

# shendilavri

The Magic: The Gathering -- Dungeons & Dragons hybrid

Title: Jamie and the Planeswalker

"Day 0" Chapter

By David Foxfire

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DAY 0

JAMIE MCINDY, LEVEL 0

*I've never had a reason to keep a diary, until now. You might need to understand what kind of life I had to figure out why. Up until today my life wouldn't be interesting enough—in my humble opinion—to have one. If it did, it would be just some disgusting pity piece about a child who lost her parents at the World Trade Center attack got sent from foster home to foster home and ended up on the street oh boo hoo FORGET IT! It wasn't until the day I found that abandoned amusement park when my life became something I wanted to write about. I haven't been outside to see the village I fell into and I could already sense my life getting better. Sure there's no internet, automobiles, or even a decent burger joint in a world run by Dungeon and Dragon rules, but at least I take what little skills that I have and do something with my life in it.*

*And besides, this world's got a written language I need to practice on, and what better way to practice my writing than in a diary? So, where to begin.*

*Well, I guess a better introduction than what I've just psudeo-bawled about is in order. My name's Jamie McIndy. A young woman of 16 years from a world that you might not recognize. I had a father who was a businessman by day, hunter by night; and a mother who was a secretary and did my best to assure that I had a decent childhood. I have to say "had," because they were killed when terrorists struck the high-rise tower they were in when I was six years old.*

*I would say that it would be the worst day in my life, but that day spread into a*

*whole decade as I was shuttled through the Foster Care system, sent from one house to another and to the next, never having an adopted family or even a decent school to go to. Every three or four months, as I was getting settled into my new life, I ended up getting uprooted and moved to another state. It wasn't the way I could learn what I wanted to do with my life. The only constant in what should've been the best years of my life is a game called Dungeons & Dragons, which I picked up at Christmas and I held onto it in spite of what the other families would say. (Oh, you think that D&D is satanic? What do you call World of Warcraft, which was programmed intentionally to be more addictive than any illicit drug? That got me a broken jaw and a three month stint in a hospital as a ward of the state.)*

*So you can say that at my sixteenth birthday, when you can actually see you being taken out of the Foster Care System pretty much with little more than the shirt on your back, you can see how much my life is going to suck. No skills, no friends, nothing that anyone would see worth in me? And even the military requires a high school diploma. You'd wouldn't like it too.*

*Eventually I ran away and hoped that I could join a cult or something, at least there I can eat.*

*That was when I found an abandoned amusement park and a dilapidated Dungeons & Dragons ride. Just like in the old time cartoons in the 80s. (Well, it's old time to me!) I thought I'd just walk in and try to look for something to make out of my life. Deep inside, I believe, I wished that this ride would just take me off this planet, or at the least, something would...*

*Well, you can say that I got my wish.*

All Jamie Mcindy knew was darkness and dizziness. The vertigo of freefall. The blackness of space. The oblivion of zero gravity.

Did she die, she'd think. Or she would have if her brains weren't spinning in her head. She must've hit something on her head. She hit her head and she fell hard. Nothing too unusual, people do that all the time. Sometimes they even die that way.

And it wasn't like living wasn't much to look forward to.

It wasn't like she was suicidal, more like she wanted to exchange her life for one that she can work with. You can do that to shoes (like the pair she got last week) or an incorrect food order, but why couldn't she get a new life after the one she has

got shot to hell by age five?

Life was a lemon, and she wanted her money back.

Maybe this next life, if she could get a next life, it would be better.

Or so she hoped, or so she wished in that abandoned amusement park under that roller coaster.

The one based on her favorite game.

Some people read about fantasy stories of knights and wizards and mystical creatures. Jamie McIndy would want to be a character in those stories.

It was better than prostitution in her mind at age 15.

Or at least she thought so, when she looked out to any stars and asked for a better life.

Did anyone listen?

Wait, what was that.

