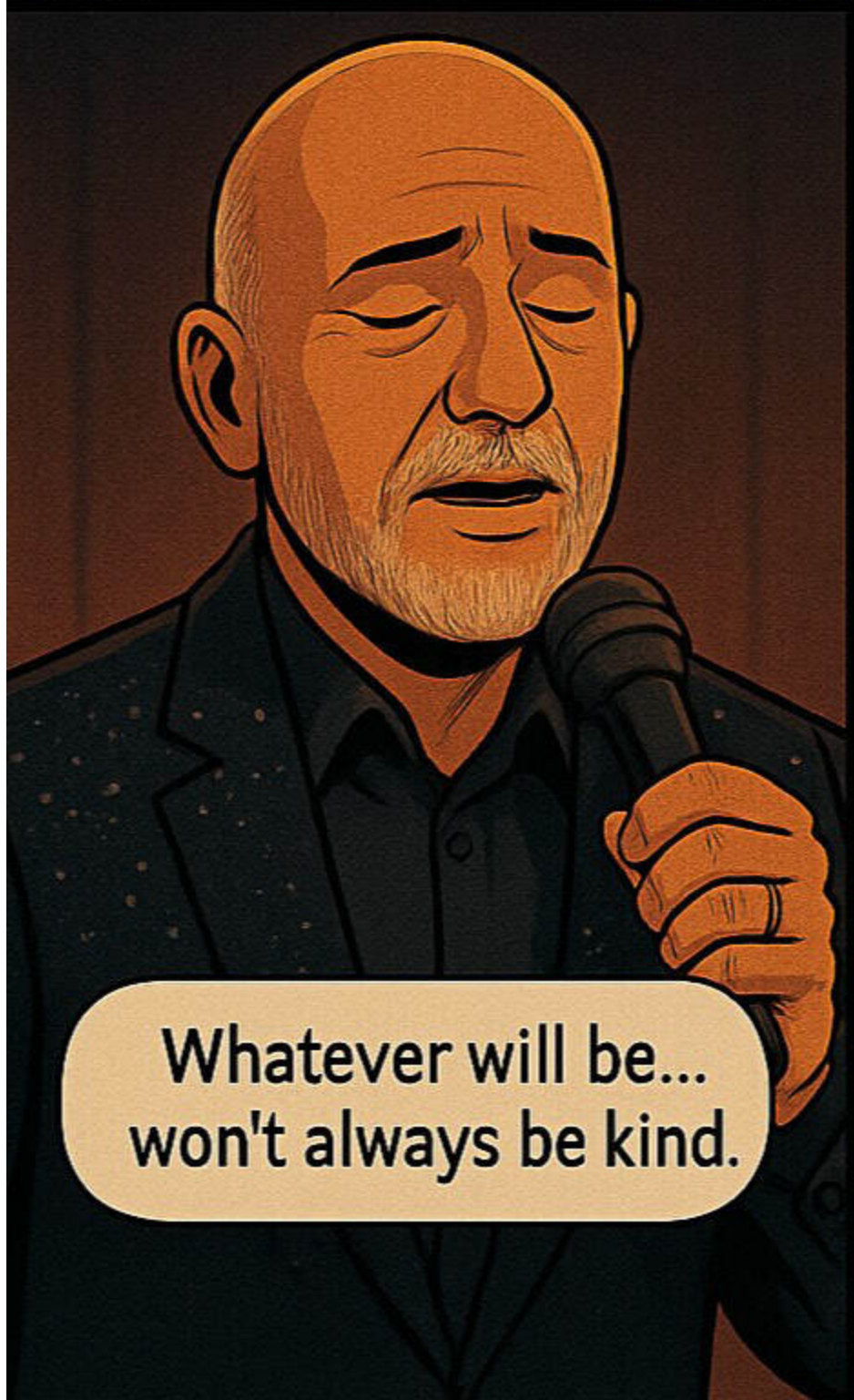
In Mauritius, I didn't find
peace. I found permissio—
—to begin again.

CHAPTER 19: TERRY'S CABARET OF SURVIVAL

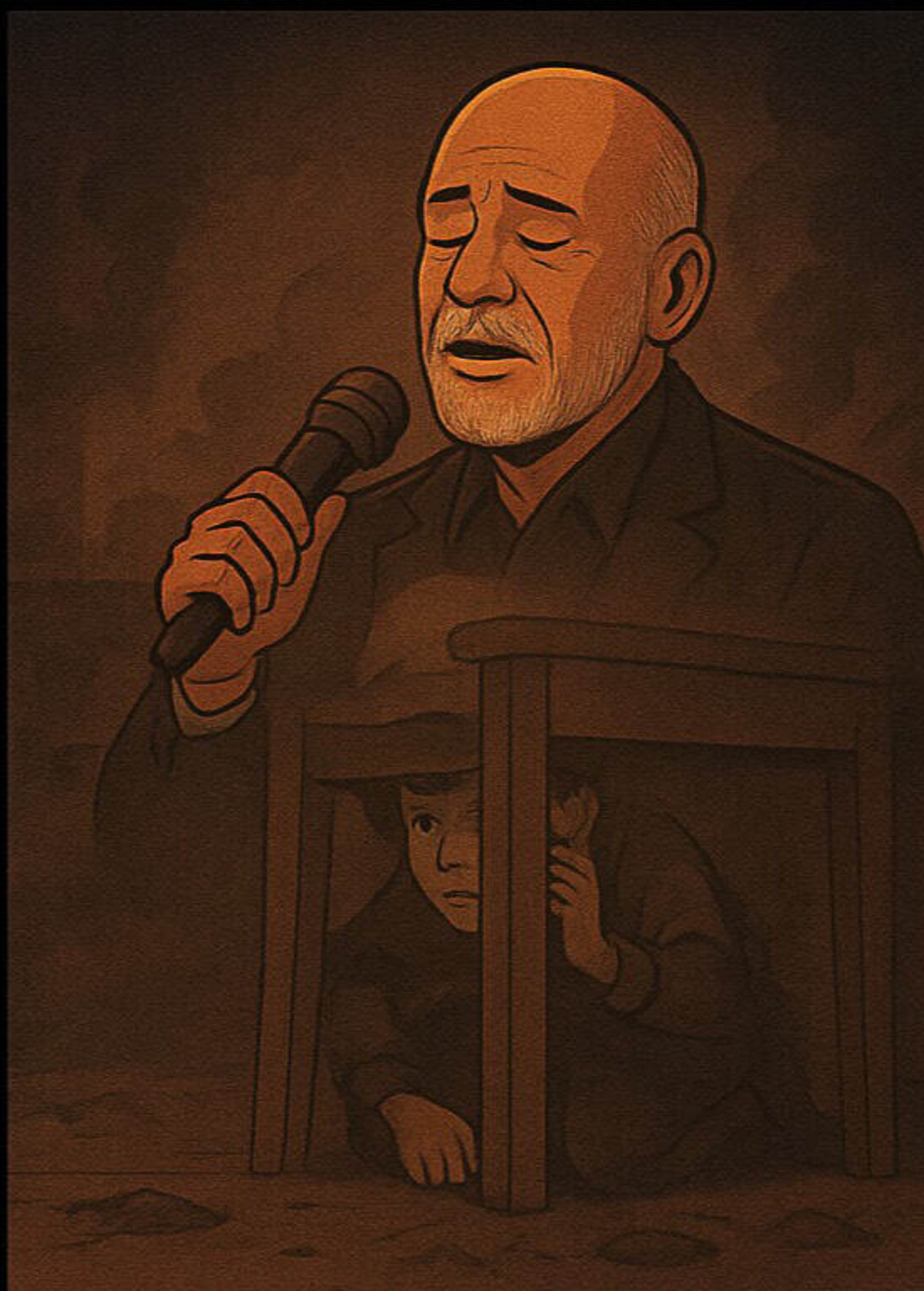




I was seven when I
learned applause can't
drown out sirens.



Whatever will be...
won't always be kind.



I USED TO THINK
DRAG WAS ESCAPE.
TURNS OUT, IT WAS
MEMORY STITCHED
WITH RHINESTONES.

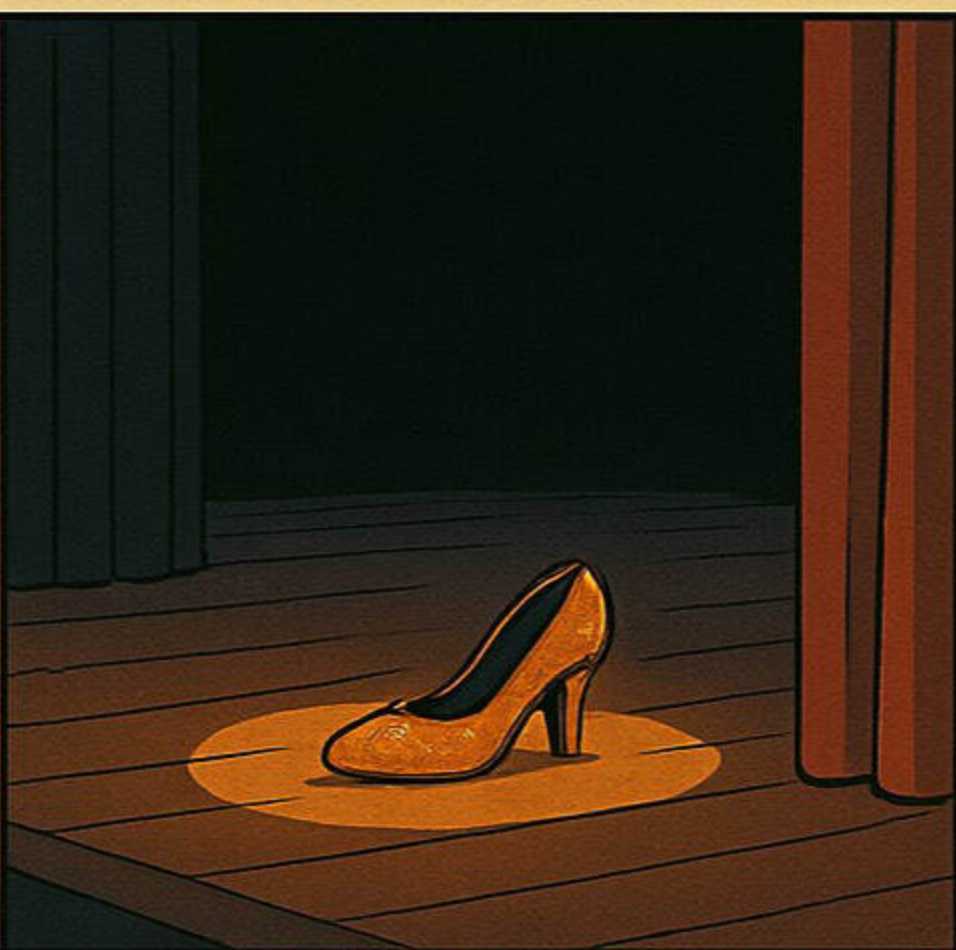
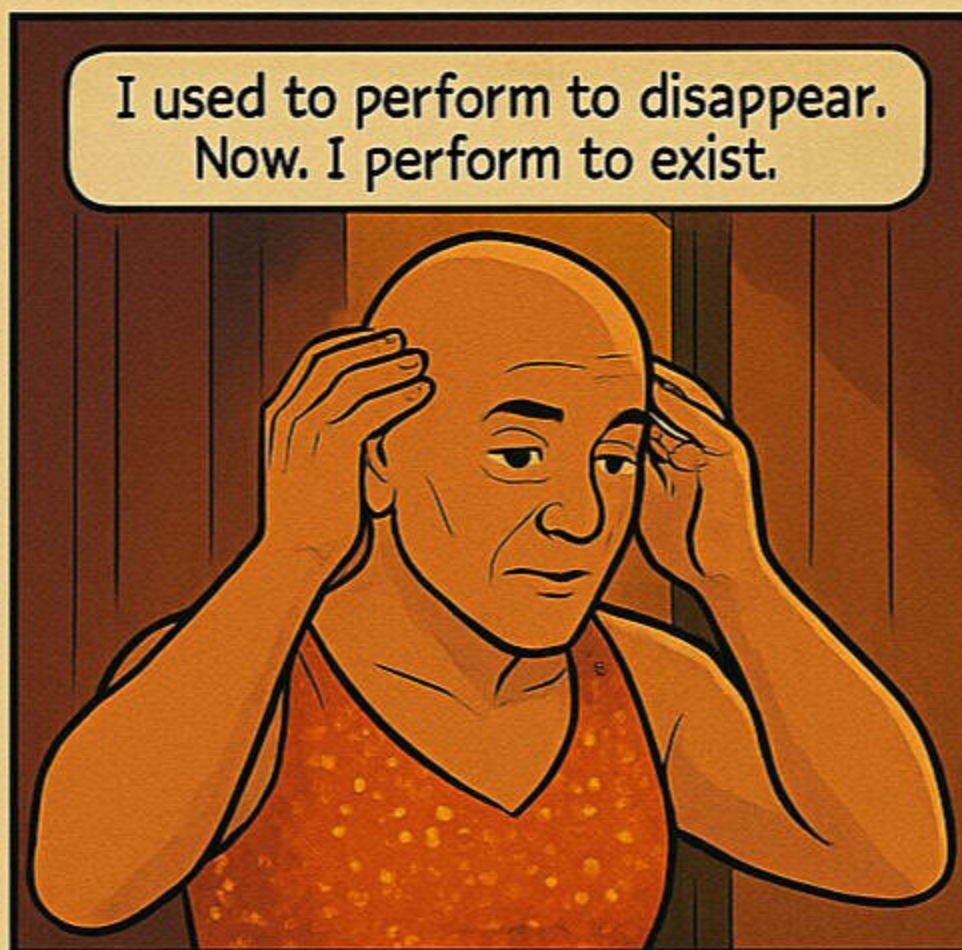
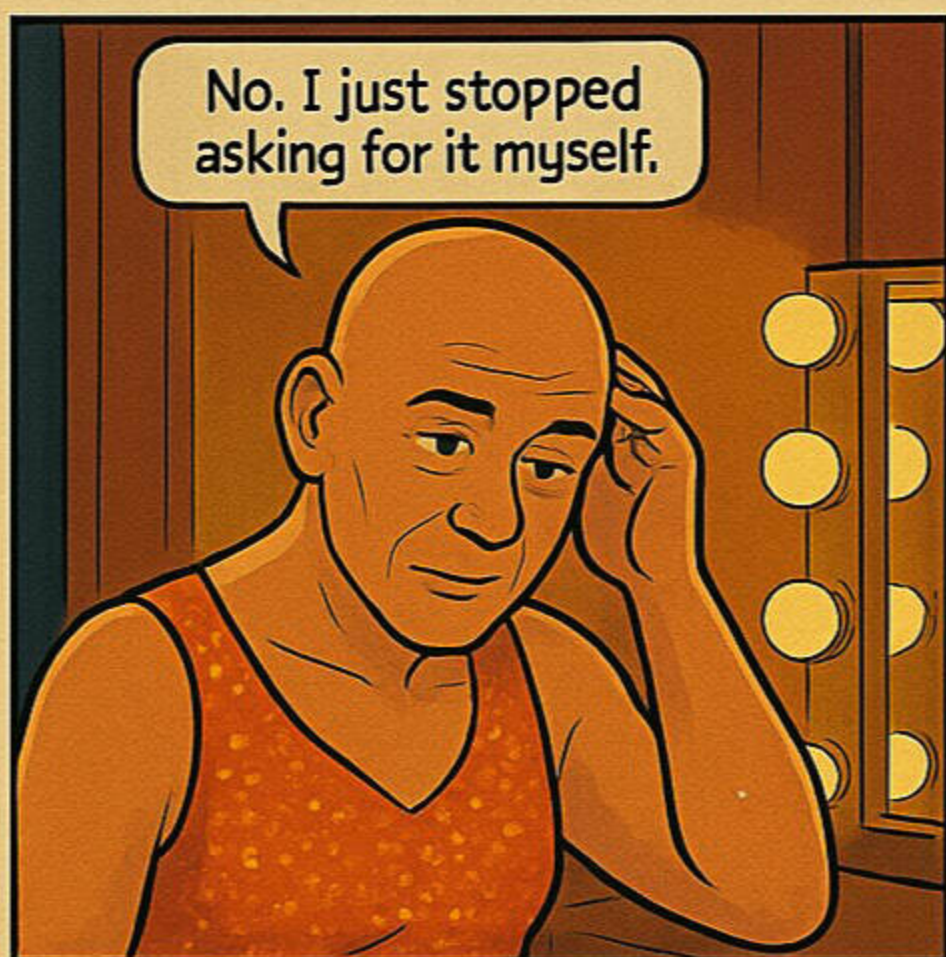
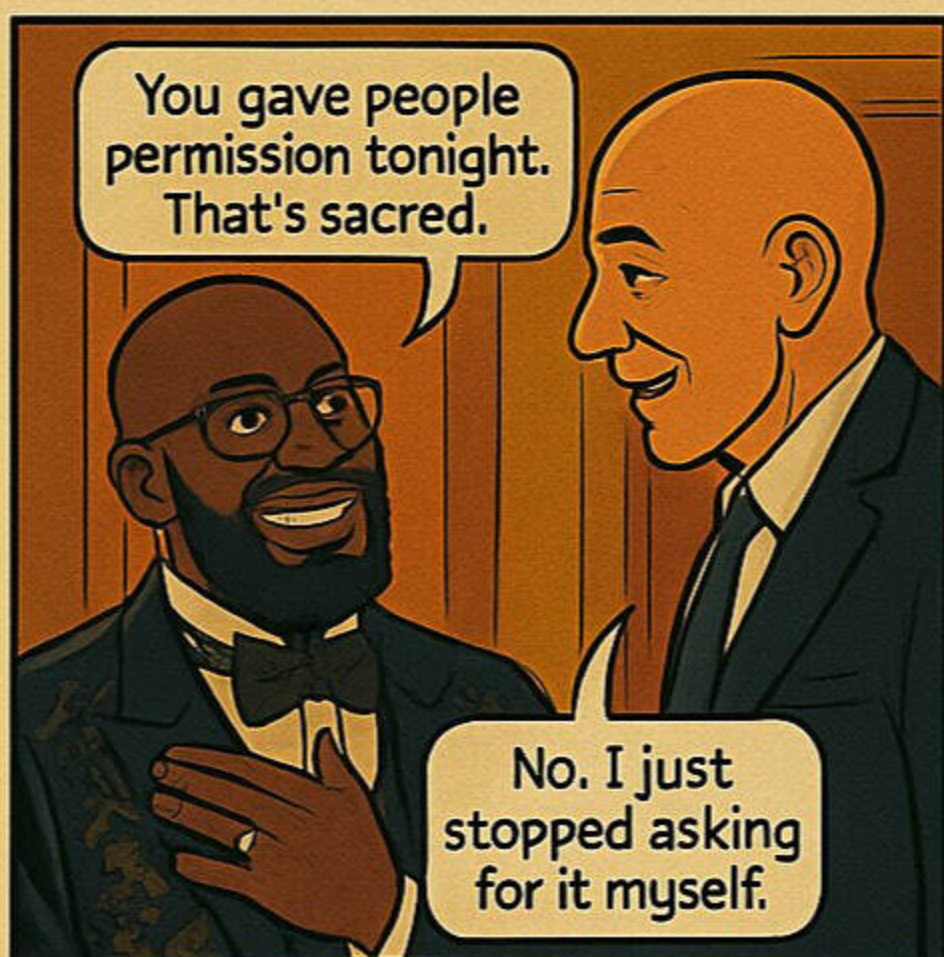


I USED TO
THINK DRAG
WAS ESCAPE.



I'M NOT A SURVIVOR
BECAUSE I MOVED ON.
I'M A SURVIVOR
BECAUSE I RETURNED—
TO TELL IT MY WAY.

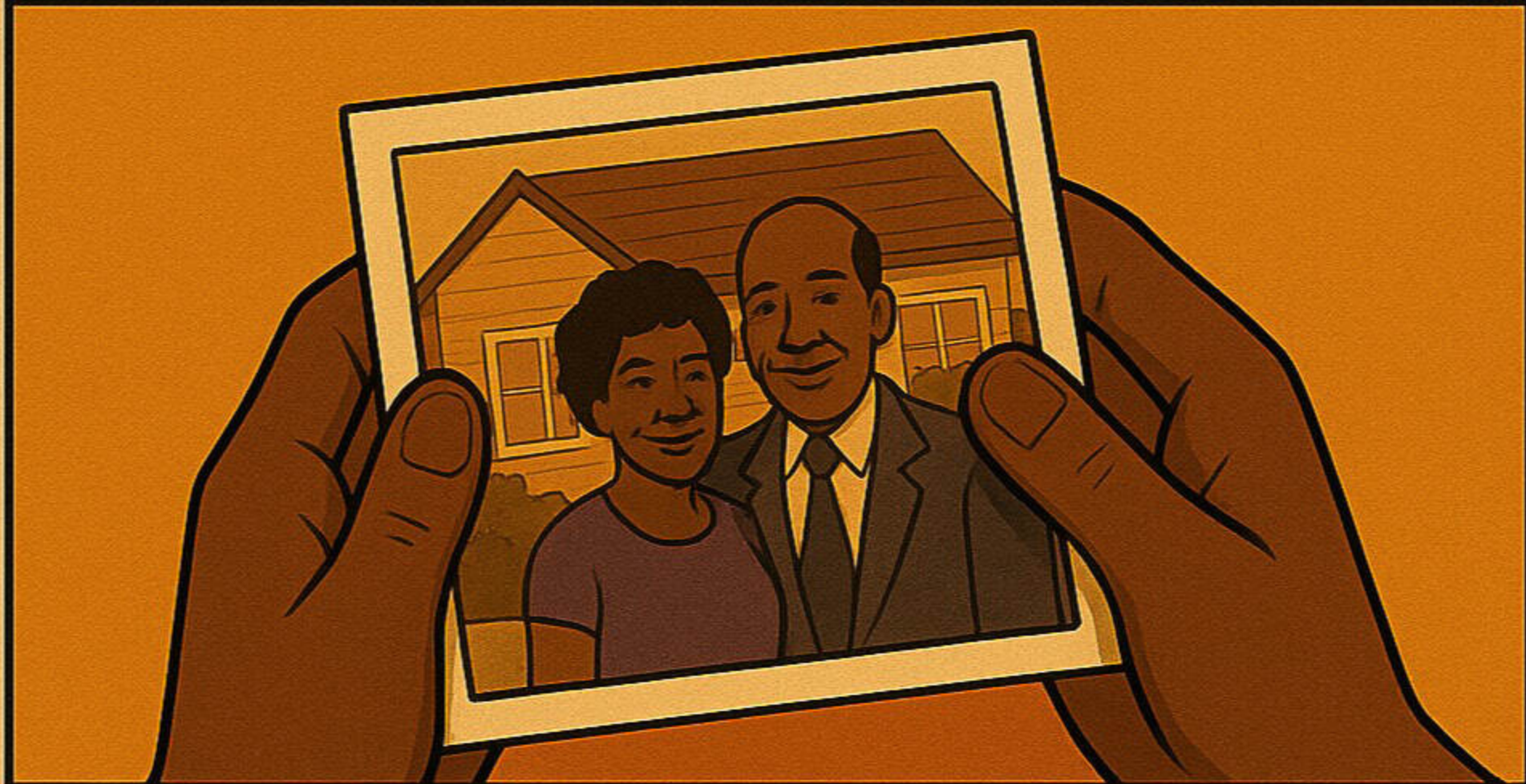




CHAPTER 20: MICHELLE'S MOVE



**We bought that house in '78.
Raised kids. Buried dreams.**



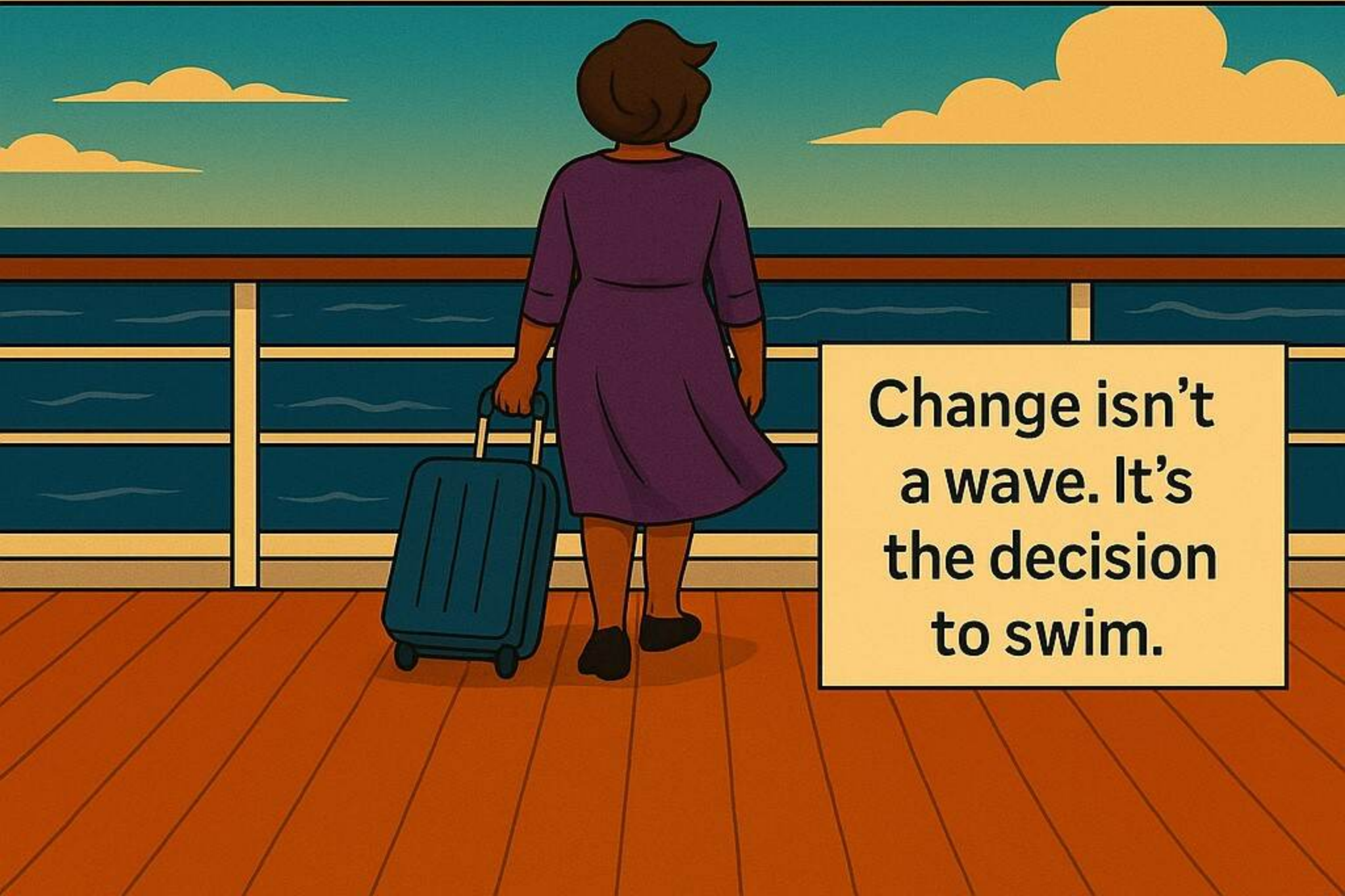
The room is tidy but lived-in.



The room is tidy but lived-in.

A woman with short dark hair and glasses, wearing a purple dress and black shoes, is walking down a ship's corridor. She is pulling a blue rolling suitcase. The corridor has wooden walls and a wooden floor. A door is visible at the end of the corridor.

**Moving cabins,
Ms. Domina?**

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a purple dress and black shoes, is standing on a ship's deck. She is looking out at the ocean. The deck has a wooden floor and a white railing. The ocean is blue with white waves. The sky is blue with yellow clouds.

**Change isn't
a wave. It's
the decision
to swim.**



CHAPTICE 21 BEATRICE'S TURNING TABLES

Unchanged — Aboard a “healing” seminar,
Patricia reclaims her voice and calls out mani-



"Release the weight of your past.
Suffering is a choice."

INNER PEACE

A WORKSHOP FOR LETTING GO



Funny how people who've never been hurt love giving advice.

You look like someone
who's holding on to pain.
May I offer a tool?

You may not.

Funny how people who've
never been hurt love

Well, resistance is
a form of attachment.
Wouldn't you agree?

Or maybe manipulation
dressed in mindfulness.



You don't get to shame pain and call it enlightenment.

You don't get to shame pain and call it enlightenment.



Not everyone has the privilege to "let go"—some of us had to survive first.

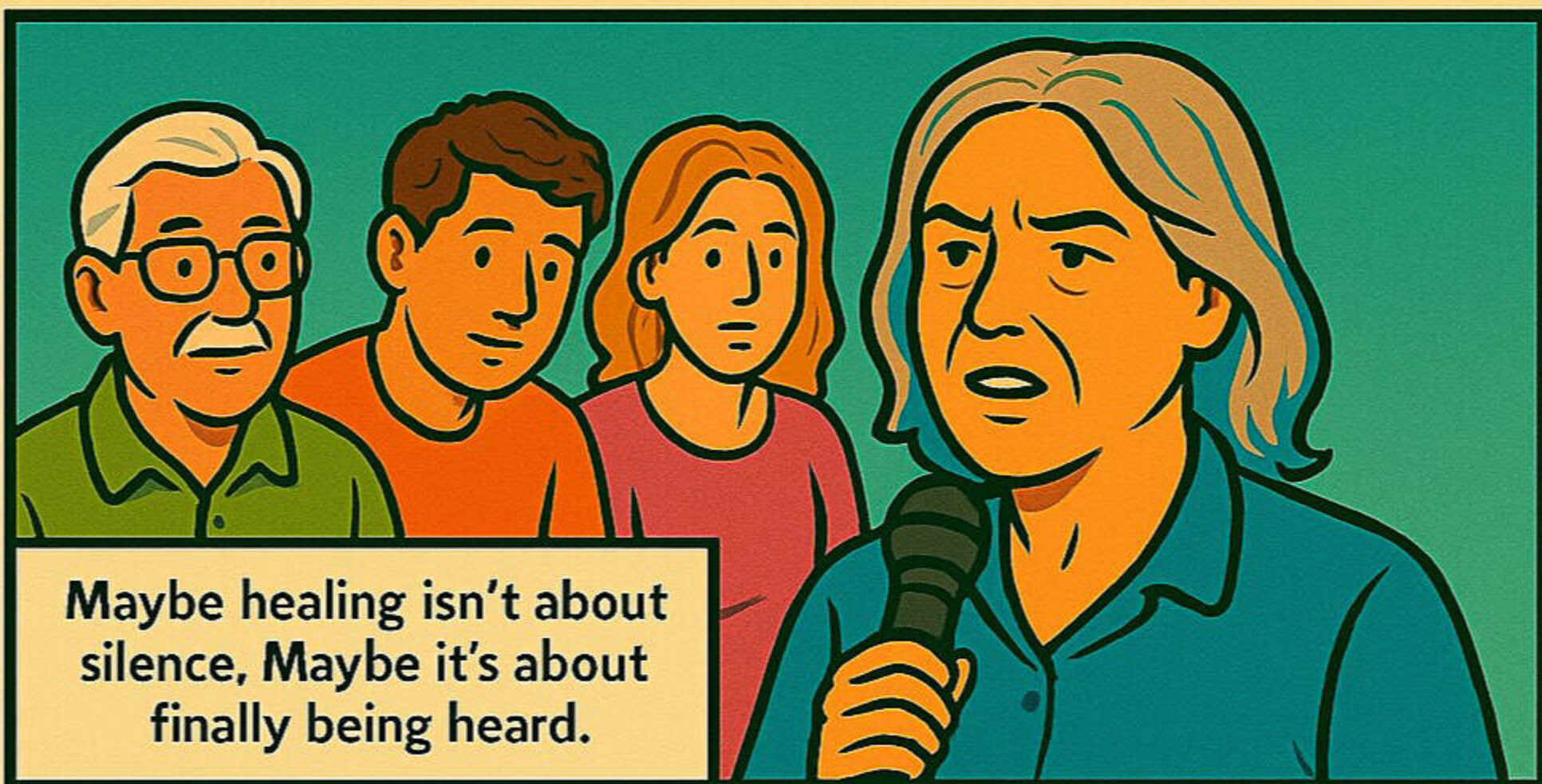
INNER PEACE



We're all here to grow—perhaps this is your mirror moment?



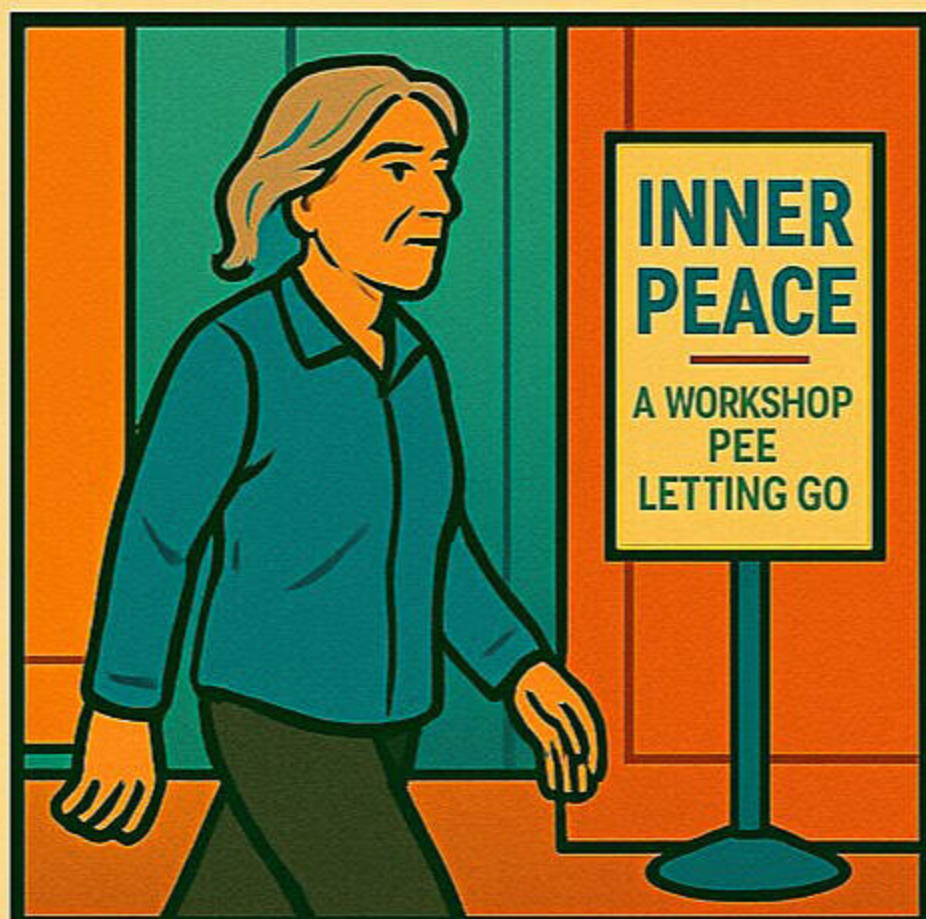
No. This is me flipping the mirror back.



Maybe healing isn't about
silence, Maybe it's about
finally being heard.

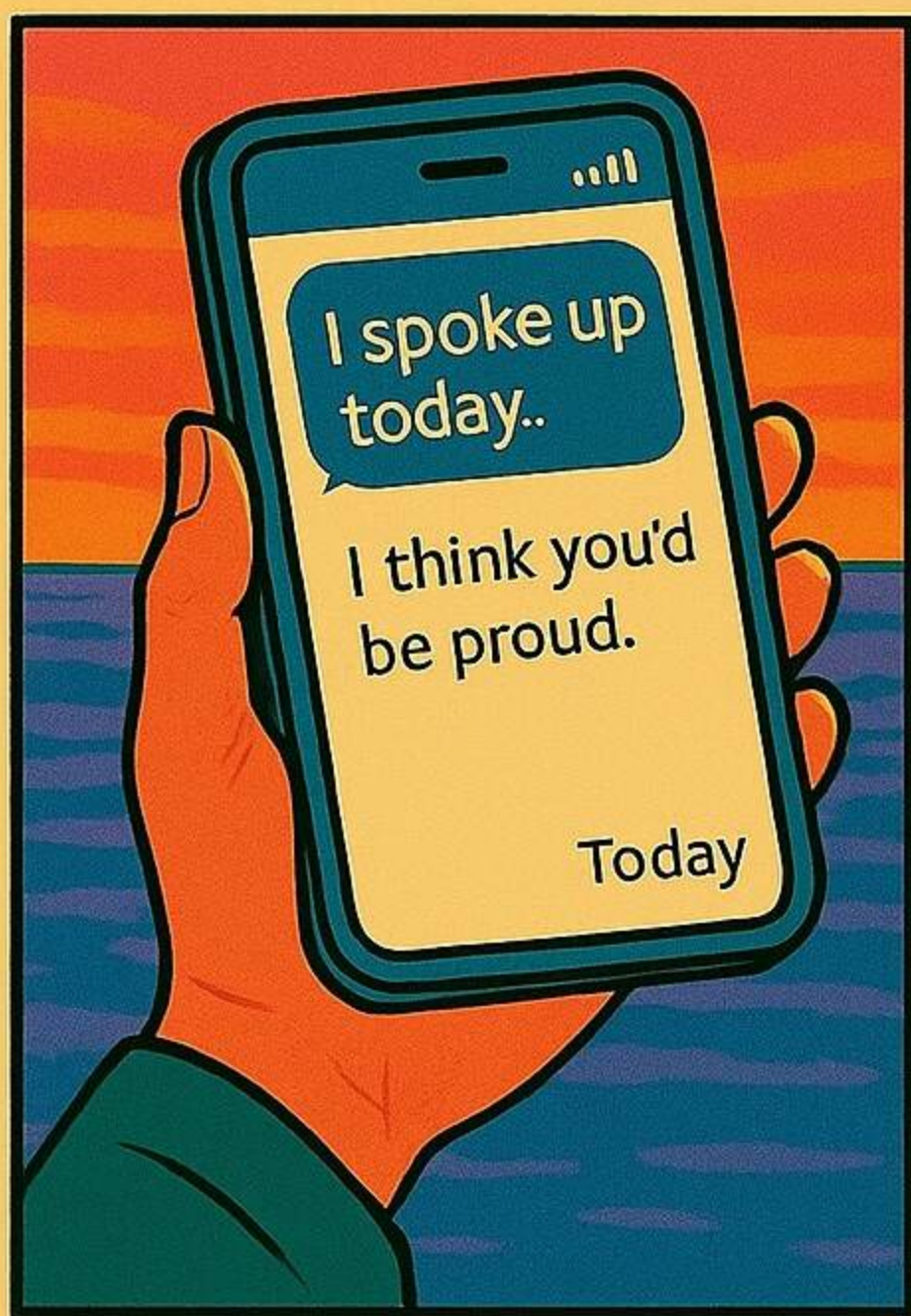


There was no chant, No
candle, Just truth. And
sometimes, that's enough.

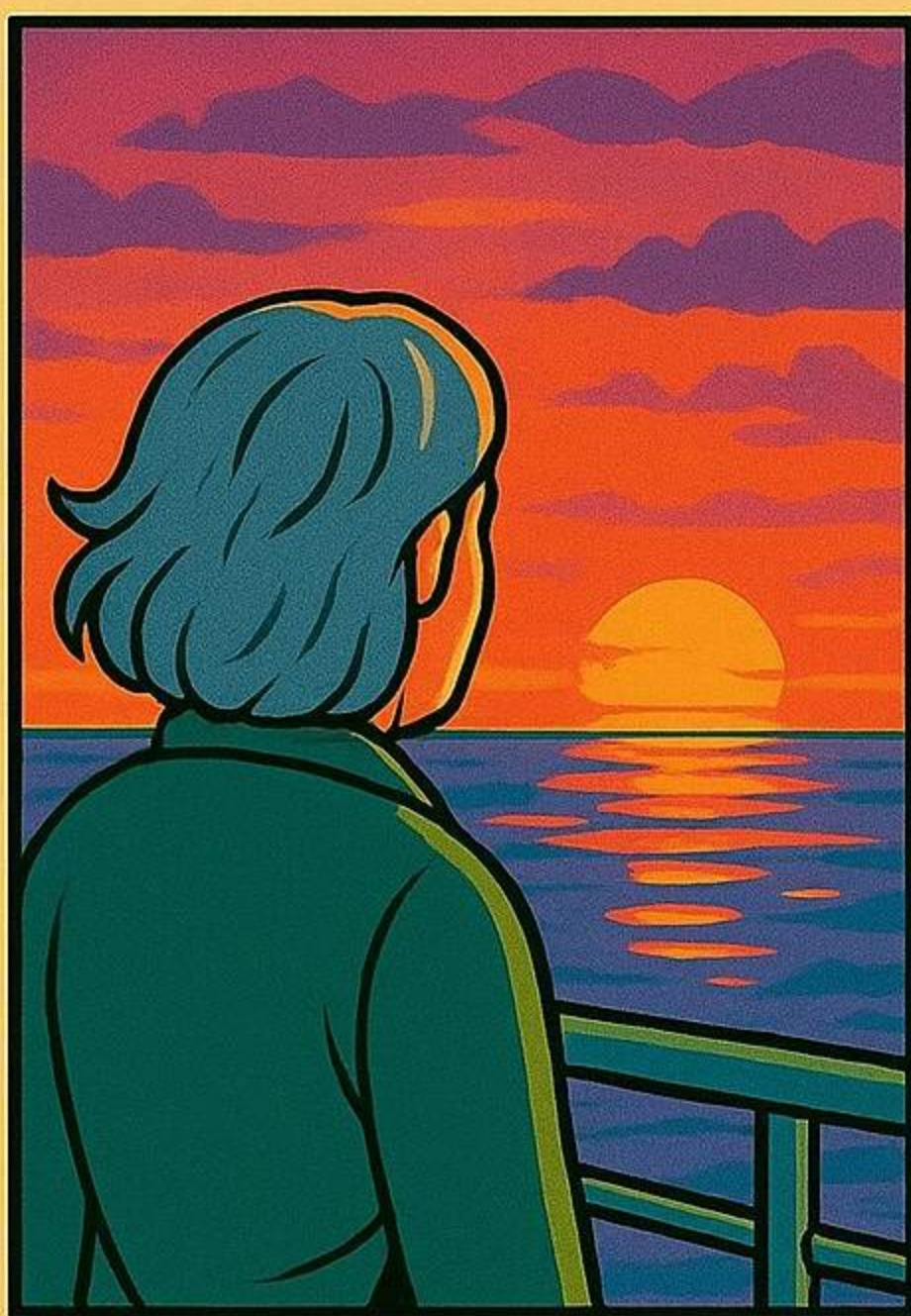




They told Beatrice to let go. Instead, she
reached in – and pulled herself out.

