

Voyage of Shadows: Murder on the S.S. Normandie

●●●by Dana●●●

Author Notes: The prologue was named after an autobiographical work by Christie, so I like the symmetry of the epilogue being named after her semi-autobiographical work. Unfinished portrait? Could this be the start of a new universe? If so, heaven help me! If not, I hope you enjoyed the story and that the epilogue brings some closure...or a jumping off point for your imagination. The symmetry of posting it on the anniversary of the actual final landing of the SS *Normandie* makes me happy, too. Add in the fact that it's my birthday, my Jixaversary, and the 1-year anniversary of when I began posting this story, and my geeky heart is bursting with symmetrical happiness. *g* Many, many thanks to Julia, Mary, and Susan for taking this journey with me and providing such wonderful edits. Word count: 211.

Epilogue: Unfinished Portrait

August 28, 1939

Approaching New York Harbor, Manhattan, New York City, New York

As the seven friends stood together on the Promenade Deck, it was bittersweet seeing the skyline of New York come into view as the magnificent ship approached Manhattan's Pier 88. So many exciting things lay ahead for all of them, but it was hard to say good-bye to friends who had come to mean so much. Friends who had been through so much together in such a short time. Friends who were definitely fox-hole material.

It would be lovely if Honey's parents did buy that country house out in Westchester, especially if it was near Jim's great uncle—assuming the elder Frayne took Jim and Dan on as charges. Peter Belden could easily find employment in finance in Westchester, allowing him to remain on the East Coast while escaping the rat race of New York City. In rural Westchester, Di's family could establish that farm Mr. Lynch dreamed of.

How wonderful it would be if they could all end up as neighbors in Sleepyside-on-Hudson. It was a glorious dream, one that they all held tight to as the ship drew nearer and nearer to the land of opportunity.

After all...

Sometimes, dreams do come true.

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