

a journey with Vincent
A graphic novel/story

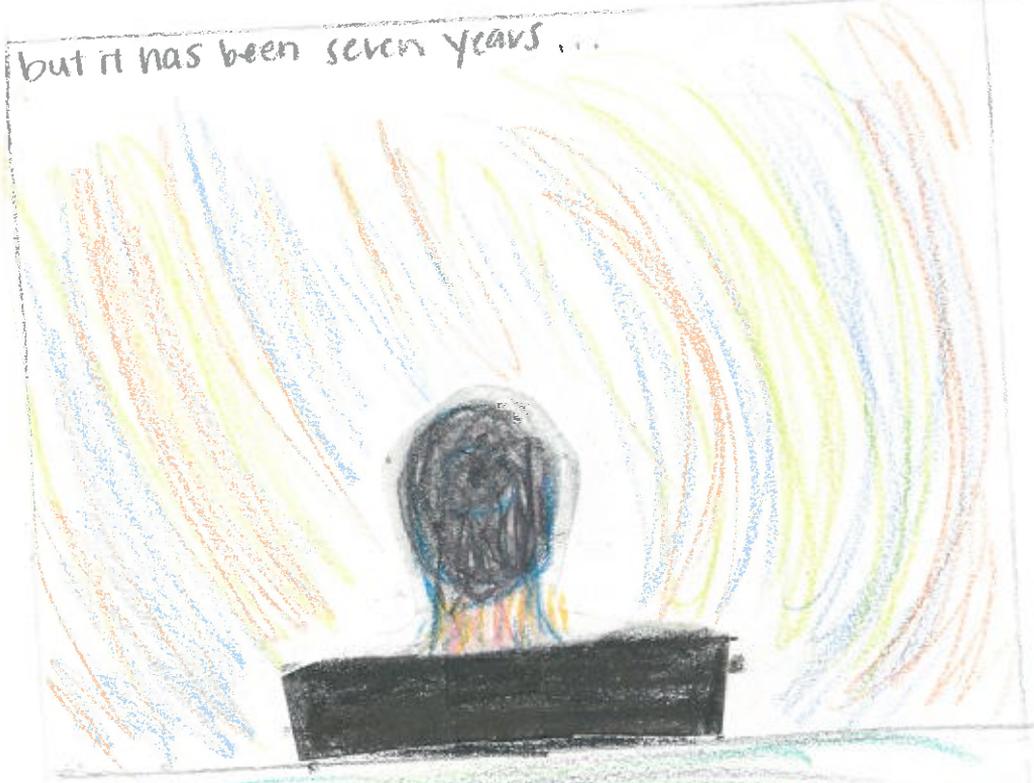
Julia Vargas

Provence, France, 1885

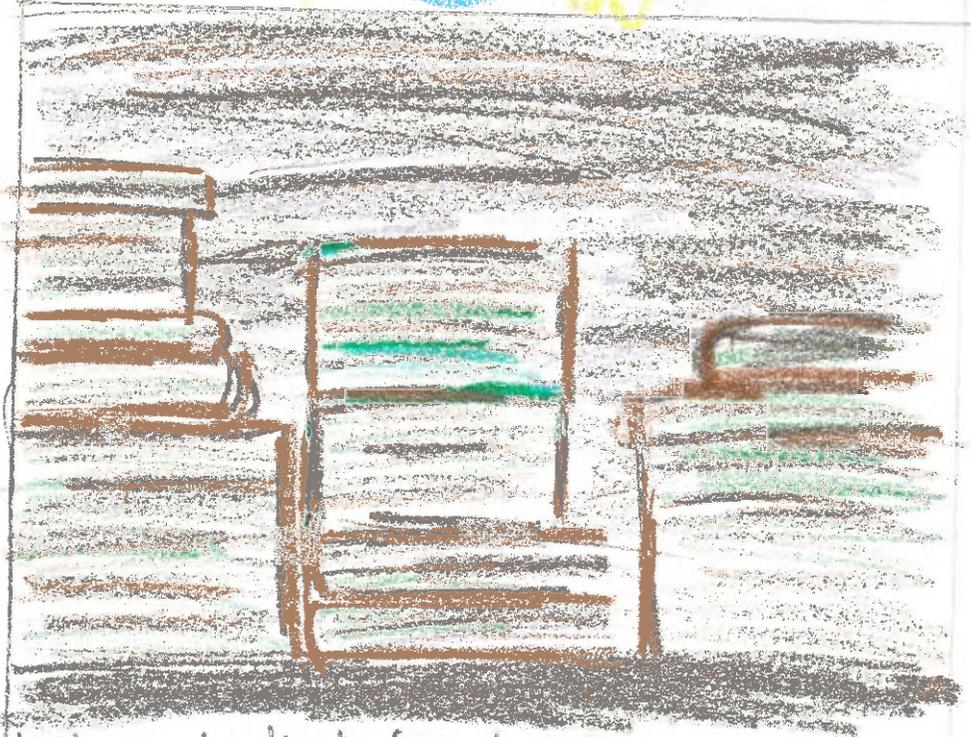


It has been five years since Vincent's death,

but it has been seven years ...



Since that day



but my darkest secret...

Came three days before I learned of his death.