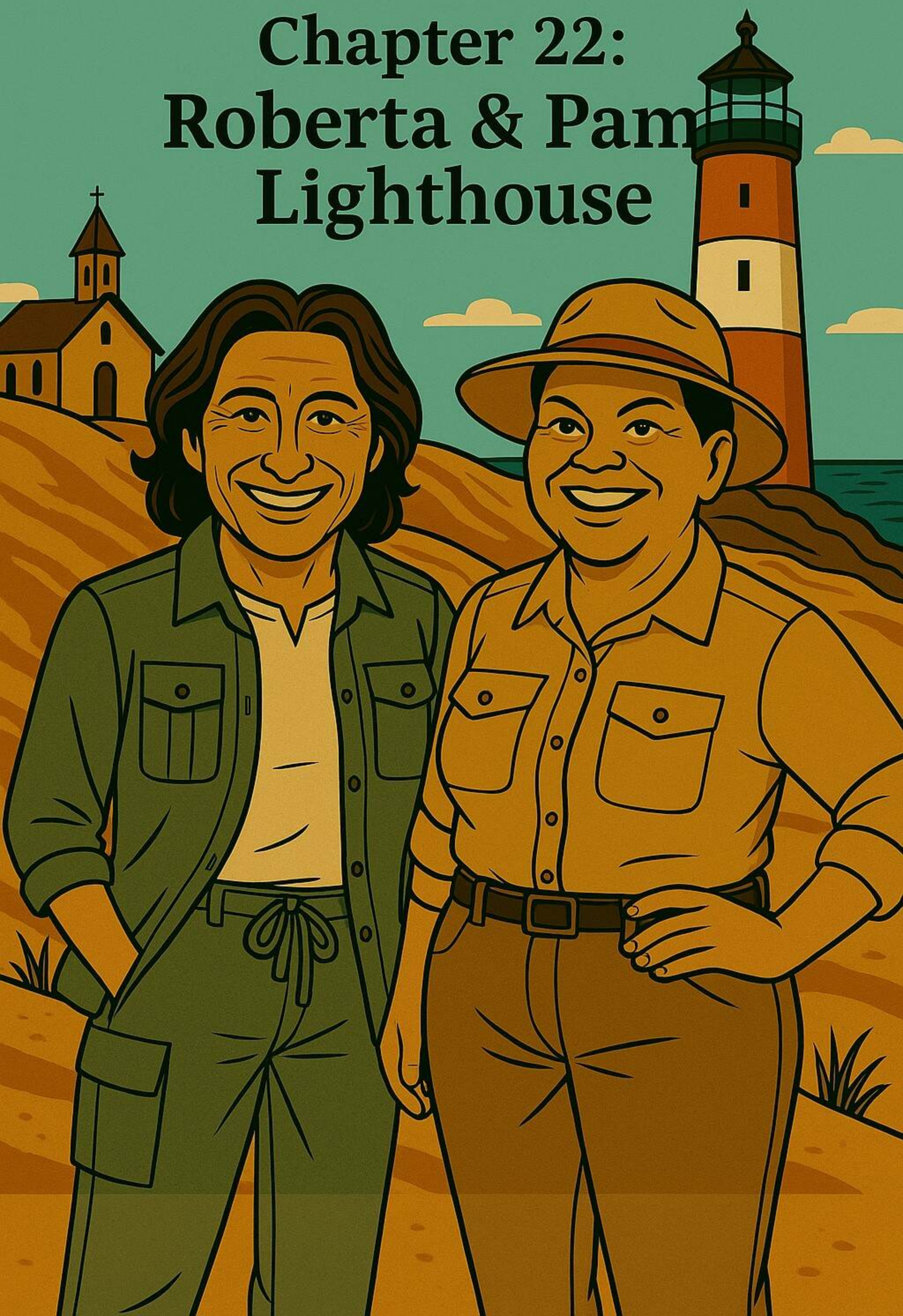


Well, resistance is
a form of attachment.
'You don't you agreee' first.



Sometimes the tables
don't turn on their own.
You have to stand,
lift, and turn them yourself.

Chapter 22: Roberta & Pam Lighthouse

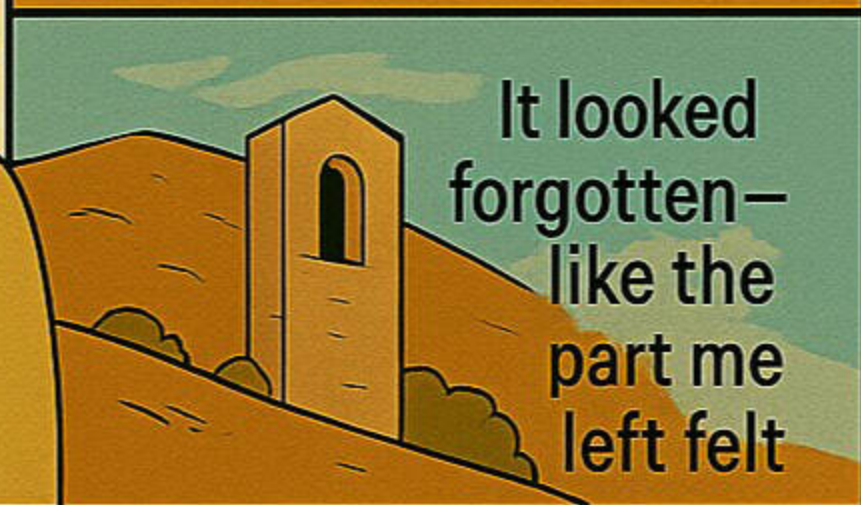




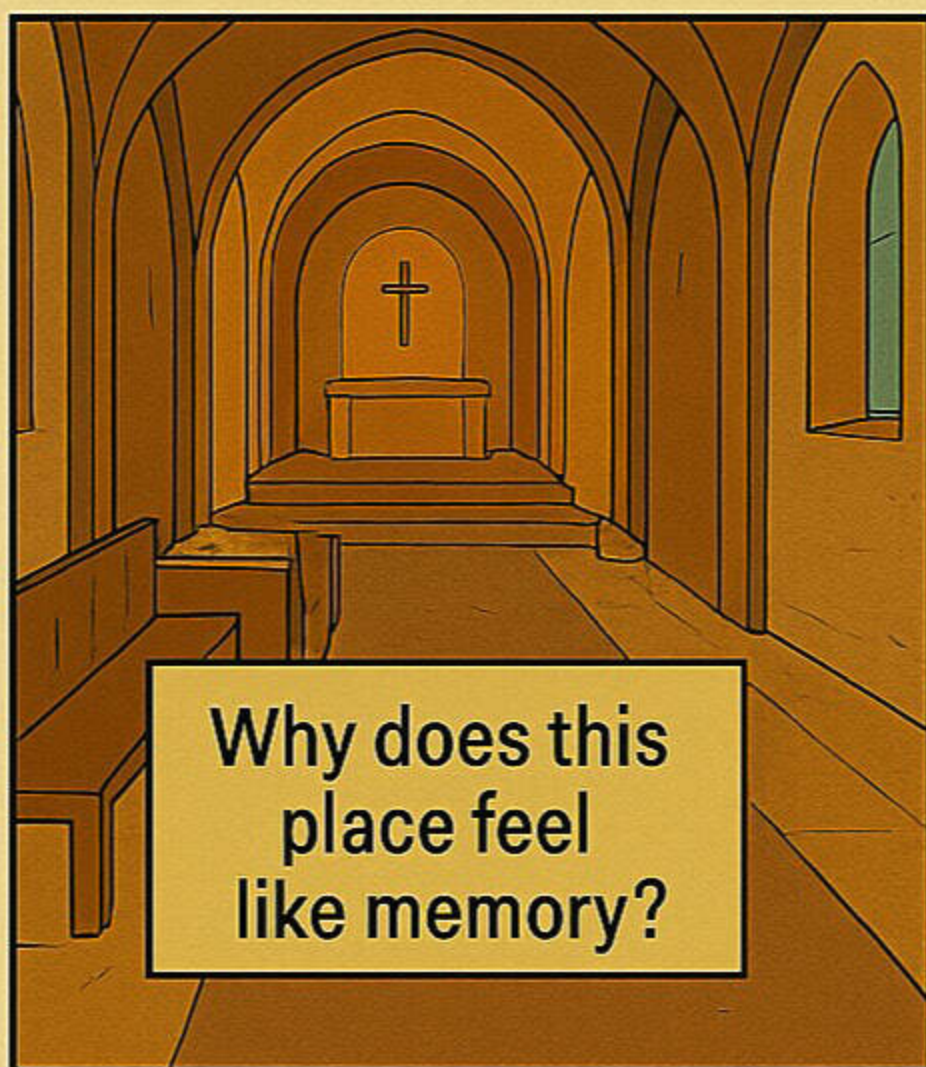
The wind carried no
answers—only wejh
of everything we
havan't said



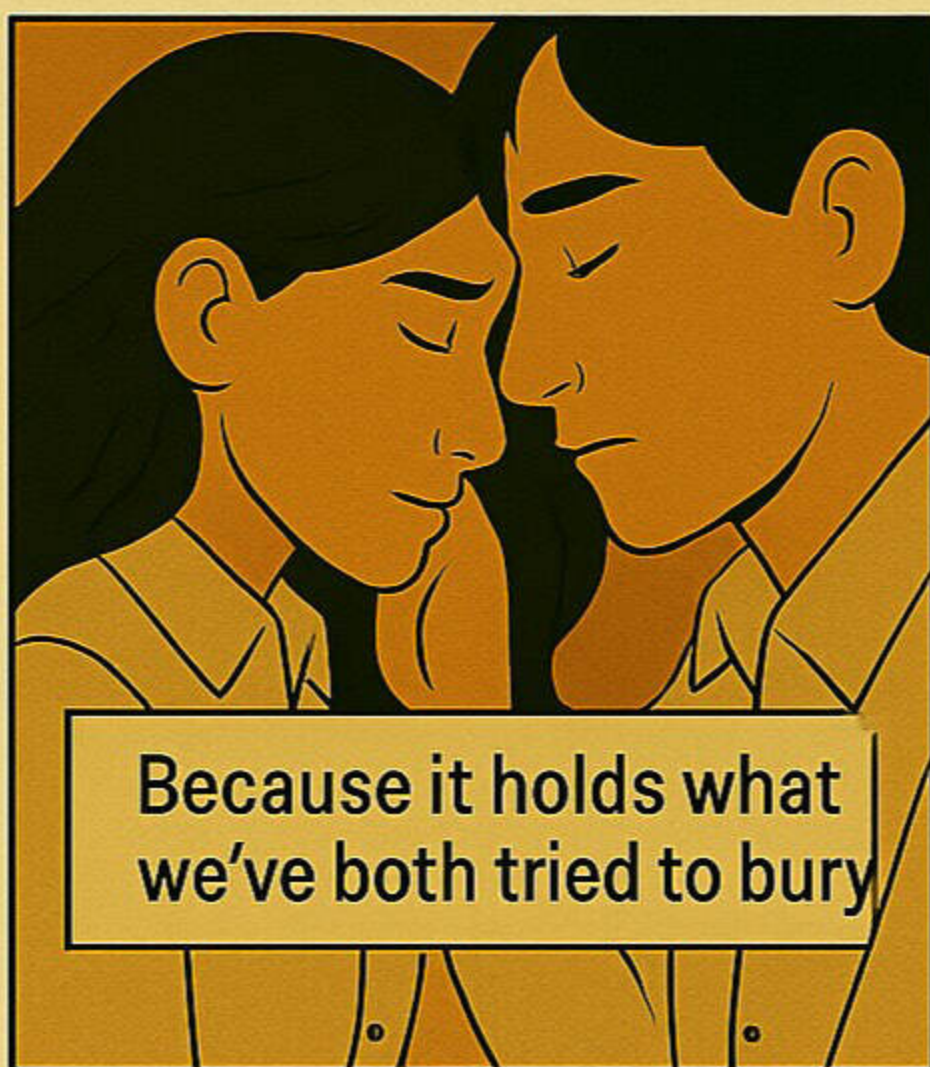
Funny, how
silence grows
louder when
it's just us
talking



It looked
forgotten—
like the
part me
left felt

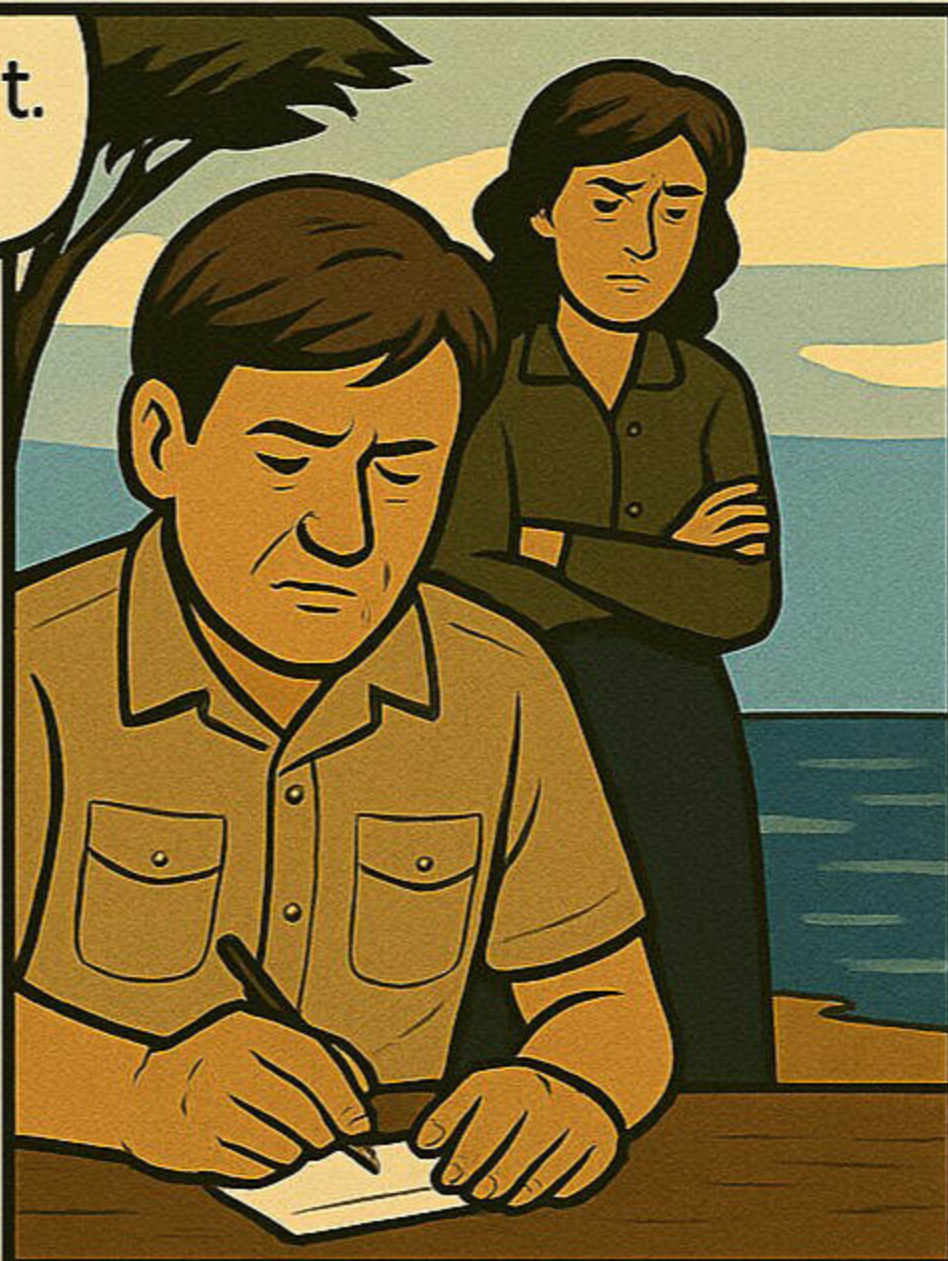
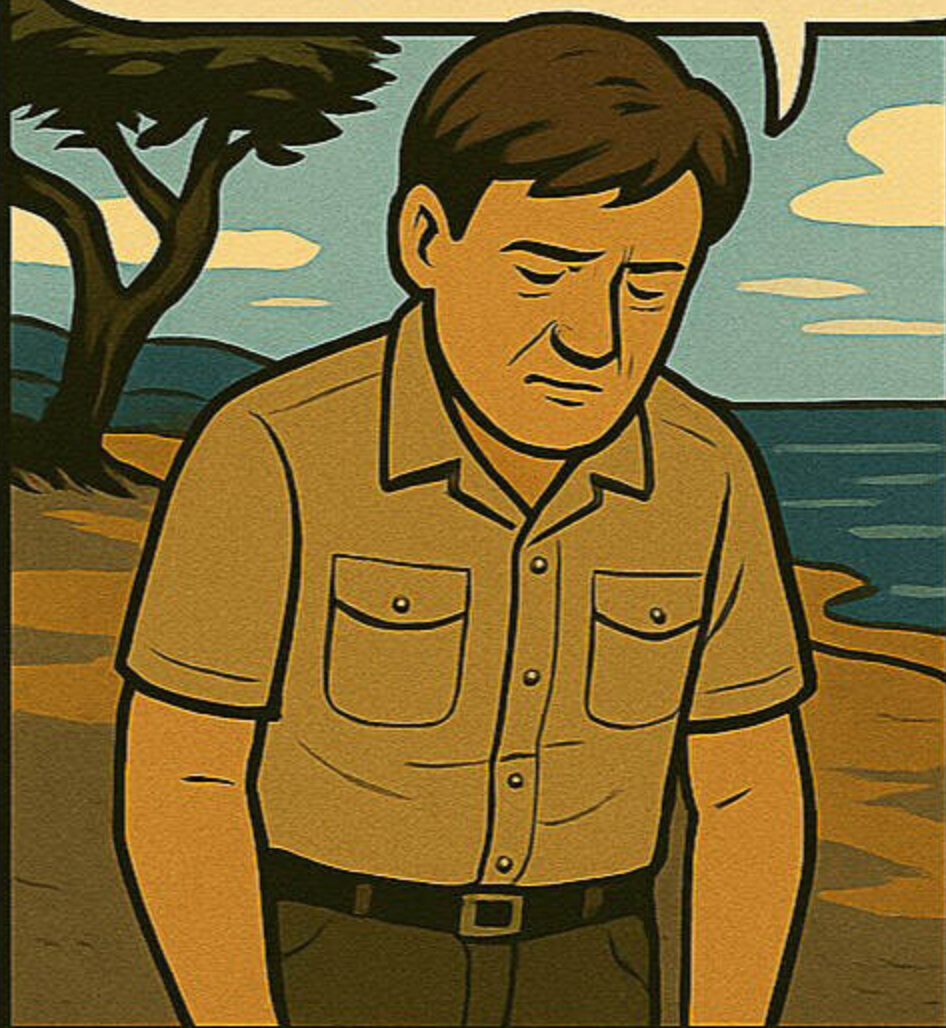


Why does this
place feel
like memory?



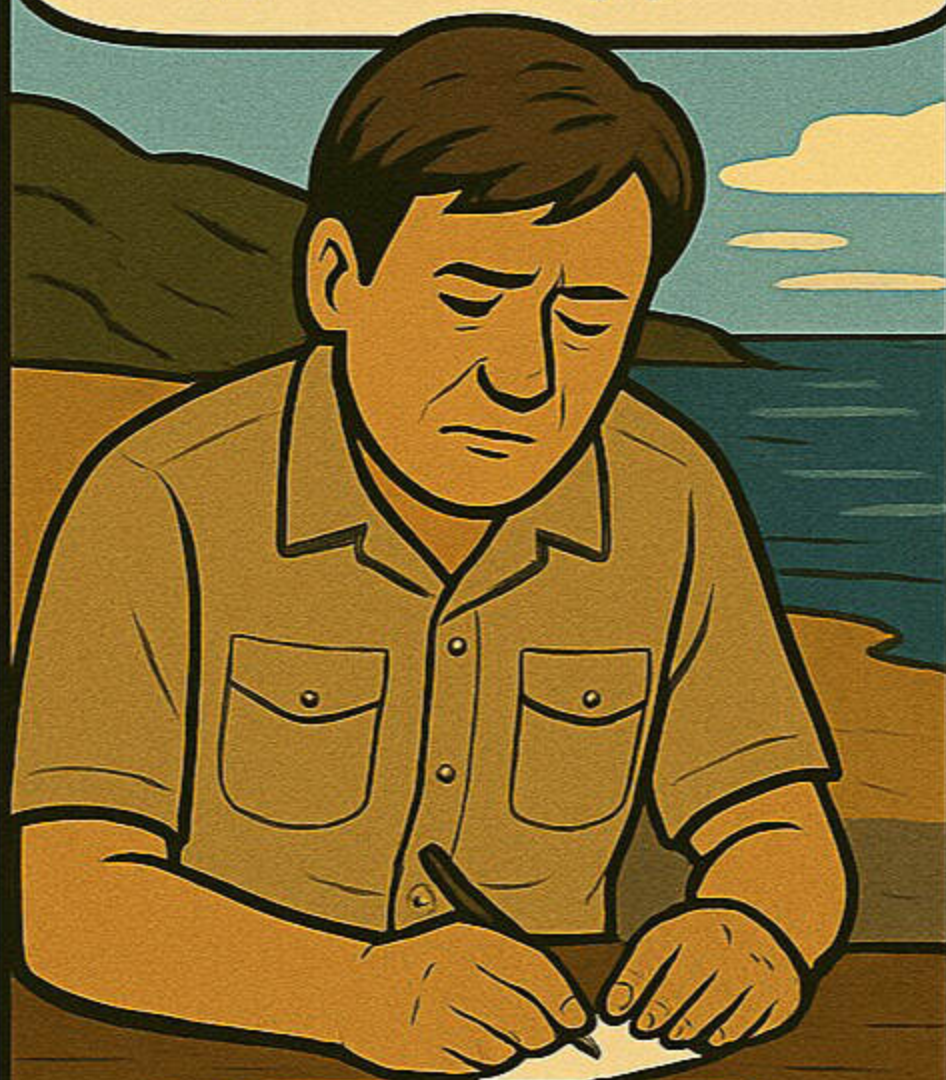
Because it holds what
we've both tried to bury

She doesn't have to read it.
But you need to say it



I hated you for leaving
I needed you and you
disappeared, but I never
stopped loving you

Some words aren't
meant be mailed.
Just released



Goodbye, Ellie.

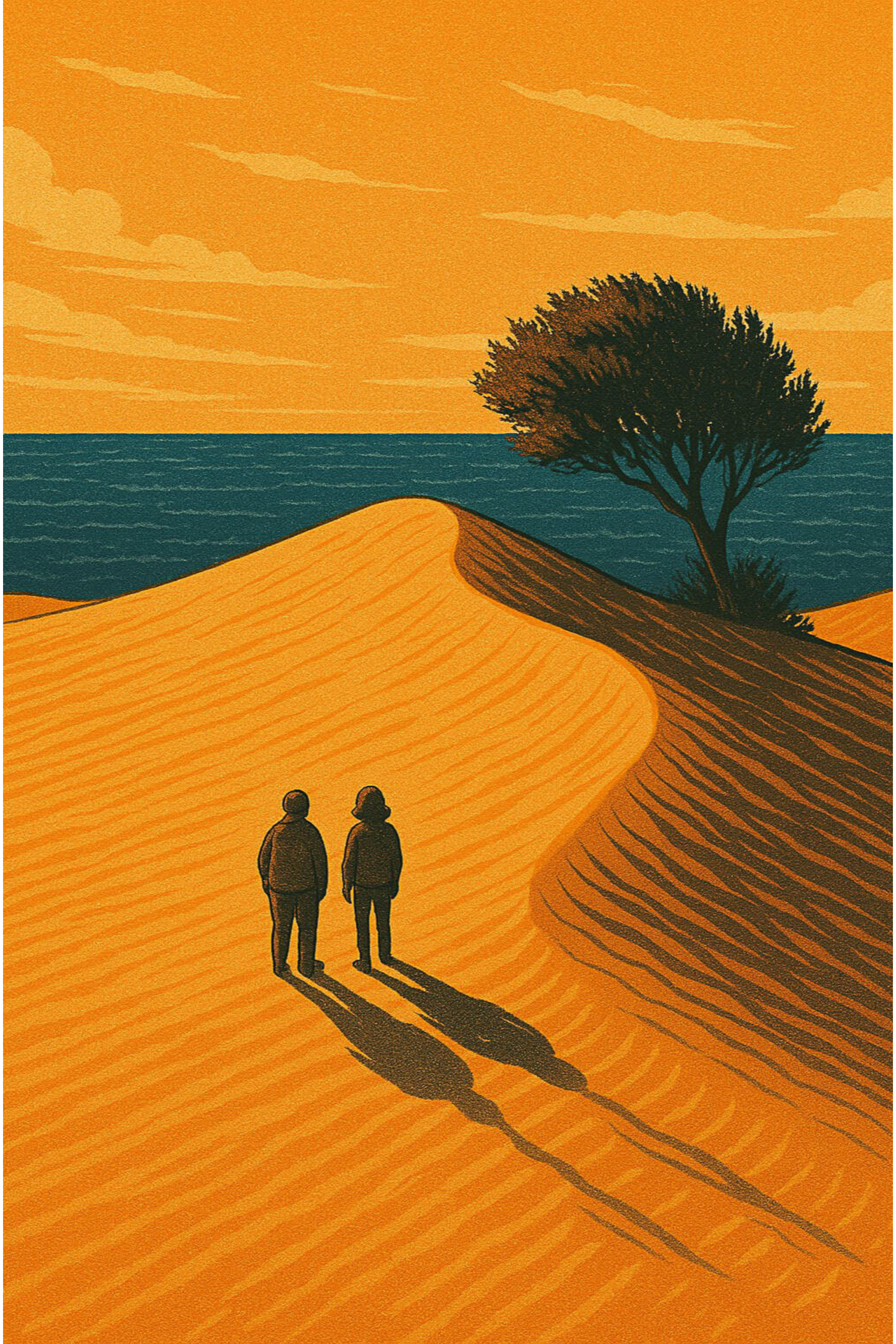
I forgave her
so could



I forgave her
so I could breathe
again



**PAM LIGHTS INCENSE IN A BOWL
OF OCEAN SALT. "I release the silence."**



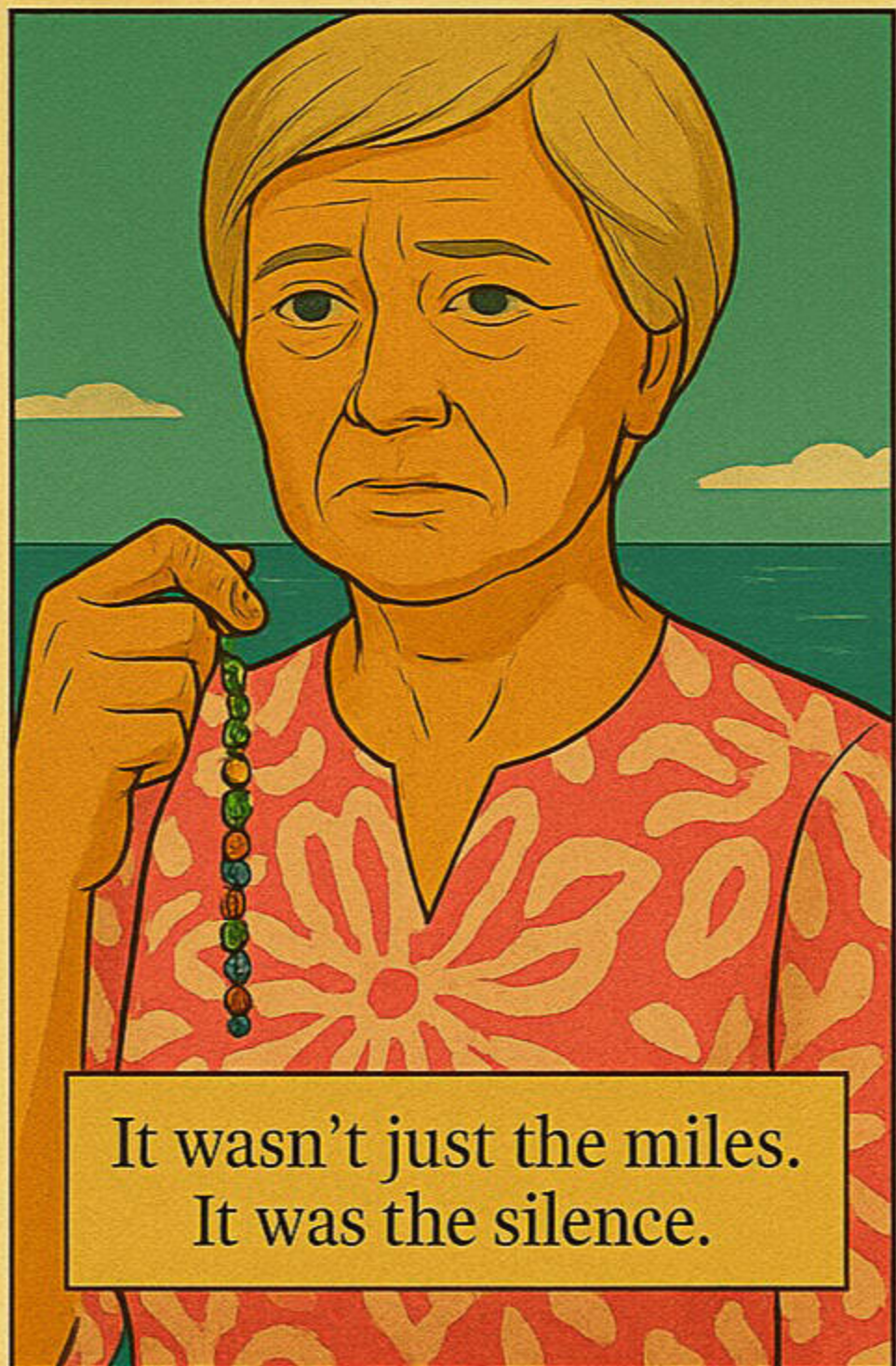
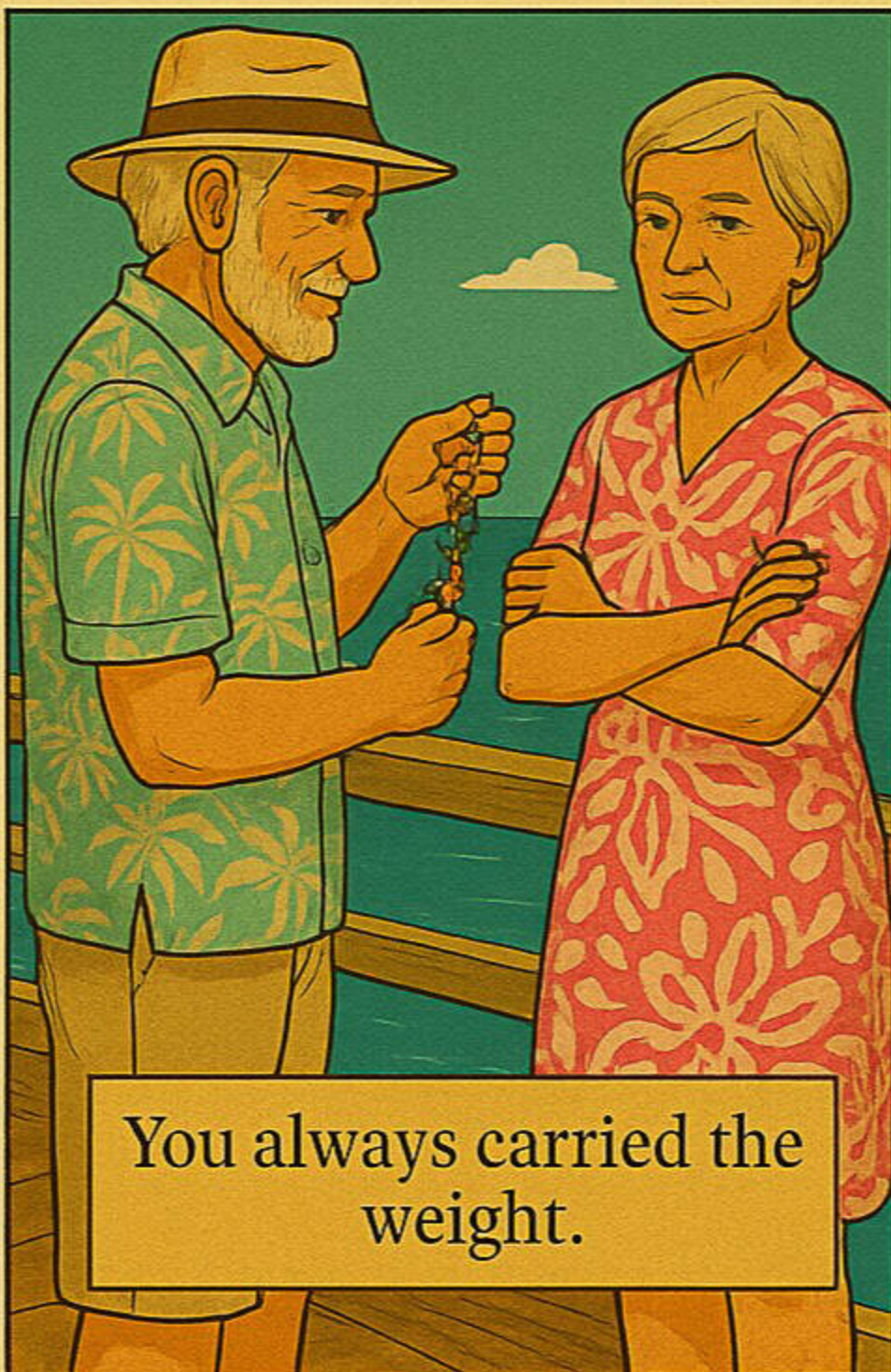
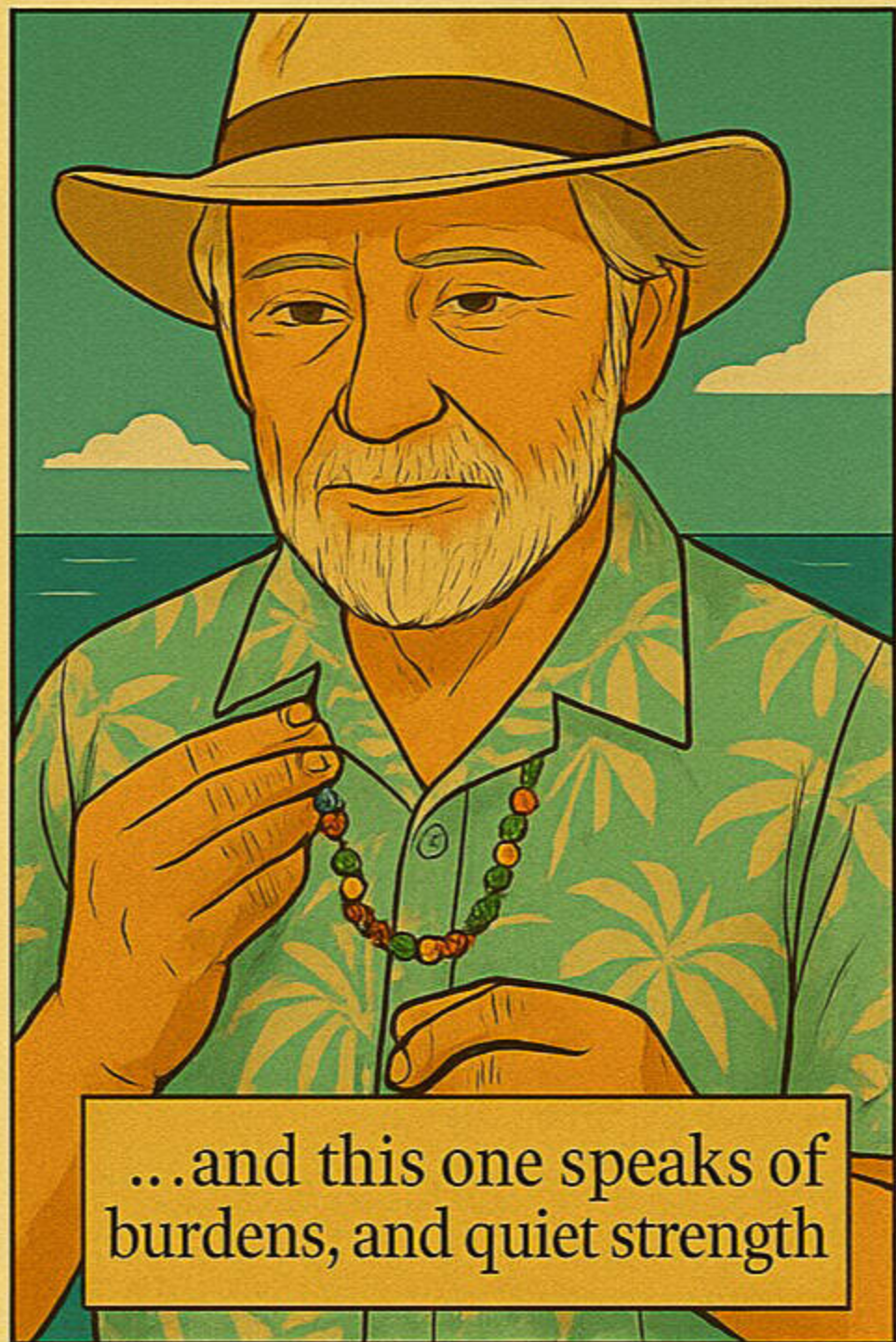
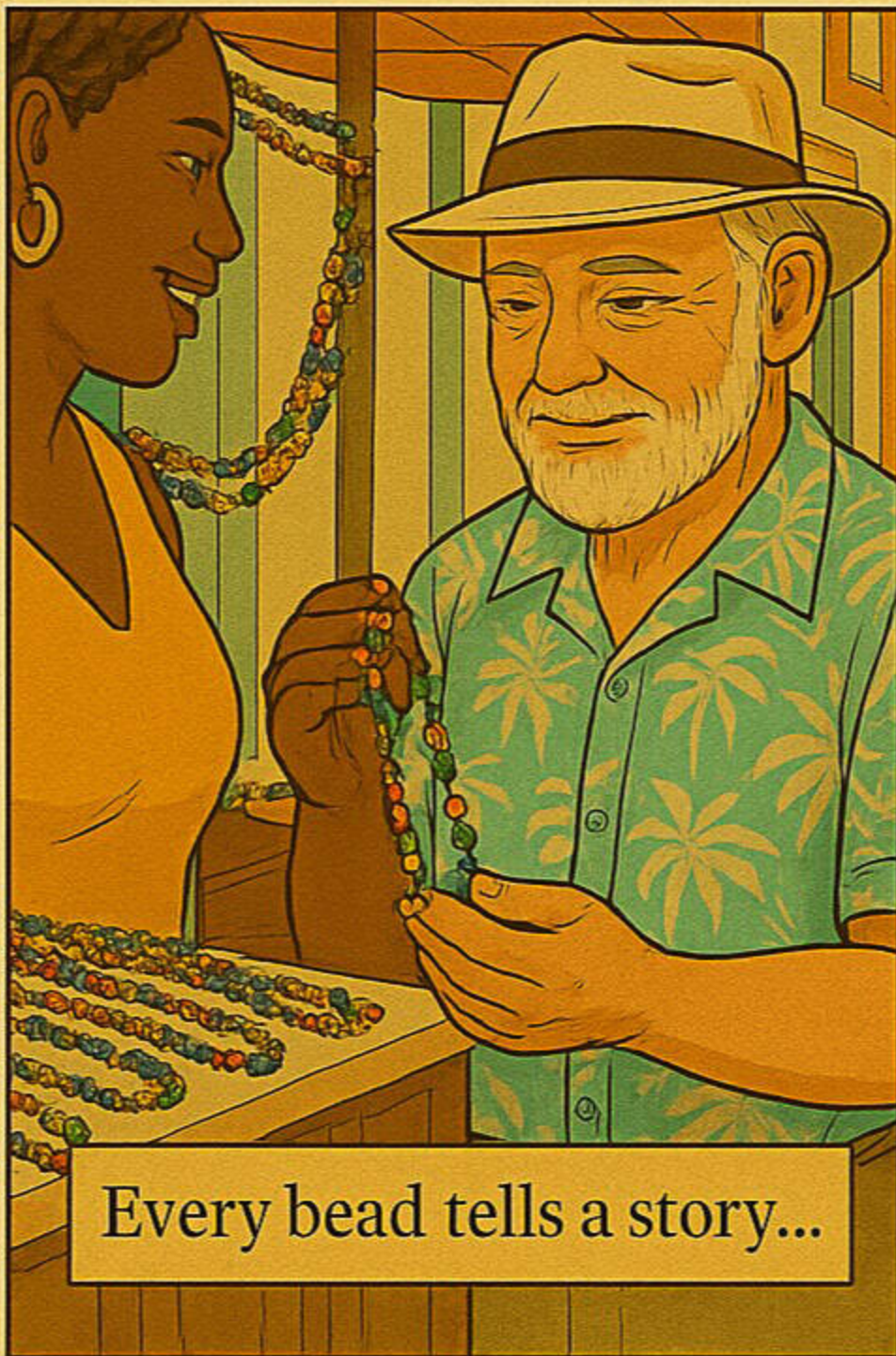
CHAPTER 23