A stroke of a hand, on top of her head...

Or what that inside her head.

*Please. Do Not Fear.*

What was that voice? It seemed like it didn't know her language. Was it calling out to her.

She felt the hand flip over synapses and memories as she would flipping over rulebooks.

*Trying to learn language here. Does not seem too hard.*

Whoever this voice is, it's somewhere in her brain, plying through her memories.

She moaned, shook a little, felt another hand on her shoulder, and a soft hum and whisper in her ear.

She couldn't resist that touch, that voice. It seemed to hit her mind in all the right places, touching holes she didn't wish she had.

She relaxed, her body falling limp.

Is this what it means to die.

*No, you are not dead. Thank the Gods.*

Was she in Heaven?

*No, you're quite alive. You're with me?*

Who was this voice?

*A friend, Young Jamie, if you want me to.*

She felt warmth in this being's voice, her touch, and the bedding she was lying on?

She was in a bed? It felt like down and fleece under her back. Where was she?  
And who was *She*?

*Ah, you're coming to, thank goodness. When I saw you, I thought you were done for.*

She moaned a little, reached up for her head.

*Here, Jamie. Let me help you with that.*

A wet rag was placed on her forehead, it felt cool to the touch, eased the spinning in her head.

She opened her eyes.

Jamie couldn't see a thing at first, just a blur of violet and red, but eventually her eyes focused. She was in some candle-lit room, paneled with wood. Windows shuttered closed but she could hear birds chirping and surf rolling in.

Definitely not in the part of the world she was in before.

Was she abducted? Taken somewhere?

It would've been an improvement if that was the case.

The figure returned to her, a fully-grown, and fully figured woman in a violet robe. Red hair hung wild over her head and in some places floating, almost like the child's in a way. Pointed ears sticking out among the hair strands. Her smile was warm and inviting, but her eyes. Golden like the sun and shining almost like a pair of stars. Above those eyes, over her forehead, was a gleaming golden headband with a gem in front of dangling jewels...no, those were earrings.

She snapped her fingers—one of them had a ring—and a flash of light appeared from her right index fingertip. Jamie looked at it almost on instinct. The woman passed it back and forth in front of the child's face, checking the reaction.

Jamie thought that fall must've been a lot, if she's getting the 'how many fingers am I holding up?' routine.

"Oh, you're all right, at least that's what I think so far," the older woman told Jamie. Her voice had a bit of a British accent to it, and had a bit of age that she's wearing well. "I might need to keep you here until I'm sure." She stood up. "I've found you falling through the trees, young girl, as if you were some sort of bird. Part of me was looking up to see where you've been in the sky while the rest was scraping you off the forest floor."

As Jamie sat up, holding the hand to the wet cloth, grateful that she still had on the clothes she had; Your basic red T-shirt and Levi's blue jeans. Training bra and panties underneath. White socks and her new tennis sneakers on her feet. Nothing there has been changed or messed with, thank goodness. At least whoever this person is isn't a pervert.

She looked more curious though, like a cat who found something she didn't know if she should eat, play with, curl around, of what? "You don't look like you'd be able to fly. But then again, you don't look like you're from this world."

Jamie's eyes blinked wide. This world!?

"I take that as a yes. I had the same reaction myself."

Jamie let the rag fall into her lap.

"I'm sure you'll have a lot of questions, If I were in your shoes..." the woman looked down on the white sneakers Jamie just bought the week before this day. "...strange shoes as it were...I'd probably be the same. I don't know if I can answer them all, but I'll try." A pause. "Oh! Forgive my lack of manners. You'd probably want to know who I am, right?"

Jamie laughed at that. The first laugh she had in days.

The woman cleared her throat. "My name's Jasmine Sparkfloe. I've been a practicing wizard for well over fifty years...at least fifty years according to this realm. I wouldn't know about yours. And to tell the truth, I have been in your shoes, although mine's..." She lifted up her long skirt to reveal brown leather boots. "...are more appropriate. I found myself in this world some twenty years ago. I guess we're both Visitors, as the locals call us."

