

Chapter Two



Gerrald McIndy felt her before he saw her, an ancient and primal presence staring him down long before he saw her eyes, and he somehow knew it was a she who's making him feel smaller than what the giant bolder pinning his leg was.

Having her appear from that dark corridor he thought his daughter went in didn't help matters. The woman was dressed like an wizardess, in a royal purple medieval-like robe and red hair which defy gravity, floating in the air, and those eyes, glowing brightly, enough to hide the pupils, yet they look right into his soul. This being was very alien to

Gerrald, and yet, something about this woman is actually familiar looking to him, but he couldn't place it yet.

“Well, well, well,” the woman said in catlike amusement, with an accent that he can't put a place on, and yet, it's thick and from a place that does not exist in the modern time. “What do we have here?” She walked around the pinned Gerrald, more curious than concerned. “An actual real live American Archaeologist. I've never thought I've seen one with my own two eyes in my millennia of existence, and yet it appears that one of my traps has caught one.” She pats him on the head, much like what she'd do to a dumb animal. “There, there, there, you'll be all right, Gerrald. Hmmm, like the name.”

It took him forever to gather the nerve to speak. “Y-you know who I am?”

“Of course,” she said with a chuckle. “There was this child who said that she'll release me if I pull her klutzy father's butt out of whatever pitfall he was in.”

“Yes, yes.” Gerrald said, more relieved out of finding a familiar topic to talk about. “She's my daughter. Do you know where she is.”

“She's...safe. And close as well,” she said, as she placed her hand at the bolder, and closed her eyes.

As she inhaled deeply and appear to concentrate, Gerrald noticed something hanging around her neck glow. A deep green glow.

He looked down and saw the glowing pendant, which was glowing brighter, as if it was caught in a green fire.

If the display didn't surprise him, the crumbling boulder certainly did.

He took the next few minutes looking back and forth between the rubble that was a stone sphere that nearly killed him, and the smiling woman, staring in disbelief.

Only a shot of pain caused by the woman touching his right leg winced him back to reality. "Broken," the woman said in disapproval. "I haven't even heard of this Indiana Jones, but I can certainly tell that you are not him."

She then placed her hand on that broken leg, and then moved the other hand up to Gerrald's mouth to silence what question he was about to say. Again the pendant glowed, this time white, and when it was at a blinding point, it shot it's way to that broken leg.

Which was instantly knitted back together.

She stood up, towering over him, giving him that small feeling again.

And smiled.

"That face you make," she said. "You look like you never seen magic before. Real magic."

Again, the long pause. "N-no, I haven't."

The woman raised an eyebrow. "They made a card game out of people like me, and you've yet to see hide or hair of us?"

"You....you're from Dominaria." Gerrald said, a statement, and yet, he still has his disbelief. "Nobody....nobody would

know that place would exist outside of...how did you know about...you....you're a real planeswalker, aren't you?"

"People who know me call me that." The woman admitted, "An angel to some, a demon to others, but if you want, a friend to you." And then she held out her hand.

At first Gerrald didn't want to touch it, but since she wanted to help him up, he eventually took it. When he touched it, he felt warm. As warm as under a noontime sun.

He stood up, surprised that his legs are not only whole, but unscathed, not even in pain. He looked at the Planeswalker's face, saw her smile, felt her hair on his shoulders. For some reason she looked familiar, looked somewhat similar to--

The Planeswalker swooned a bit, and held her head.

"Ma'am, what's the matter?"

"uhhhh, this's just great.....just great....ooooooh,"

She collapsed into Gerrald's arms. For an instant, he felt as if he was being bathed in sunshine, but it started to recede and fade.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm sorry, Jamie," he heard her whisper. "I didn't thought my powers were this limited at first. I should've known." She then lifted her lips to Gerrald's ear.

"Gerrald, I ask you, do not be mad at your daughter."

"My..."

At that moment, he realized why she looked so familiar, just as the Planeswalker seem to lose consciousness. And actually shrink.

To his unbelieving eyes, the mature powerful wizardess, an actual Planeswalker from Dominaria, was replaced with the thirteen year old body of--

“Jamie!”

--who lies asleep in her arms still in that purple robe, with the medallion around her neck.



It was in this state that Gerrald's local guide and his group found him. And when they did they were awestruck at what Jamie was wearing.

Gerrald was more interested in what his precious daughter was saying in her sleep: “daddy...you all right?”

“Yes, Dear.”

“i hope you're...not...mad at me...fr...”

“No, hon, I'm not. Just rest now....”

“where's jasmine...she fainted...jasmine...what's wrong...jas...”