THE CONNERS REUNITED

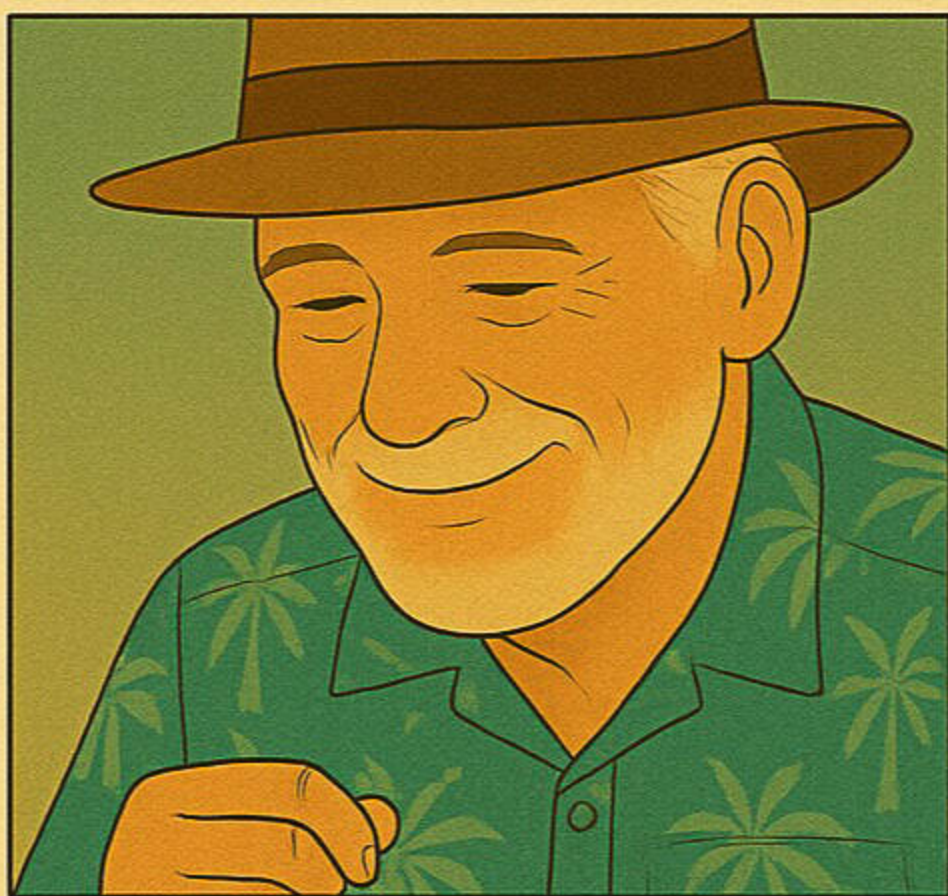
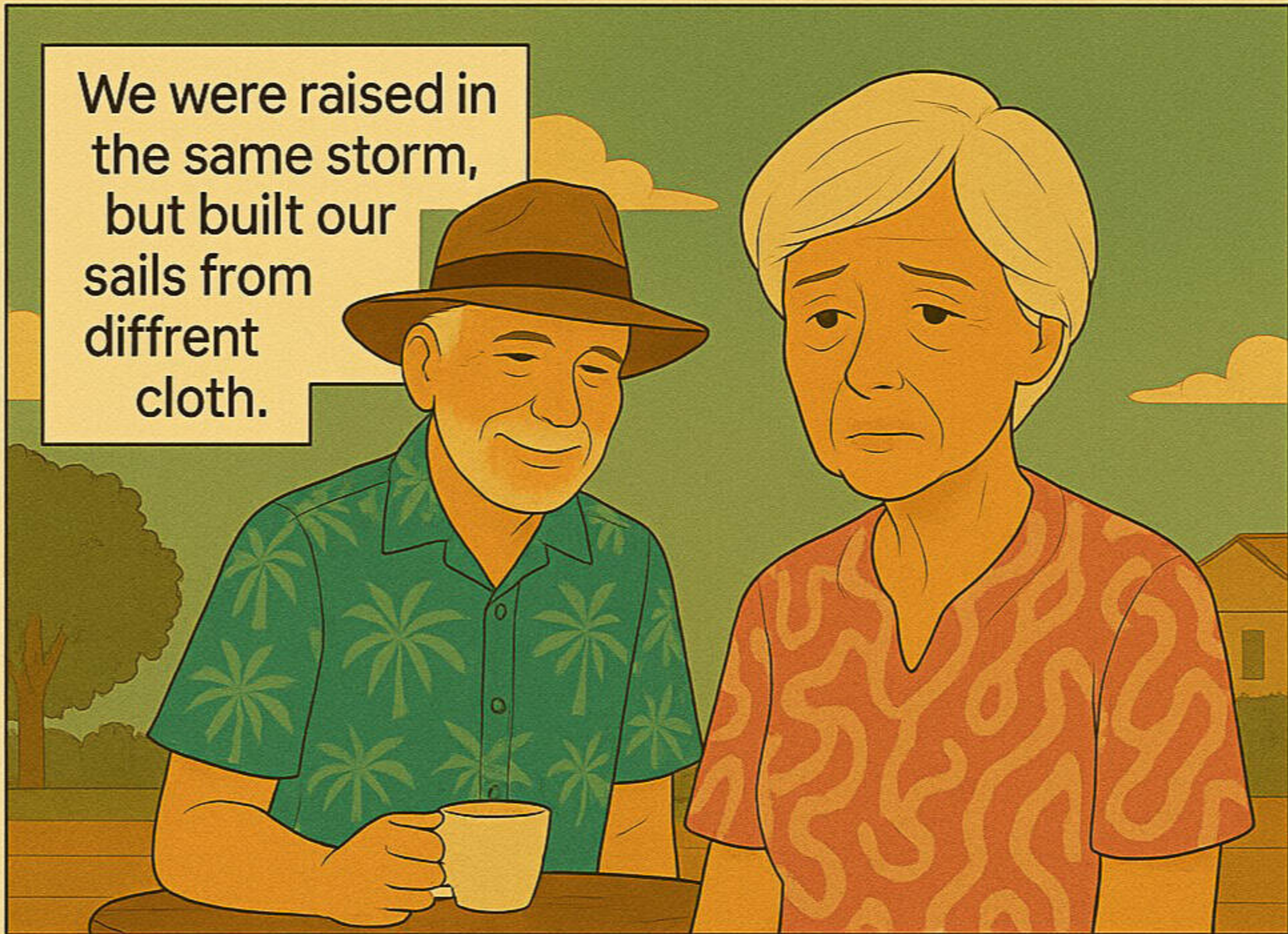
LUANDA, ANGOLA – OCEANFRONT
CAFÈ & MARKETPLACE





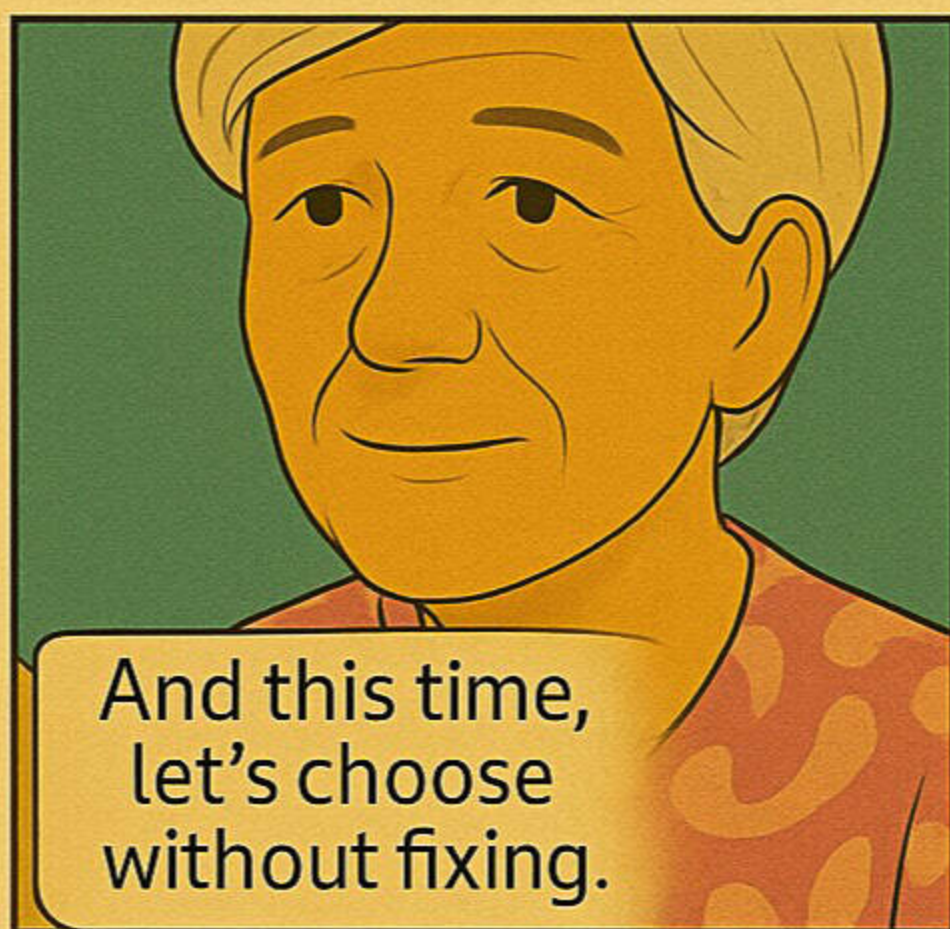
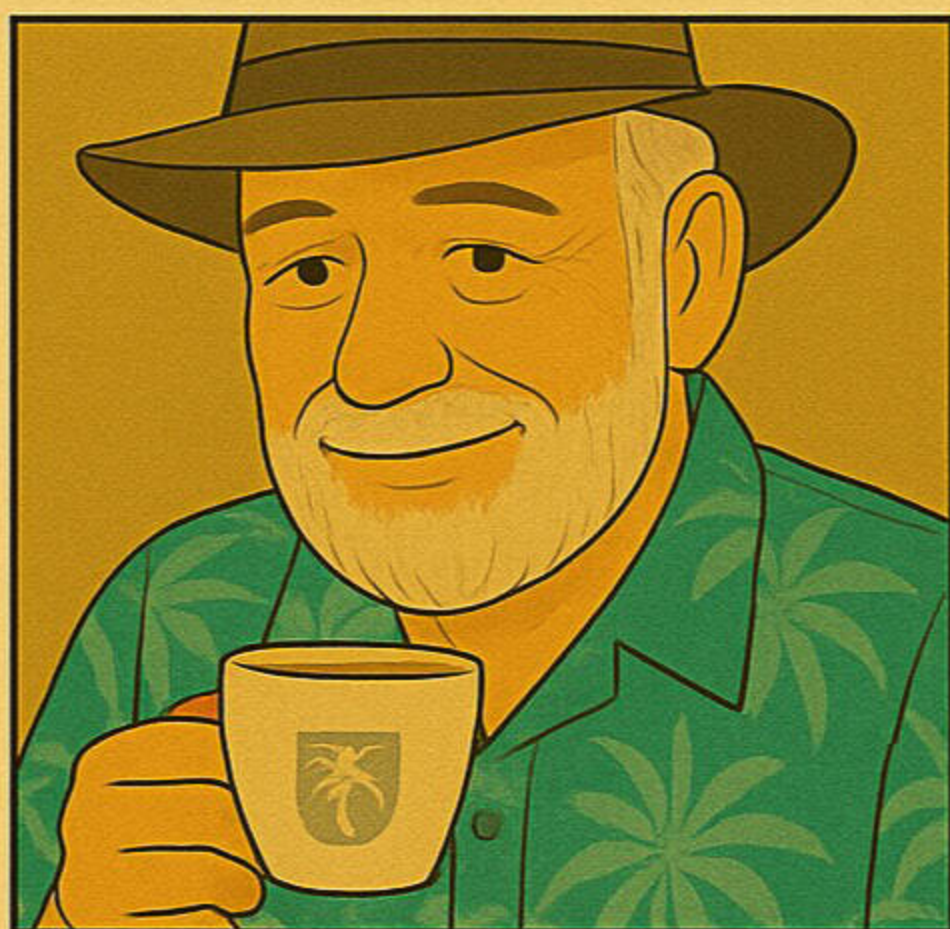


We were raised in
the same storm,
but built our
sails from
different
cloth.



She gave everything
to keep us afloat





They reminisce about family legacies and how expectations shaped them differently.



...We didn't choose the roles.
But we can still choose cher.

CHAPTER 24:

The Broken Mystic and the Invisible Woman





**ONCE THIS TOWN
THRIVED. NOW
SILENCE LIVES IN
ITS VEINS.**



**ONCE THIS TOWN THRIVED. YOU COULD
HEAR CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER. THE HUM
OF AMBITION IN EVERY WALL. NOW—
SILENCE LIVES IN ITS VEINS... IT'S
NOT JUST THE PEOPLE THAT LEFT
—IT'S ECHO WHAT MATTERED.**



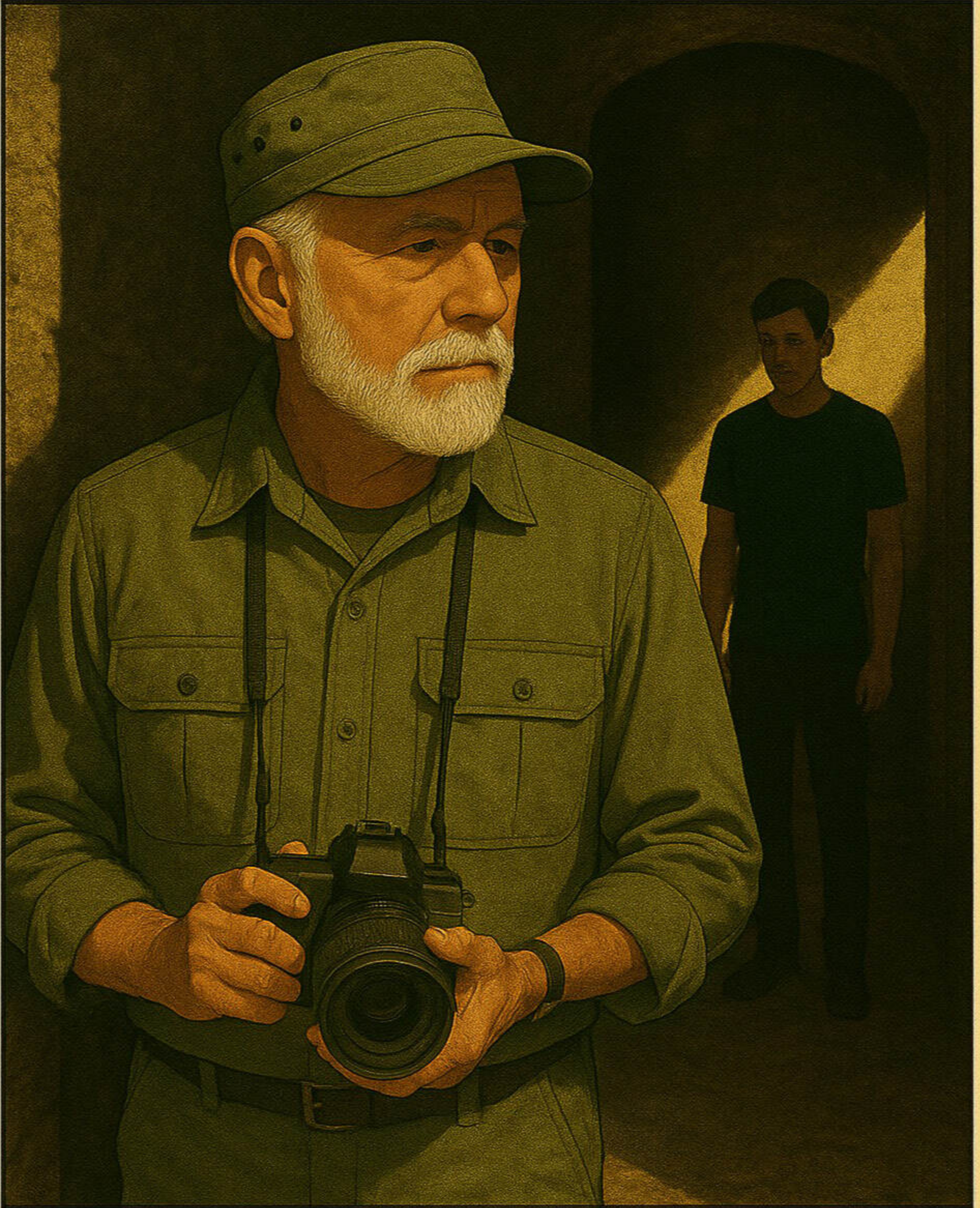
**WE CARRY SO MUCH THAT'S GONE.
WALKING THROUGH WHAT'S LEFT HELPS
US MAKE PEACE WITH WHAT
WILL NEVER RETURN**

I THINK I
UNDERSTAND
THAT.



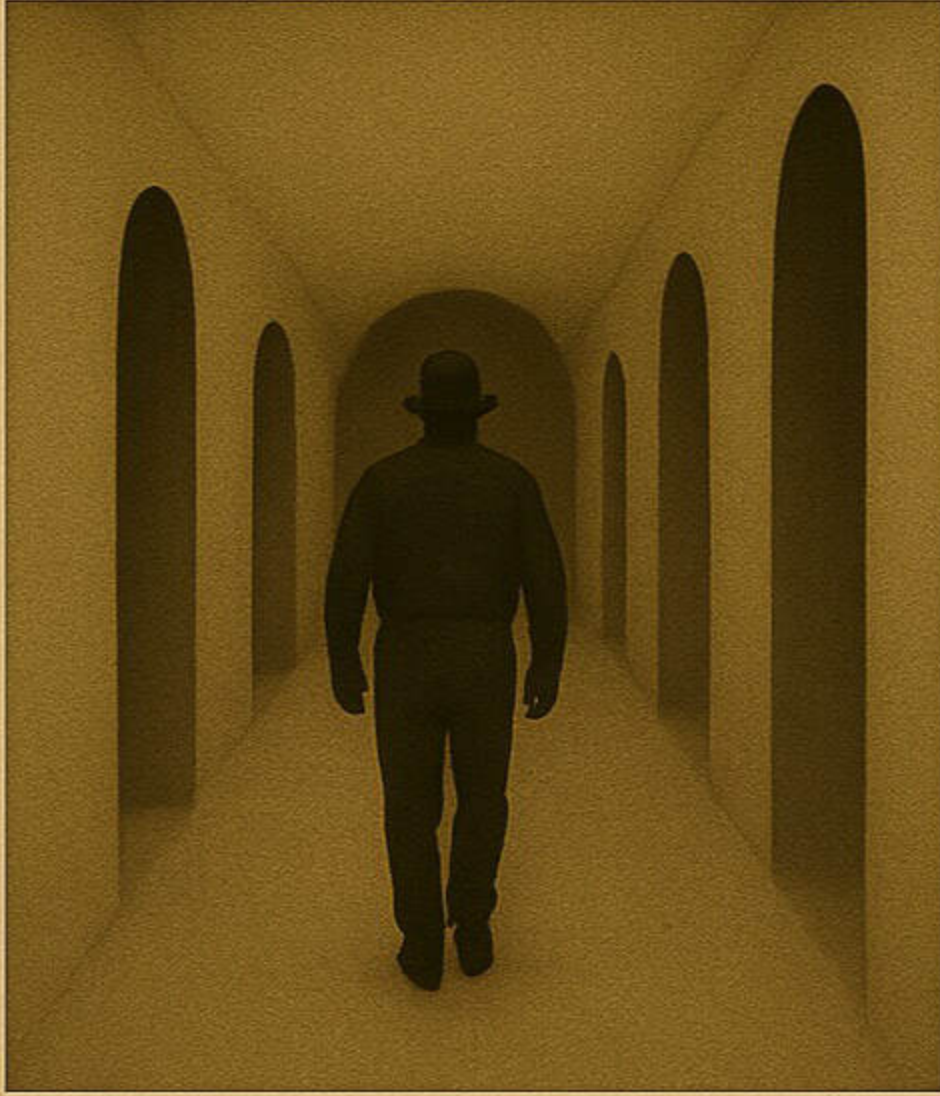


Chapter 25: “Colton’s Shadow Shot”

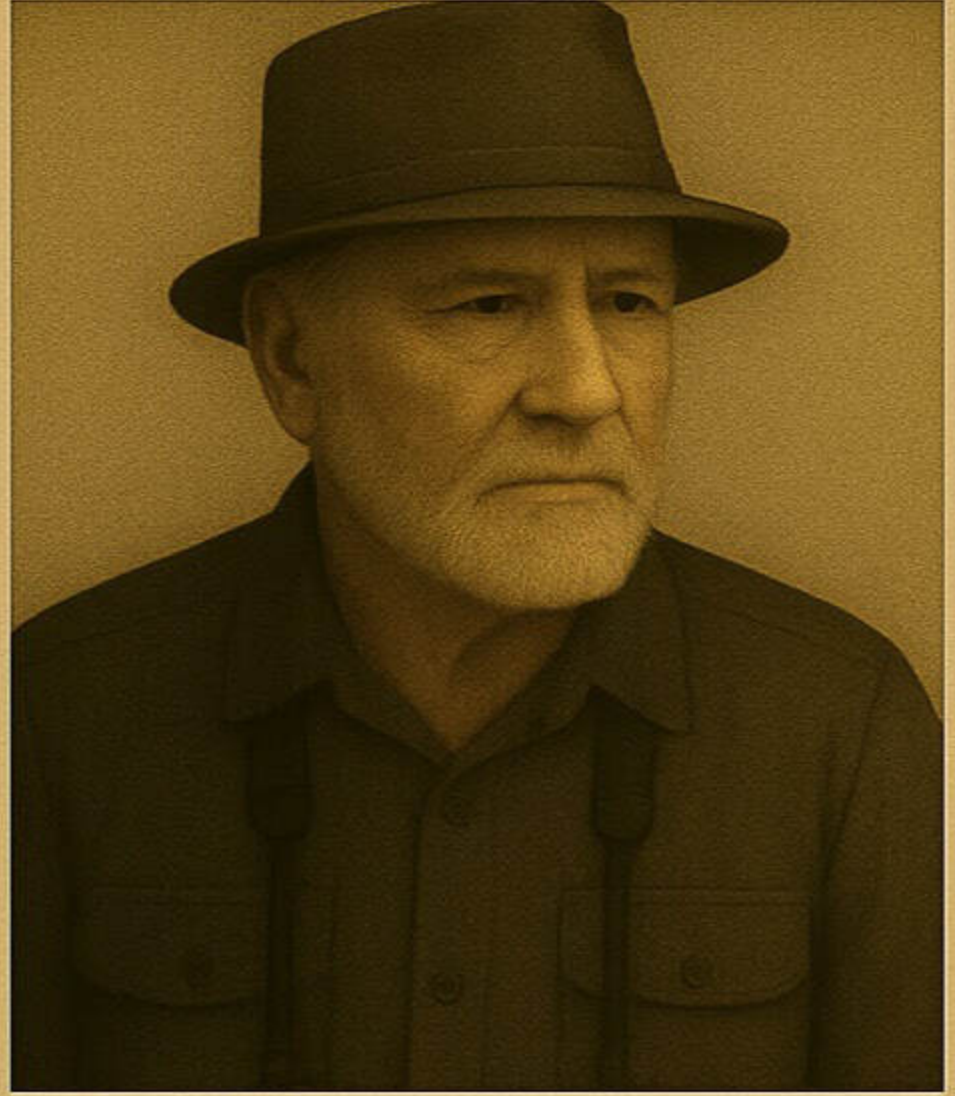


Setting: Ghana — Cape Coast Castle
Theme: Memory, Reckoning, and Silent Witness

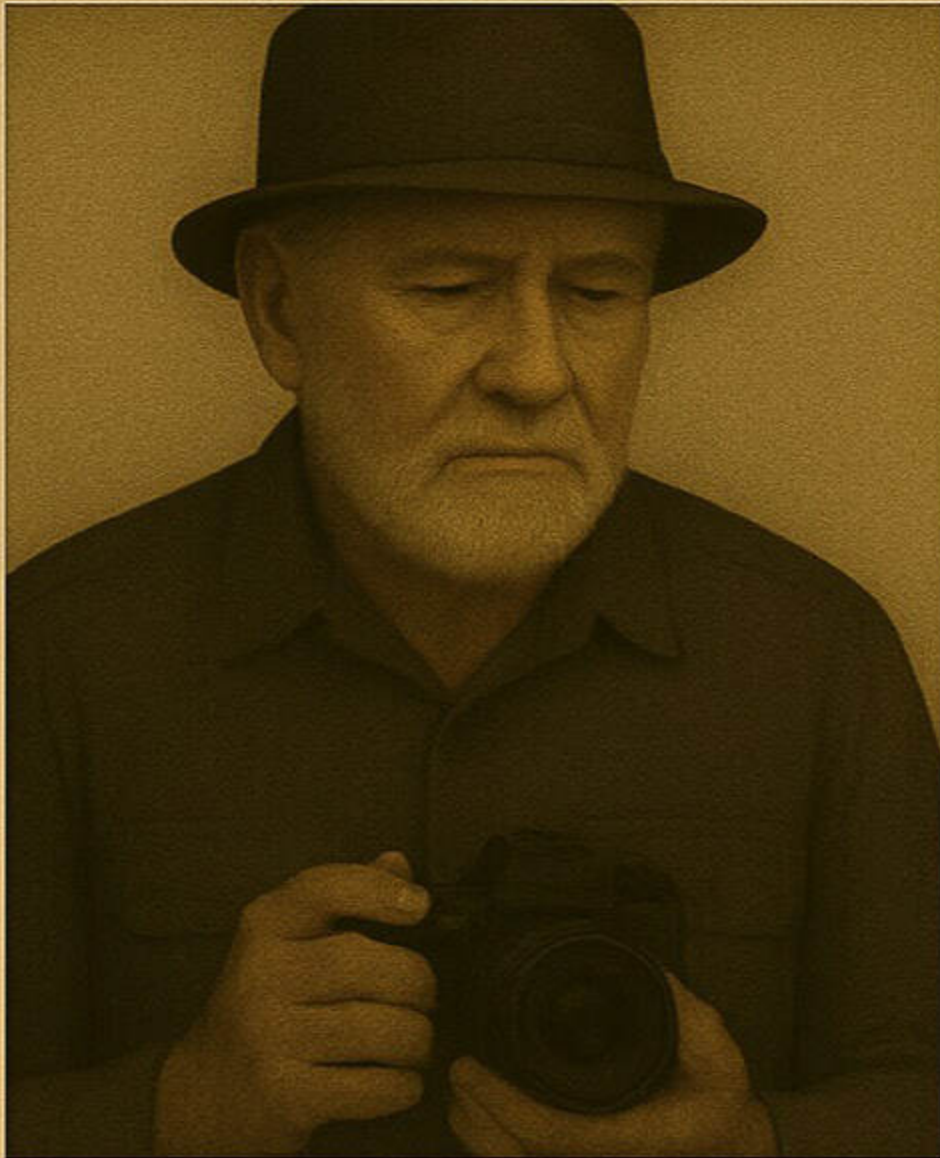
Some places don't speak—they wait for you listen.



Interior Hall



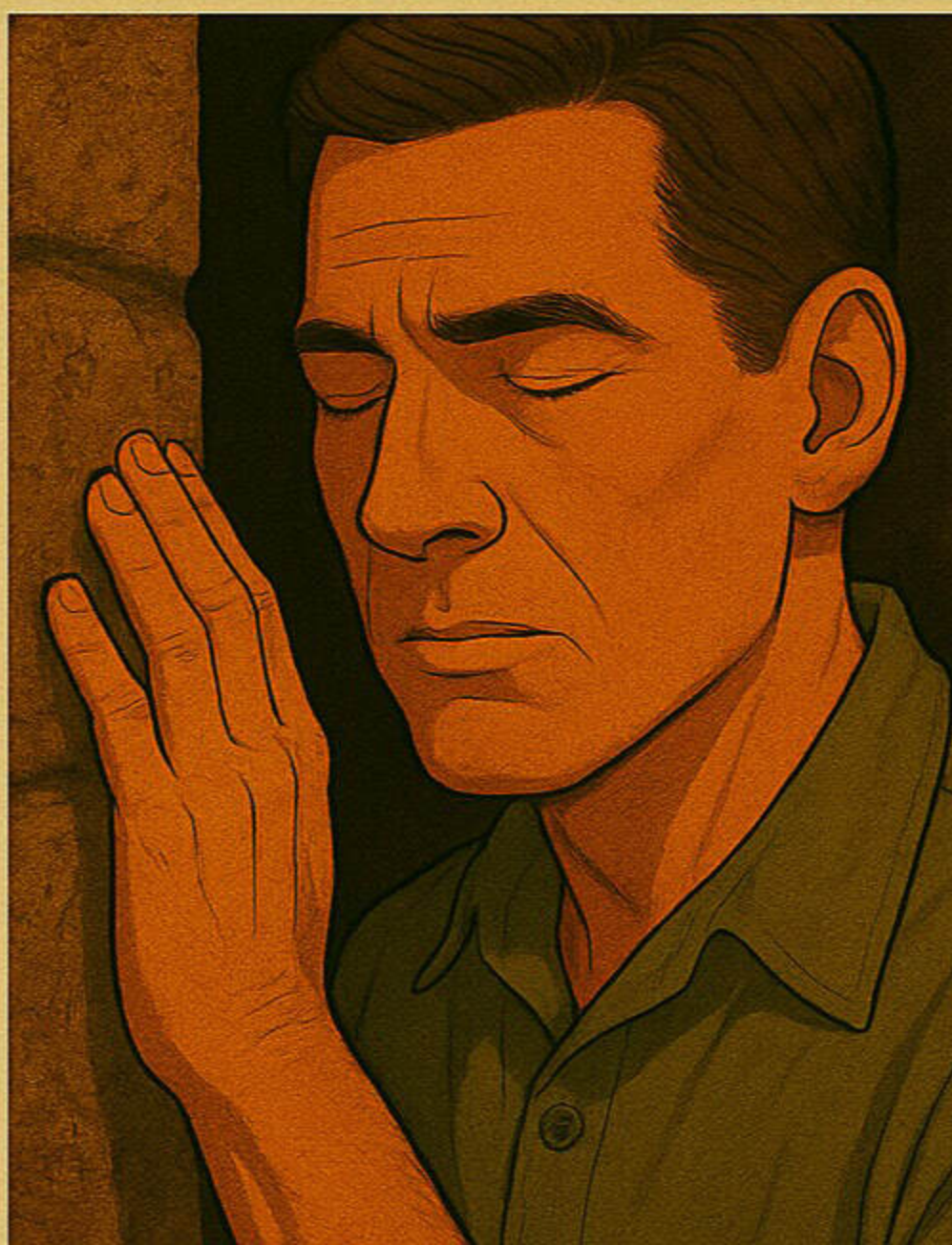
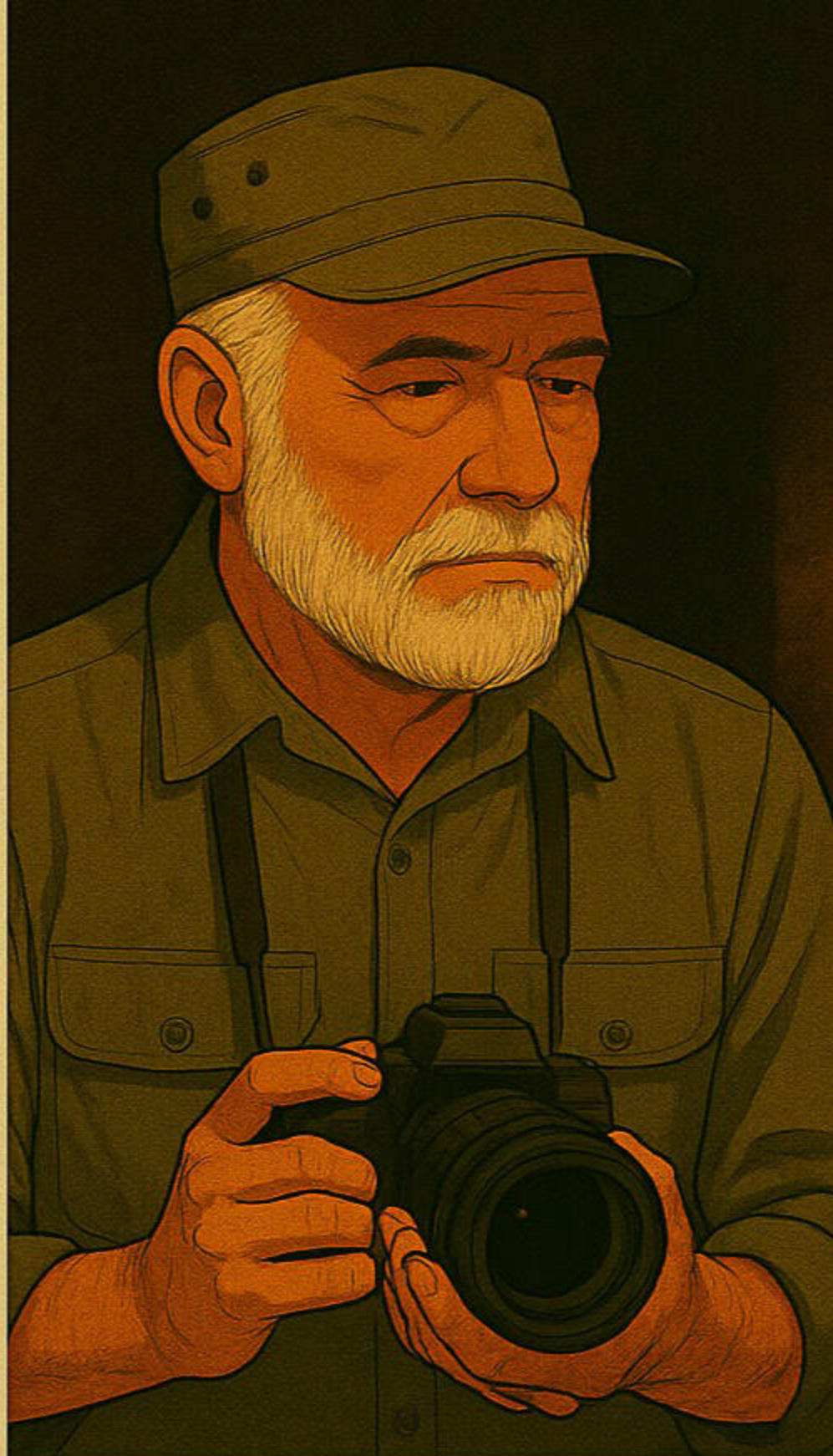
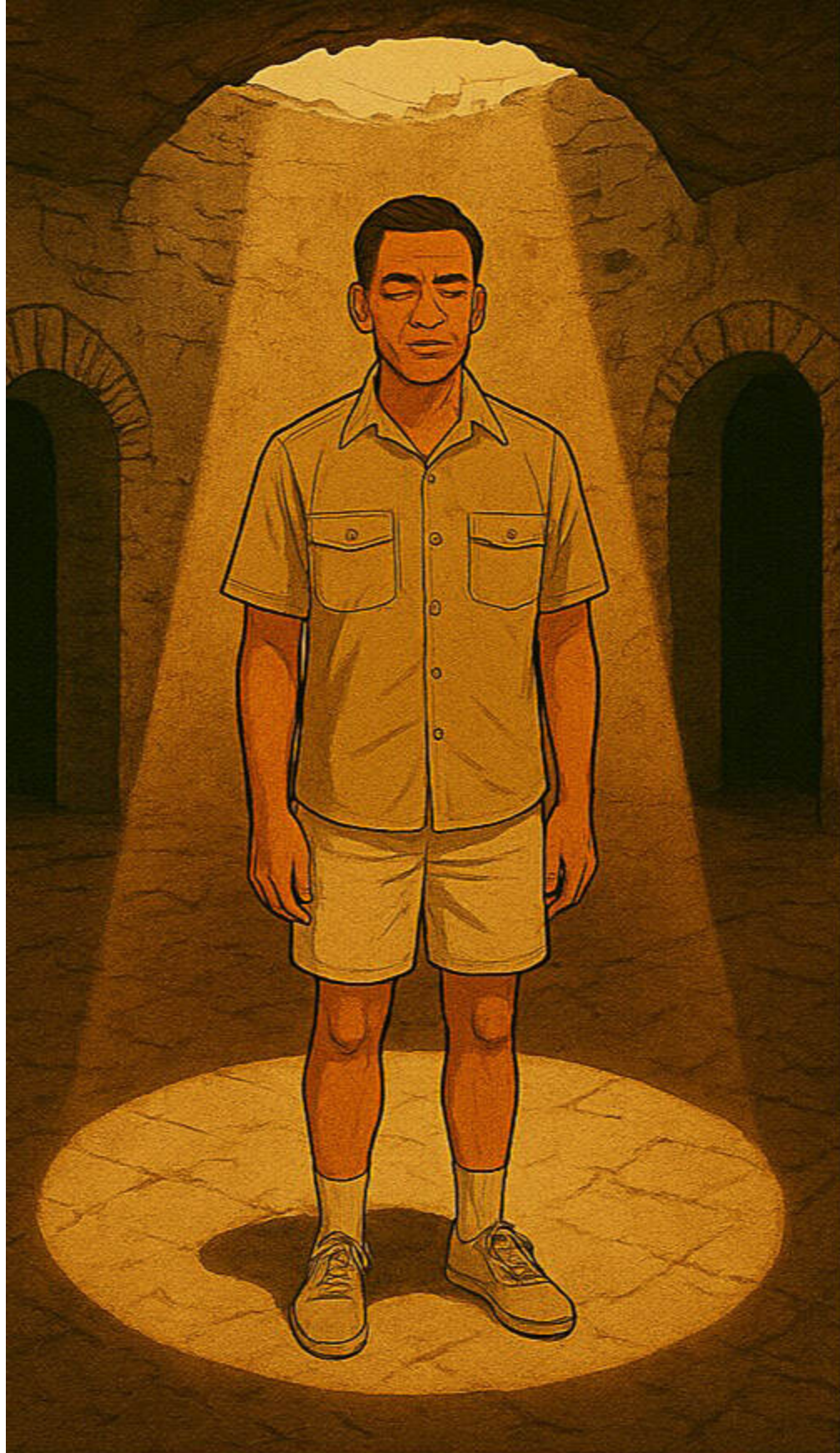
Interior Hall's empty



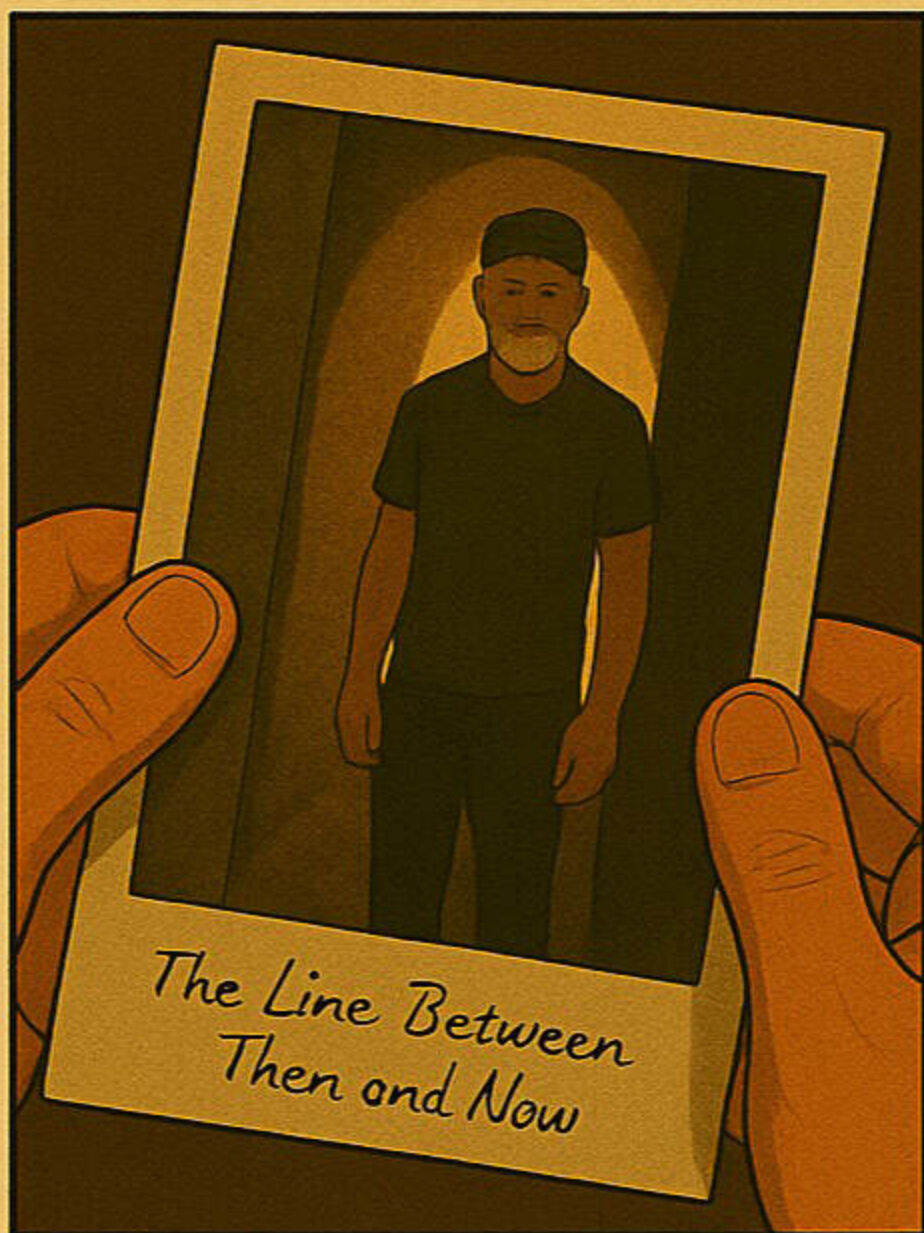
They called it a door,
but it was a sentence.
A passage in one directon.



Colton lifts his camera
and presses the shutter,
his face unreadable



I didn't expect him to say anything.