"Visitors," Jamie asked. "What is this...realm?"

"Hmmm," Jasmine tapped her chin. "I think it's better that I show you rather than tell."

And with that, she snapped her fingers, and all the windows in the room opened up, along with a door to a sunroom.

A coastal town opened up before and below Jamie's eyes. She could see the sea for miles under a crystal blue sky. Sailing ships rock in the waves in their search for fish. Off in a distance, an actual floating island drifted just under the clouds.

Jamie stood up and walked out to the next room, which had a wide glass window along three sides. Above her was a big lantern reachable by a spiral staircase. Off to her right was a narrow river that dumped water over a rushing waterfall into the ocean. To her left, a small city surrounding a lake. Buildings with some Japanese, Chinese or whatever other Asian design. Or at least she could tell with the hieroglyphics on the signs. She could see the ant-sized people below dressed in kimonos, chensong, and other like outfits. Some of them had samurai swords while others were carrying goods in baskets slung over their shoulders. It looked like another world to Jamie. Like she was carried away to an Asian film during medieval times.

But wait; did they ever have elves in those kimonos? And that wasn't a little boy running toward a market, he was a Halfling! Fur on his feet asking for a lawsuit from Tolkien Halfling!

She turned over to one corner, and found a more traditional medieval group; two men on horseback clad in green dragon hide armor with bows and quivers. Accompanied with a man in a suit of armor sporting a sword and asking for directions. The person they were talking to was an honest to God dwarf with the obligatory beard.

"Wow," was all Jamie could say. "What is this..."

An ear-splitting growl reverberated through the countryside, barely blocked by the glass and stone of the lighthouse. The people down below ran for cover as Jamie held her eyes. She wondered what on earth would make such a sound and opened one eye to chance a look.

And immediately regretted it.

Jamie Mcindy stared right into an eye of a dragon. Granted, it was a slim one, and looked more snake than dinosaur, but it was a good 15 feet long, with a wingspan to match, and a reptilian head that looked right at her.

She fell over backwards on the floor, too terrified to scream.

"Bastard, must've tracked you here," Jasmine muttered as she walked out the room, and through a door outside. "Excuse me."

She closed and locked the door behind her, and all but marched her way around the walkway on the other side of the windows. She shouted at the winged wyrm at a language Jamie didn't recognize. She assumed that it was a local dialect but that was it, she couldn't even begin to understand what she said.

Outside of the guess that what Jasmine Sparkflow said was quite cross.

Cross enough for the dragon to just hover in front of the purple robed wizardess and belched out the biggest case of heartburn Jamie McIndy had ever experienced. Dragonfire filled the view of the entire windowed panels heating up everything inside, including the young woman. Jamie screamed half because of what she was experiencing, but what she thought Jasmine, the only friend she'd have in this world, would've suffered through.

"Oi!!" "OI!!" "OOOOIII!!!"

Jasmine's voice wasn't of fear, pain, or agony, but mere minor irritation.

Just as suddenly as it began, the blast of dragonfire stopped. What remained finally made Jamie's jaw drop.

Jasmine Sparkflow was not merely unscathed by the attack, but she was hovering in the air beyond the ledge of the lighthouse! She almost glowed with sun-like power. Her gown was fluttering in the wild breeze and her hair resembled more what Jamie saw when she read the X-Men comics and saw Jean Grey in full on Dark Phoenix mode.

What Jasmine did next would make comic books pale in comparison.

She held out her fist in front of the dragon who hovered there unable to move or even breathe. Force Choke style.

What Jasmine said was still in the same language as before, but Jamie heard her voice in her head and understood what she said.

"You think I could be baked like a biscuit?" Jasmine said, and then threw her arm down.

