



“JASMINE!” the child continued to shout into her dreams.

Jamie somehow knew she was asleep and dreaming. She recognized the ancient and enchanted forest she was in; a combination of 13 years of reading fairy tales, watching Disney-style movies, playing role-playing games, the Lord of the Rings trilogy, the Harry Potter series, Shreck and its sequel, and whatever else a little girl would get her hands on. It all combined to create this composite imaginary world for Jamie McIndy to dream in, and it received a recent twist thanks to her greatest love, *Magic: The Gathering*, giving it all a Dominarian feel.

Jamie didn't count on it being a perfect home for someone from Dominaria, however, when she dreamt up the world whose forest path she was following; adorned in the medieval-style purple gown that she momentarily found herself in after Jasmine fainted back into her mind. But she wanted to make sure that she was all right.

She felt that she would be going along this path through the trees

forever, yet she knew exactly when she'll arrive at where she needed to be. She was expecting it, but it didn't stop her from being surprised to see what she saw.

She saw a large garden split into five parts. The five parts, Jamie will find, of the famous color wheel of Magic. Each of the five colors was represented with it's own section, and shined with a warmth Jamie recognized as mana Jasmine tapped from her Pentamox Amulet. (The fact that Jamie knew what the name of the amulet she was carrying around her neck was lost to her.) An light network of spiraling walkways connected the five gardens, and a gazebo in the center of the garden.

Jamie entered the garden in the red section and proceeded clockwise around the gazebo. As she walked around, she noted that each part was indeed dedicated to each color, the Red garden was a combination zen rock garden and mini volcano, flowing lava like the ones found on Hawaii. The Green garden was a jungle, with trees that scrape the sky and flowers of every variety. The White garden was a savanna straight out of The Lion King, complete with a rock where a lion was sunning in contentment. The Blue garden was full of fountains and waterspouts over a babbling brook, with various colorful fish swimming in the water. Even the Black garden—the color of death and decay—seemed to teem with life, being a recreation of the Bayou swamp, with the saturated and waterlogged soil creating a wet dark and damp garden, but nothing resembling anything to use for Death or Zombie making.

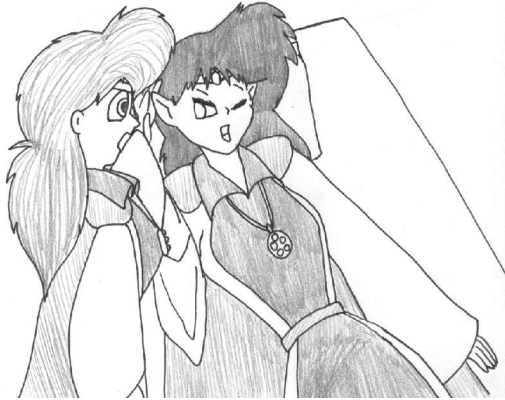
The path wined into the center of the garden and Jamie found her goal under the gazebo: Lying in a bed not unlike the one in the Snow White story was Jasmine Sparkfloe, in her older version of that well-known gown, still out cold. Jamie quickly walked up to the gazebo, but then changed gears and crept up to the bed silent enough not to wake the planeswalker. At least not yet.

As Jamie looked over the timeless being that she gave permission to, as she said, 'borrow her body,' but now she got the first glimpse of what this being really looks like. She looked similar to what Jamie saw in the mirror when she first transformed into her, but there was differences. Her red hair had a darker shade, and her skin had a lighter tint, but she was still warm and breathing to the child's touch.

Jamie somehow grew brave enough to brush Jasmine's hair aside, and she discovered that her ears had a discernible point to them. *I'm*

*possessed by an elf, Jamie thought, how cute.*

“...an *half* elf, child,” Jasmine corrected in a soft quiet voice, although it did make Jamie’s arm snap back as if she touched electrical current. The retreating hand was caught by the older woman’s hand to quiet the child. “and that would be the first time any half-elf, or any elf for that matter, be referred to as...cute...”



Jasmine opened her eyes and smiled at Jamie, who ended up chuckling to herself over what she thought.

“Are you all right, Jamie? I’ve fainted shortly after I saved your father, and you ended up with all hopes of keeping me secret from him dashed--”

“I was about to ask you that, Jas. It happened all suddenly. What happened.”

“What I was afraid would happen: I overdid it.” She sat up from the bed, pulled her knees up to her chest, and propped her head by her hands. She looked to Jamie like she was pouting, or at least, what Jamie would see herself do when she was pouting. “Just as I suspected. I was a ghost trapped in that book for all those--”

“Centuries?”

“...I believe it was for millennia, Jamie. All that time being physically inactive—nevermind that I didn’t have a body during the time, have weakened my powers. I knew it would be so, but not how so until I collapsed in your father’s arms.”

Jamie took a while to figure this out. “So in my terms, you’re just rusty.”

Jasmine gave Jamie a quizzical look. “It might take me a while to understand your language, but I think that's what I meant, Jamie.” She resumed her pouting pose. “I could barely tap enough mana to do two simple spells. With that as an indication I don't think I have a strength at this time to do anything special. Humph, I'm a planeswalker who can't even planeswalk. How humiliating.”

“Don't let it get you down, Jasmine,” Jamie said, her face brightening. “Now that you've got a body—although it's mine—we'll have you back up to speed in no time.”

“I appreciate your enthusiasm, Dearheart.” Jasmine said with a smile, and then stretched her arms above her head, allowing the flowing sleeves of her gown to slide up her arms and fall to her side. “I think it's my fault this happened, really,” she said after a yawn. “I didn't watch myself because of all the sensations I got when I took over your body.”

