

Tentative Title: Sparkfloe's Second Life

Part 1 of a prospective 'Extended MTG Story Cycle'

Chapter 1



Shining like a crimson star, the spirit of the Planeswalker was drifting among the mana waiting for this very moment when she felt the summons. It was similar to water going down a drain. Although the direction was up instead of down, the pull was irresistible nonetheless. Of course, the spirit didn't resist at all. She knows what that means, and it was something she's been waiting to come for a long time.

With a majestic float up past two milky-white folds which resemble sheets of paper, she ascended up from what appears to be an ancient book, just unlocked. Knowing what that meant, she smiled as she shot up to meet the one who opened the tome...

...and saw a pair of eyes with the same color as her own, only not glowing with arcane powers allowing the pupils to be seen, under a rat nest of flame red hair that mixes with the ethereal version of the hair crowning the spirit's own head as well. The spirit saw that the one who released her from the book who bounded her was but a young girl, nearly thirteen years old, and resembling the spirit when she was that age.

A child who was, also, about to show the expected outburst one gives whenever he or she saw a ghost.

Whoops, the spirit muttered to herself, I must've been a bit too eager and willed a physical form to appear. It was a see-through ghost-like apparition glowing from within by the now visible Spark that every planeswalker has in their being, the source of each planeswalker's nature, making for a rather eerie presence. Normal spirits would require a great effort in concentration and practice in order to show such a physical presence that the living can actually see and hear, but to a planeswalker, it's not a difficult effort at all.

"H-hello there," the spirit said in a soft tone, meant to try to keep the child from screaming. "I hope I didn't scare you too much."

The child didn't scream, but did back away while still shrinking in fear. By now there was enough room for the spirit to float off the book and grow to a normal adult's height, still showing a face of kindness at the terrified little girl.

"I-I-I-I didn't mean to take your book, Honest!" the child stammered with tears in your eyes. "Please don't throw a curse on me...Pl-"

"Shhhhhhh," the spirit said as she tried to place an hand on her, forgetting the fact that it would just pass through her. "It's all right. It wouldn't be able to be moved anyway. In fact, the fact that you actually opened this book shows that you, child, were meant to be here. This may be surprising to you, but I've been waiting for you to come here for over three thousand years."

That was enough to get the girl to stop shivering, but she was still wary.

When the child heard this, her mouth hung open. "A p-planeswalker?!" she stammered when curiosity overtook her fear. "A real live planeswalker?"

"You may have the planeswalker part right, but" the spirit looked down to her still ethereal body, "I don't think I qualify as 'living' in your standards, child."

"Oh! Sorrrrrries!" the child said as she stood back up and blushed red in embarrassment. "Either way, I never expected to meet an actual planeswalker. Here or anywhere. I mean a ghost, yes, we're in a tomb, but no planeswalker. Actually, it's kinda kewl though; I always wanted to meet one of you."

"You've...heard of us, I see?"

The child then knew what she just said at the end, and laughed in utter embarrassment. "Sorry about that, I got carried away, I guess you want to know who I am, right?"

As Jasmine smiled in amusement and nodded so, she took a pose remembered by another planeswalker; supporting her right elbow with her left arm, while tapping her mouth with her right finger.

The girl cleared her throat and spake her introduction. "I'm Jamie McIndy, just visiting here from America. My dad's an archaeologist who found your tomb here in Iraq, but you may want to know why I know about planeswalkers, right?"

Jasmine nodded again, humming. She didn't find anything worth interest after the child's name. The rest will come into play later. What Jamie said next as surprising to her than her appearance was to Jamie.

"Well, this may be a shock to you, but we have a card game that is based on what's shown in the hieroglyphics shown in your tomb. A card game of which I'm the biggest fan in." Jamie chuckled at that. "I can practically tell you the stories depicted in these walls without your help. Yawgmoth, Urza and Mishra, the Artifacts War, the Ice Age, Tolaria, the Weatherlight, the Invasion of Phyrexia. I would probably leave you in shock over what I know about Dominaria, Planeswalker."

“Please, call me Jasmine,” The planeswalker spirit said. Now that the initial shock was over, she can present herself as a friend to the child. “And I *am* shocked, believe me. My home world? Retold in a form of . . . a game?”

Someone actually found out the secrets of this . . . wait. Jasmine looked up to see an empty bookshelf reflected in a mirror behind this child, who was smiling with one hand behind her head. She remembered that she had twenty books depicting her world and all the legends involved, nineteen of those books were scattered all over this plane. “Apparently someone found one my books which I scattered around the world and was inspired to make this...card game...from it.” She smiled. “Well, at least my presence won’t be without herald. Too bad that one wasn’t the Chosen One that found me that you’ve become. I’d like to meet him.”

Jasmine opened one eye, pausing in mid-giggle. “Chosen One?”