The dragon crashed into the jagged rocks at the bottom of the waterfall. The crash resounded up and through the lighthouse, shaking the tower and Jamie in it.

"I've been in Blind Eternities, you mother..." Jasmine yanked up.

Water rushed all the louder below the tower, and Jamie found the dragon's head shoved into the precipice of the waterfall. Its mouth pried open and swallowing river water by the fluid ton.

"Oh, I get it, you filthy lizard," Jasmine continued her taunt. "You were after the little girl, were you?"

She then proceeded to use her invisible hold on the dragon to slam it against the cliff at least a dozen times. Each one shaking the walls.

"You like little girls, do you?" Slam. "You think they're cute?" Slam. "Can't get enough of them?" Slam. "You're gonna do something naughty with her?" Slam. "A Phyrexian's better than you!" Slam.

And so on, and so on, until Jasmine finally had enough of the dragon. With a more casual toss of her hand, she released the dragon, sending it into the sea where the boats weren't floating in. The impact of the limp dragon hitting the water managed to produce enough wake to push a couple of the ships back.

Jasmine stood there, still hovering in the air, her hands on her hips.

Jamie thought for a moment. She knows about role playing games, knows how powerful Wizards can get. She even brought a wizard to 30<sup>th</sup> Level. No 30<sup>th</sup> Level wizard can use Mage Hand in this fashion.

Jasmine humped once, swiped her hands clean, and hovered back to the door outside.

"Ouch, damnit!" Jasmine shouted as she reached for the doorknob. "Jace told me they'd be days like this."

Jasmine had to use her magic to open the door.

"I'd advise you not to touch that doorknob, Jamie." Jasmine said, as casual as before, "There was a fire out here."

Jamie would only sit there on the floor, her jaw still hanging. For a moment she felt that she was picked up by the scuff of her neck, kitten like, and she found herself standing again. And with a flick of Jasmine's wrist, Jamie felt her jaw close back into place.

"Now than," Jasmine said, "Where were we?"

It took a while for Jamie to speak. She was still awestruck over what happened in so many minutes. Jasmine took the time to pull over a table and a couple chairs from a corner. She patted one of the chairs to beckon her to sit, and she sat on the other.

"You said," Jamie said, "That you're from another world too...I mean, not from this one."



Jasmine nodded. "Yes. It was formidable for a while. Lost without any recognizable landmarks, not able to speak the language, never knowing when the next turn will have a fate for me worse than being dragon food," she pointed to the sill smoldering doorknob. "I hate to see what'd happen to you if I weren't around."

Jamie humped. "How'd you pick up the local language?"

"The same way I learned yours, Jamie." Jasmine said. "I've been blessed with a little psionic power. I'm usually blocked, but with a more willing partner, I'd be able to pick up a memory or two, the first of which was the common language in this world. Later on, I picked up other things that helped me out, such as how magic energies works. Mana just ain't like it is in my home?"

Jamie's eyebrow moved up. Mana? "Which world did you come from?"

"I don't think you'd know about it," Jasmine said. "I was born in the Keldon Mountains. I moved to Ravinca for a spell before some rift sent me..."

Jamie's eyes went wide, and she felt cotton in her mouth. Jasmine noticed this. Just as she noticed what else she mentioned: Blind Eternities, Jace Beleren, Phyrexia, Keld...it all ran through her head like ticker tape.

"You *do* know about my homeworld?" Jasmine said. She looked up and down Jamie. "I don't think you have a spark. Wait, why should I tell you about Planeswalkers?"

If Jamie's mind were a computer, it would be crashing. She is the audience of a Planeswalker. In a Dungeons & Dragons world?

Jasmine tilted her head, her eyes and smile showed a bit of amusement. The expression reminded Jamie of what she'd look like when she's curious over something.

"You *have* heard of Planeswalkers?"