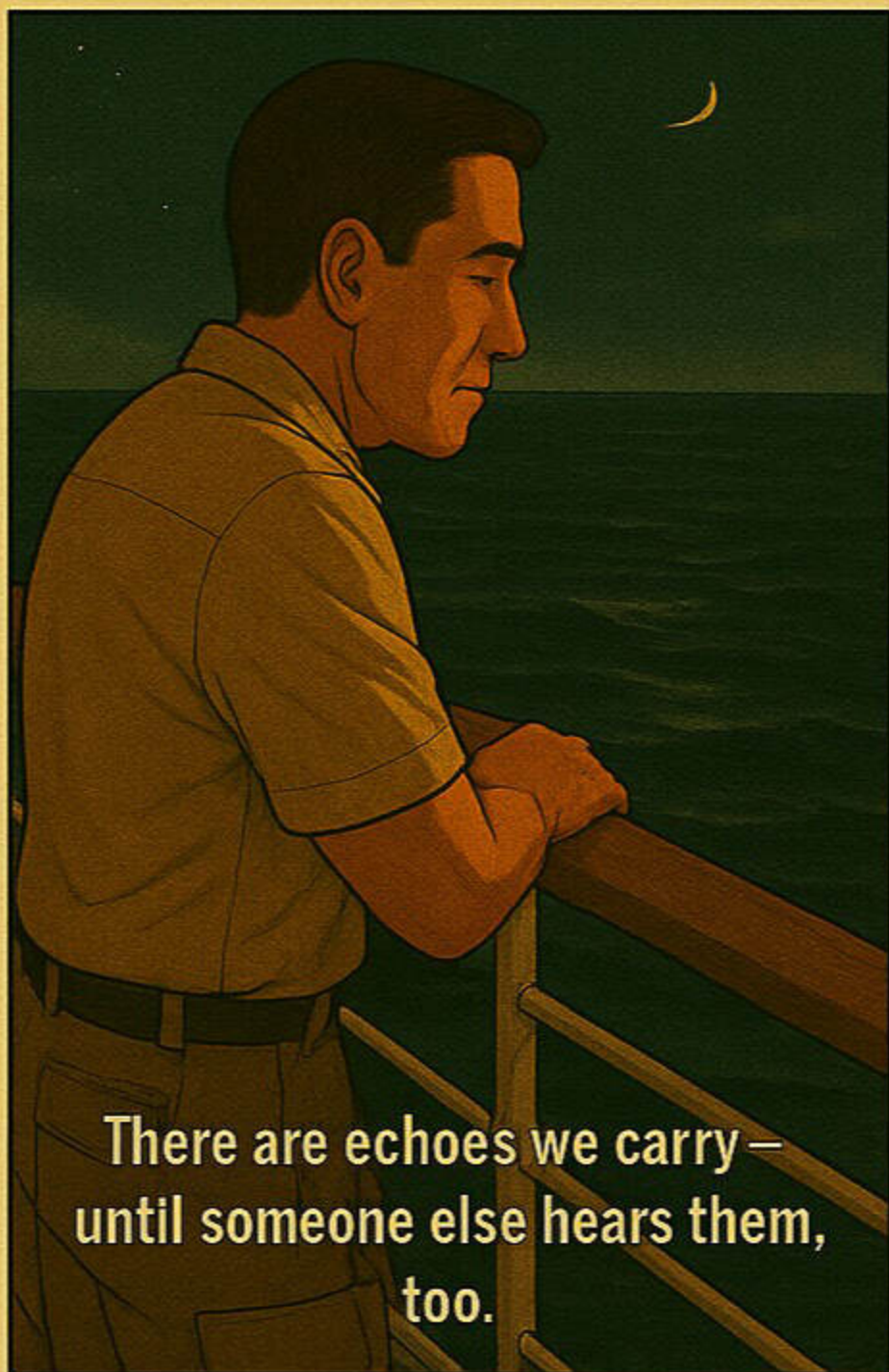


**The Line Between
Then and Now**



**—There are echoes we carry—
until someone else hears them,**

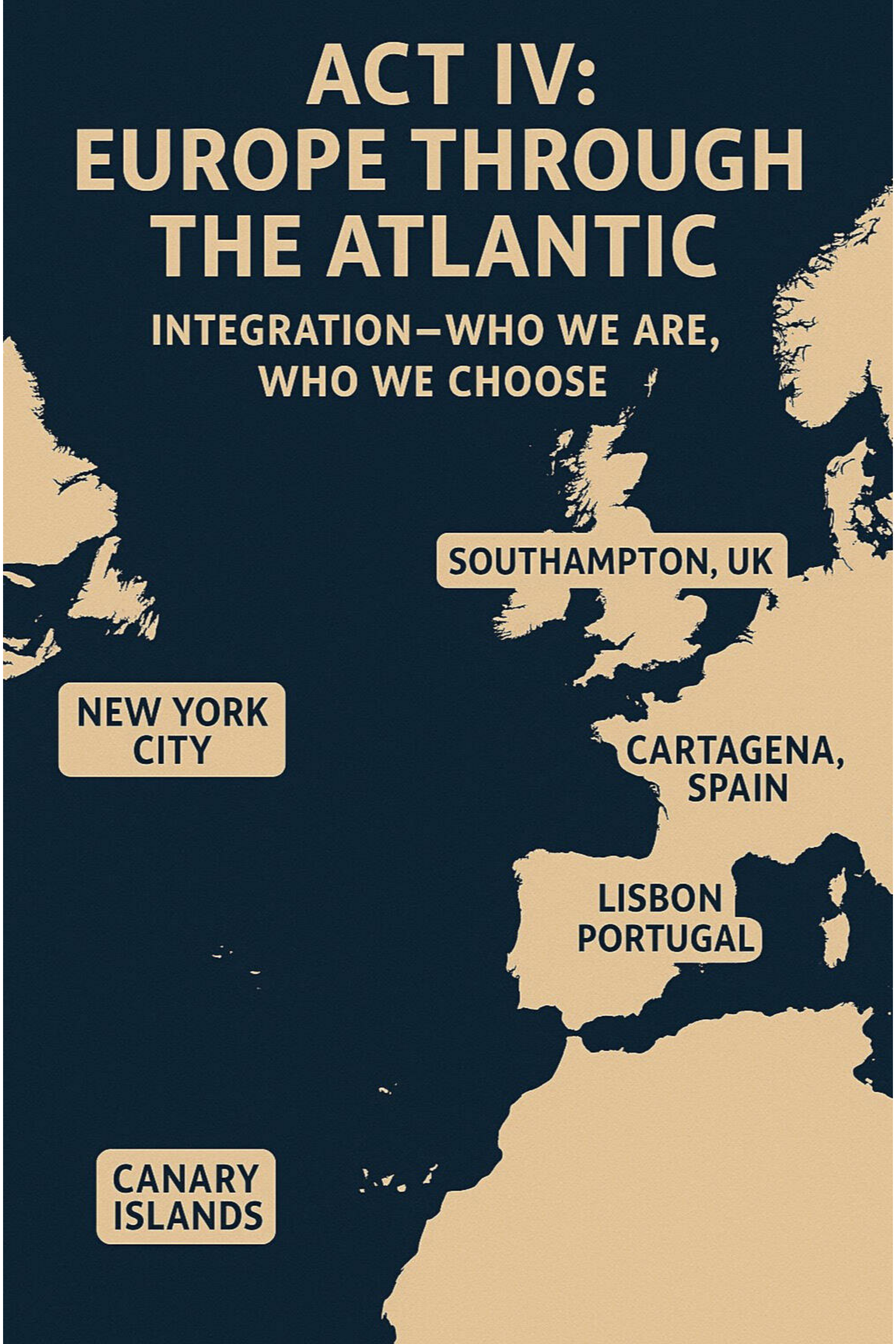
I didn't expect him to say anything.



There are echoes we carry —
until someone else hears them,
too.

ACT IV: EUROPE THROUGH THE ATLANTIC

INTEGRATION—WHO WE ARE,
WHO WE CHOOSE



A stylized map of the Atlantic Ocean with landmasses in light beige and water in dark blue. Migration routes are shown as thin, light blue lines. One route starts from the Canary Islands, goes west, then north to New York City. Another route starts from the Canary Islands, goes north, then east to Southampton, UK. A third route starts from the Canary Islands, goes east to Lisbon, Portugal, then north to Cartagena, Spain. A fourth route starts from the Canary Islands, goes east to Lisbon, Portugal, then north to Southampton, UK. A fifth route starts from the Canary Islands, goes east to Lisbon, Portugal, then north to Cartagena, Spain, and finally east to Southampton, UK. A sixth route starts from the Canary Islands, goes east to Lisbon, Portugal, then north to Southampton, UK. A seventh route starts from the Canary Islands, goes east to Lisbon, Portugal, then north to Southampton, UK. A eighth route starts from the Canary Islands, goes east to Lisbon, Portugal, then north to Southampton, UK. A ninth route starts from the Canary Islands, goes east to Lisbon, Portugal, then north to Southampton, UK. A tenth route starts from the Canary Islands, goes east to Lisbon, Portugal, then north to Southampton, UK.

SOUTHAMPTON, UK

**NEW YORK
CITY**

**CARTAGENA,
SPAIN**

**LISBON
PORTUGAL**

**CANARY
ISLANDS**

CHAPTER 26

SOFT HORIZON



ATLANTIC OCEAN - OPEN WATER

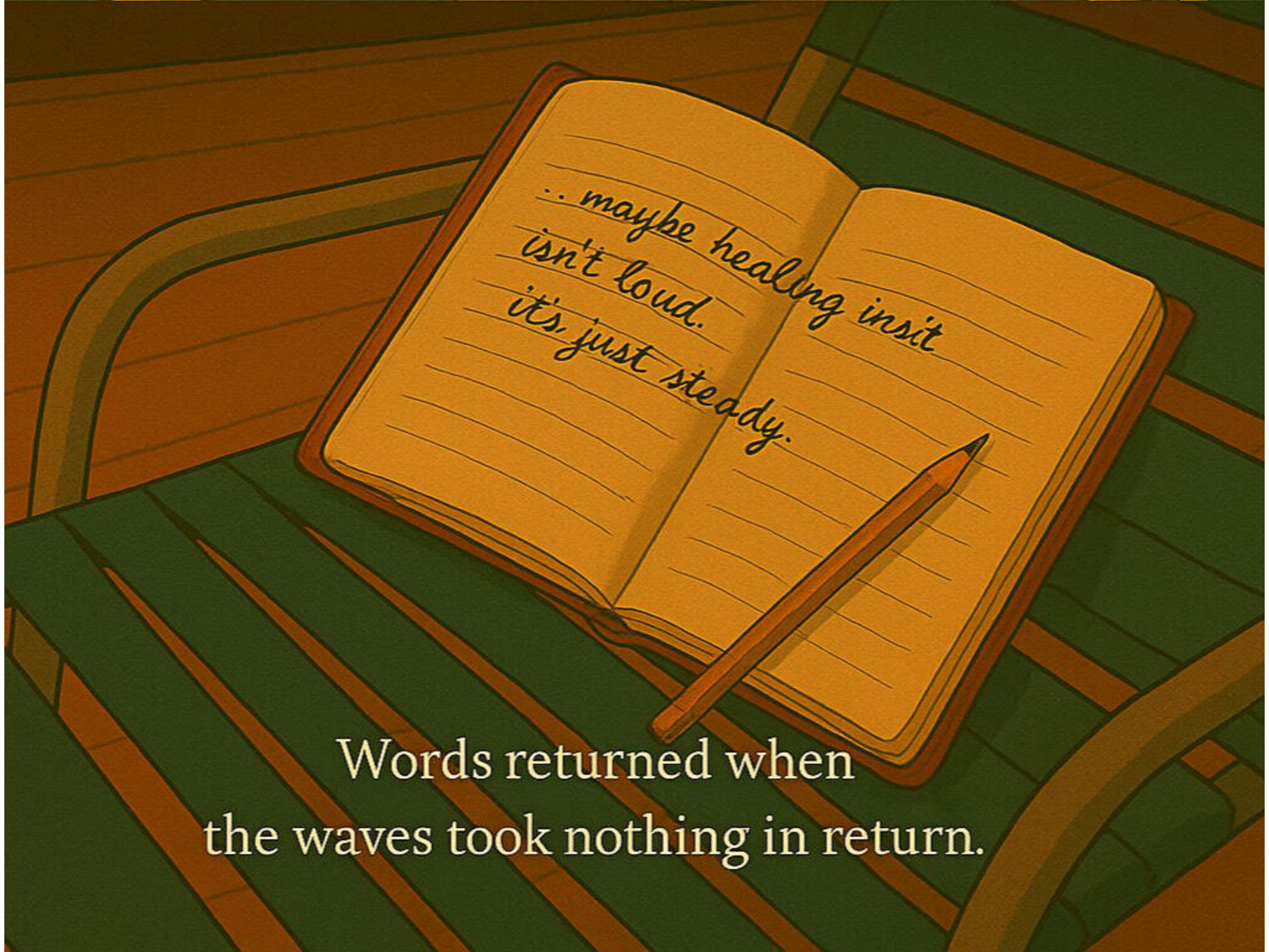
TRANSITION, SOLITUDE, RENEWAL



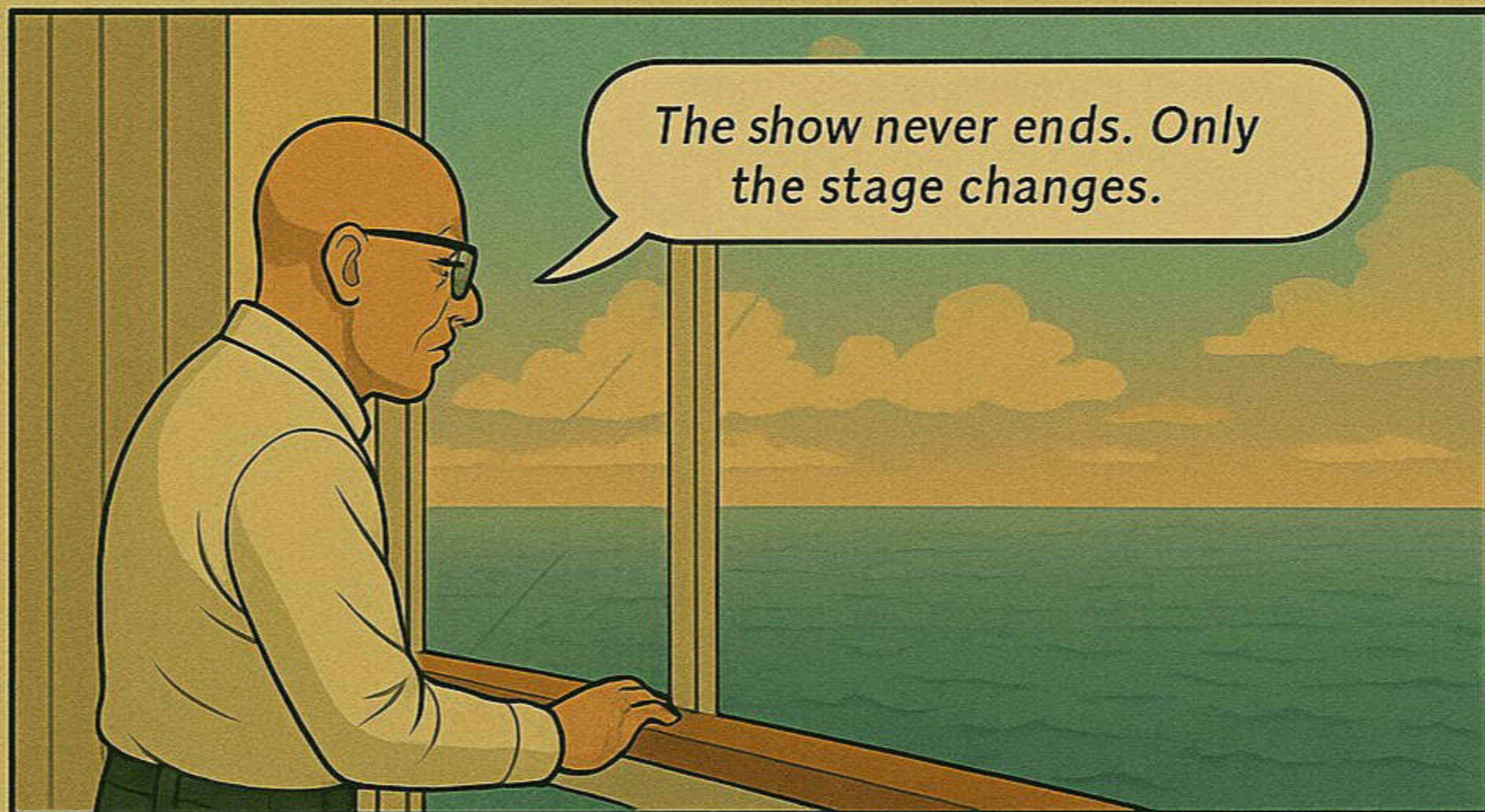
We had seen so much. But it was in
the stillness between places that meaning
found us.



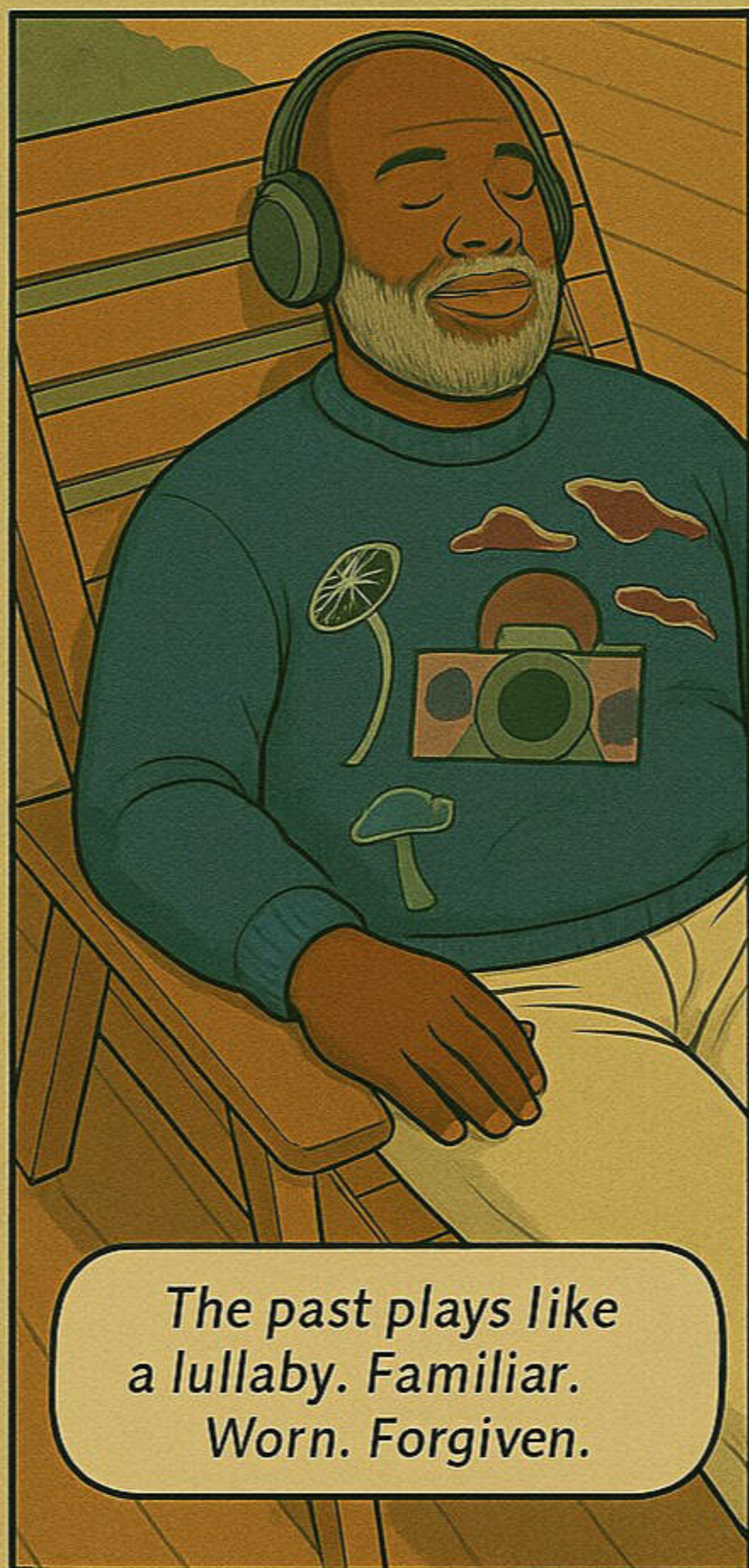
This is the silence I didn't know I needed.



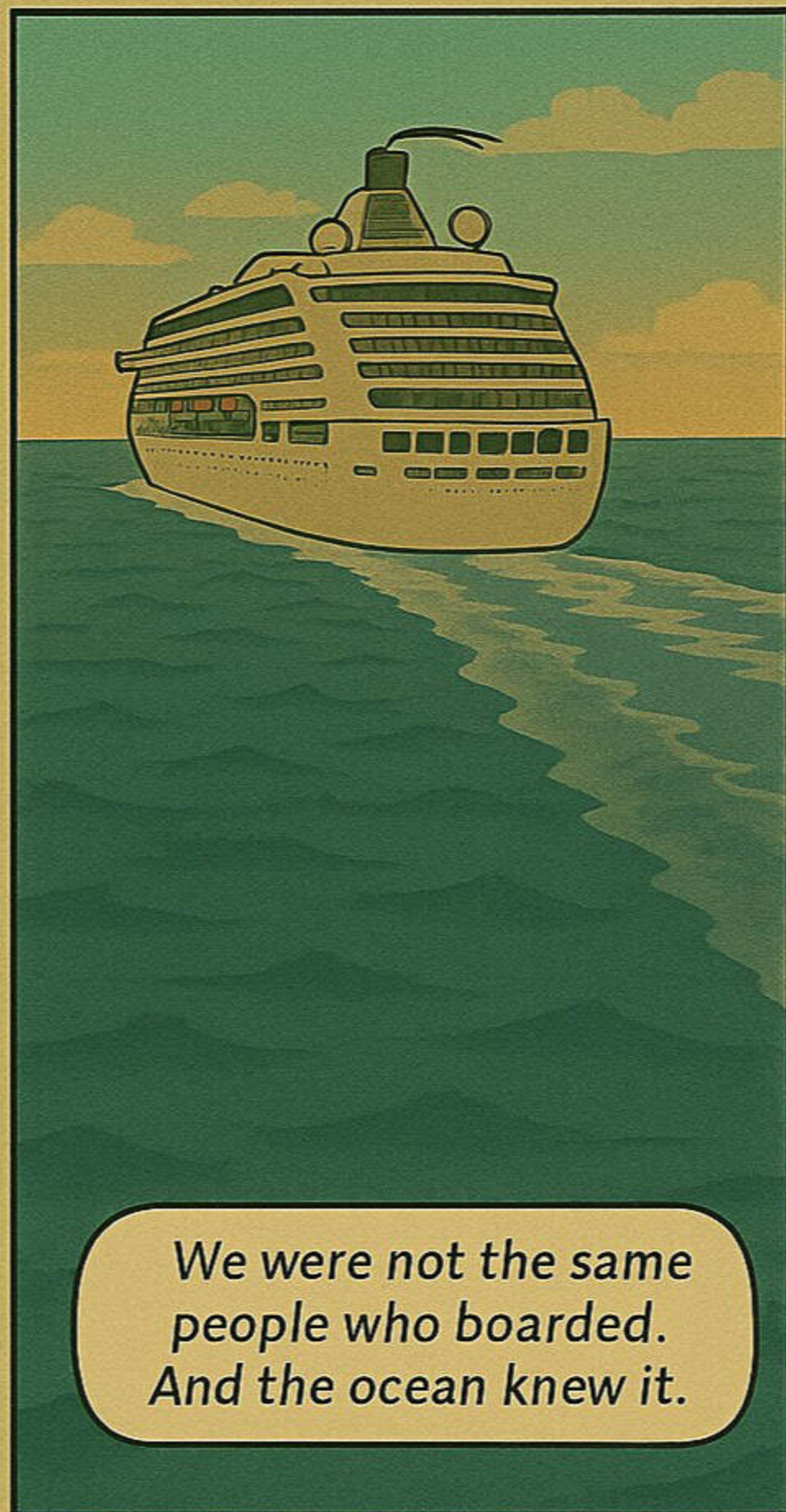
Words returned when
the waves took nothing in return.



The show never ends. Only
the stage changes.



The past plays like
a lullaby. Familiar.
Worn. Forgiven.



We were not the same
people who boarded.
And the ocean knew it.

CHAPTER 27

LA DOLCE REINVENTION

Setting: Sunset Rooftop Tapas Bar, Cartagena, Spain



Closure isn't a door—
it's a mirror.

Cartagena was supposed to be a quiet stop. Fate, as usual, preferred drama.



Cartagena was
supposed to be a
quiet stop. But
fate had other plans.

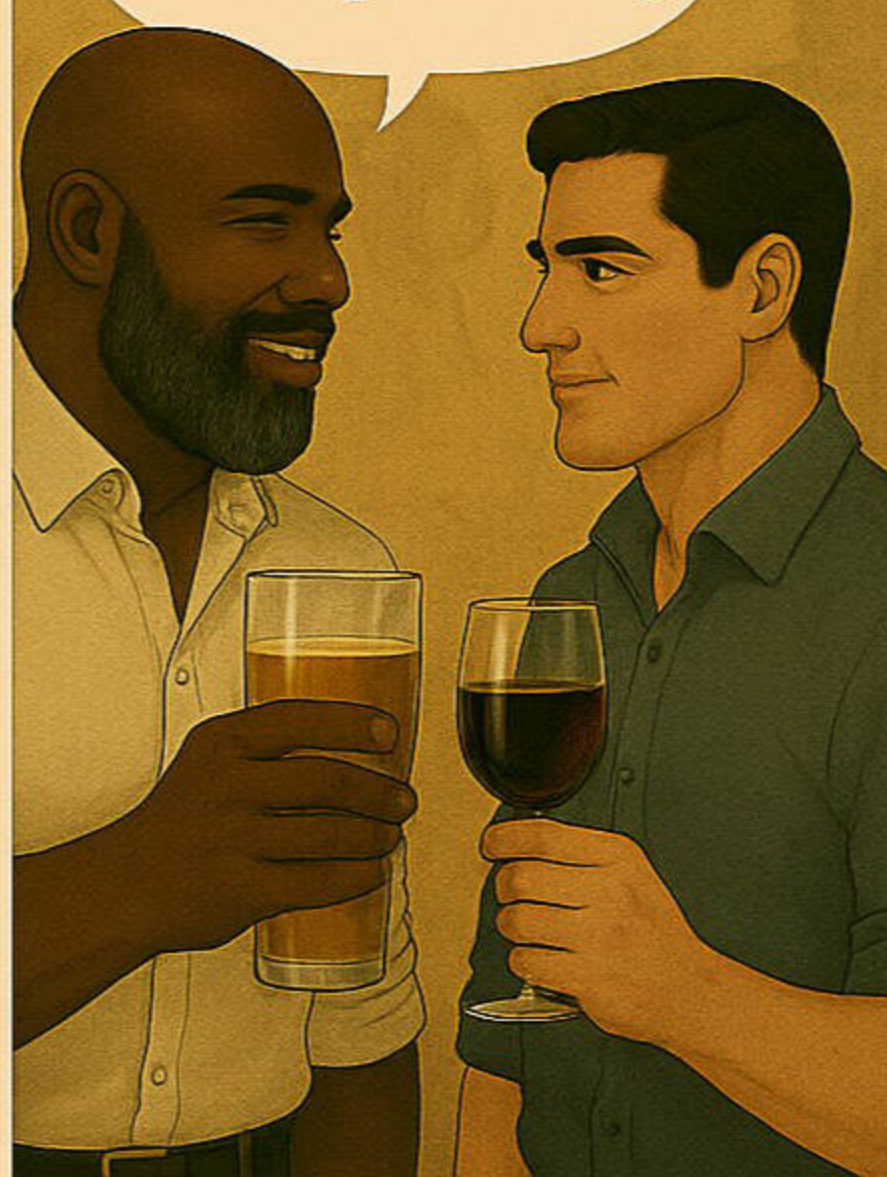


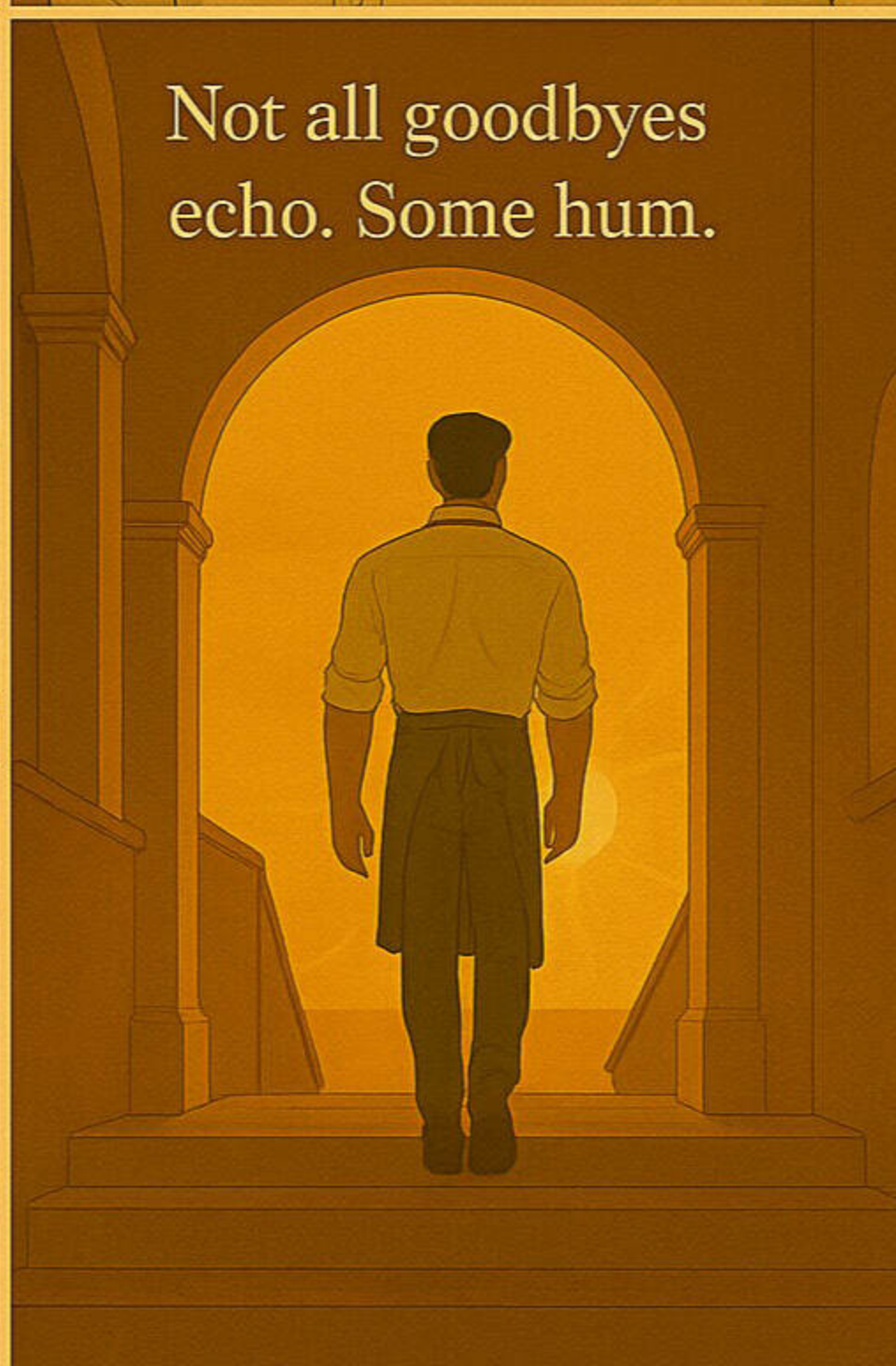
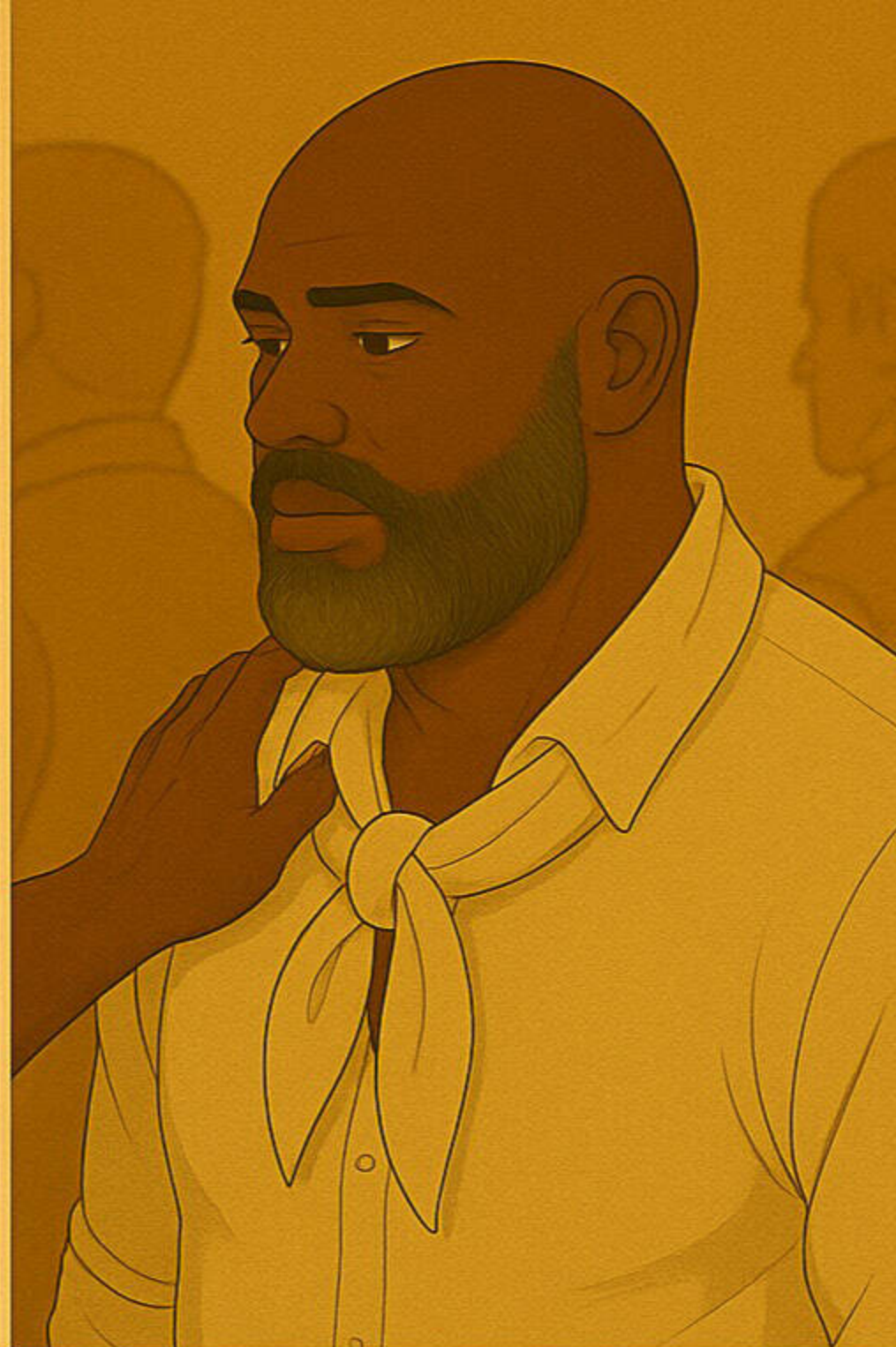
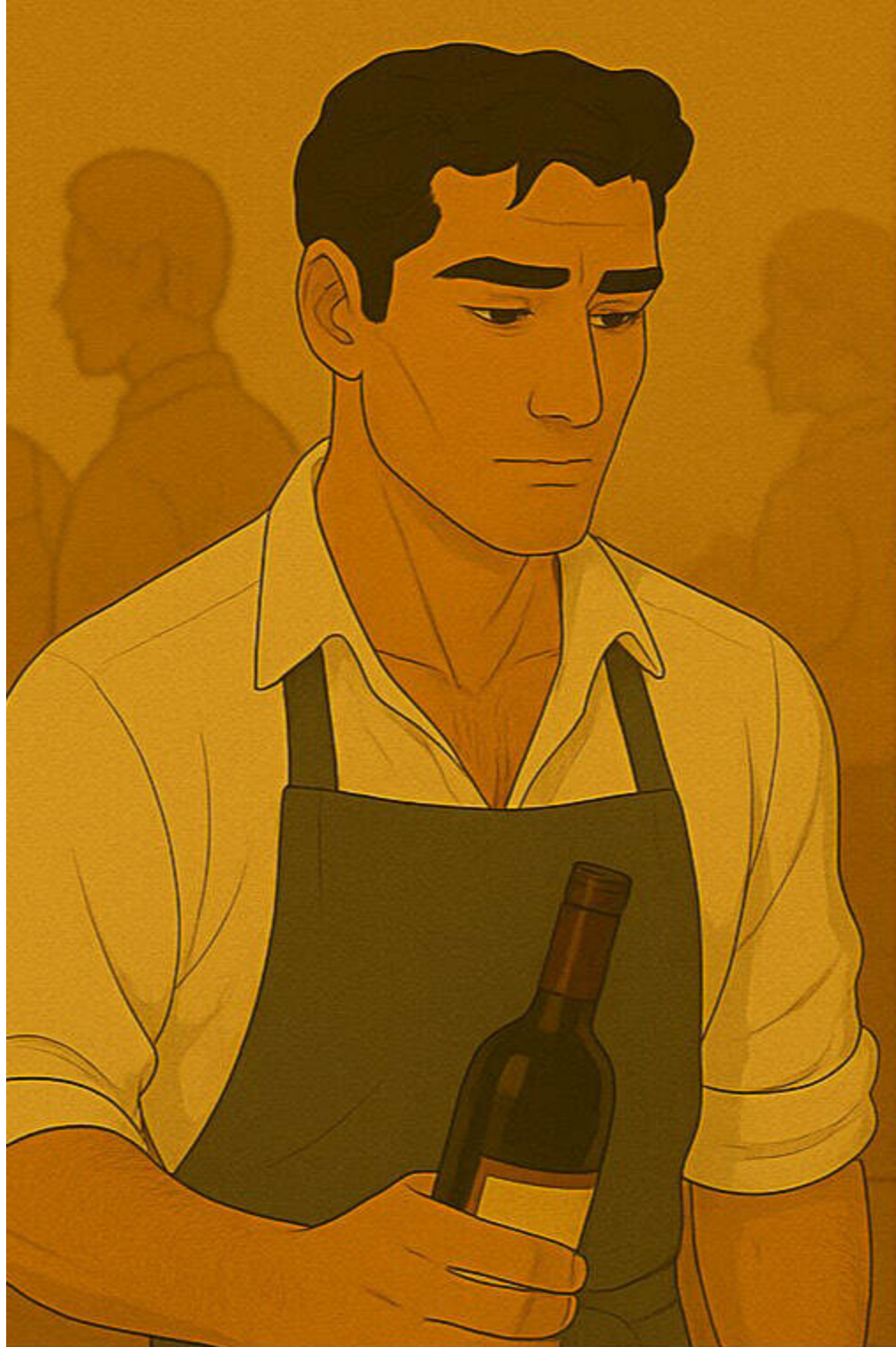


Some people are memories.
Others are rehearsals.



To the past...
and what it taut-
about pretending.



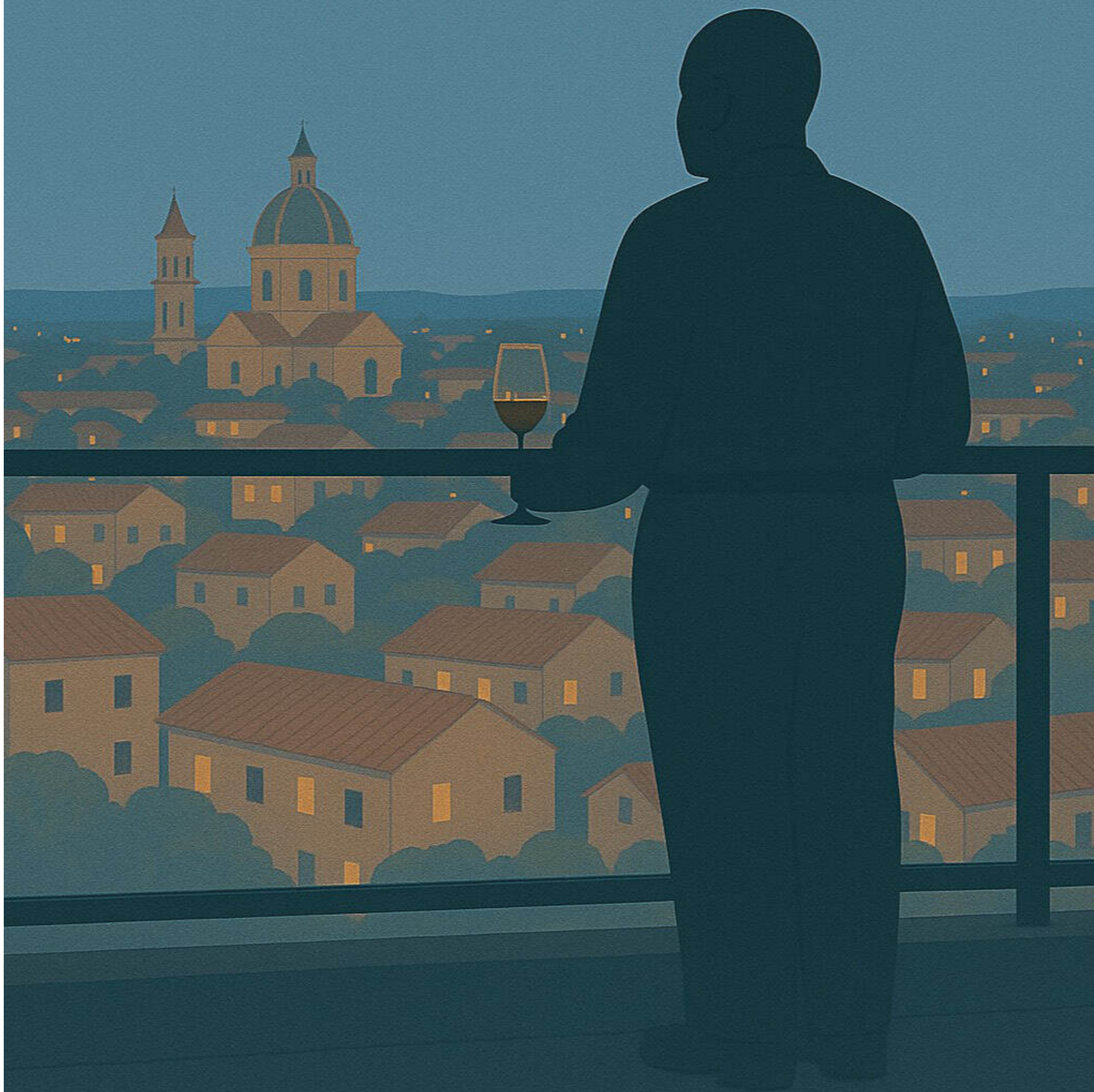


Not all goodbyes
echo. Some hum.



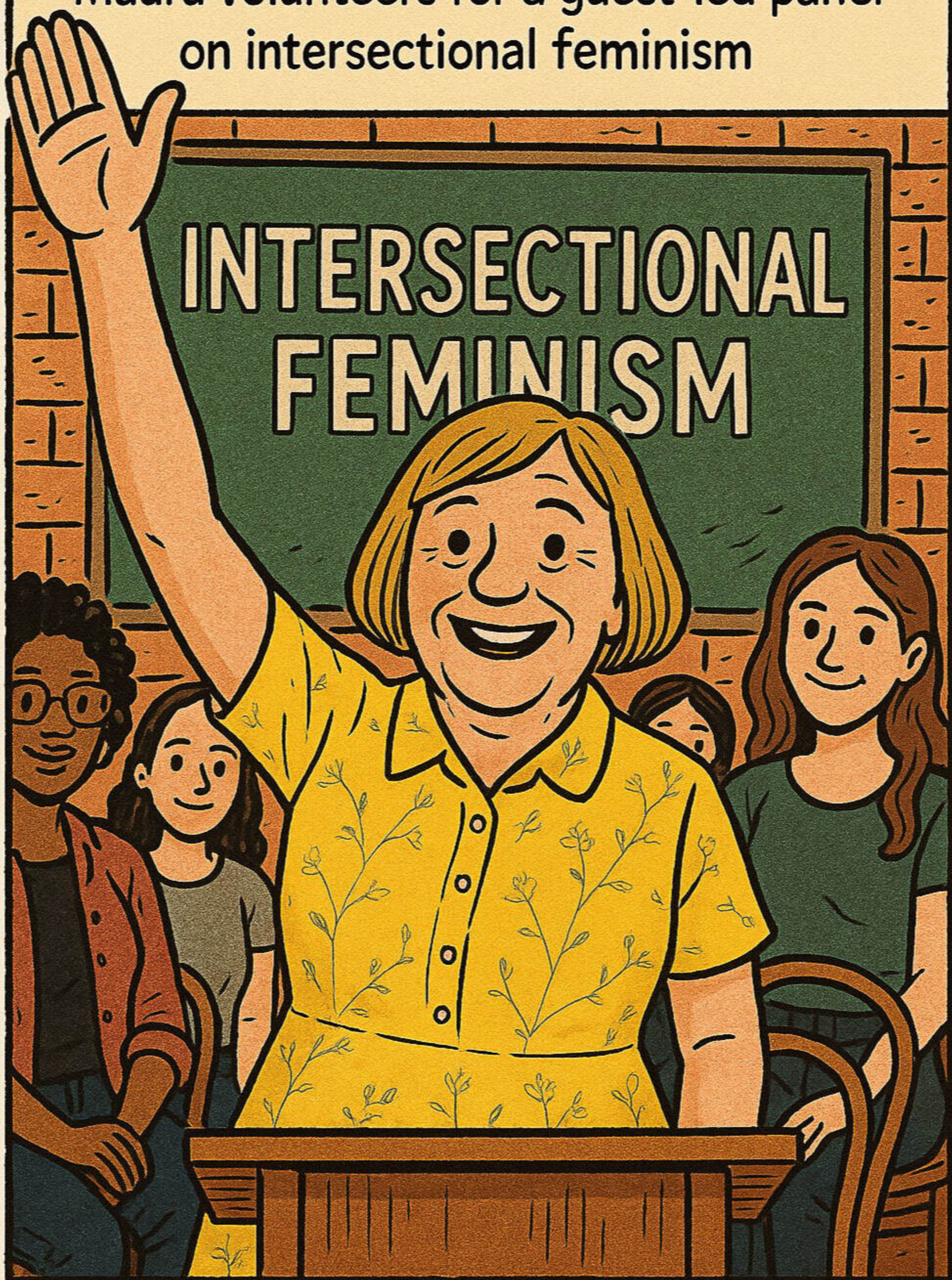
“I don’t chase ghosts.
I drink with them.”