“Yes,” Jasmine said, sweeping toward a far wall filled with more hieroglyphics with her right arm. “There is a destiny for someone who had the heart brave and pure enough to come to my shrine room and open that book behind me, a book which was my prison for over three thousand years. Prepare yourself, little one, for this destiny will tell you more about my world, and yours as well.”

Jamie turned to the wall herself, and saw a familiar image in the first pictorial. It was of a circular portal similar to the one Yawgmoth made and Mishra discovered, but it wasn’t in the cave setting she remembered from the stories. It was in a grassy pasture, with a single tower that seems to just go up forever.

If it weren’t for skin and muscle, Jamie’s little mouth would be unhinged from her face. “That looks like . . . looks like...” she said, turning to Jasmine. “Jasmine, that looks like the Tower of Babel. That used to be an actual place on Earth!”

*Earth?* Jasmine thought, *Who would call their home plane Earth? Like there’s only one plane around that can be called that!*

“You thought right, child. Located on top of that tower was a portal from my world to yours. In your world, it would be in very ancient times; you would hear of it in many religious books, but it appeared in my homeland some twenty years after the Phyrexian Invasion.”

“You might have thought it was more of those bug people mopping up, huh?”

“Yes, that’s what I thought at first. Imagine the surprise I got when I came through that portal full tilt looking to fry off a piece of Yawgmoth, only to end up here in this plane. Lush with life, filled with an untamed mana that only comes from a plane that is unspoiled by any wizard or planeswalker. I ended up exploring a world that nobody else in the whole multi-verse has ever found before, nor did anyone here thought there was other worlds for them to discover.” Jasmine then made a face that shown the effect at hearing something ridiculous. “That’s probably why you people call this plane an unimaginative and presumptuous name like...*Earth*.”

Jamie giggled at the face and her remark. “Yeah, I suppose that since it was the only planet we know, heh-heh. You can use ‘Terra’ for a name if you wish.”

*Terra, huh?* Jasmine thought again. *That’s somewhat better.*

Jasmine noticed that Jamie was taking in all that she was saying with a smile, taking in all the Planeswalker said, and nodding in understanding at times. *This is promising, this child knows all about Dominaria and Planeswalkers, and after the initial shock isn’t that much afraid of me. She may very well be the one I’ve been waiting for; I just have to keep gaining her trust.*

“With a connection to a place with a lot--and you would know about this. A. Lot.--of

people who can and want to use mana like this for any reason they wish, your world would have been ripe for the picking to not just someone, but a mass invasion of magic users streaming into this plane for it's mana without adequate care over the consequences. But the prospect of Dominaria making an Invasion of it's own didn't burn me as much as actually finding out that someone else shown up with such plan in mind.

“And here's the wild part; it wasn't from Phyrexia or even Dominaria. The megalomaniac I found was from *this* plane, and to this day I have no idea how he found out how to use mana. Someone maddened by attaining power but without an ounce of sense to understand just *what* he was getting himself into. Or what would happen to him if he actually tried to take on Dominaria to further his quest for Power. I managed to defect this mad wizard and seal that portal to keep your world safe from the harm a direct connection to Dominaria would bring...” Jasmine then finished with a sigh. “...but as you can see, my price was great.”

Jamie's face grew sad again. “I'm sorry to hear that, Jasmine. Being a ghost must suck.”

That made Jasmine smile again, in amusement. “I blame myself for this. By the time I was reduced to my Spark which had to be put into that book of mine to keep it from going out, I realized that I'm not really going to be the next Urza.”

They both chuckled at that.

“Hells no,” Jasmine said as she continued. “but that, I hate to say, is the good news. Take a look at this last pictorial, child, and know your Destiny, if you chose to accept it.”

Jamie turned to look at that last panel of hieroglyphics.

And by all purposes, her lower jaw should have landed on the floor.

In that pictorial, there was not one, but two Jasmies, one smaller than the other, taking on a evil-looking beasts with one too many horns as one.

She then felt a rather cold hand touching her shoulder, and returned to the spirit who was kneeling down in front of her. She intensified her concentration to make her physical form a little more solid as she places her hands around the child and looked right into the girl's eyes with those glowing solid pools of amber that demanded the center of her vision and refuses to let go.

It searched through the pupils of the child and looked in every nook and cranny of her own soul, finding out everything about her, her hopes and fears, her thoughts and feelings, the fiery spirit and tomboyish spunkyness that set her apart from the other girls, a growing love for the card game, not just in mastery of the game itself but in the world it represents, and a longing for the chance to actually go there herself.