It was all Jamie could do just to nod, not knowing what Jasmine would do to her. She knows that a Planeswalker *can* manhandle a dragon like Jasmine did, easily! Who knows what she could do, or have been done, to her!

But Jasmine Sparkflow, the Planeswalker, just smiled and reached over to touch Jamie's hand.

At the touch, Jamie felt warm all over. Her eyes closed, her mind eased. It was like being bathed in sunshine.

*You needn't fear me, child.*

Jamie didn't have to hear that. Maybe she did, or maybe not. She just knew. She was Jasmine's guest, after all. Or was she her pet? She certainly did feel like she was a cat on Jasmine's lap, the powerful being stroking her back and scratching her behind the ears to make her purr.

Was she purring?

Jasmine was definitely laughing.

"I thought you'd need that. You fascinate me, Jamie. You really do. I think you have something to show me about how you know about people like me?"

Did she just ask that now, or did Jasmine put that in her head, but Jamie was looking around. "Where's my book bag..."

Jasmine reached out to a corner. Jamie followed her hand to find her book bag, untouched and unopened in a corner. An unseen hand tugged at the strap, and it lifted off the floor and floated to the table. Jamie took it.

"You might have a good laugh out of this, you might be insulted, just don't kill me because of some Wizards of some Coast have done with people like you..." Jamie said as she pulled out a book. "...or worlds like this one."

Jasmine picked up the book, and ran a finger along the spine. "Dungeons and Dragons." She took the book—the Players Guide in Paperback to be precise—in one hand and just flipped through the pages, letting the pages fly by under her eyes. Jamie wondered if she could read that fast or was she just...

There was a chuckle. Then a snort. And then an open laugh. Jasmine looked like the book she held might as well be some religious tome from a bygone era for all she knew.

"This is some sort of game, is it?" Jasmine said. "This book."

"It's a series of books," Jamie said as she pulled out a couple more: The Dungeon Master's Book and the Monster Manual. "I always have the three main ones with me."

"And this...game...makes adventures that take place in worlds like this one."

"I may have to look up something that would...oh shoot."

Part of Jamie wondered if she would ever get to this point. She'd thought that the realization that she's on another planet without any of the things she was used to would hit her when she had time to sit down and think about it, not blindsided her in this fashion. The only things she had from her home was in her bag. The D&D books, a couple Magic: the Gathering decks, a spiral notebook and a pen, a folder

with a couple characters inside, a collection of power cards held in place with binder clips. A smaller bag of dice and tokens, her wallet, a pocketknife connected to a keychain with more keys than she'd ever would need, a little cash that this world would never accept...and that's it. Even if she had her computer, she couldn't reach the internet now. There *is* no Internet in this world. No telephone, television, probably nothing above a crude printing press if she's lucky; *if she's lucky!* Running water is no-ish, medical services probably use leeches, sanitation is hit or miss, restrooms would no doubt consists of outhouses that dump the waste into an open sewer...No major restaurant chains. She might never eat a McRib ever again.

But...would that be a good thing or...

"Hey, I know her!"

Jamie lifted her head to see Jasmine holding a Magic card. Chandra Nalaar to be exact. She didn't even bother to understand what was on the card under the picture.

"Is this with those books?" Jasmine asked.

"Er, it's complicated," Jamie replied.

Jasmine shrugged and handed the card back to Jamie. "Best let you keep it, hon. It's probably the only thing left you have from where you're from. In fact, I'm more curious over the plane you're from. From what I picked up from being in your head it's nothing like I've ever heard of."

Jamie blushed. "Promise you won't laugh?"

Jasmine blinked.

"It's called Earth."

There was a pause. A long pause. Young girl and Planeswalker just looked at each other.

And then busted out laughing at the same time.

"Earth!" Jasmine managed to say between gut busting laughs. "That's the name of your plane?! Who in the heavens and hells calls their plane that?!"

"The moment I had to say it," Jamie said, tears streaming out over her own laughter. "I knew it'll be too corny for words."