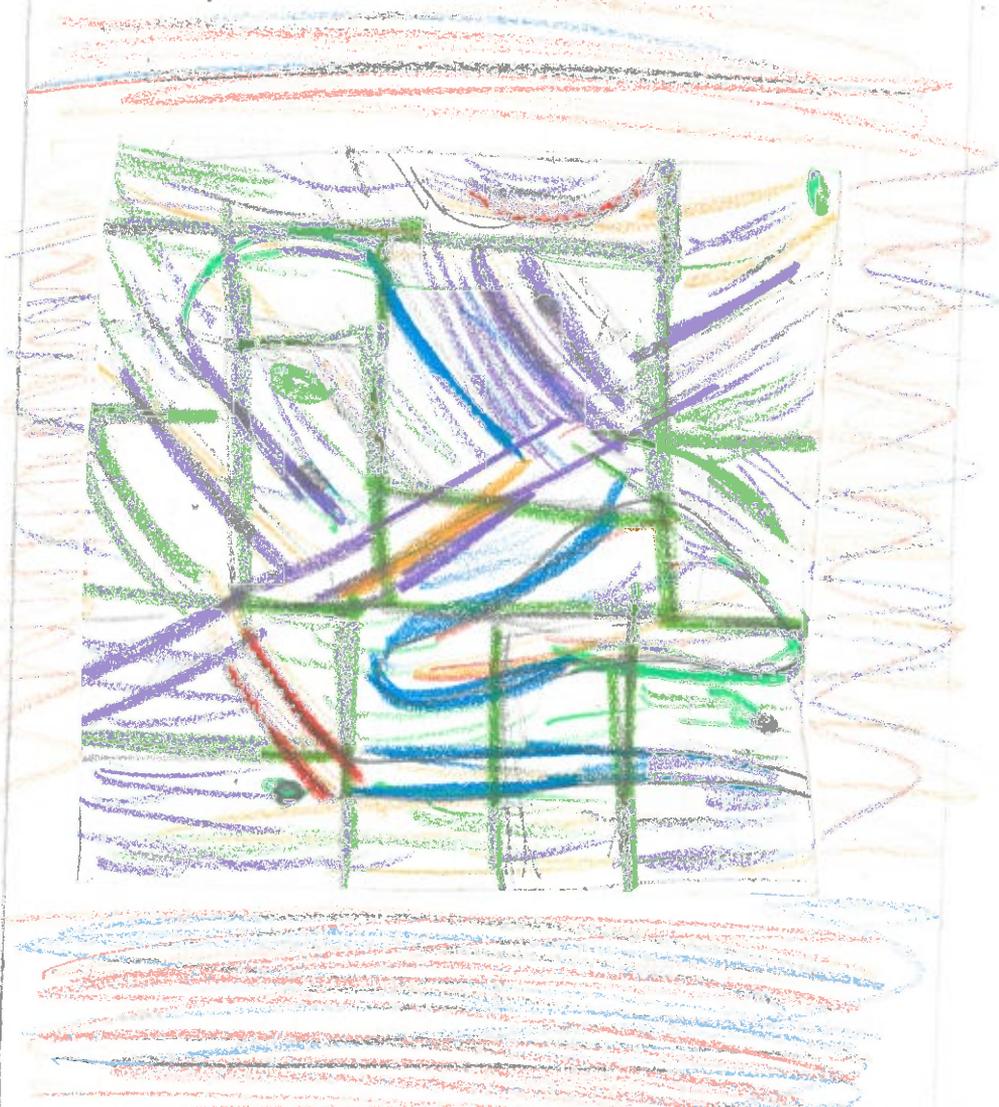
Vincent Van Gogh

To: Gabrielle Berlaton



I don't know what it was about today..

That finally allowed me to open this thick envelope filled with dozens of paintings. I stared at them all night. The brushwork was phenomenal and the colors were brilliant.



But after countless hours of looking at the dozens of fully formed paintings that were just as good as any of his other works he finished...

I figured it out



Why did Vincent want me to go to Marespois?



What was I supposed to find?

I made it to my first stop on the map without a clue as to why I was there.



I wandered around a bit,



and I figured I should go to the exact spot on the map

It was the tree where I first saw Vincent
paint when I first moved here. But why
did Vincent want me to come here?
What do I do? what am I supposed to —



find.