Closure isn't a
door—it's a mirror.



Chapter 28: 'Maura Gets It Right

Maura volunteers for a guest-led panel
on intersectional feminism



VOICES ACROSS WAVES
GUEST-LED
CONVERSATIONS
ON FEMINISM

Sophie

Julie

Rani

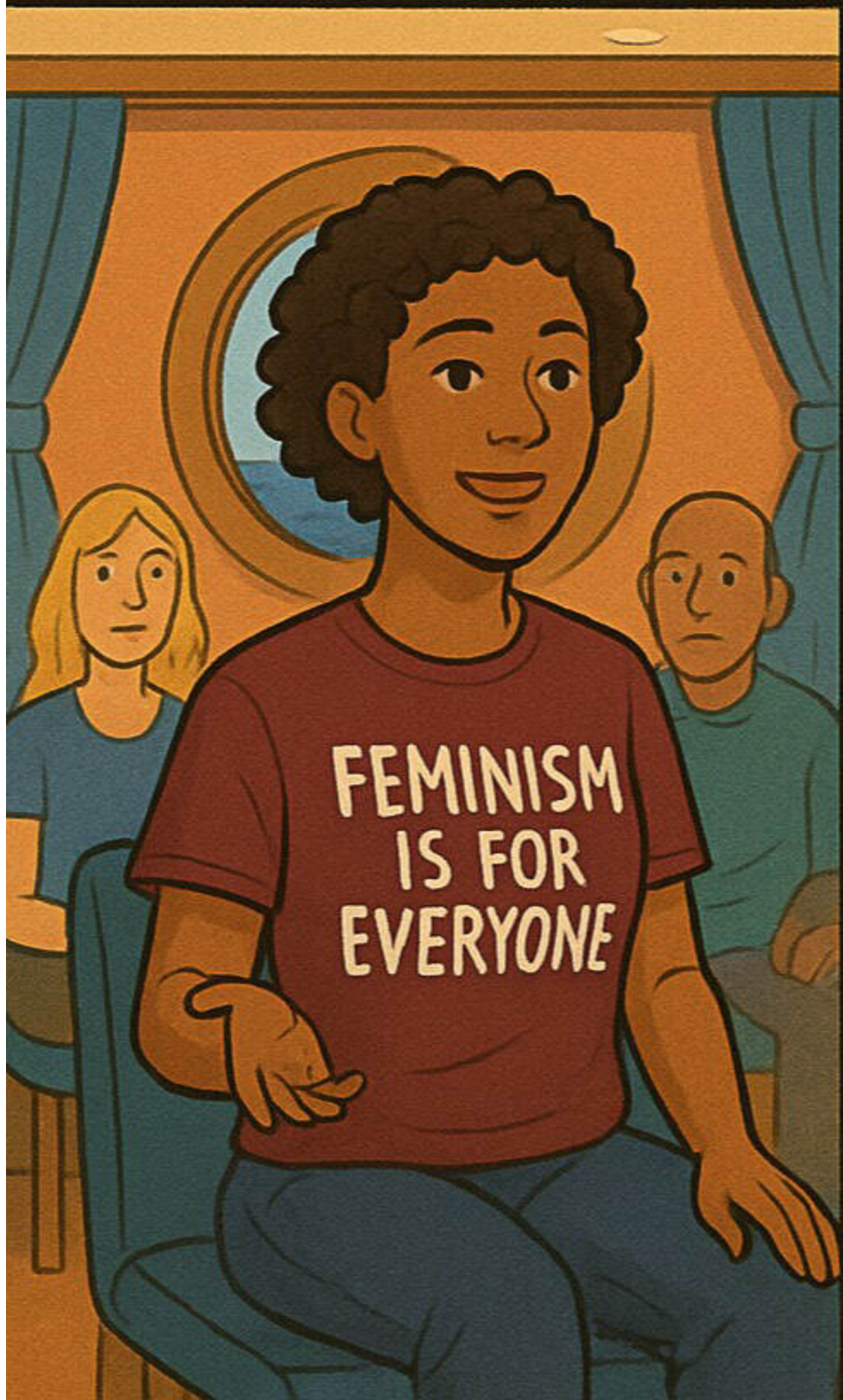
Hannah

Maura

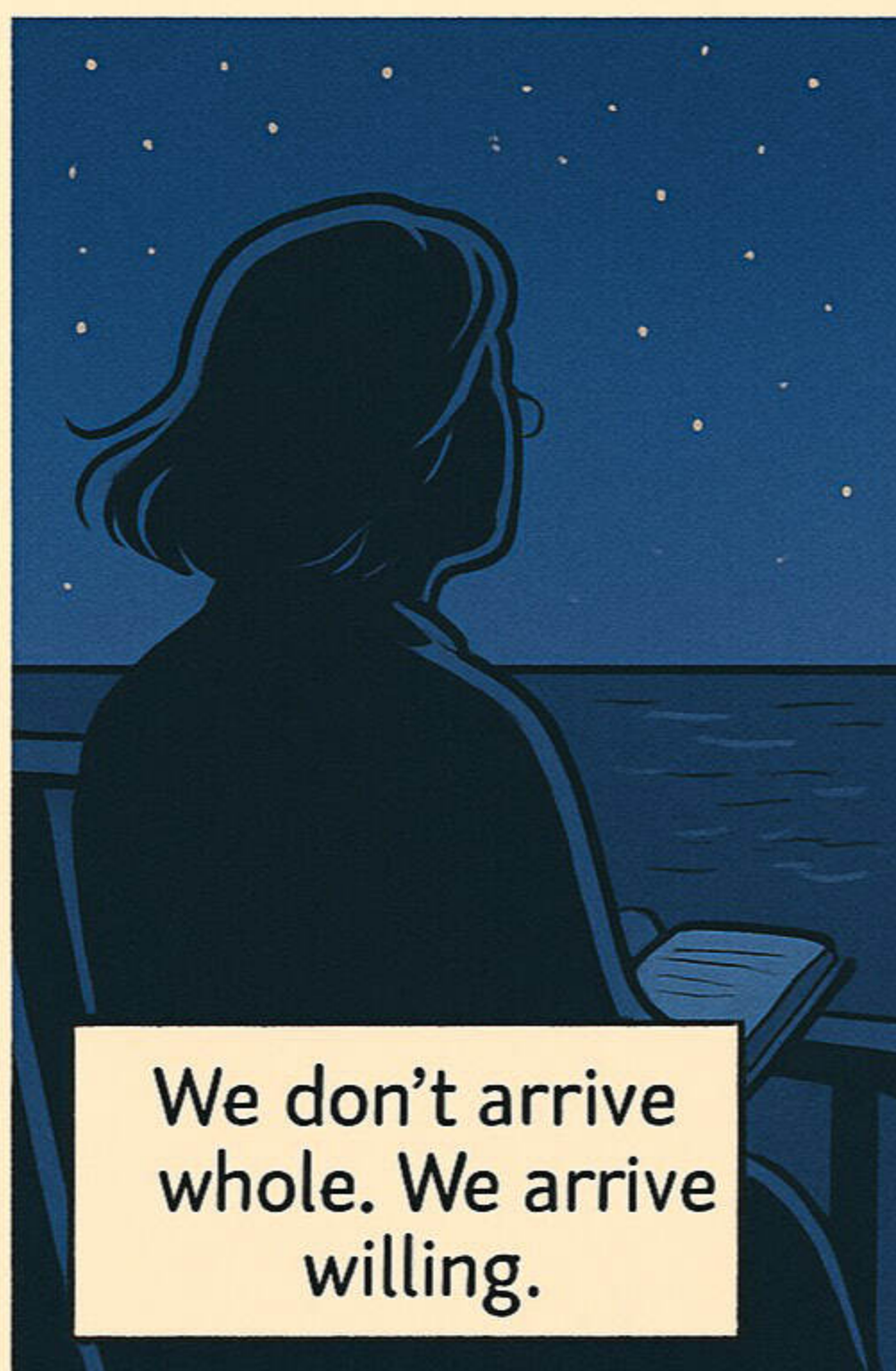
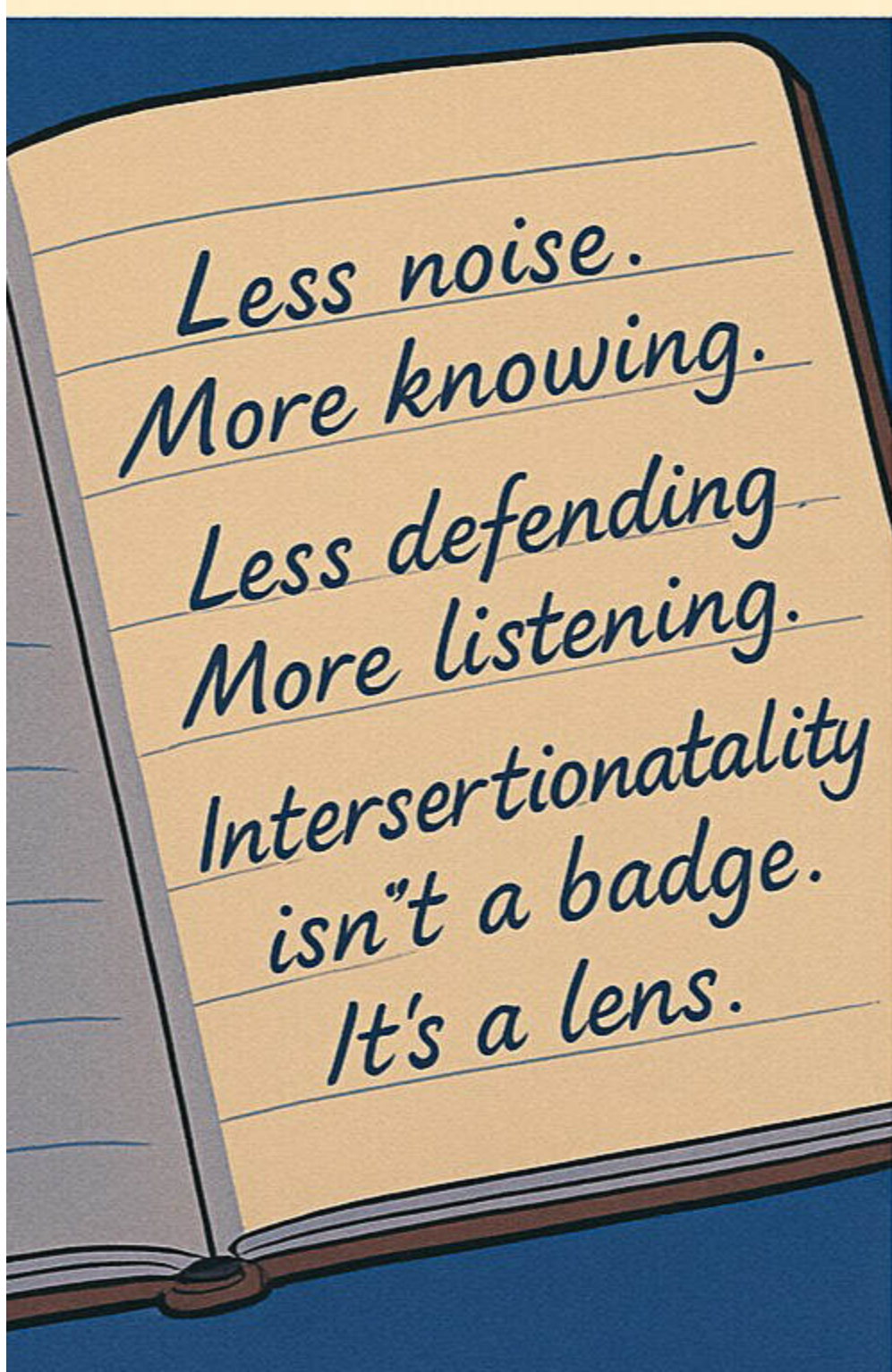
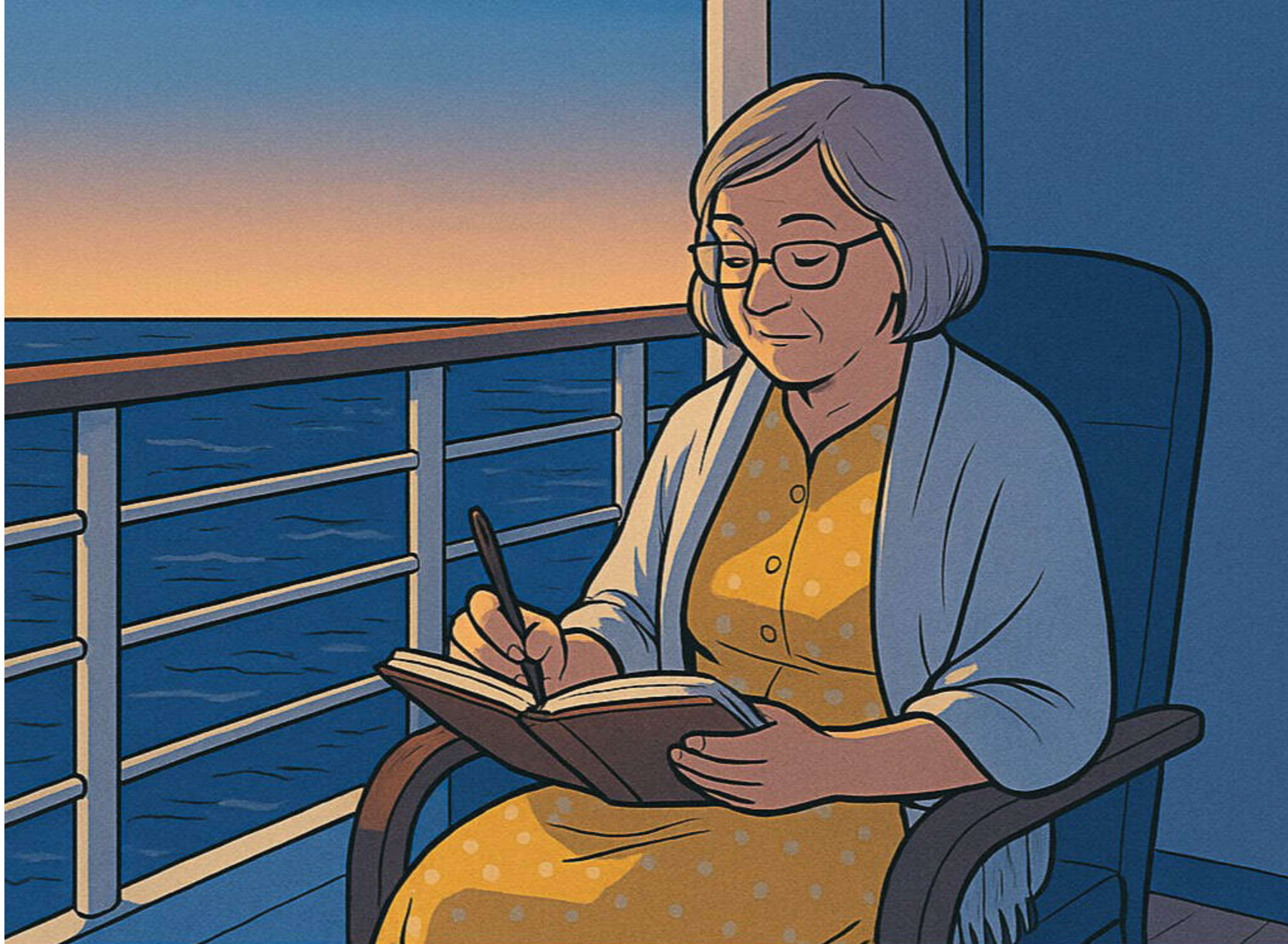
I almost didn't. But something inside said —



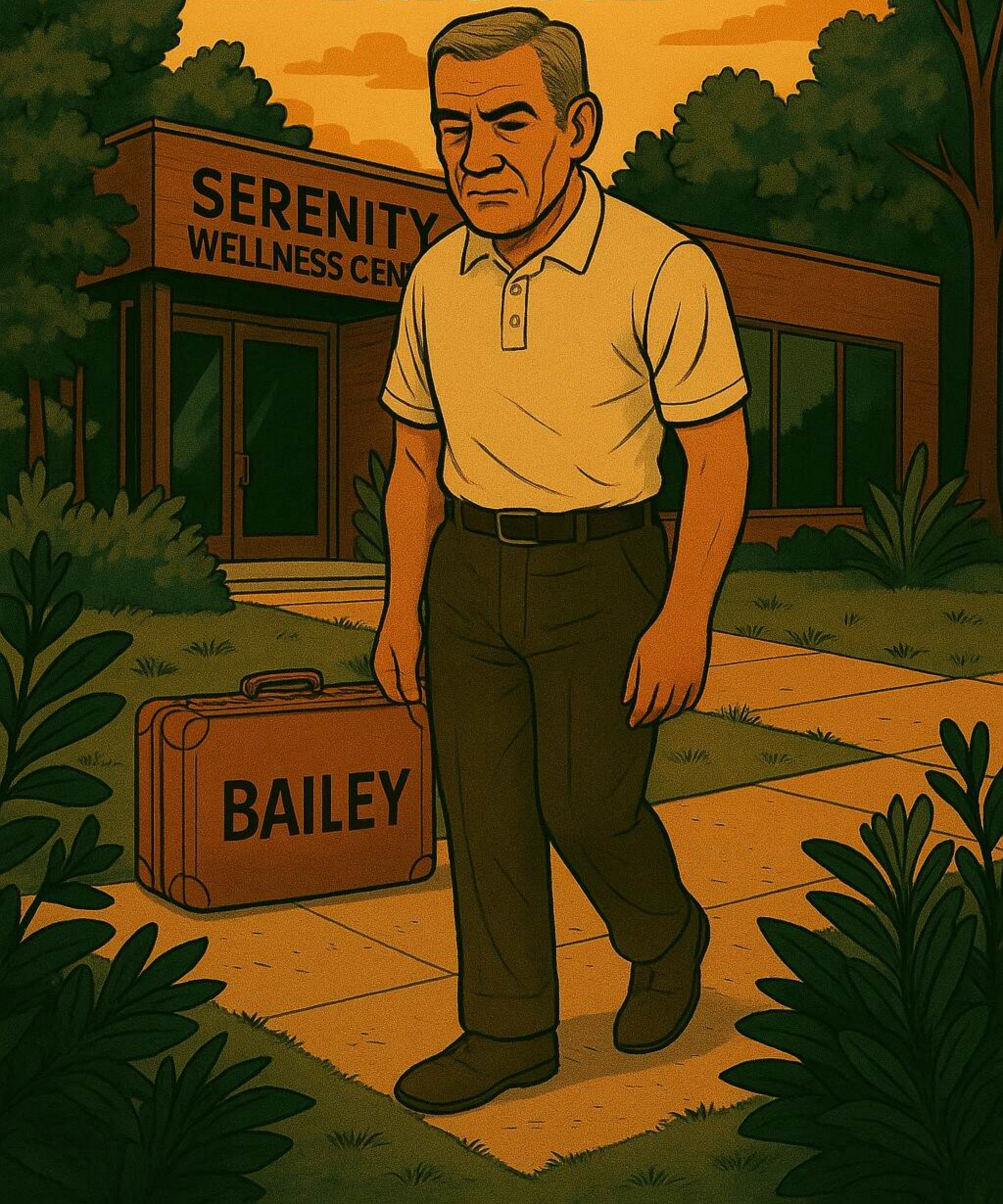
Is it okay if I...
participate? I'm
not sure I have
the right
words yet.



Not the applause I feared.
The understanding I hoped for.



Chapter 29: Chuck Bailey's Farewell



I didn't expect peace.
Just a place with
echoes.

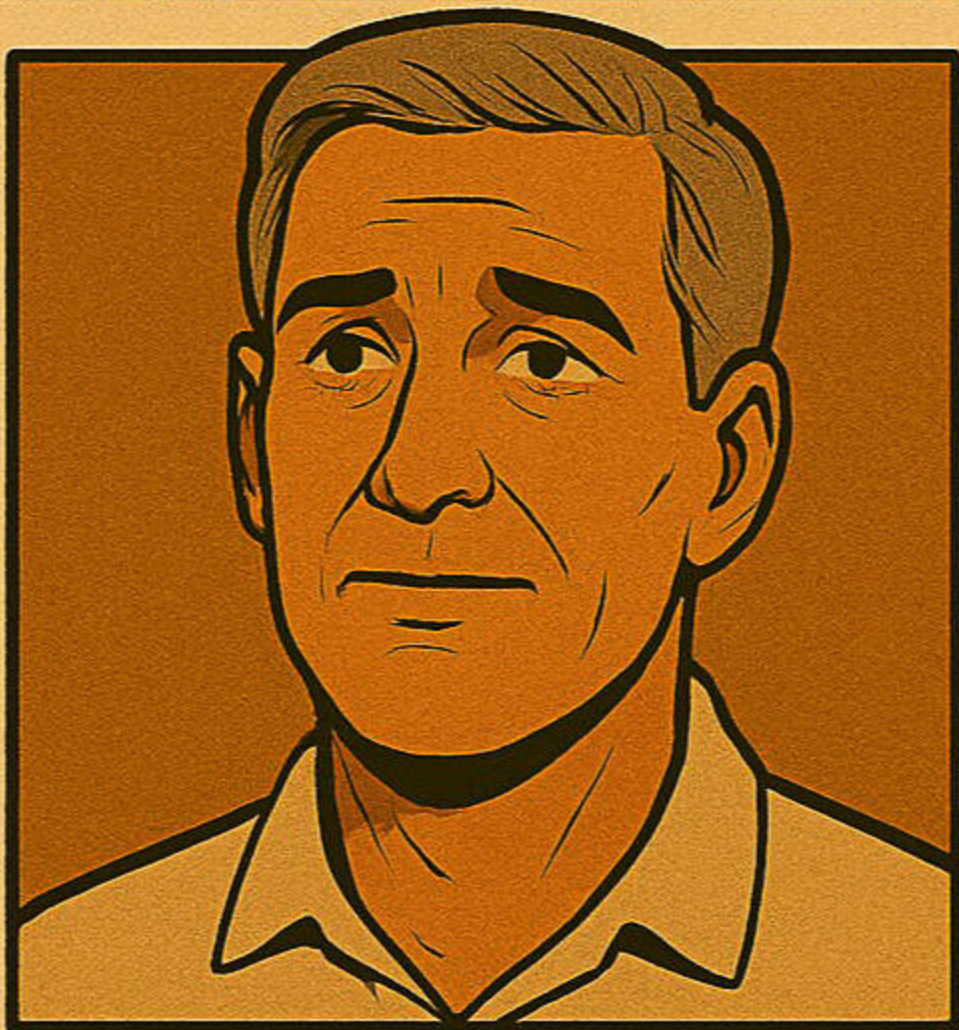
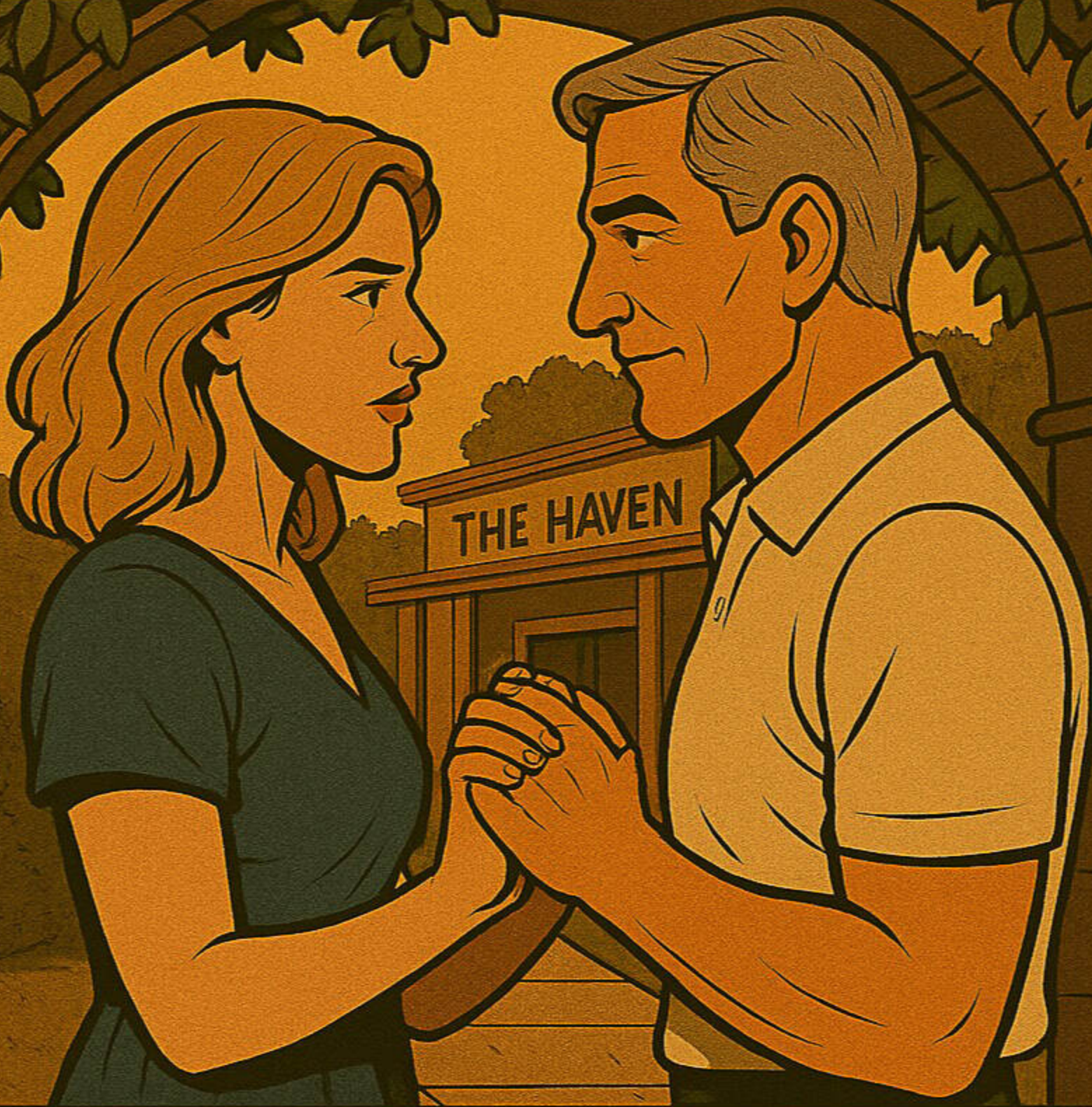


He steps out of a
shuttle, wearing
loose jeans a
a pullover



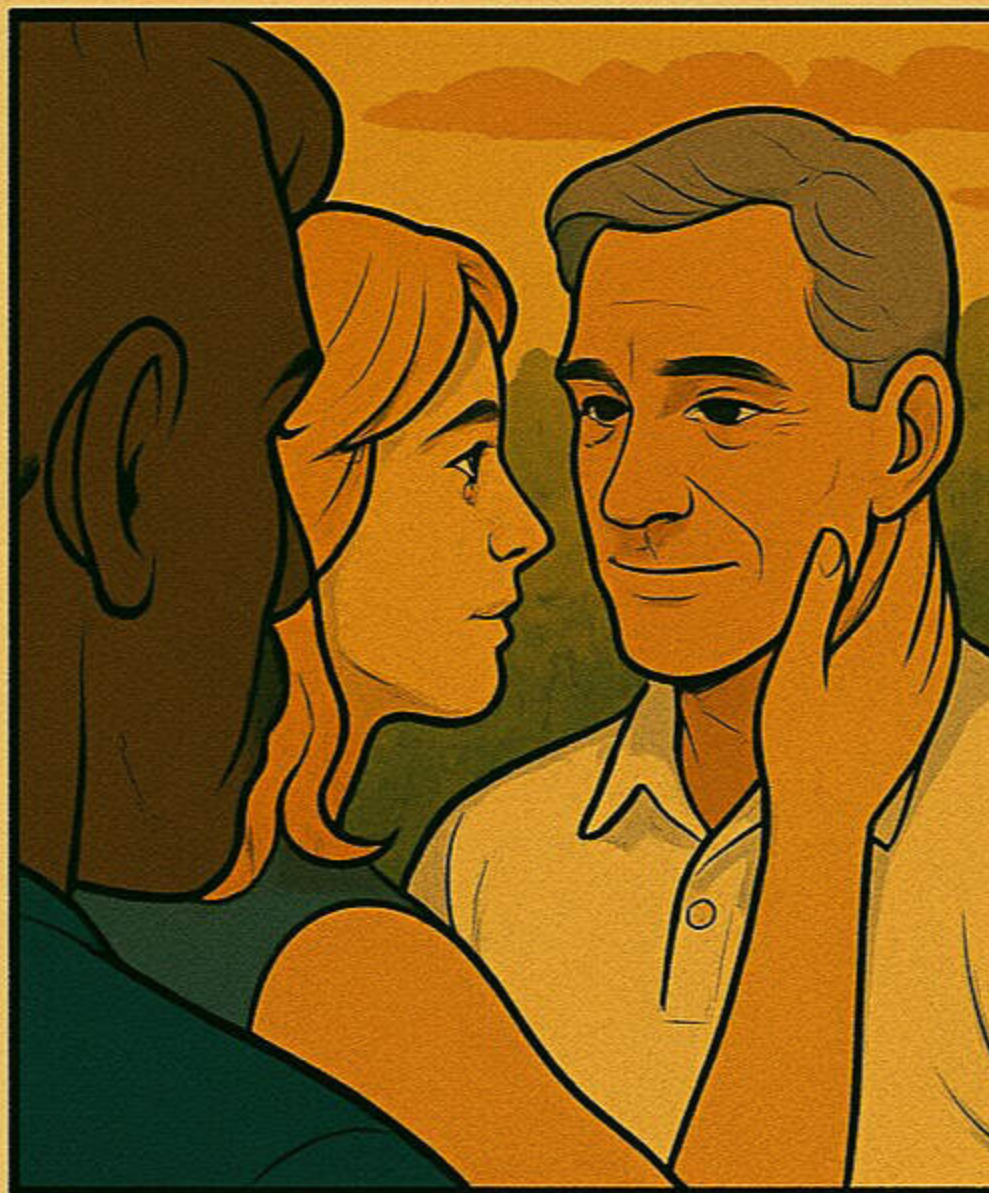
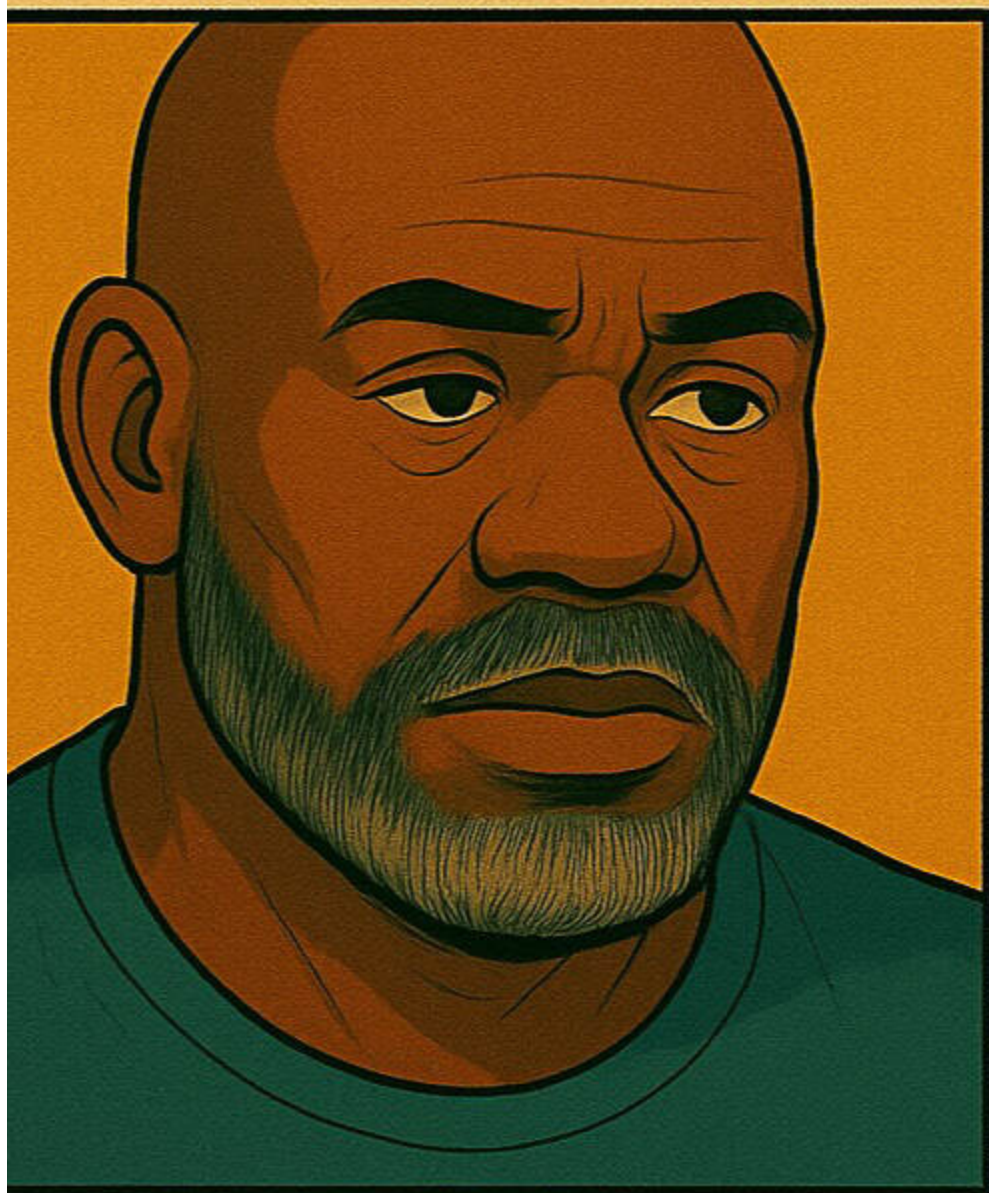
Some places don't
ask where you've been.
Just where you
want to begin

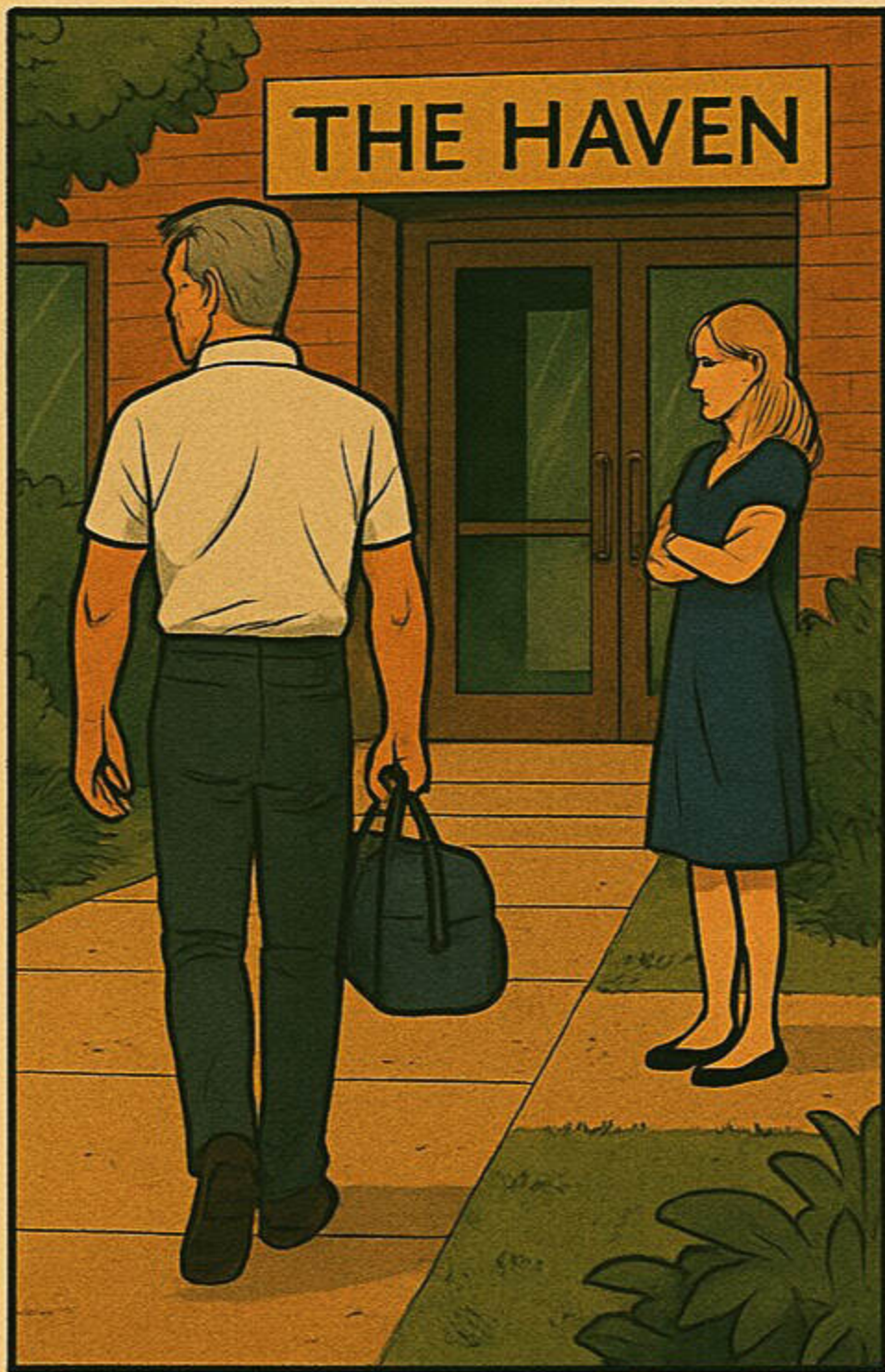
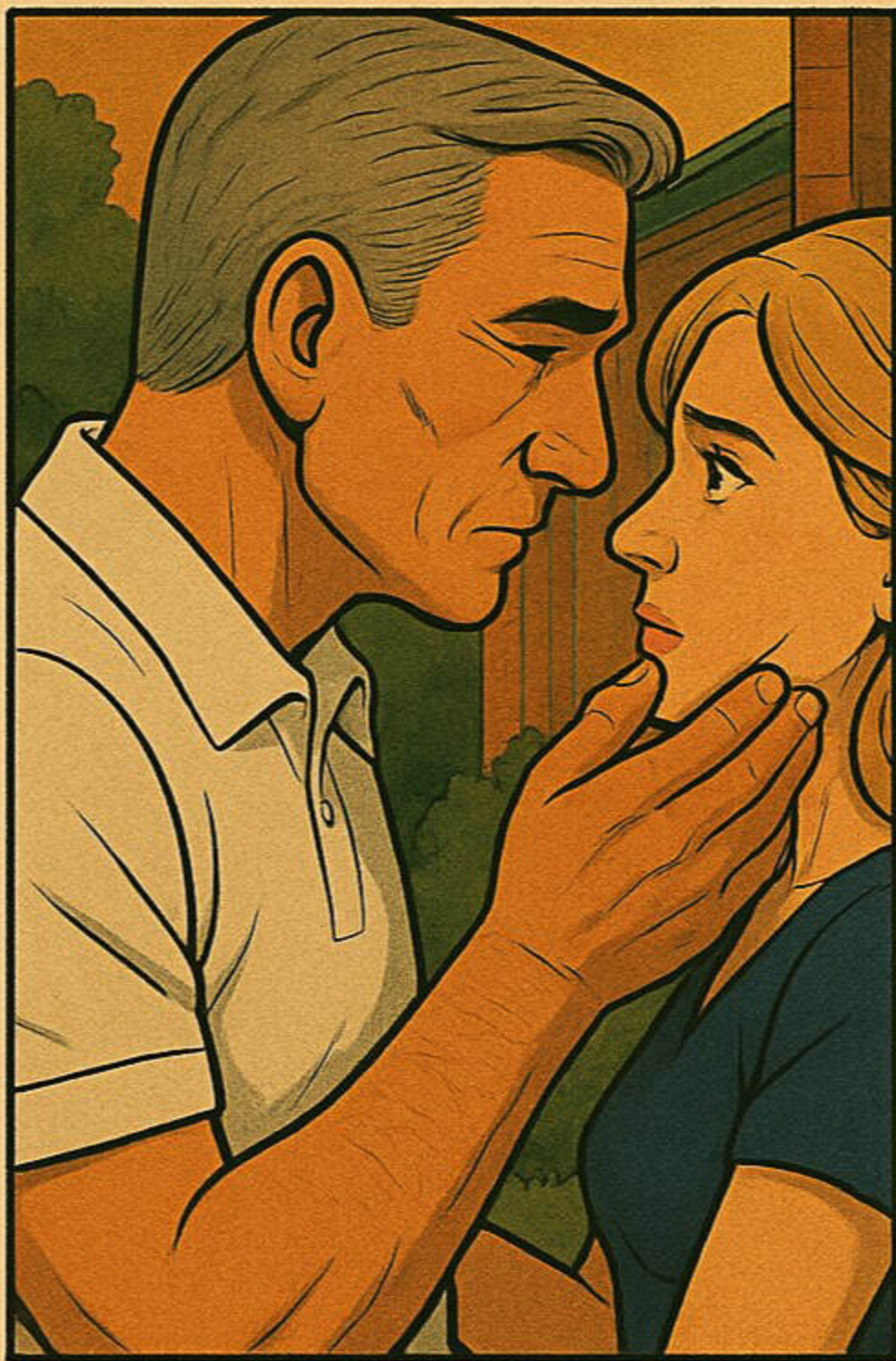
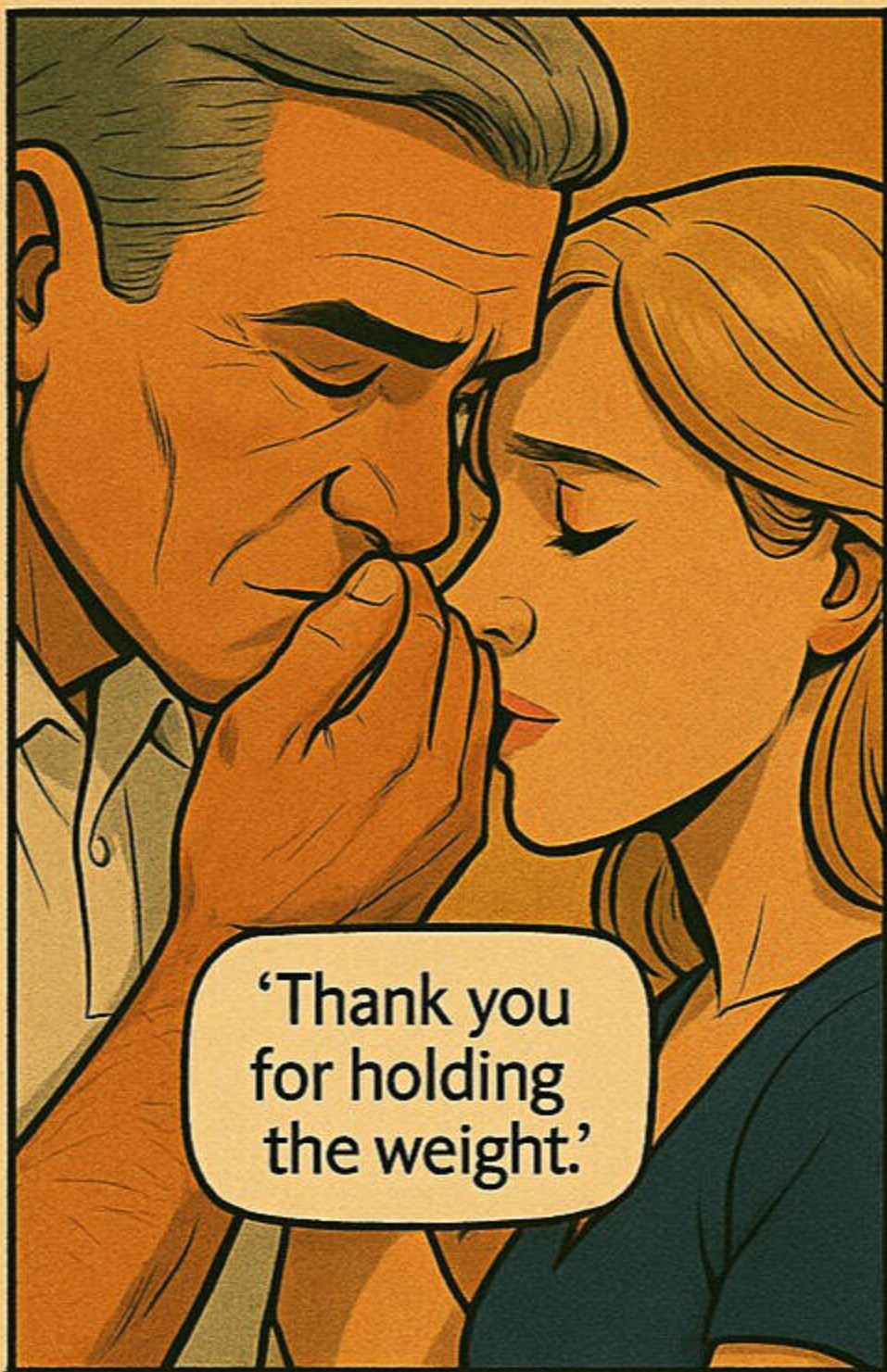
**YOU'RE NOT A BURDEN.
YOU'RE MY STORM.**