“What do you mean?”

“Since you have a body since you were born, and can't remember being without it, you're definitely used to having one; but when you've been a spirit for as long as I have, you will miss being alive, I assure you. The beating of your heart, the breath in your lungs, blood flowing warmth through your limbs, the ability to touch, and smell and...taste...that'll come later, but *oh* have I missed it so. I've forgotten how sweet being alive was. Take it from my point of view, Jamie McIndy: Mortality is very underrated. You should cherish every moment you have being alive the most you can.”

Jamie nodded at that. “Thanks for the tip, Jasmine.”

“If you wish to be my student in the ways of Magic, child,” Jasmine said as she got up from the bed, watching the child's eyes light up and sparkle, “consider that lesson Number One.”

She got up from the bed, stood up over the child, and offered Jamie her hand. Jamie took it with a smile, taking the Planeswalker's arm in hers. Together, they proceeded out of the gazebo and through the garden again.



Jamie found herself under the Planeswalker's arm like an chick under a hen's ring. She felt a warmth and affection she thought was lost forever, and it caused her to pull herself closer to the momentary de-powered super-being.

Jamie noticed this, smiles, patted Jamie's head. "It's a good thing we're on friendly terms, Jamie," she said, "since we're sharing the same body. It's probably for the best."

She felt someone nod underneath her gown. In a dress and hairstyle just like the Planeswalker, and feeling embarrassment over what she's feeling. She wanted to talk, but couldn't.

"It's been a while since you've felt this way," the Planeswalker mused. "Oh, I understand, child, about your loss of your mother. I've seen a lot of children orphaned by acts similar to what happened that day in...New York, is that the town?"

Jamie opened up at that. "How'd you...oh, silly me. You know my memories, don't you."

"Afraid so. This current conflict your kingdom is in is not too different from the Phyrexian Invasion. Only your Phyrexians don't look the part."

Jasmine felt another nod under her arm. They were out of the garden and into a humble-looking cottage, it looked to Jamie like it came out of the Middle Ages. Or the 'Lord of the Rings' Trilogy.

"I hope you don't mind me making a place to stay in your dream world. I grew up in a house like this. And my life with an Elvish Daughter and a father who was a Barbarian but turned Druid before he met her was rather normal up to my ascension."

“How did you ascend,” Jamie asked, looking around the humble abode, the wood and stone building seemed to blend in well with the trees and bushes in the forest. And it was well protected from the elements because of a series of trees sounding it made a thick canopy blocking out the rain, snow, and sun.

“It was rather embarrassing to tell, especially when I compare it to others.” Jasmine pointed up to the trees. “I was climbing a tree like the ones here when I was your age, and I slipped on a branch that couldn’t support my weight and fell. Everyone thought that every bone in my body was shattered on impact, but they found me hovering above the ground in a burst of light; they found out I had the Spark right then and there, including myself.”

“EWWW!” Jamie winced.

“And you thought having Puberty staring in your face was bad,” Jasmine continues as she led Jamie inside, “Imagine how hard it was for someone who had to deal with becoming a superbeing. Having the life flow of the world around you fill your senses, feeling the natural energy of the plane—the mana—as real as the air against your body. To know people on a spiritual level, realizing every little detail of anybody—the good and the bad—just by being in their presence. And all the time having the physical and hormonal changes in your body as you go through adolescence to adulthood.” Jasmine shook her head as she set a fire with a wave of her hand. “No wonder Planeswalkers go mad.”

“Er, I might be out of line,” Jamie said, with an expression she would show to her mother, “but you’re pretty much well adjusted.”

Jasmine smiled, and stroked Jamie’s hair. Her touch, soft and warm, made Jamie feel like she’s bathed in sunshine. “That’s all right. I had good counseling, you might say. I had another Planeswalker older than myself who’s been through where I was going through come and help me through, just as I will do with you.”

At that Jamie looked into those eyes of hers, aglow with power, an almighty light, but instead of a fearful coldness that only saw a beast before them, they had a look of compassion toward the child. It only made the emotions she thought lost forever come back all the more. Her lower lip quivered, she was fighting back tears.

“It’s all right, Dear Heart, I’m here for you. I might be out of line, but

you may have a need for my life just as much as I have a need for your body. I don't know if I can fill up the hole in your heart that was ripped from you when those ornithopters were driven into those towers, but I'll do my best to try. I promise you, just as Freyalise promised to me, that you won't have to go through this alone."

With that, the child couldn't hold it anymore, with a cry of "Jasmine!" she dived into Jasmine's chest and hugged her tight, tears wetting the Planeswalker's gown. The being embraced her host with her own two arms, the folds of her dress draping over the child's body like a hen's wing over a baby chick. Jamie never felt as good, as happy, or as right as she is now in this parental embrace, as if she belonged nowhere else than in the being's arms. She is loved by this being, and she gladly became hers.

Jasmine kissed Jamie on the crown of her head, and began to sing one of the many songs taught to her by her mother, sang in an elvish tongue that flowed out the cottage, across the garden, through the forest, and eventually out the mouth of a soundly sleeping Jamie in the real world. Jasmine smiled in approval; there may be more chit chat between each other and the occasional bickering to be expected, but there won't be any problems with her and Jamie.

When she looked up to see a large scrying crystal ball in front of the fire, she saw Jamie's body in the real world, singing elvish in her sleep, and seeing Gerrald McIndy start to fall asleep where he sat, hovering over his daughter's body watching over her in concern.

Jasmine smiled and nodded in approval. As chaotic as times may get in the next few days, at least tonight's peaceful enough and all right in her eyes.