Ever since she started playing this game, this...*Magic: The Gathering*...Jamie dreamed of this multi-verse of Dominaria, of visiting places like Keld, Mercadia, and even Mirrodin, of meeting people like Urza, Karn, Gerrard—which was the name of her father—even Karmahl, Chainer, and Jeska, and all the others. She longed to learn the ways of mana and learn how to use it to cast magic spells. Maybe to be a princess of a kingdom of her own, which was the greatest of her daydreams. Barring that, hearing from a actual Planeswalker and hopefully being her apprentice would serve very much as a dream come true to her. She hopes, she hopes, she *hopes*.

And the spirit found the deepest secret in the child's soul; the secret that, despite this child's fears, that it would be *her* that would take her. And the reason became obvious; Jasmine Sparkfloe, even with her medieval visage and out-worldly nature, resembled Jamie's own mother, who was lost in a act of terrorism, the kind all too common where Jasmine's from.

Jamie almost forgotten what a mother's touch was like. It was a memory that reawakened

when she somehow popped open that book and released this being from it, a being that somehow drew her in despite her fears, and touches places in her heart that she thought would have never be filled again.

Jasmine smiled as warm as she can. *The child is almost ready, but is still a bit confused over what she's about to do. I just need to nudge her in the right direction.* Jasmine then took a deep breath, for dramatic effect only of course, and measured the words in this crucial moment.

“The direct connection between our worlds has been destroyed, if only for three thousand years so far, but the danger to this world is far from over. You opening my book is a sign of a coming danger that was foretold ever since I defeated that old wizard; that other threats to this world from Dominaria, or a similar origin, will come here. I know that I’m asking a lot from you, a child with a lot of life to live and full of promise, but we have a destiny together. If I’m going to protect your home world from whoever and whatever is coming, I’m going to have to...borrow your body so I can work in the physical world. I wouldn’t ask you take this amulet on top of this bookshelf and allow me to do this, but there’s only so much I can do as a ghost.”

Jamie felt very nervous over what she said. Jasmine understood this; she was indeed asking a lot. It was why she asked permission to do this instead of just doing this by force, which did work in stoking the trust issue further. Jasmine can sense the discussion in her mind. If what she said was true, there’s going to be a lot of strange, powerful, and malevolent creatures, wizards, and even opposing planeswalkers coming to Earth to enslave everything and everybody on it. Or worse.

Any one of them would see Earth, or Terra, as defenseless as a lost baby kitten and Jamie knows it, but what would happen if they come more than one at a time, or worse, all at once? Without someone like Jasmine around, Jamie’s home world, no matter what you’d call it, is ripe enough to be picked, consumed, and tossed away.

But, but, but, and a major *but*: In order for Earth to have an more capable defender in this Planeswalker, this Planeswalker would need a body—Jamie’s! This being is going to have to enter the young child's body and take it over! Possess it like the movie where a similar victim spins her head, chucks split pea soup and uses a crucifix for...

The sudden anguished voice coming from the hallway leading up to this tomb room broke Jamie’s train of thought. It came from her father, Gerrald McIndy. She remembered now how she got here. It is the Summer of 2004, and Iraq is enjoying it’s first democratic elections after the fall of Saddam’s tyrannical empire. Gerrald invited Jamie into his latest find, a tomb dating back to the Tower of Babel era! Why Jamie was welcomed into her father’s group with open arms and taken into the tomb to check it out became apparent when she saw the wall paintings; identical to the stories and images in the very card game she had grown to love.

It was that love that took Jamie deeper into the tomb, perhaps deeper than she was supposed to go, until she discovered this room, this book, and this spirit.

It was apparent that she indeed would have further than she was supposed to by her father’s standards, because he just now came after her through a door she opened on her own . . . and like the klutz that he is ended up caught in a booby trap.

“DADDY!! . . . Jasmine!” Jamie said turning back to the Planeswalker’s spirit. Jamie's eyes were fill of tears, and Jasmine would tell that she is terrified over what she's about to do, but Jamie was standing her ground nonetheless. What is happening down the hall is making a difficult choice for the young girl an easy one. “If you can save my daddy...”

“I can protect your father, you, and all you hold dear,” Jasmine promised, proud over Jamie's bravery. Indeed, protecting the little girl she's about to possess and everyone around her is a small price to pay for this bargain, at least in planeswalker standards. Besides, she has

by now grown a fondness for the child. Not only is she brave, but she has a fiery spunkiness in her soul, much like herself.

“Then what do I do?” Jamie exclaimed as tears fall down her cheek. “Tell me what to do before I change my mind!”

Jasmine let all of her concentration relax and her image disappeared from Jamie’s view, giving the girl a good view of the medallion which rested on the book stand where the book Jamie opened was at. Only Jasmine's 'Planeswalker Spark' remained, which hovered over the medallion and acting like a laser pointer.

Jamie can still hear Jasmine's voice, but it sounded further away, almost a whisper. “Take that medallion in that book stand and put it on your neck. With it I can channel my spirit into your body. And together, we will rescue your father.”