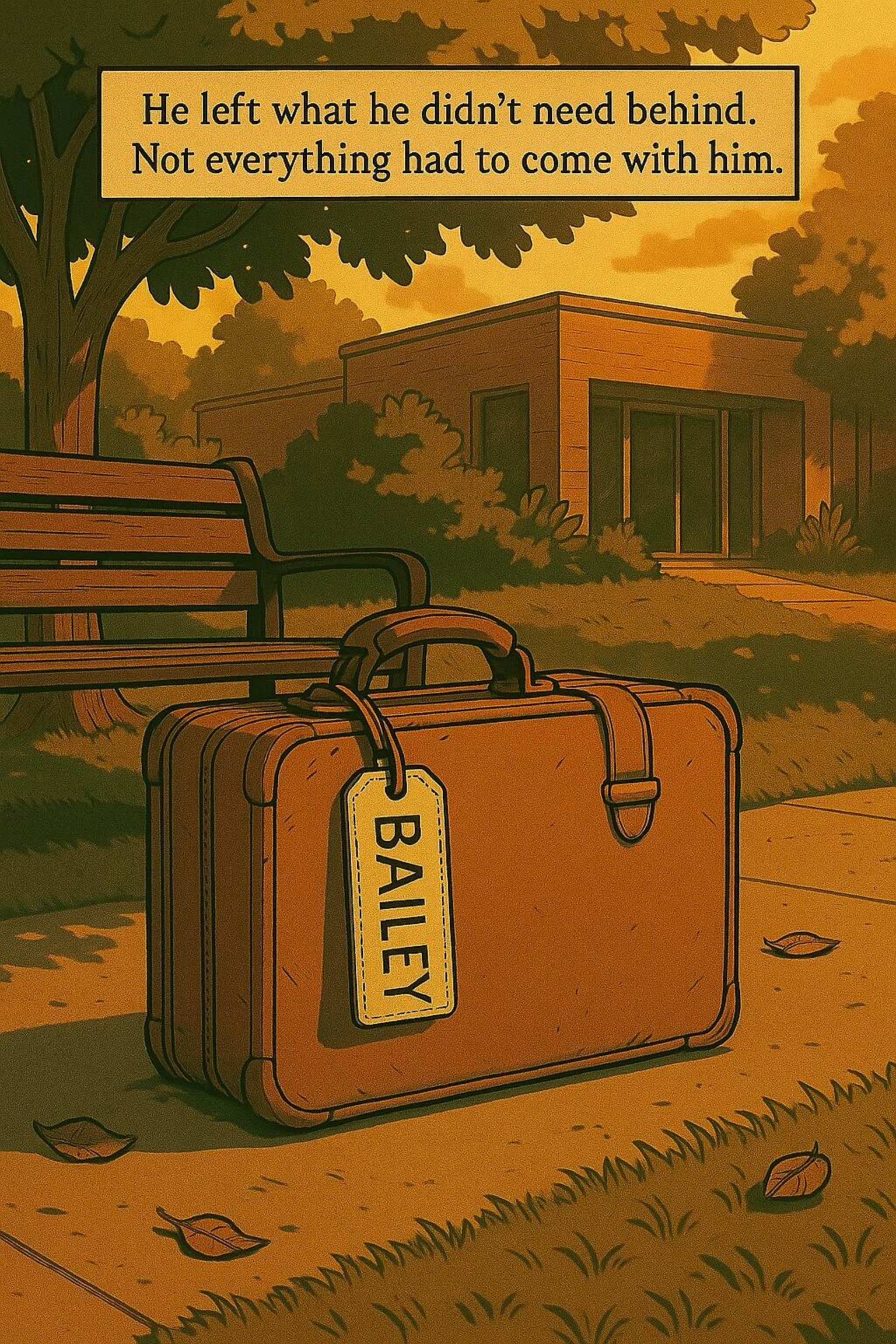


We only let go of what we never truly held.





He left what he didn't need behind.
Not everything had to come with him.



CHAPTER 30

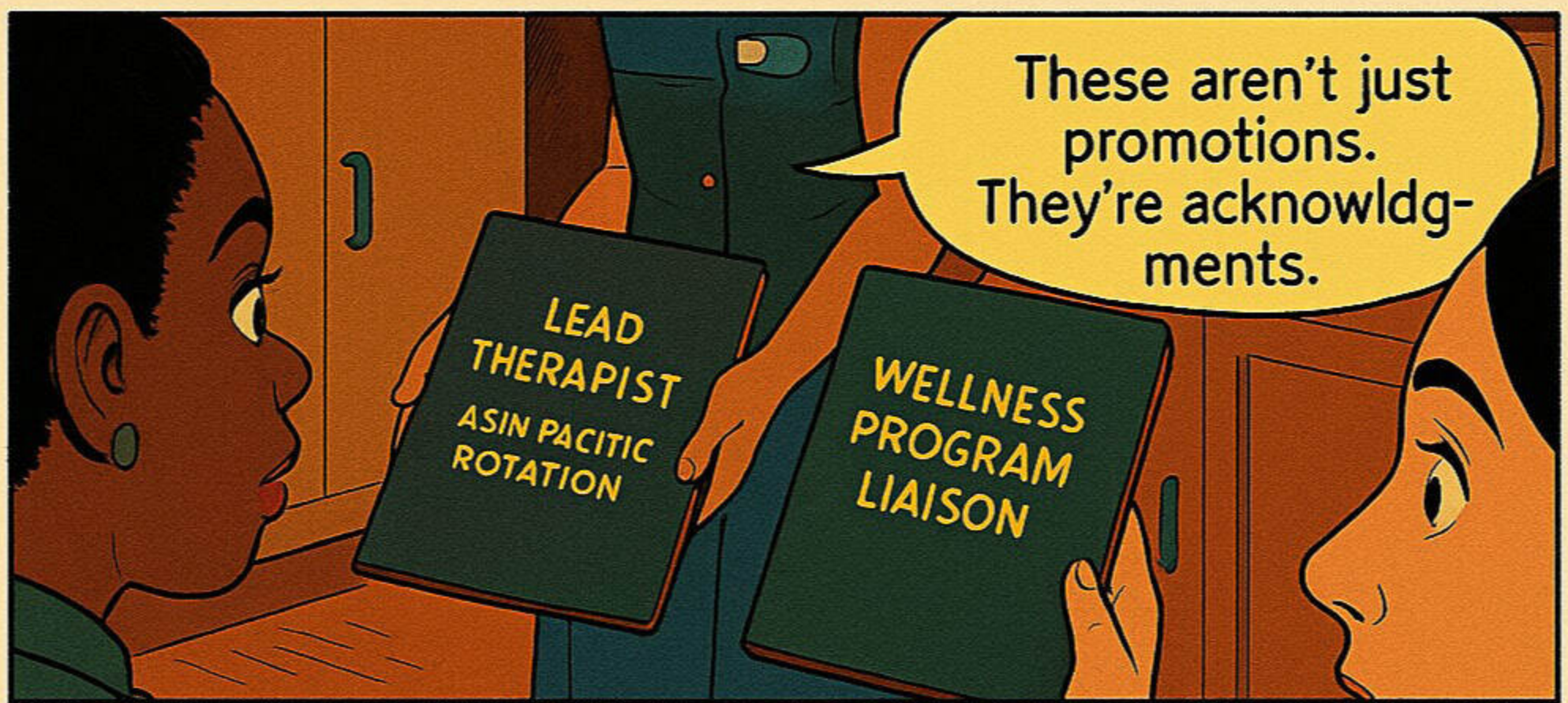
PEN'S QUIET COMMAND

SETTING: ABOARD THE SHIP — VITALITY SPA

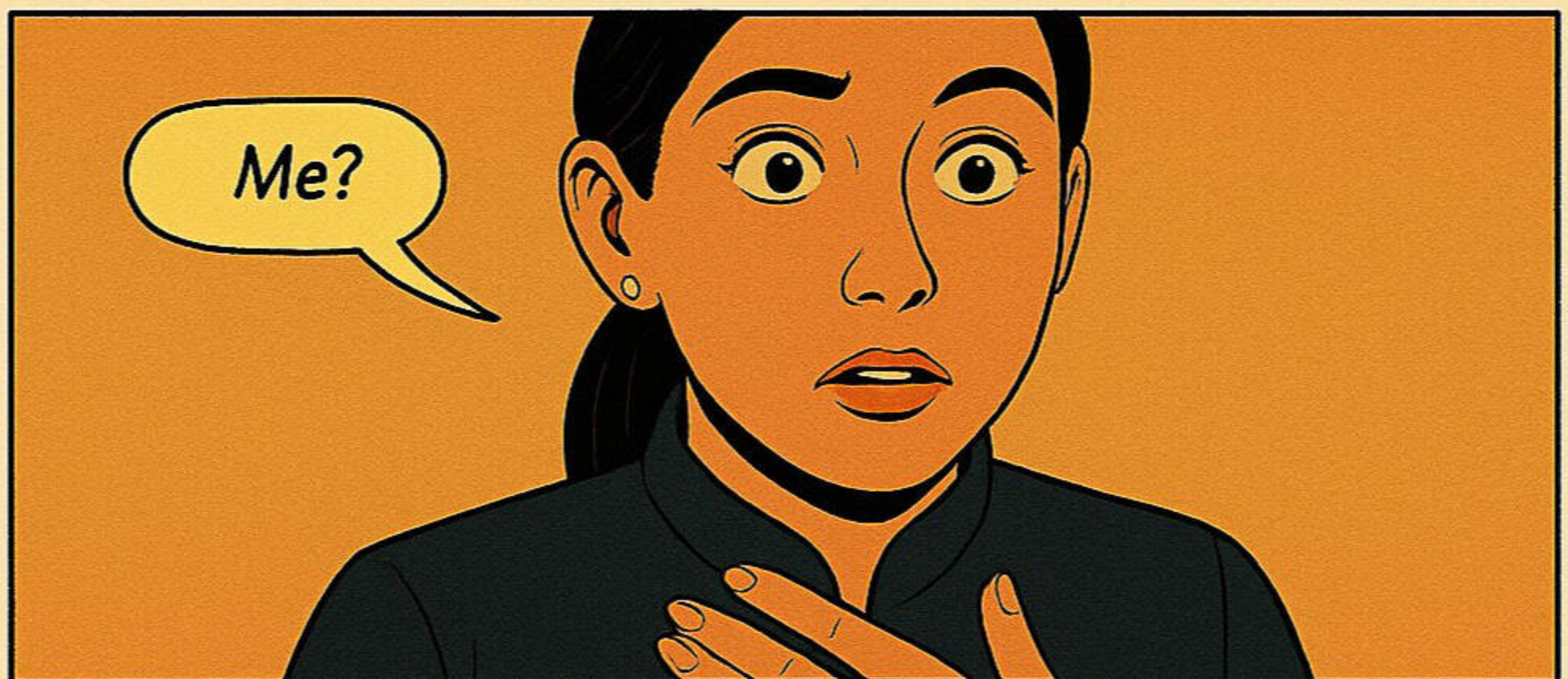




There's no higher honor than lifting as we rise."



These aren't just promotions. They're acknowledgments.



Me?



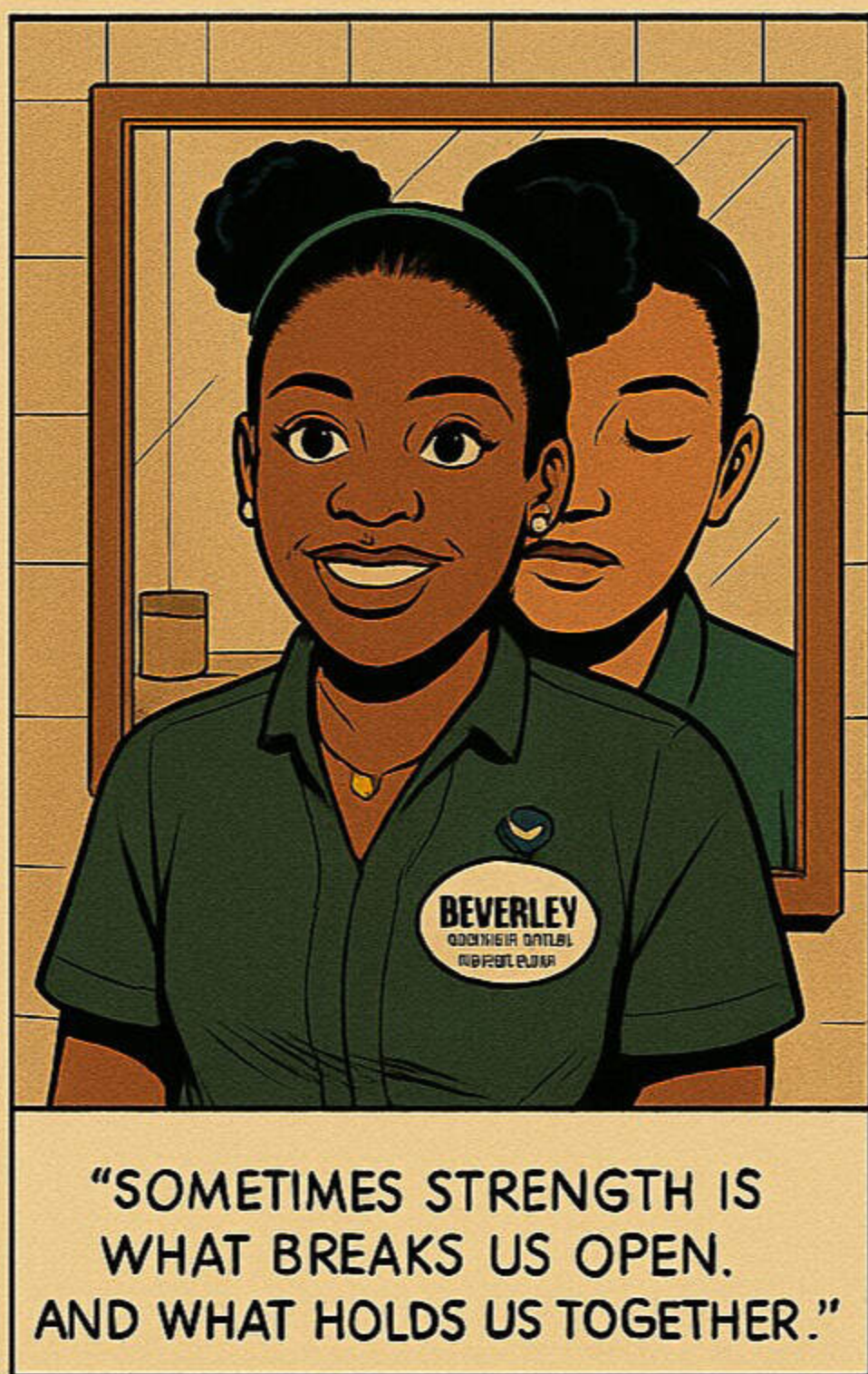
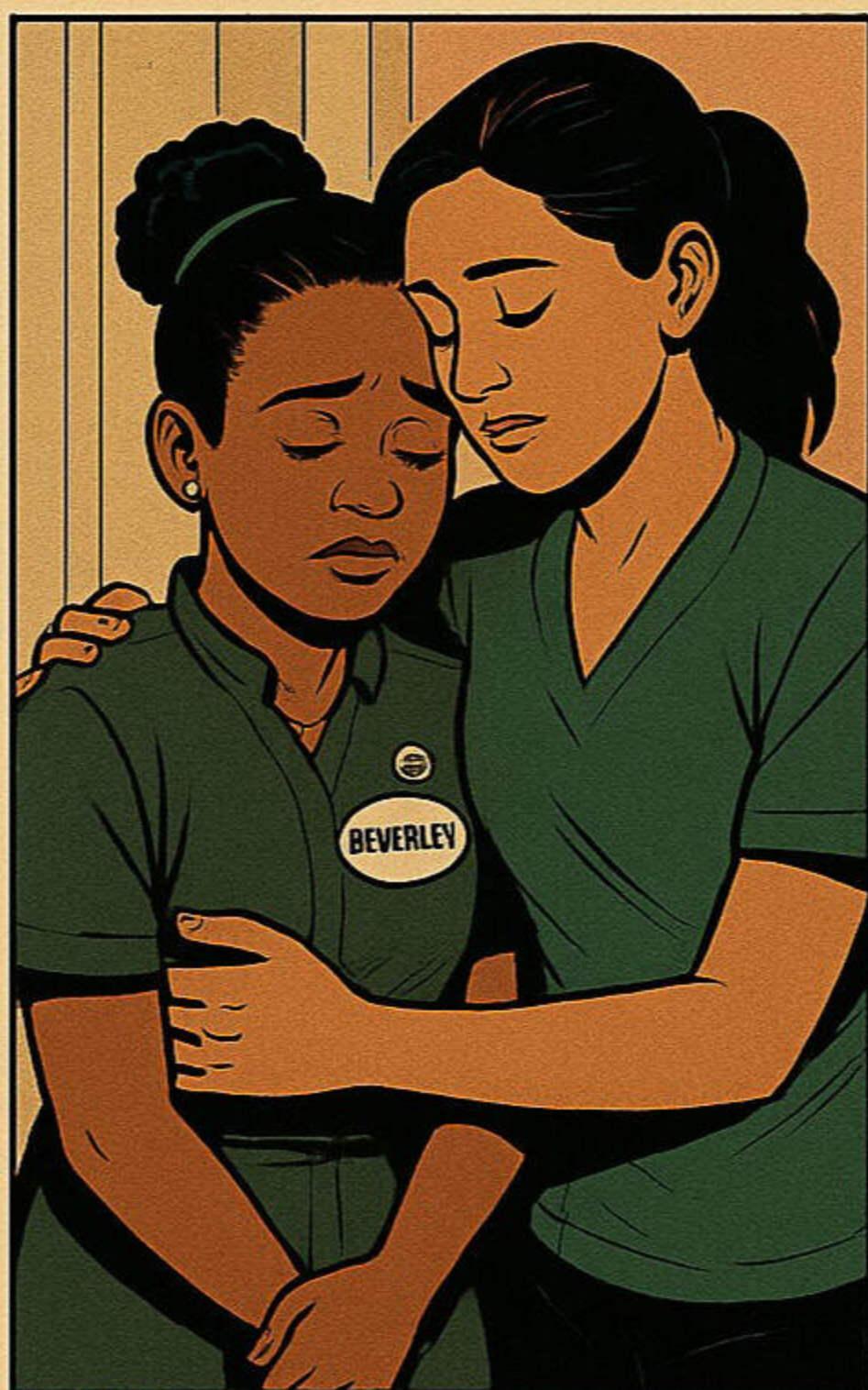
"You've both led with grace, even in silence. It's time the room heard your names first."



For so long I waited for someone to say it. I didn't know how much I needed to hear it.



I didn't know how much I needed to hear it.





CHAPTER 31

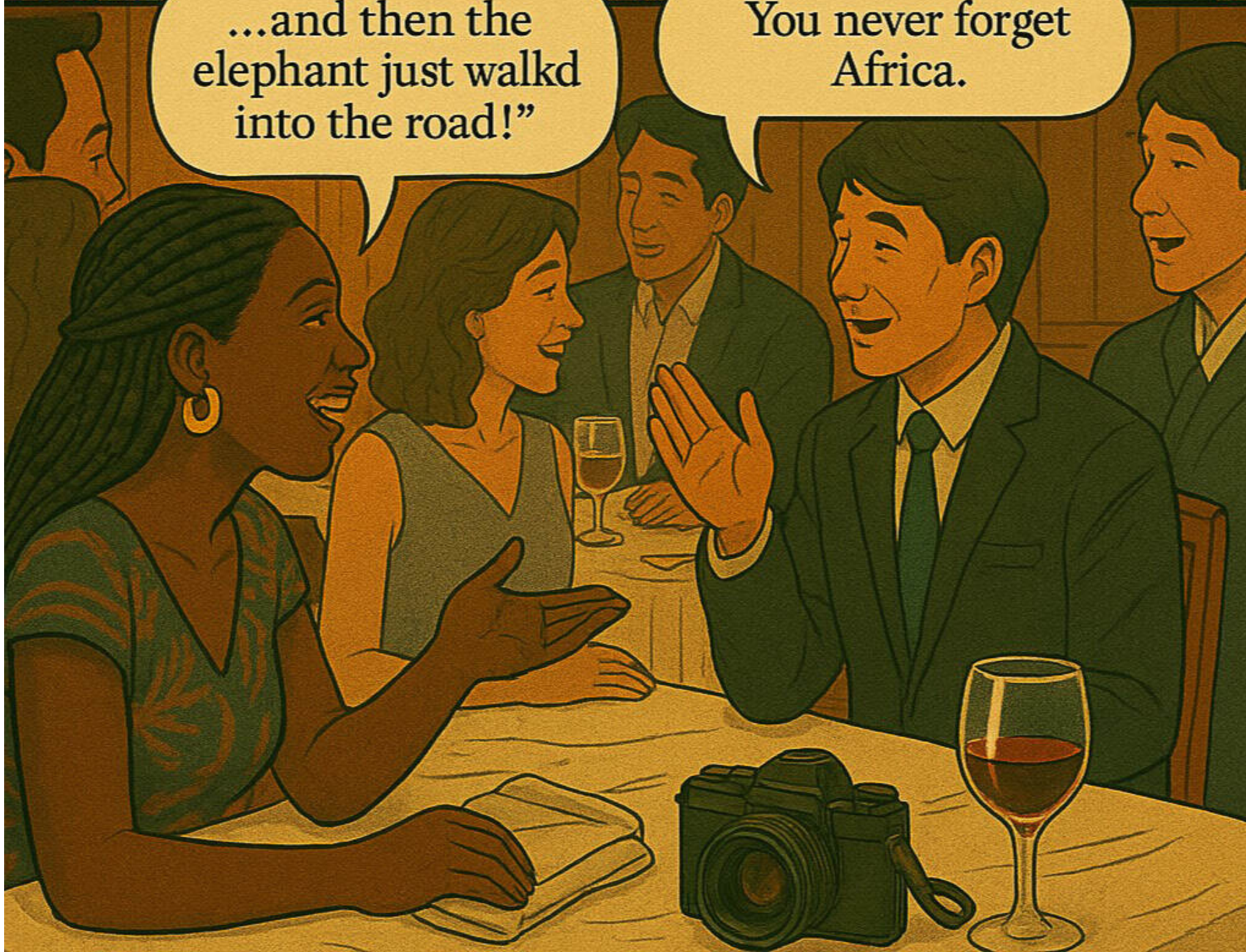
DINNER WITH THE WORLD





...and then the elephant just walkd into the road!"

You never forget Africa.



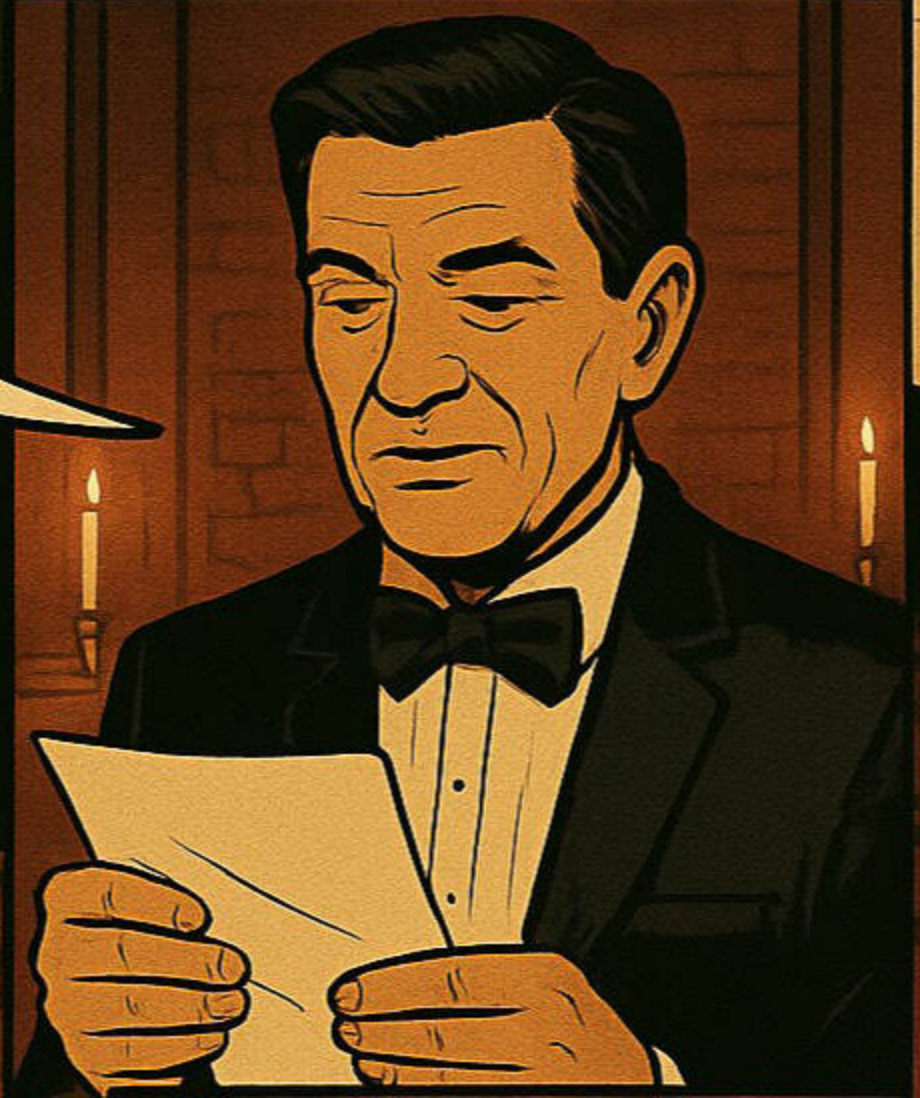


‘Service isn’t just about the food.
It’s about seeing someone.’

To the memories we carry,
the meals we share, and the voices
that bring us back to life.

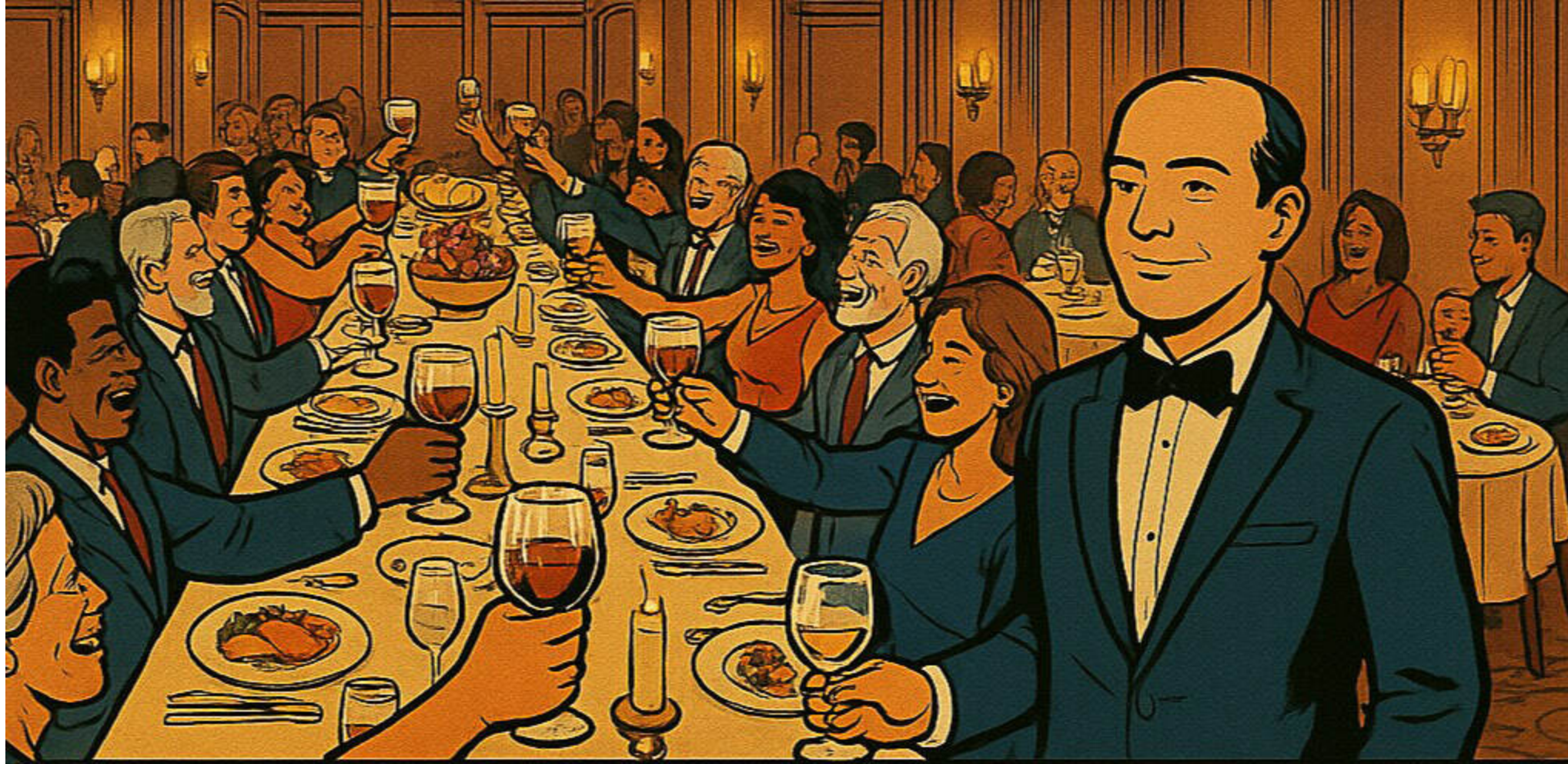


I wrote something..
...it's a bit rough,
but—



“Some of us travel to run.
Some to remember.
But when laughter echoes
across a shared table...
We all arrive somewhere new.”





CHAPTER 32

JOFF'S FINAL CURTAIN CALL

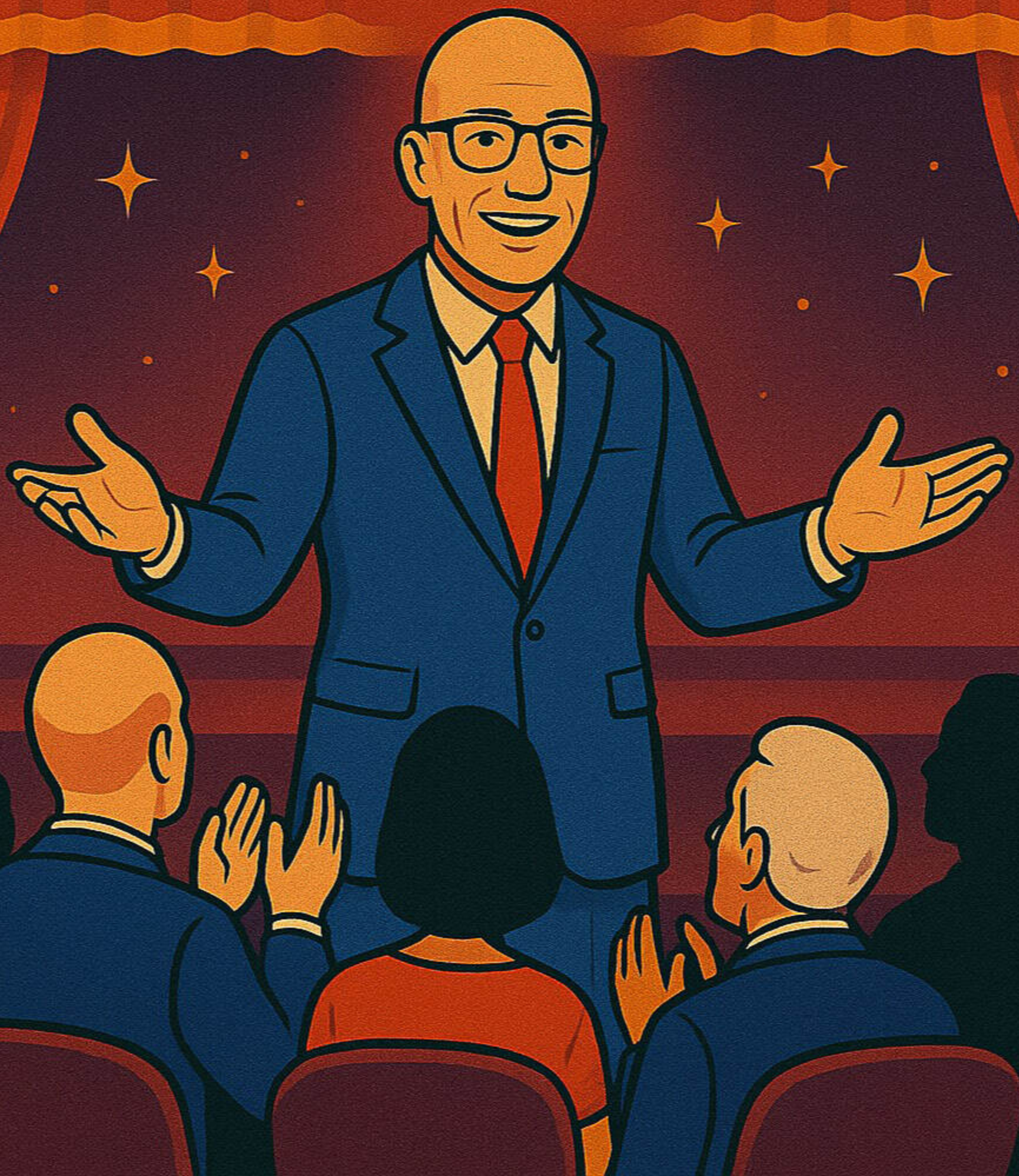
SETTING: ONBOARD THEATER – FINAL GALA SHOW