An infinite number of questions flooded
my mind

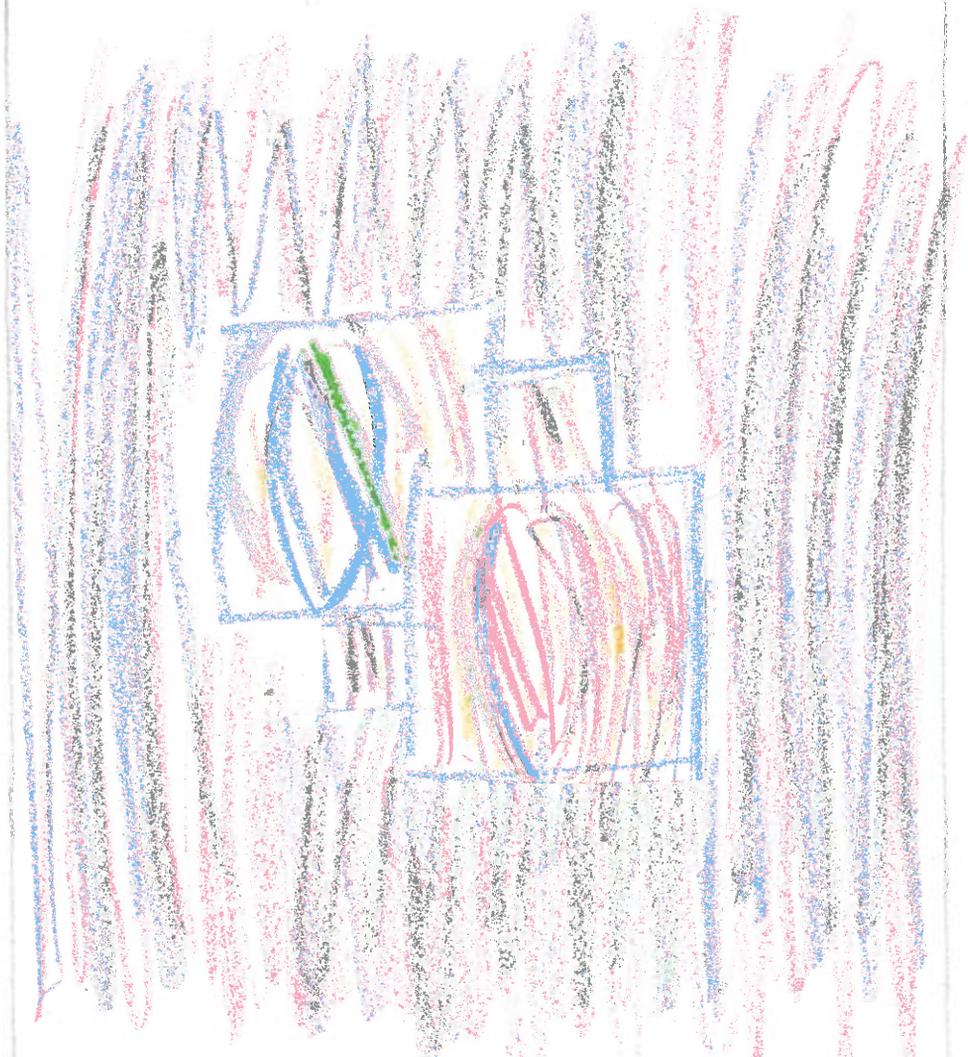
January 1889

My dearest friends,
I wanted to apologize
from the bottom of my heart
I am not well. Vincent says
you had said I was not
well. If you were in
better luck so soon

Within the envelope there was a letter
from Vincent and two more paintings.

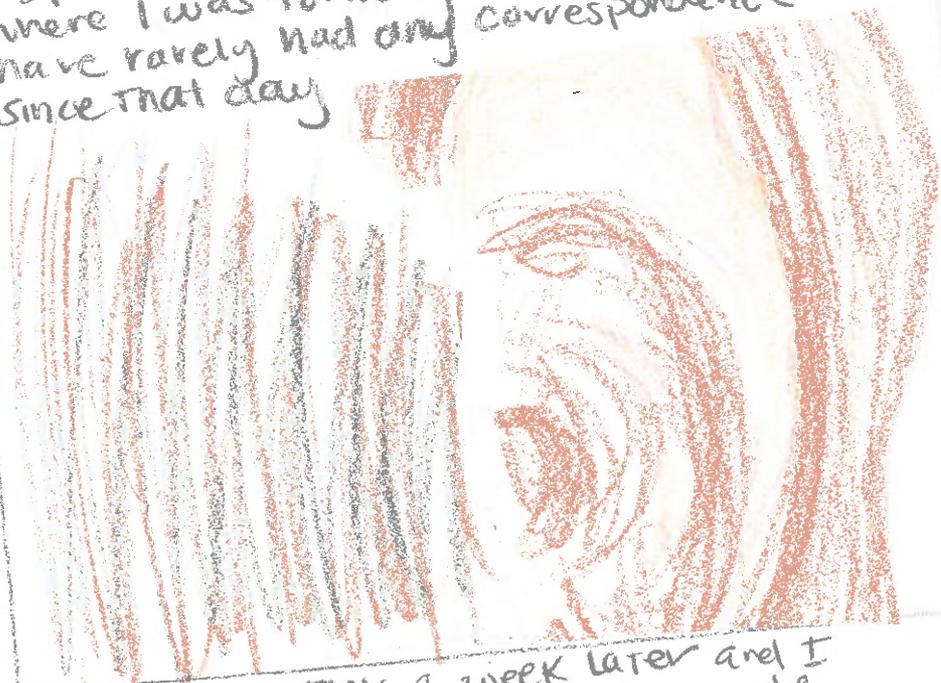


I cannot take you on the rest of my journey.
There is only so much I want to share
with you and there is only so much you
should know about Vincent and I.



I can tell you that on the remaining
three destinations I found many more
dreams, at least seven, and three
more letters. From these letters and
paintings I learned more about Vincent than would
ever know.

I spoke with another maid at the brothel
where I was formerly employed. We
have rarely had any correspondence
since that day.



We got together a week later and I
told her about the journey I took. We
exchanged stories about him from
our time working together. Talking
about that day was a sore subject.



But you can't know. I can't tell you.
You'll never find out. No one will ever
find out.