Jamie went over to the stand without another word and took the medallion in her hands, pausing a moment to notice that it resembled the color wheel shown on the back of every *Magic* card; five gemstones in a circle; White, Blue, Black, Red and Green, as the clock goes. The five colors of Mana, the five hues of Magic. Real magic this time. It no longer was just a card game.

Even as she was holding it, Jamie saw the Spark float over to her, and instead of cold, this time the touch was warm, like a mother's soft hand, as it stroked over her cheeks to wipe away her tears, slid over her left shoulder to move down her back, and without a tinge of pain slipped through skin, bone, spinal column, and internal organs as Jamie sensed the spark go into her body until it stopped at what she thought would be the part of heart muscle surrounded by all four chambers of the blood pumping organ.

If this was indeed a possession, it wasn't like any possession Jamie would consider it to be. There was a warmth all through her body, a fiery passionate Red warmth, dissolving any and all fears she had. It wasn't the painful and scary versions she saw in the movies at all, but more like someone slipping into her like she would slip into her clothes in the morning. Someone warm and caring and even—for the first time she felt that way—feminine. She didn't had to fear this presence in her at all. In fact, she started to enjoy having her in her body, having her take over that body, having it claim that body as her own and shape it in her image.

She was still only holding the medallion in her hands when she started to sense the spirit's presence taking over her body, making her hands move without the child's control, as the hands turned the medallion over and slipped her head through the slender loop of gold so that the medallion settled over her breasts.

She was then made to turn around to look in the mirror. Jamie saw that her eyes were like the spirit's now, glowing with a power that hid the pupils from view. When the reflection opened her mouth to speak, she felt the Planeswalker's voice come from her mouth, in a voice as old as the mountains and with a compassion like a mother's care for her child: “You won’t regret this, Jamie McIndy. I promise you.”

Jamie was at once quiet and content as well as growing speechless and awestruck when she saw a golden aura cover her young body to the point where her clothes can no longer be seen, but only a silhouette of her figure. Even her five color ponytail band flew away. All that was left was a unclothed but not nude figure which began to grow and fill, gaining curves and firmness, transforming Jamie from a little girl into an full grown and very mature woman. She felt her hair flow down her back from shoulder length down to the small of her back, as flowing waves of silk flutter in place caressing her body. The child felt that she's shooting past all of puberty and all the hangups and pains associated with it, turning into a full grown woman within so many heartbeats!

When the flames receded and Jamie can see her body again, she didn't even recognize it as her own. The figure in the mirror showed a full figured woman with flowing red-orange hair that seem to defy gravity in a wild display, no longer corralled by that braid of the child's. The woman was dressed in a medieval type gown of a regal royal purple and a flowing cape. A woman who just made a casual gesture with a long slender feminine hand and a bag levitated and floated to her which she tied in place with the sash around her waist. And all the time those eyes, ageless, wise, powerful, and even sensual looked back at her and a smile creased her mouth below as she felt herself wink and grin at who she looked at, approving of who she became.

No, it wasn't just her eyes, her body, her smile, and her powerful hands, it was *her*, *she* was ageless, wise, and powerful. She *knows* it now. She can sense the spark in her heart, know the wisdom in her mind, and feel the mana flow through her arms as so much blood through her vessels. *She* is the Planeswalker now!

It wasn't like Jasmine Sparkfloe took over Jamie McIndy as much as it was Jamie McIndy who became Jasmine Sparkfloe.

For some reason, Jamie know that smile on Jasmine's face was definitely Jamie's, as well as the giggle. The child was ecstatic over what has happened to her. By this spirit coming into her life, Jamie McIndy's deepest dream of becoming a Dominarian Wizard has come true. But she's more than a Wizard, she was a part of a fabled group of masters and mistresses in the multi-verse, one of those who would be called Gods and Goddesses.

"You're right, Jasmine," Jamie said, her childlike voice barely audible in the older woman's mouth. "Earth' *is* a silly name for a plane--"

"JAMIE!!"

That was her father's voice.

"DADDY?!" Jamie turned back to the hallway, but then the surprise and trepidation in her face turned into an mischievous smile and eyes aglow with arcane power. Jamie could feel Jasmine take control again. Jamie didn't bother to stop Jasmine at all. Jamie knew that Jasmine will save her father, as well as the entire plane of Terra from anyone and anything that would come to do harm. It would be the last thought she would be aware of for the time being, however, as the spirit came to the fore.

Jasmine took the book that housed her spirit, closed it, and stuffed it into the tote with all the other items inside. She took one last look in the mirror, seeing only herself in the reflection at first, and then in the bright light in her eye, a little girl just thirteen summers old swaddled in a warm soft place like a bear cub tucked over by her mother. She nodded in approval, and then left the room.