Guests cheer as
performers from around
the world take the stage



**Joff's final monologue:
"You came here as
passengers. You leave
as stories."**



**HE TURNS OFF
THE SPOTLIGHT,
EXITS STAGE LEFT.
BEHIND HIM:
THUNDEROUS
APPLAUSE**



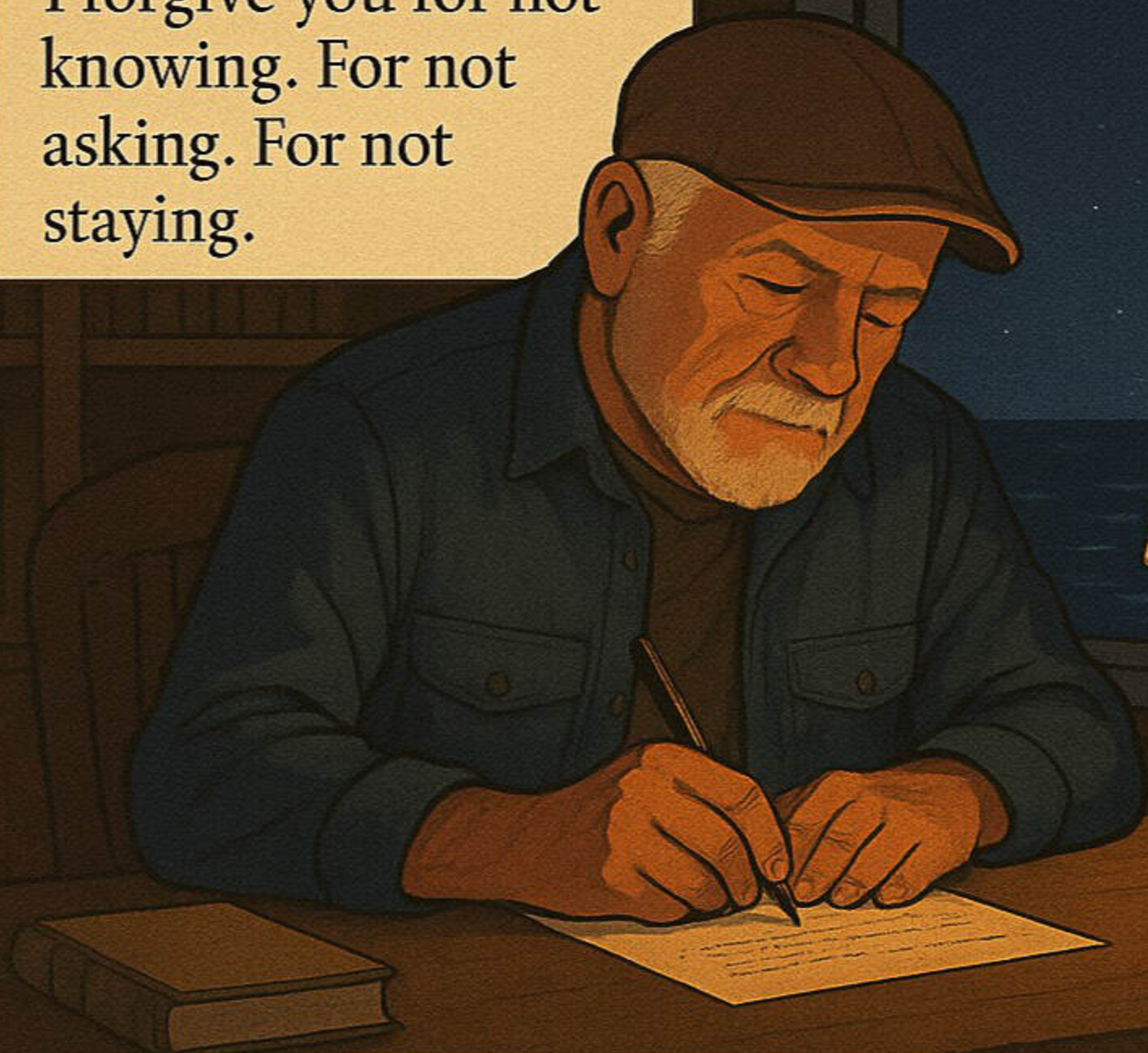
CHAPTER 33

LETTERS TO OURSELVES



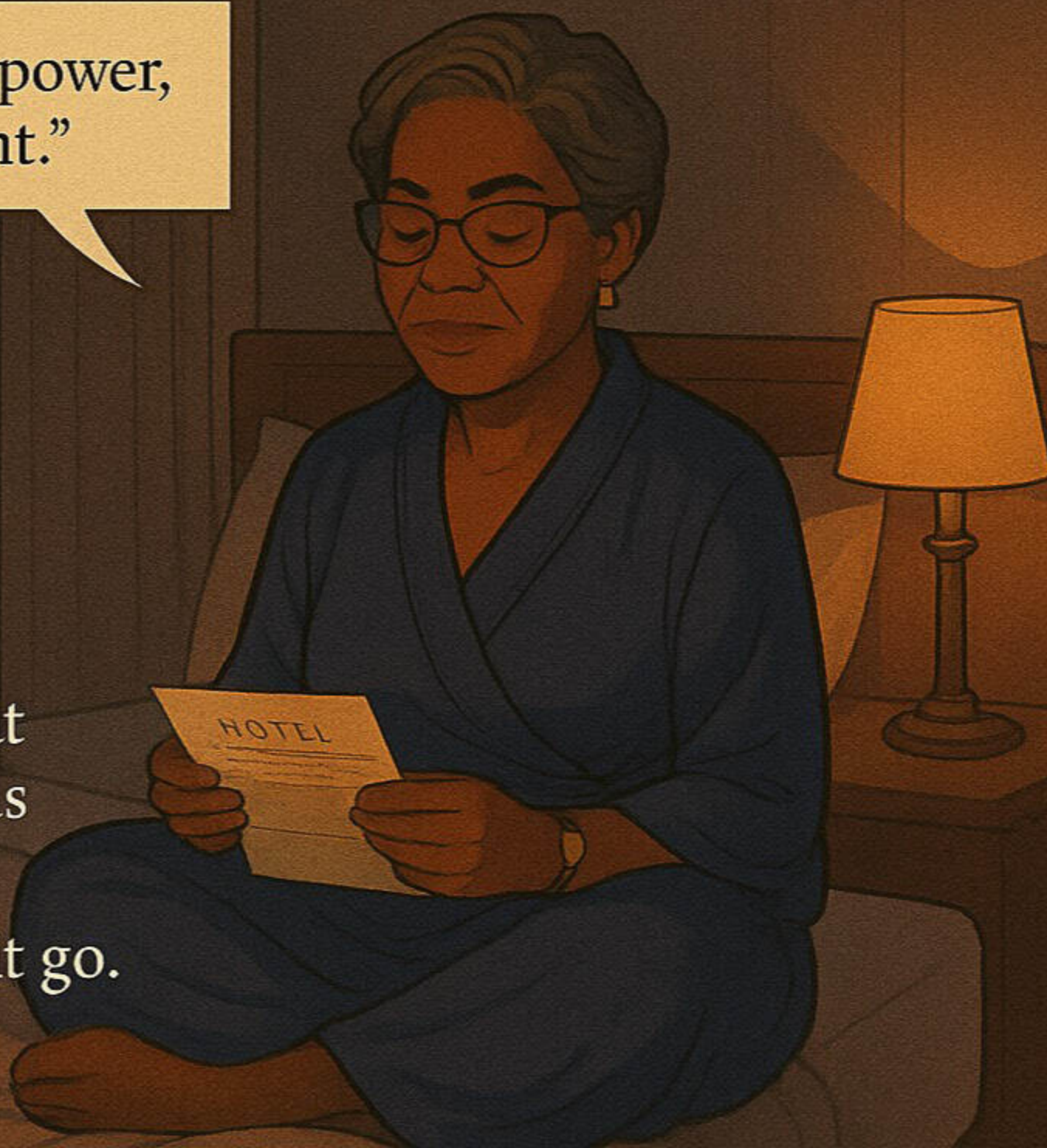
HALIFAX → NEW YORK → MIAMI

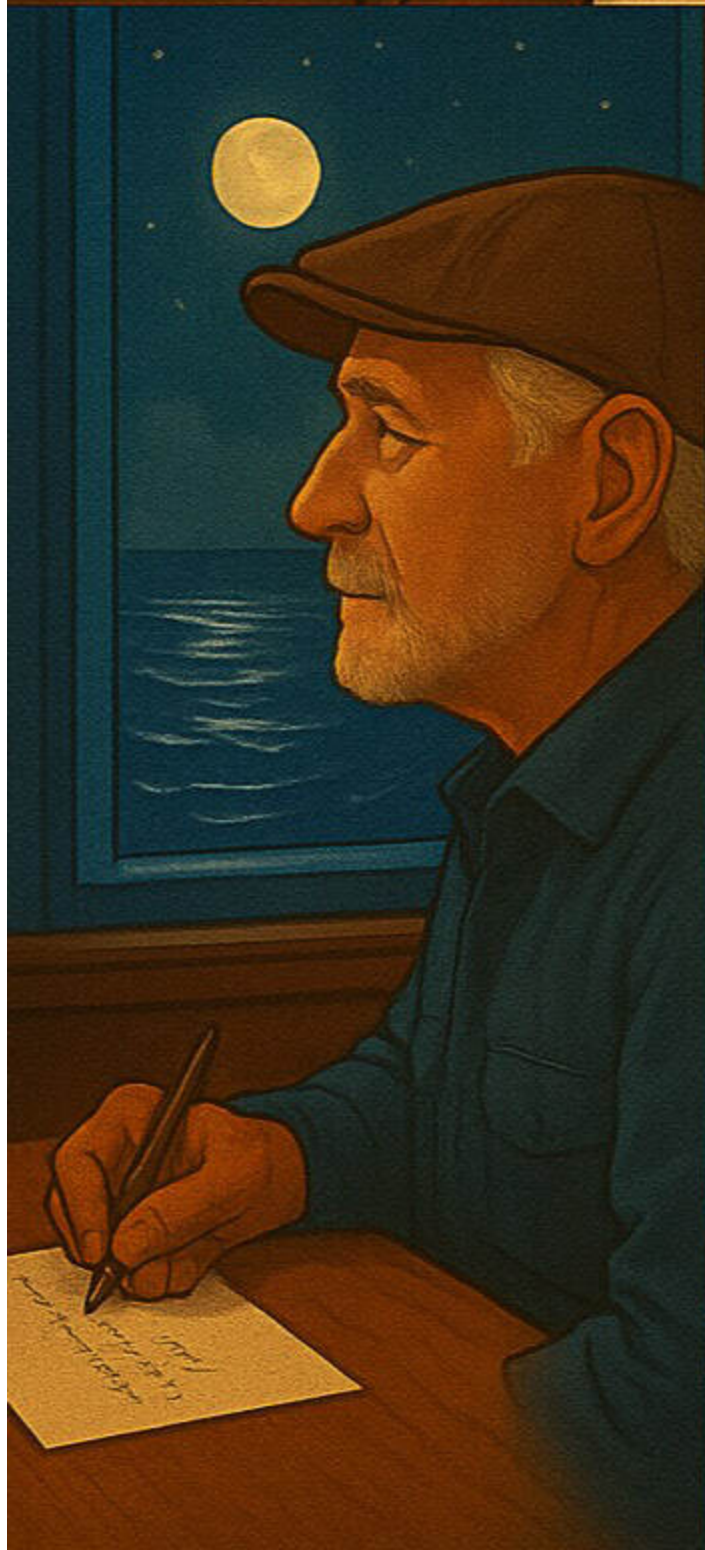
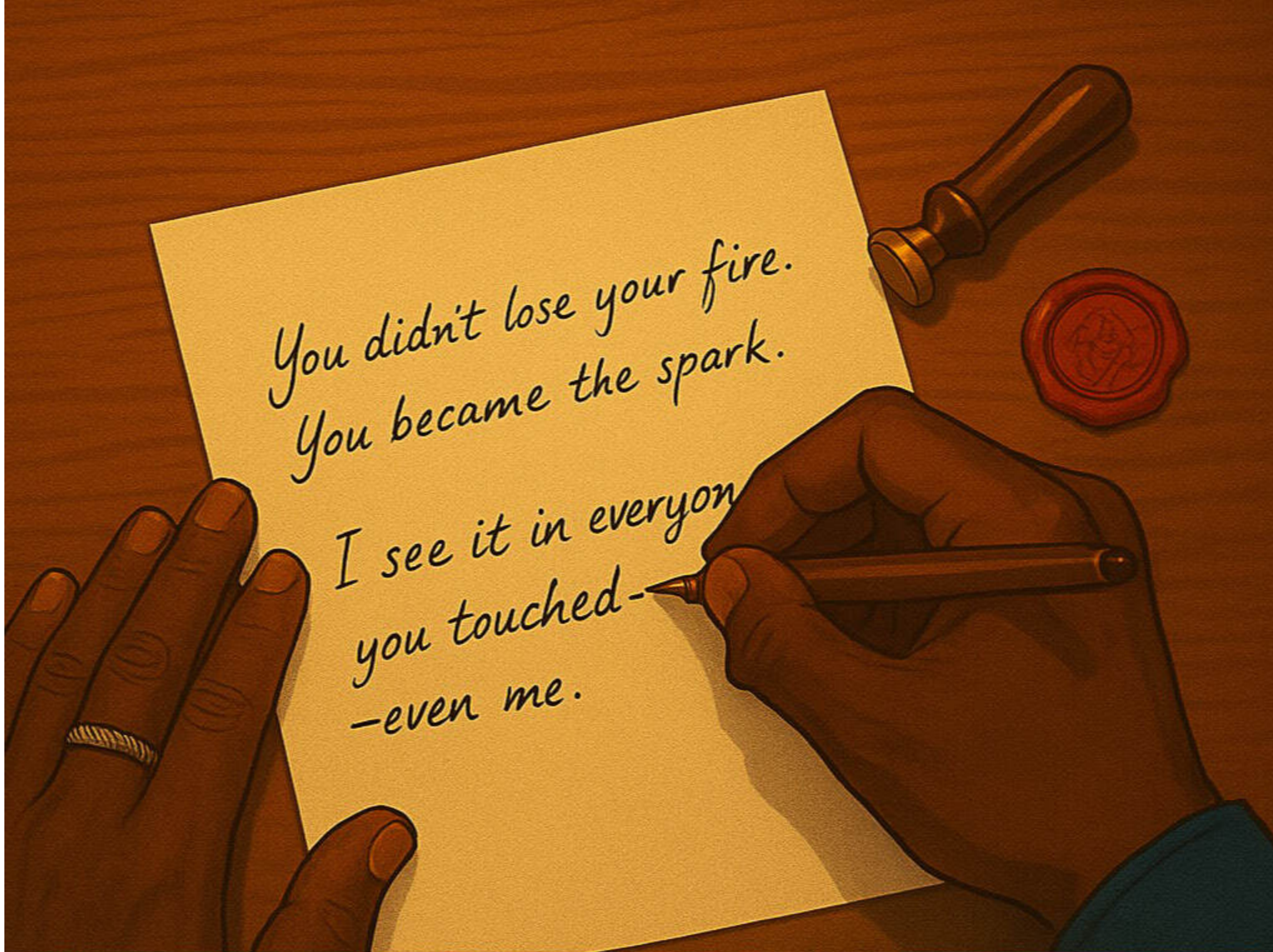
I forgive you for not knowing. For not asking. For not staying.



“Your silence is power, not punishment.”

But I carried that silence like it was mine to fix.
And I’m letting it go.







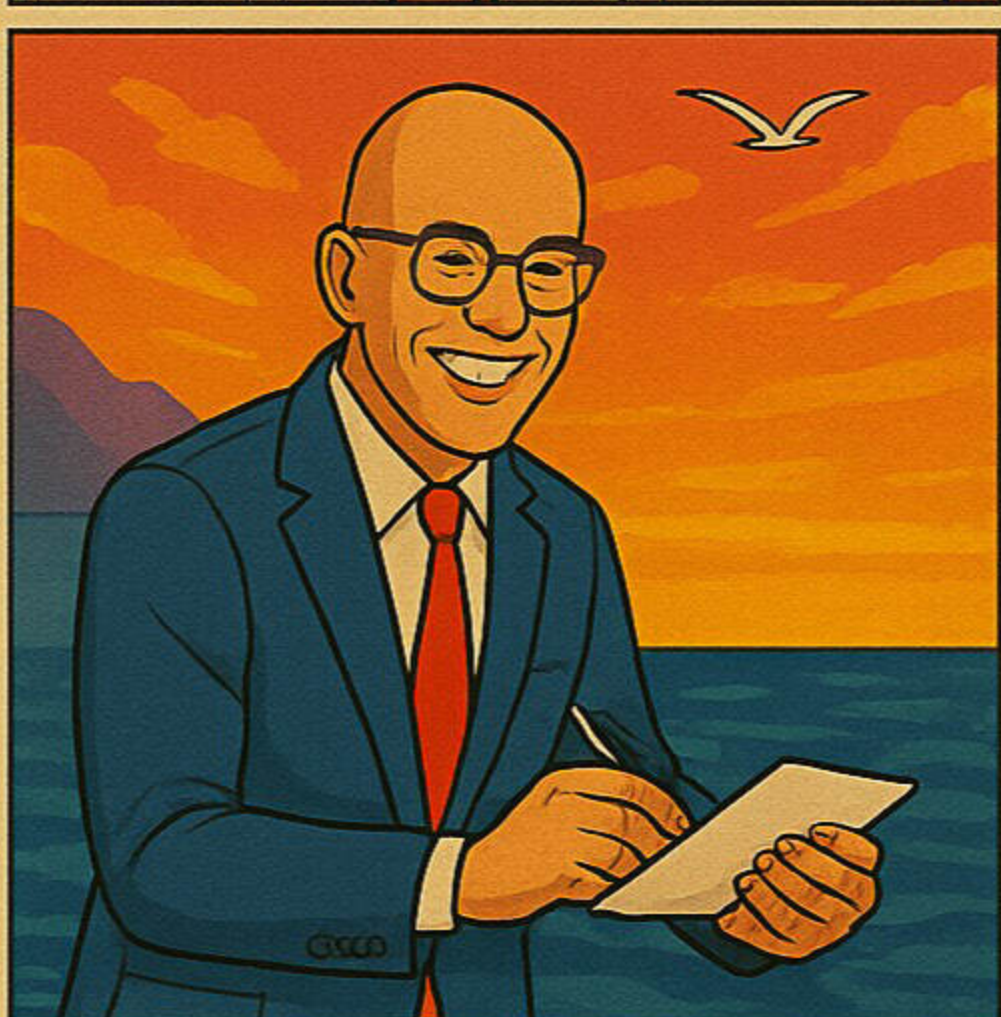
EPILOGUE

PORT OF ARRIVAL — THE REAL VOYAGE



ENDINGS AS INVITATIONS

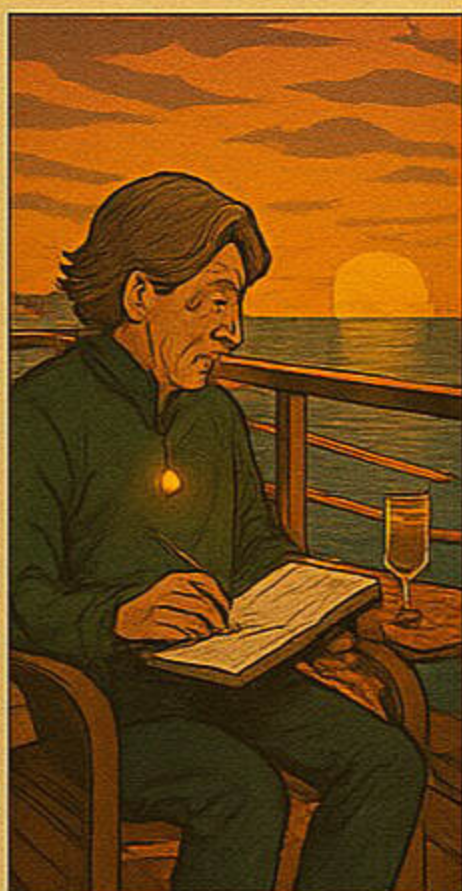




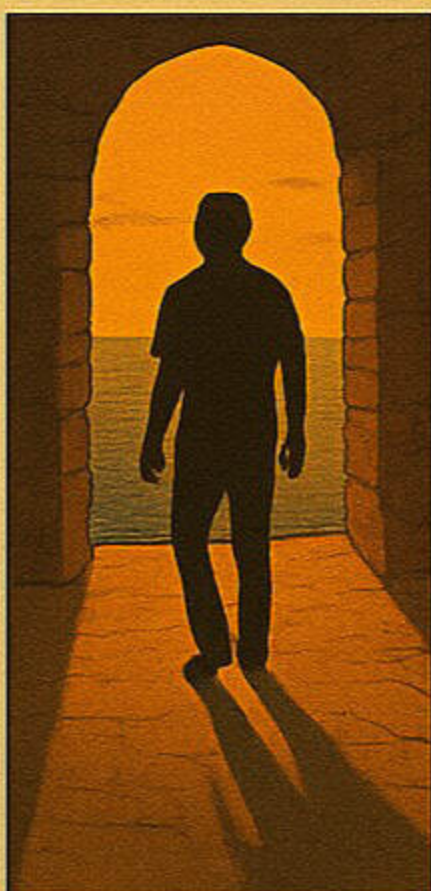
UNPACKING THE SOUL



ILLUSIONS IN REFLECTION



**SOLITUDE
IN THOUGHT**



**SHADOW
ON CAPE COAST**



**LONE FLAME
IN SYDNEY**

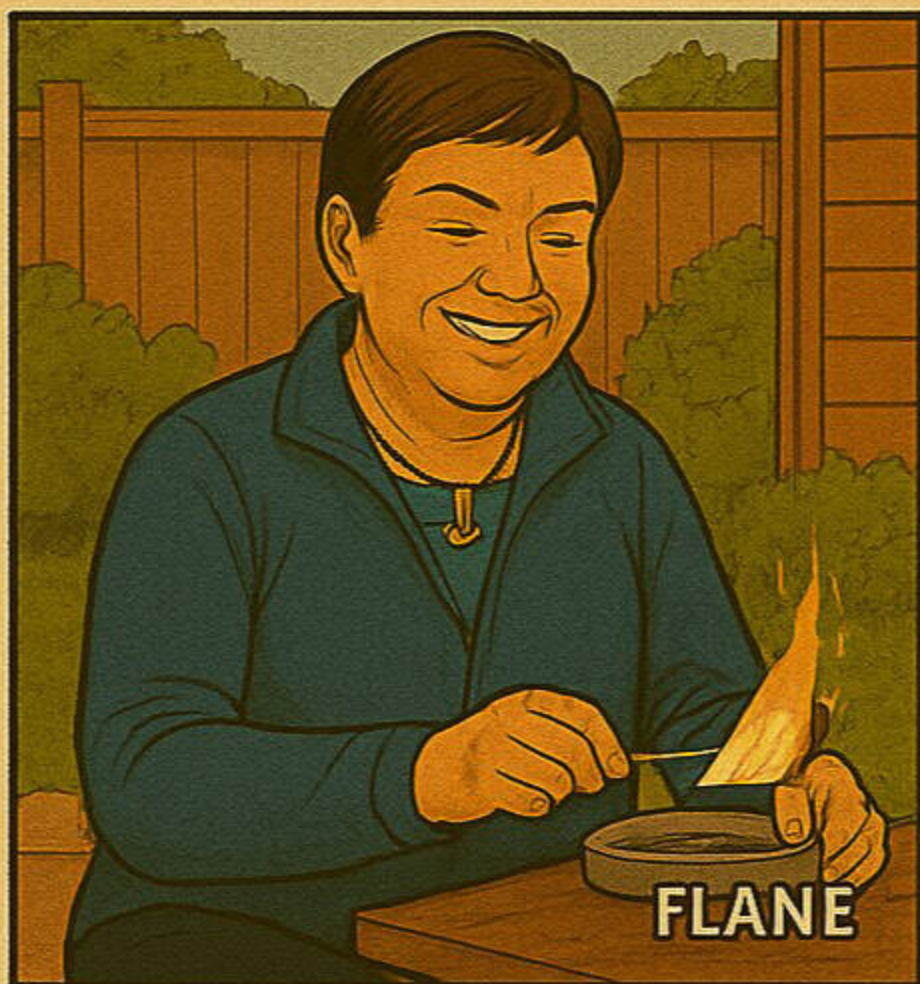
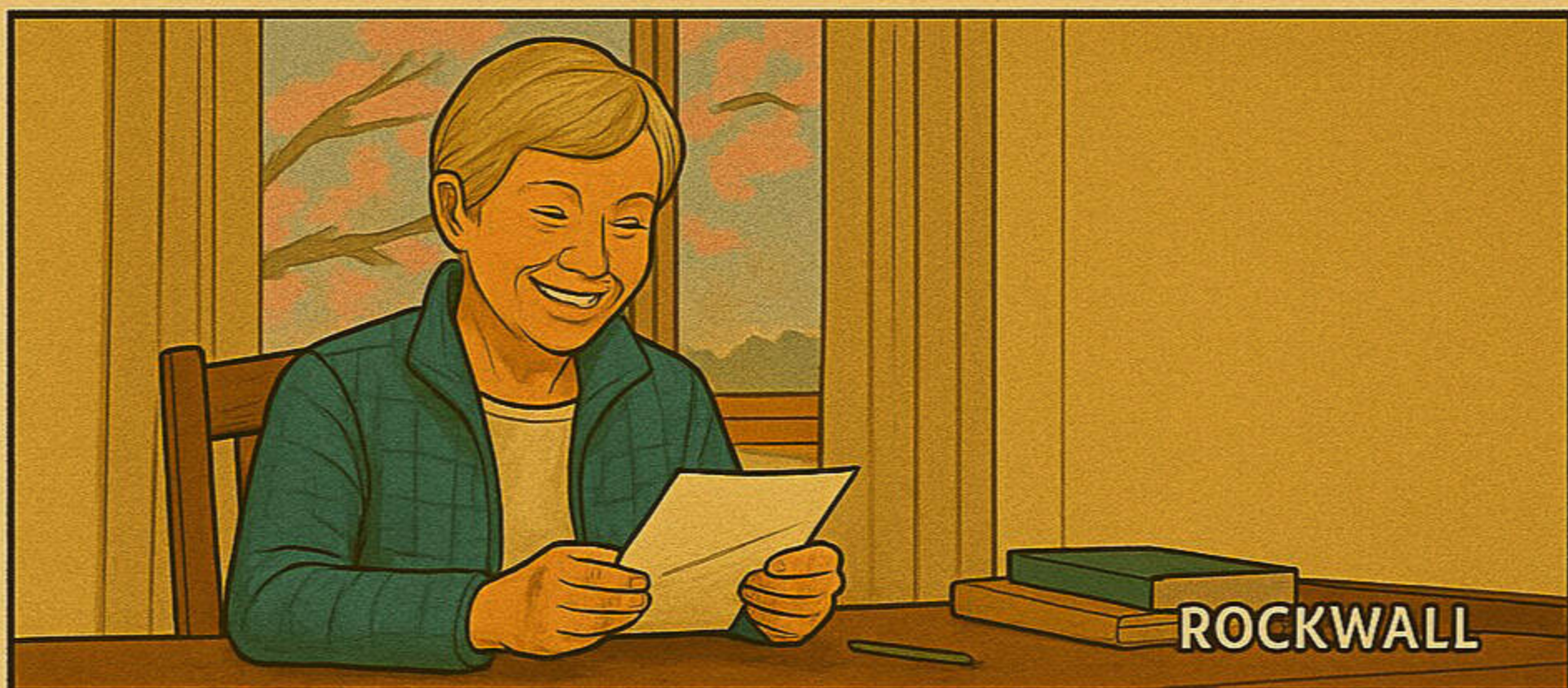


**THE LINE
BETWEEN THEN
AND NOW**

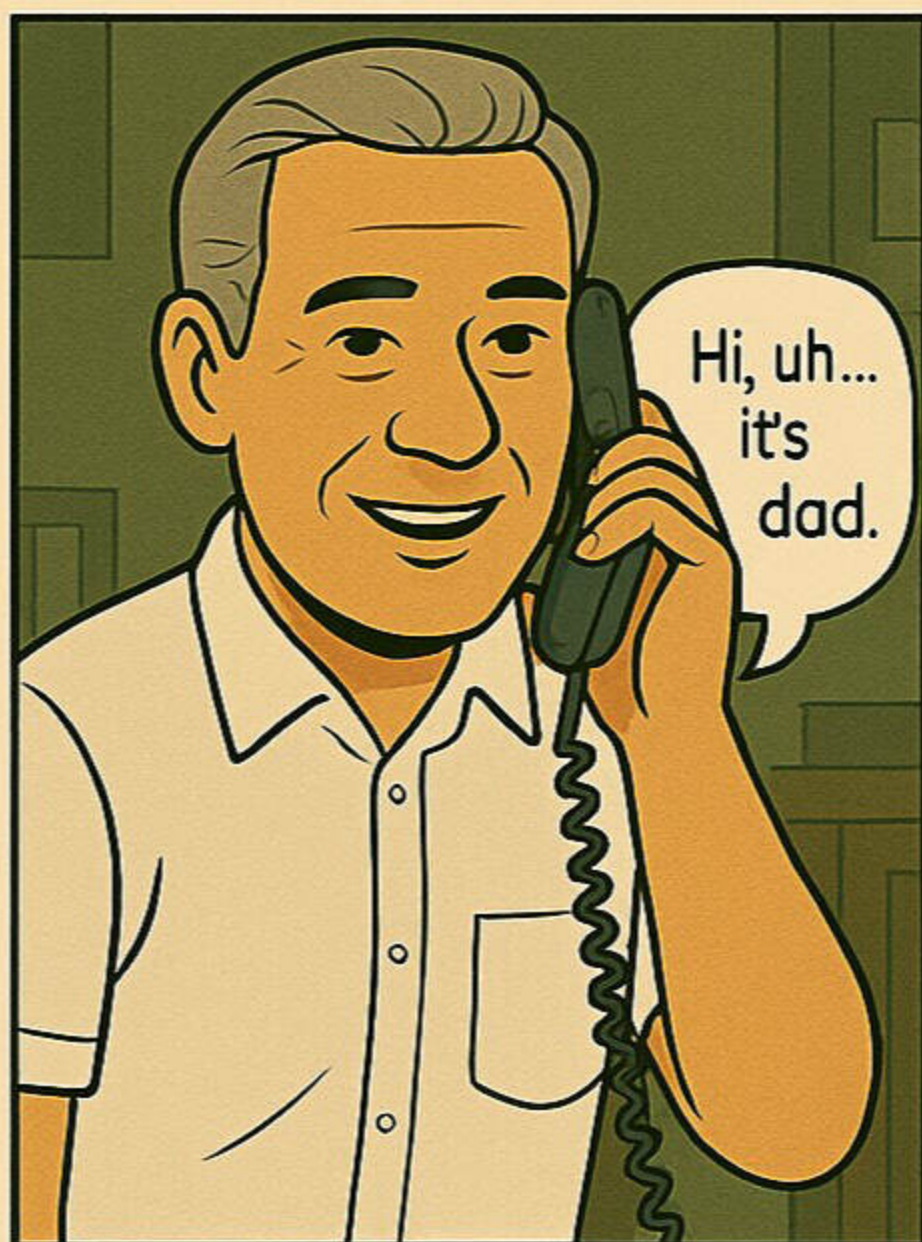


**THE DINNER
OF ECHOES**

LETTERS RECEIVED

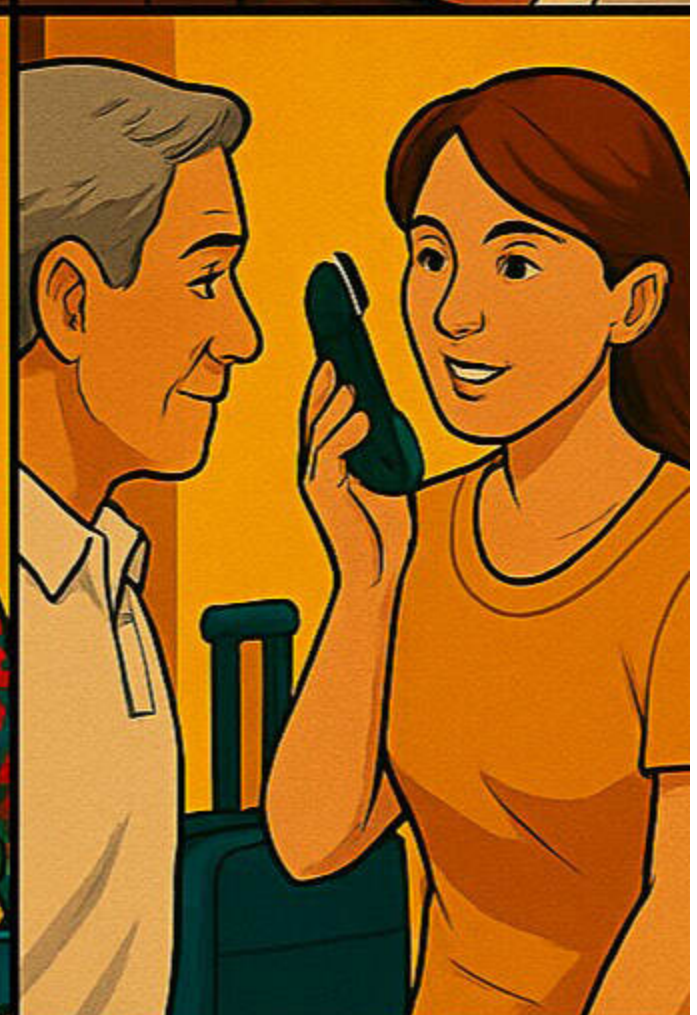
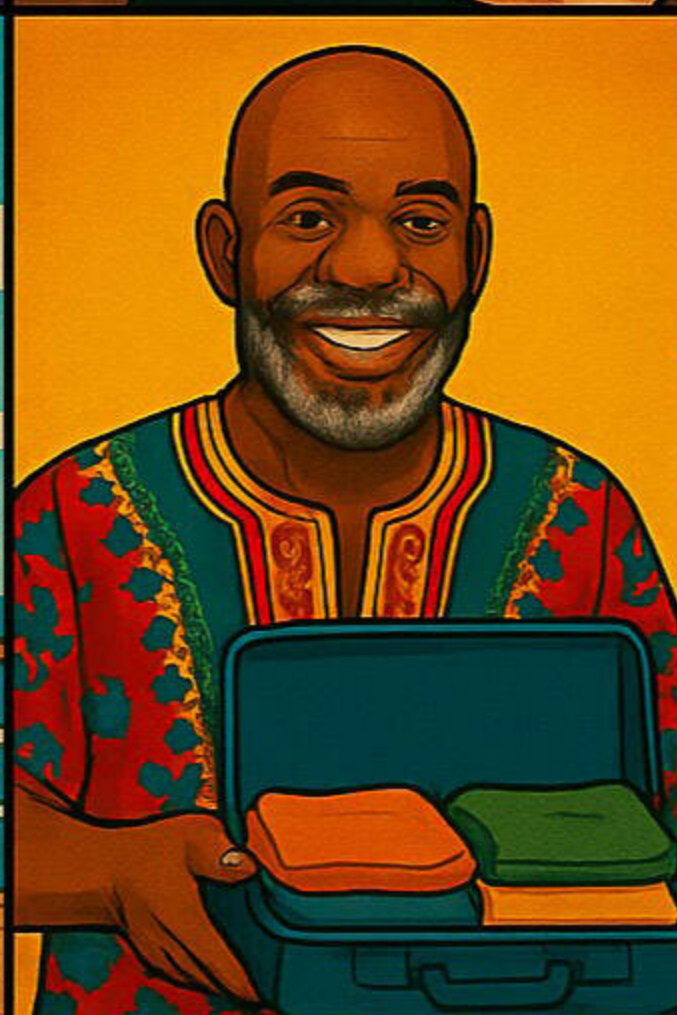


VOICEMAILS & MEMORIES

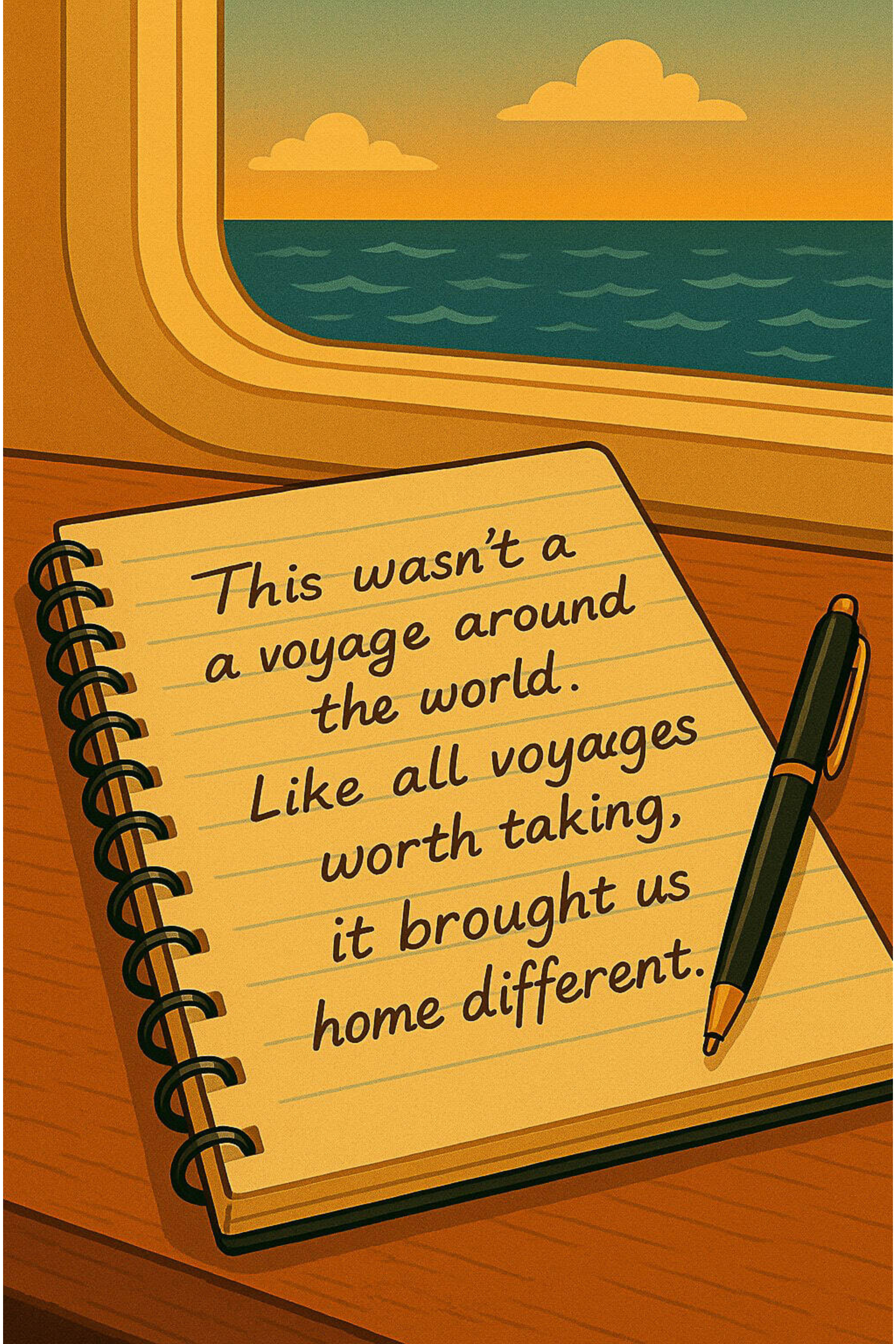




“To everyone I met
on that ship —
you showed me new
reflections. I’m not
who I was.
That’s the point.”



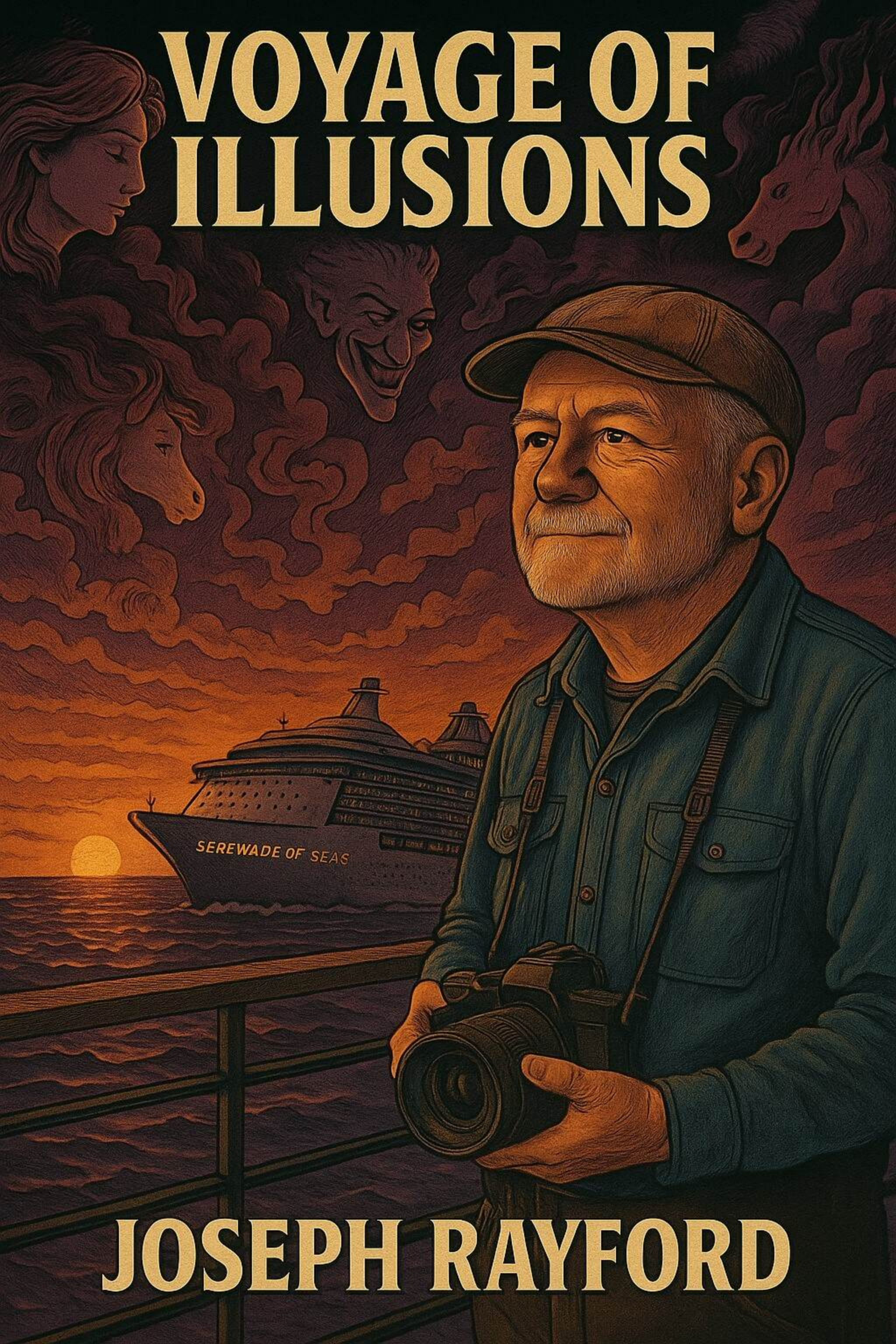


An illustration of a spiral-bound notebook with a black pen resting on it. The notebook is open to a page with lined paper. The text is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The background shows a ship's window looking out onto a blue ocean with white-capped waves under a warm, orange-hued sky with a few clouds. The ship's interior is made of light-colored wood.

This wasn't a
a voyage around
the world.

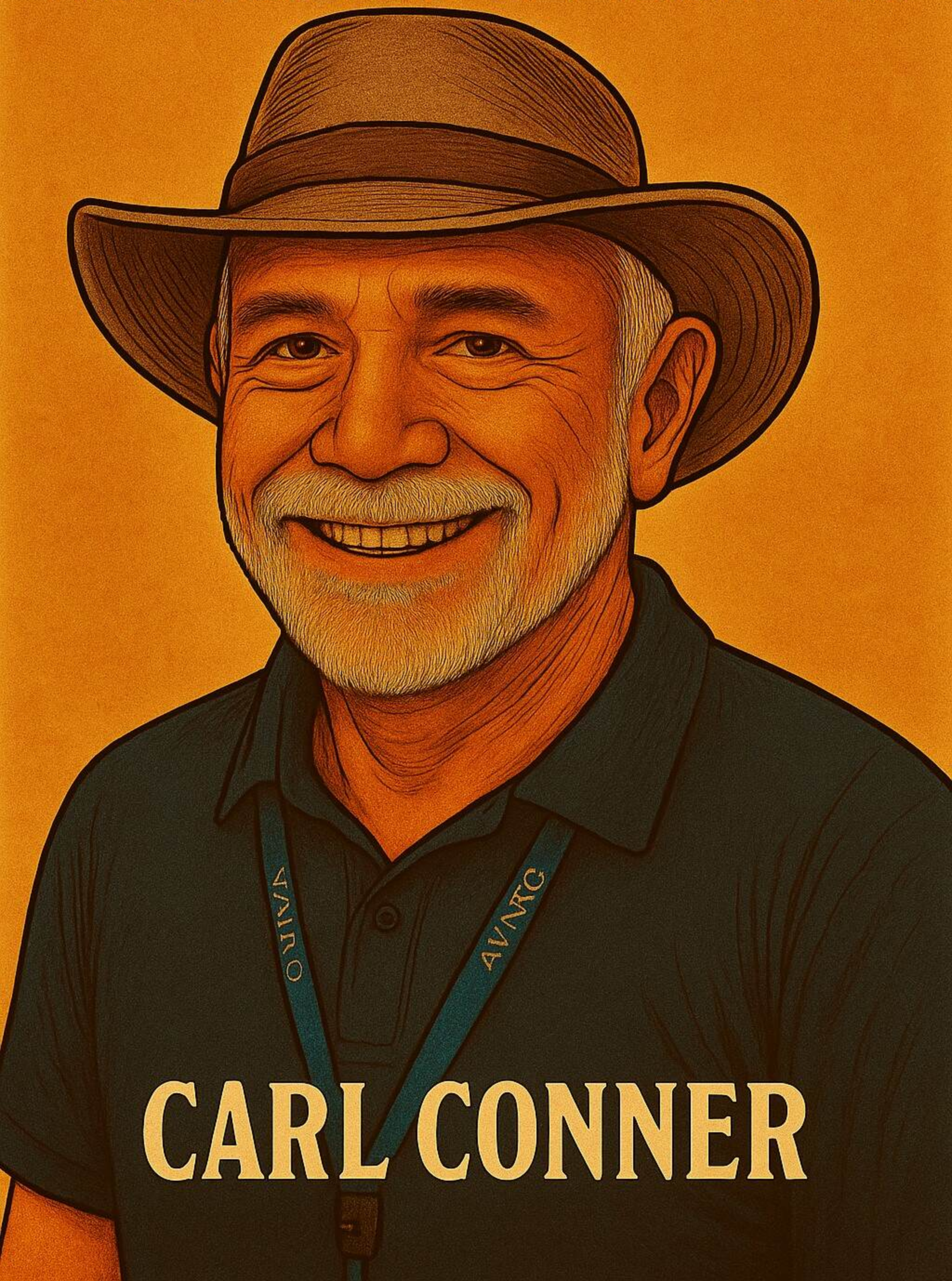
Like all voyages
worth taking,
it brought us
home different.

VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS



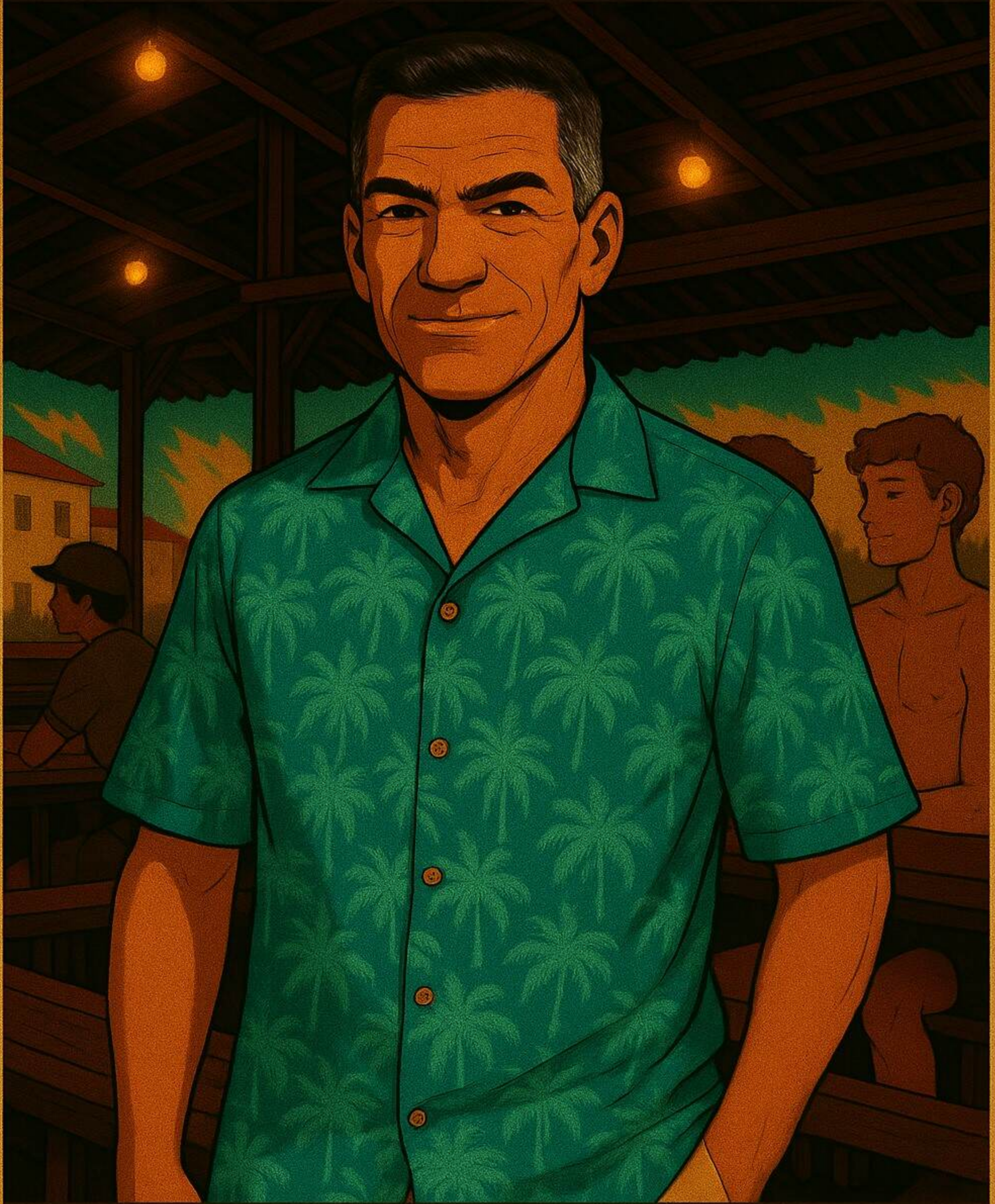
JOSEPH RAYFORD

VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS



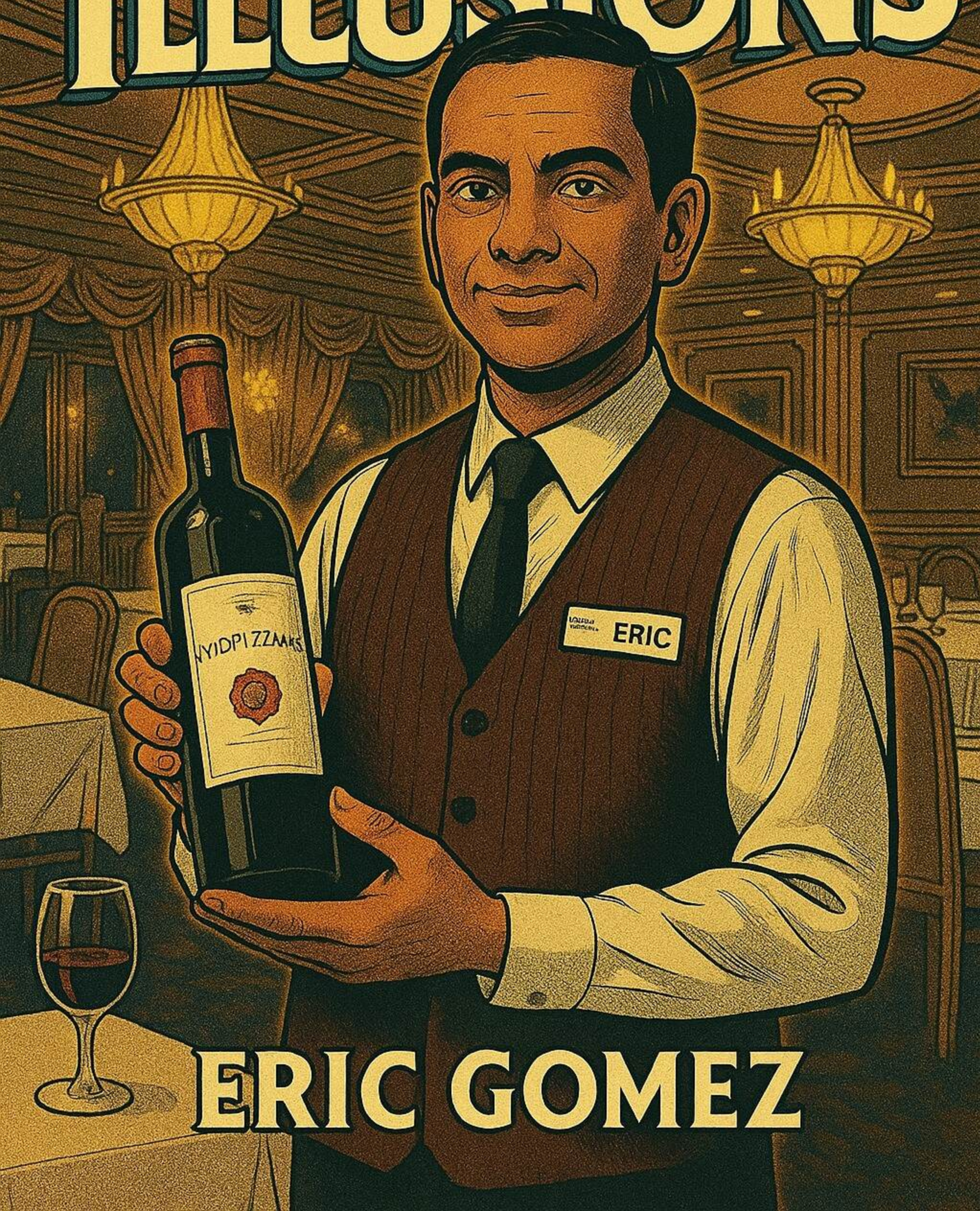
CARL CONNER

VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS



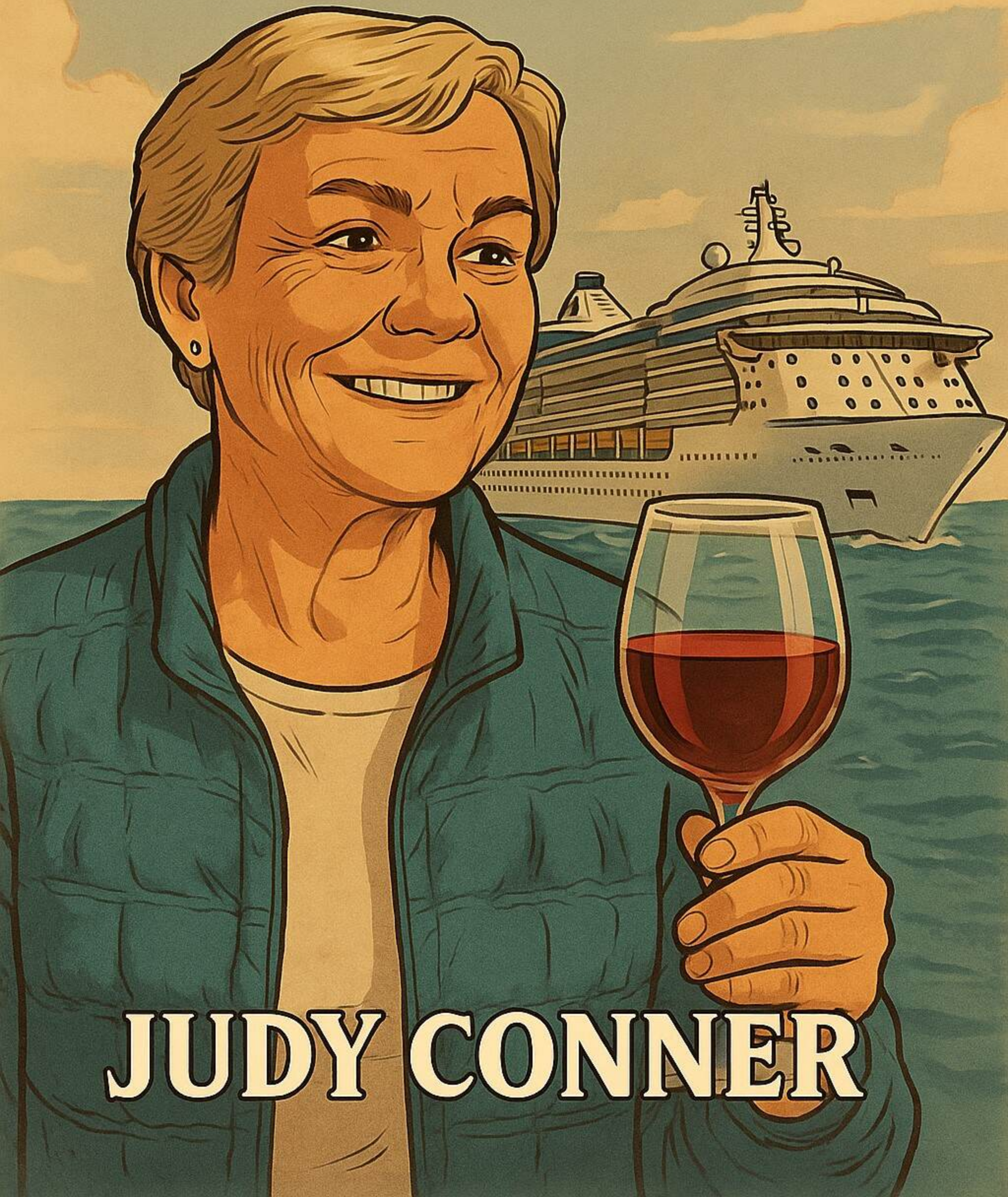
CHUCK BAILEY

VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS



ERIC GOMEZ

VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS



JUDY CONNER

VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS



LIU CHEN
GUEST SERVICES OFFICER

VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS



LOIS BAILEY

VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS



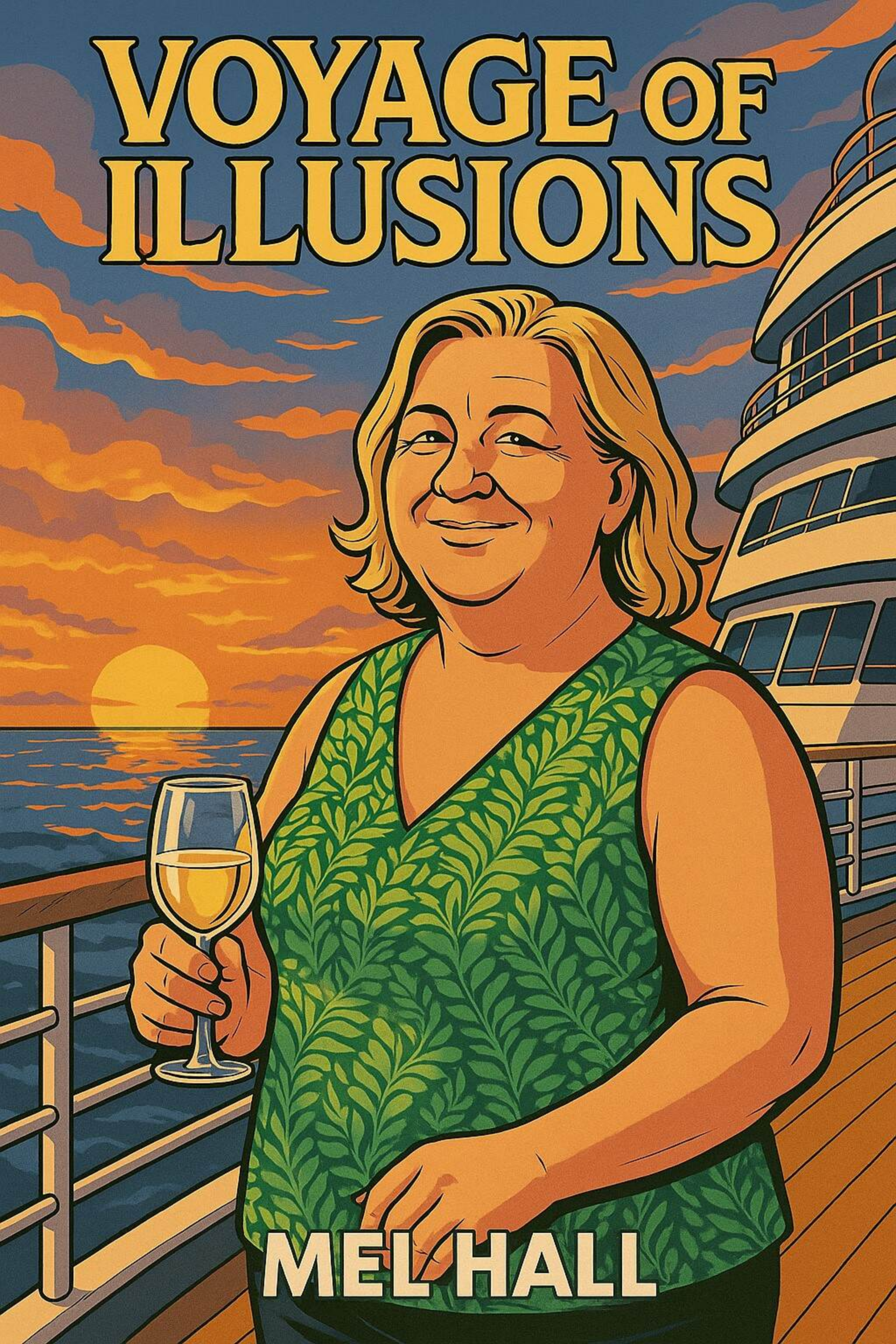
**MARCELINO,
HOUSEKEEPING**

VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS



MAURA
CONNELLY

VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS

A stylized illustration of a woman with blonde hair, smiling, standing on the deck of a cruise ship. She is wearing a green sleeveless top with a leaf pattern and holding a glass of white wine. The background features a sunset over the ocean with a large sun and a multi-decked cruise ship visible on the right.

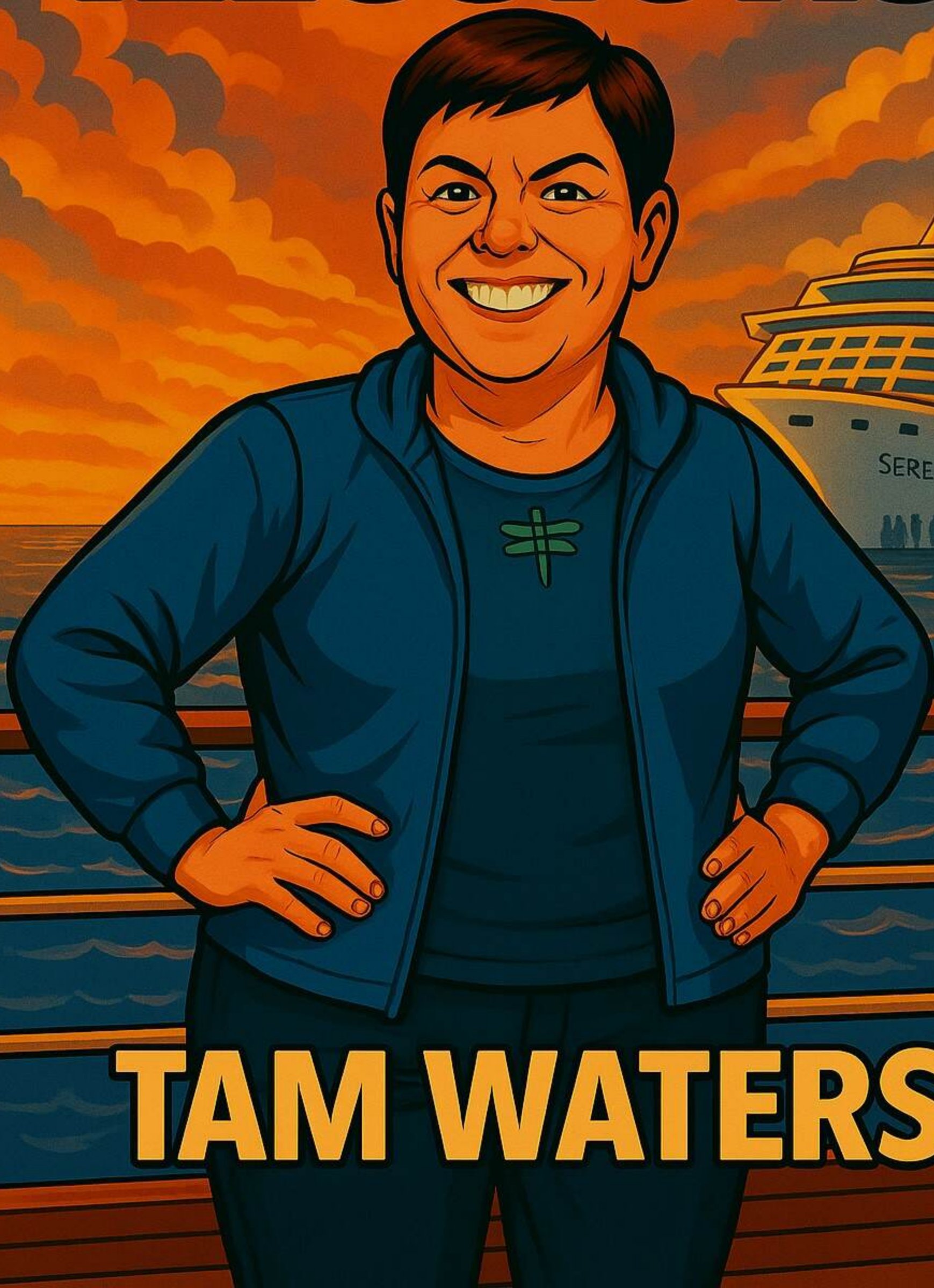
MEL HALL

VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS



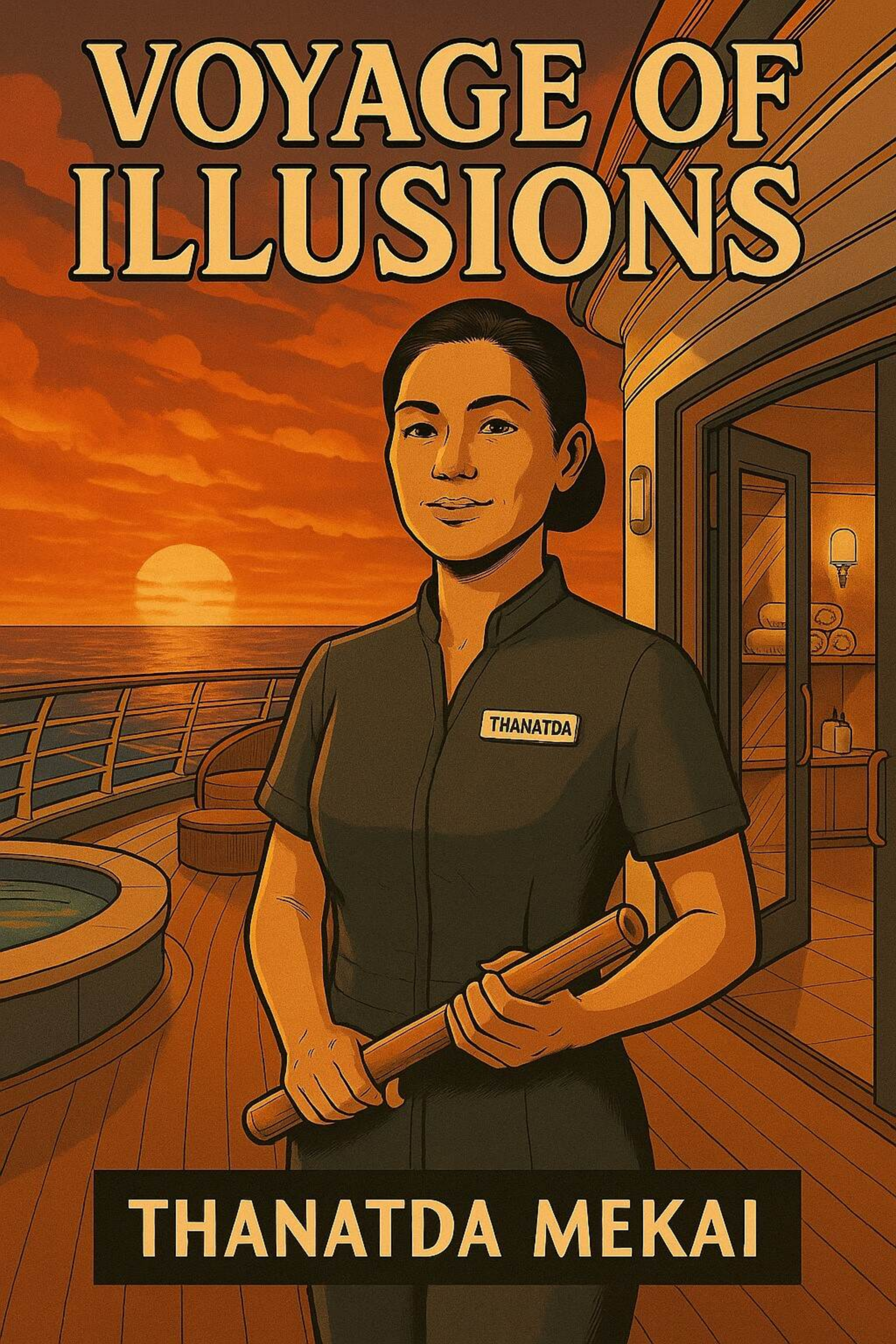
Michelle' Domina

VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS



TAM WATERS

VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS

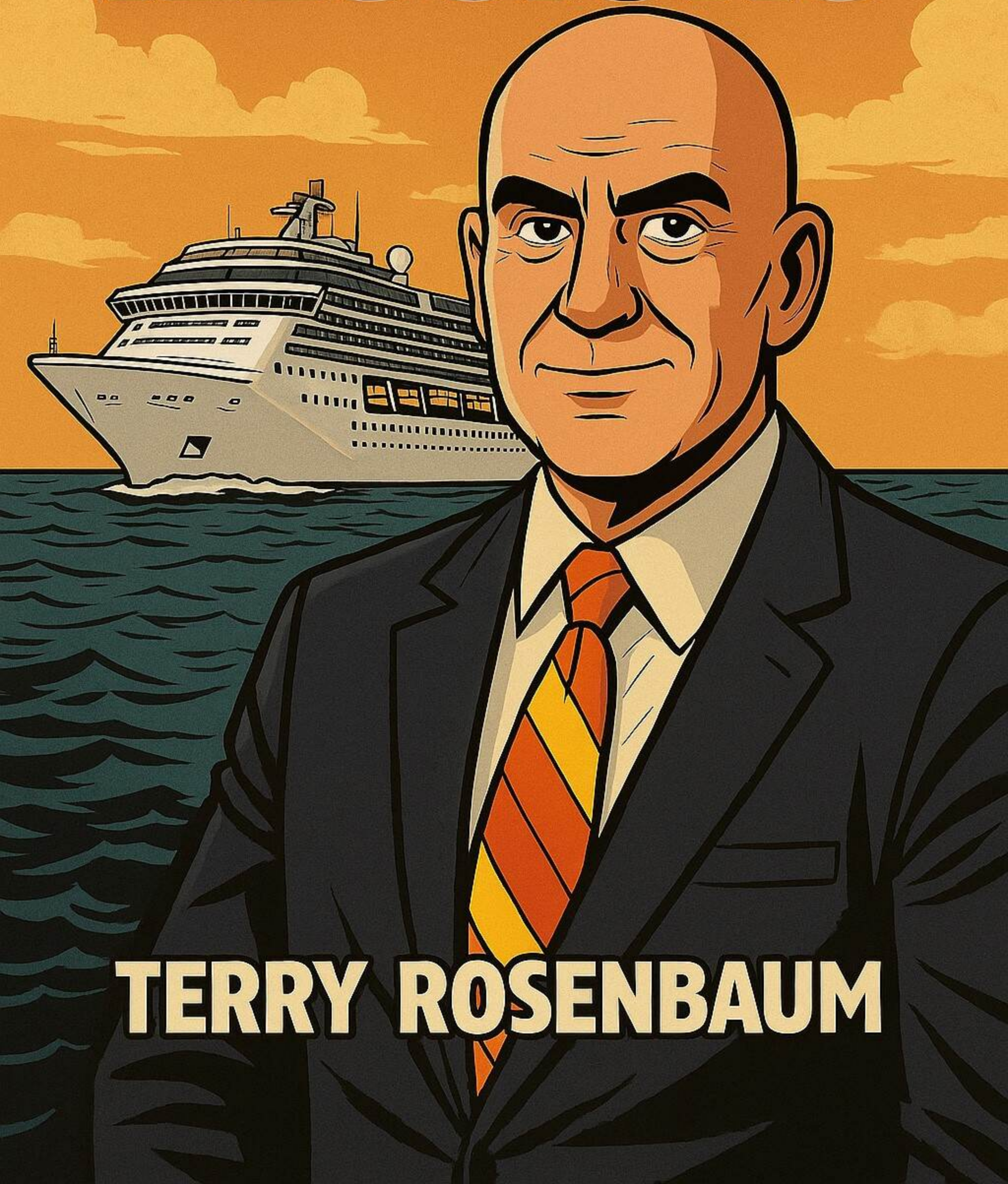


THANATDA MEKAI

VOYAGE OF
ILLUSIONS

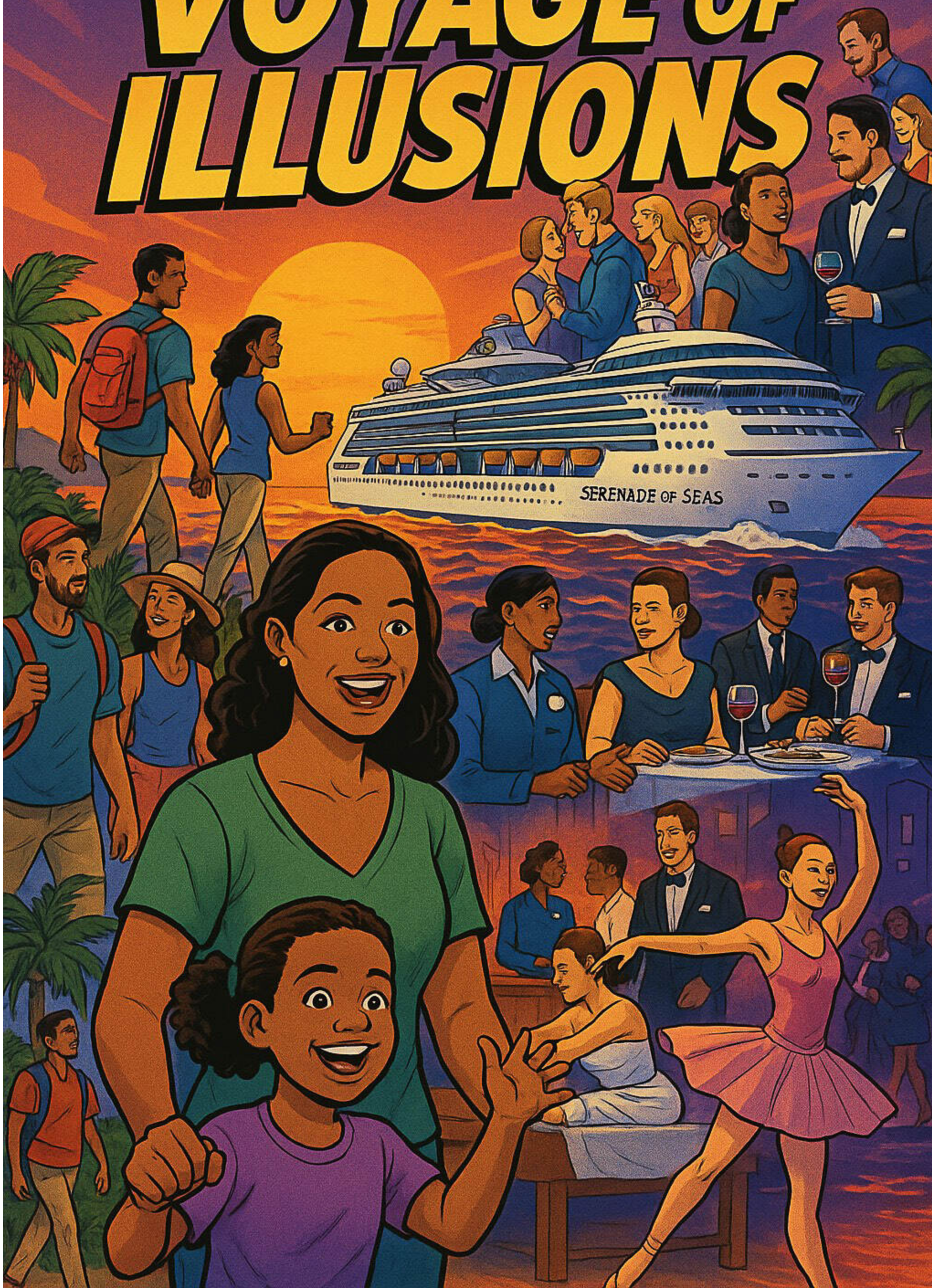
BEATRICE VANDIVER

VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS



TERRY ROSENBAUM

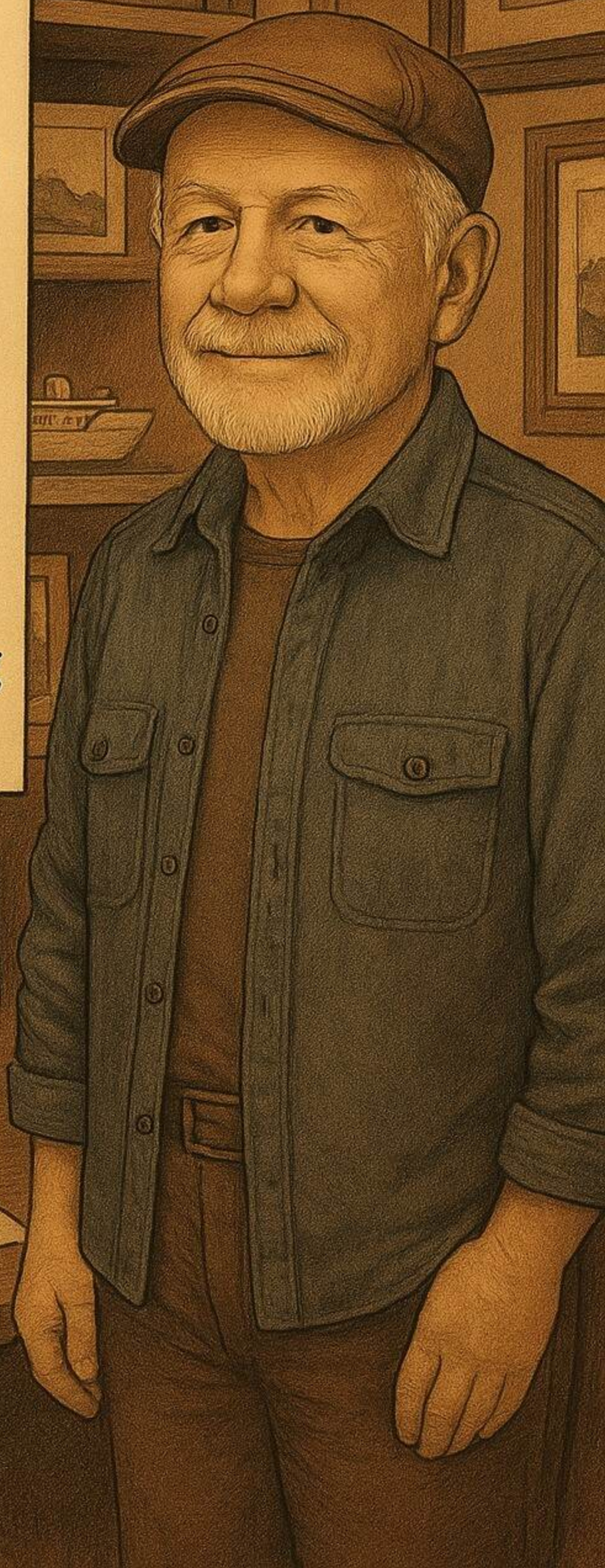
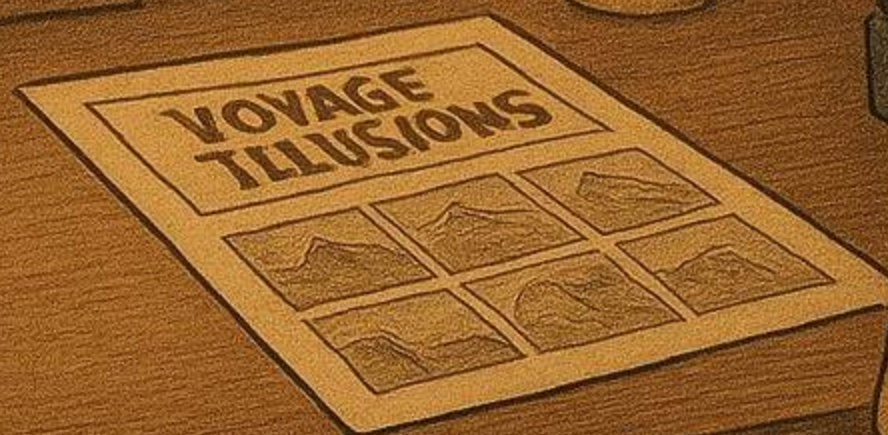
VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS



About Me

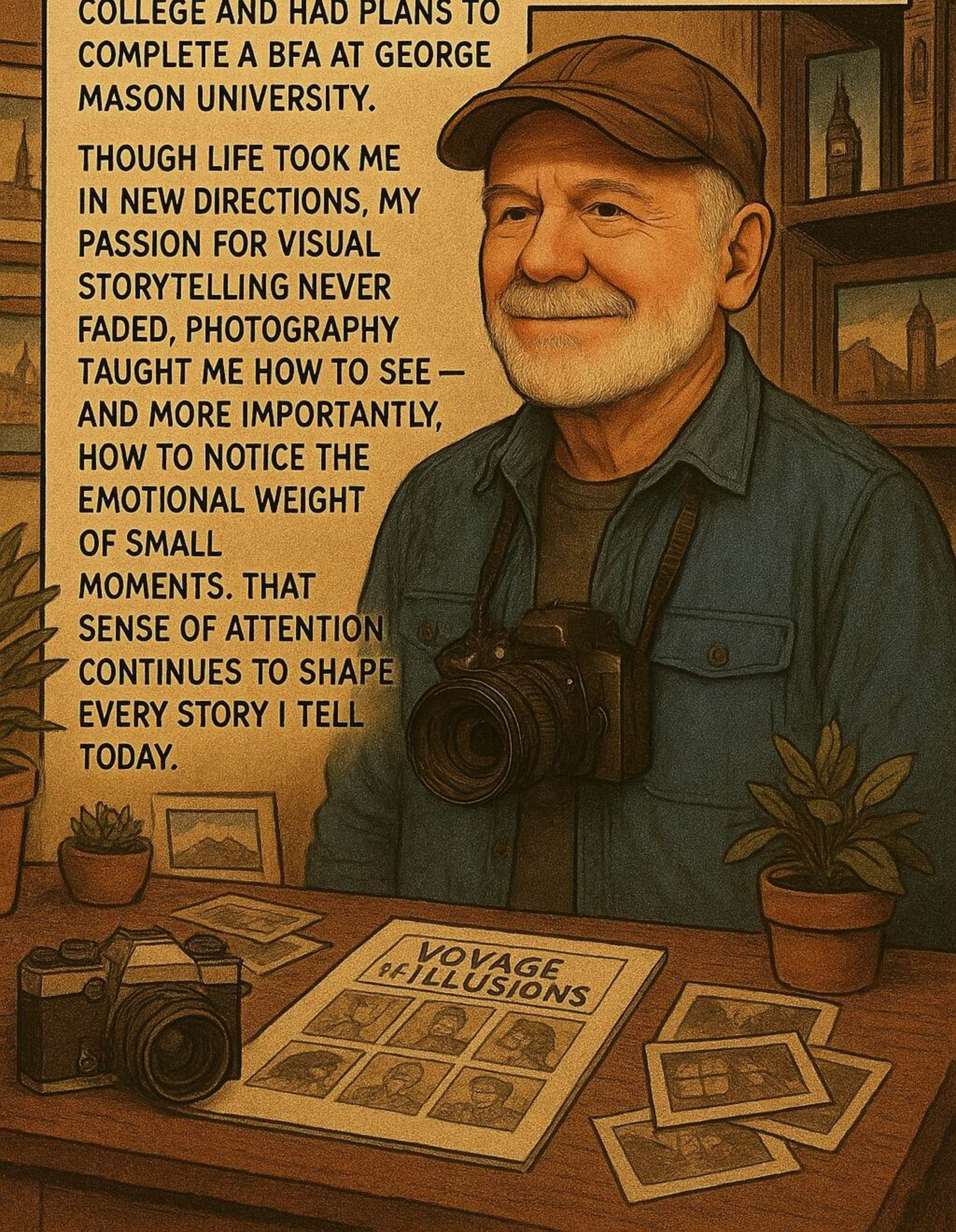
Welcome, I'm Joseph F. Thompson— a visual storyteller, and the author of the upcoming graphic novel *Voyage of Illusions*.

My life and work are driven by a deep belief in the power of observation, memory, and the art of capturing truth through fiction.



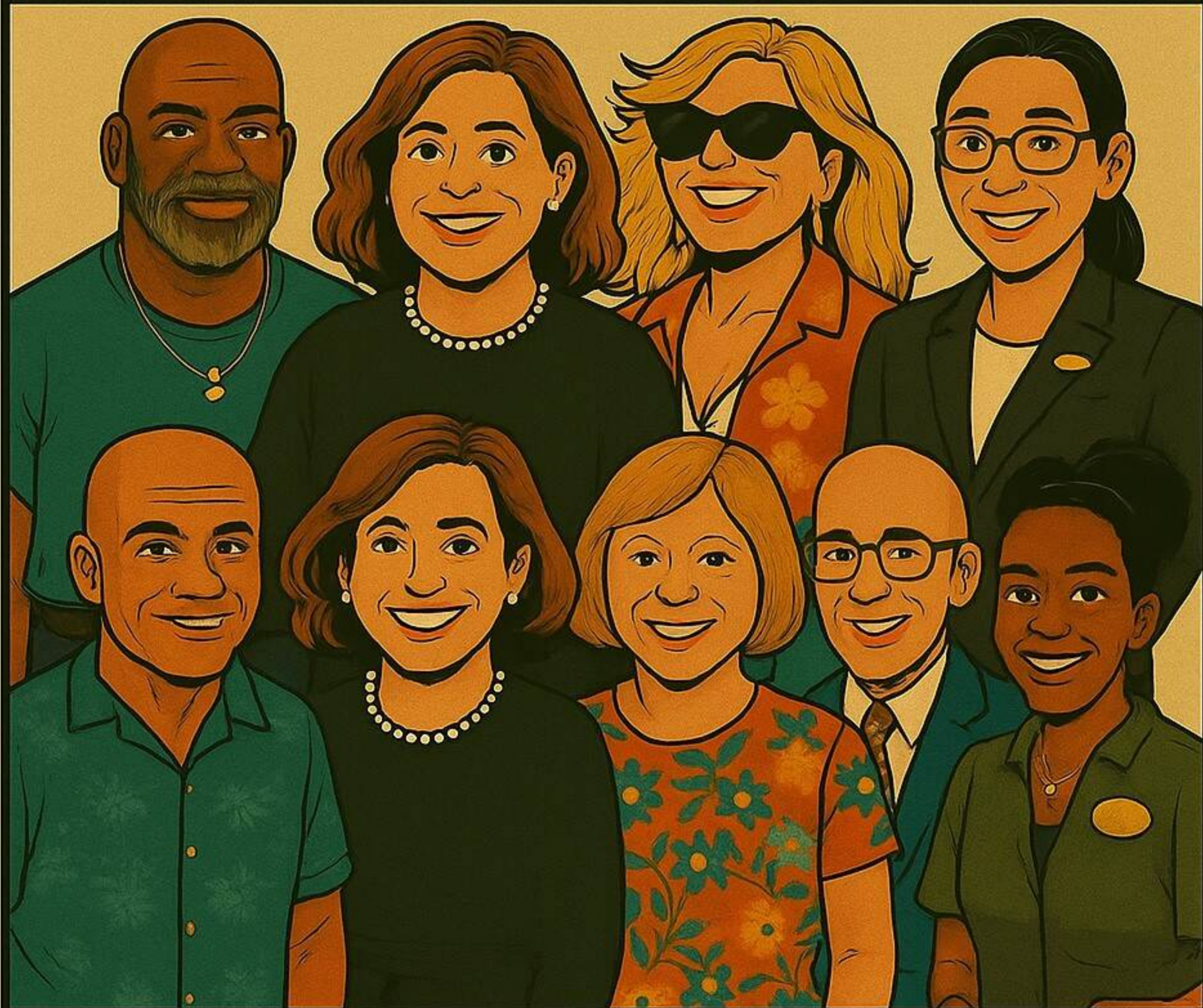
I BEGAN MY CREATIVE JOURNEY STUDYING ART AND VISUAL TECHNOLOGY WITH A CONCENTRATION IN PHOTOGRAPHY AT NORTHERN VIRGINIA COMMUNITY COLLEGE AND HAD PLANS TO COMPLETE A BFA AT GEORGE MASON UNIVERSITY.

THOUGH LIFE TOOK ME IN NEW DIRECTIONS, MY PASSION FOR VISUAL STORYTELLING NEVER FADED, PHOTOGRAPHY TAUGHT ME HOW TO SEE — AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, HOW TO NOTICE THE EMOTIONAL WEIGHT OF SMALL MOMENTS. THAT SENSE OF ATTENTION CONTINUES TO SHAPE EVERY STORY I TELL TODAY.



DISCLAIMER

THIS GRAPHIC NOVEL IS A WORK OF ART. WHILE IT DRAWS FROM REAL EVENTS AND REAL PEOPLE, IT HAS BEEN DRAMATIZED FOR STORYTELLING PURPOSES. ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ACTUAL EVENTS OR INDIVIDUALS IS INTENTIONAL—BUT ENTIRELY FICTIONALIZED.



VOYAGE OF ILLUSIONS