"I...hahahaha...have never laughed...hehe...like this in a decade!" Jasmine said.

The two looked at each other, and for a moment, Jamie didn't see Jasmine as an

all-powerful neigh Goddess-like being but a true friend. Something about her that just resonates with the child. Something that makes her just...she is approachable to the girl, a motherly figure the child wished she had.

Jasmine blew some of her floating hair out of the way. "I'm not sure how you came here, Jamie, but I'll make sure to find out in the next days. I have friends who are into these things. If there's any way we can get you back home..."

What Jamie did make Jasmine pause. Her face darkened a bit. She frowned. She sniffed. Her head dipped.

"I don't think I want to go back."

Jasmine blinked a bit. "You don't want to go back? You're barely a teenager, I'm sure that there are others who'll be worried..."

Jamie just shook her head.

Jasmine placed her hand on Jamie's. Jamie felt her enter her mind, like before.

*Why did you say that, my dear?*

Did Jamie thought this herself or did Jasmine put it there? Jamie didn't care. All she could think of was that bad day.

That bad Tuesday in September.

Jasmine didn't know how bad it was at first. She was too much in awe over two of the tallest buildings she has ever seen. A pair of thick square blocks that stretched up to the sky. Taller than anything outside of what she heard from the times of the older Planeswalkers. There was no Ivory tower as tall as these. Whole mountains can fit under their shadows. All the towers in her home and in this plane combined would barely make it to...

Jasmine found out why it was bad.

It almost didn't register in her mind, the metallic bird flying halfway up into the tower, tearing through it in a fireball she would assume was hundreds of feet wide. It took just about as long to realize what happened to understand, through the connection in the child's mind, that this wasn't a bird. It was some sort of Ortninopter, an airship that shuttled people from place to place on this world. It would've been a fascinating machine in any other setting. But here, how on earth did such a craft crash into...

...that's when the second one smacked the other tower.

A *second* plane.

*Oh my dear...this was no accident or product of chance.*

It was an attack. Someone drove those two planes into those towers.

Why she could not comprehend, and Jasmine Sparkflow could comprehend a lot.

Such as what she spoke out loud.

"Jamie," she said to the child, who was on the verge of tears, "Your parents, your family. They were killed in that attack, were they?"

Jamie could only nod, her eyes closed, her hands clawing out for Jamie's hand, holding it tight.

"I'm sorry," Jasmine said, her voice quiet. "I didn't intend to find a memory this painful."

Jamie's voice was just as near-silent. "You didn't know." She sniffed, and lifted Jasmine's arm. The Planeswalker let Jamie place the hand on her face. "What happened next was worse. I was just shuttled from place to place, from foster family to foster family without any place I could call home. Didn't stay on the same school for more than a year. Couldn't make any friends that truly stayed with me. By the time I got into my teens, I was wondering what I'm going to be when I grow up...and can only draw blanks."

Jamie shuddered. She actually shuddered.

Jasmine's spark-infused heart went out to the child. And Jamie could sense it.

Through the child's tears, she saw Jasmine, crystal clear in her eyes while everything else was blurry. It drew her in, moth-like. There was no thoughts like the ones minutes before, that this world is a fantasy world. That she might have been dreaming this. She might really be in some coma or flat out dead. That this world she found herself in now couldn't possibly be real.

But Jasmine Sparkflow is crystal clear real in her mind. Even as she moved the table away so that she can face the child and put both hands on her head. Jamie didn't want to pull away from this goddess like being. She felt some thoughts—maybe they're wishes, maybe they're just fantasies, maybe it's just because she was never religious—but it crowded her young mind after all.

If only she could be her Mother. To take her under her wing. To protect her from the dangers of living. To train her in what she needs to do to survive, to thrive, to live. It was a hole in her inner being that was ripped out of her like the planes

ripping through those towers. Can Jasmine fill it? Could she?

*Can I? Dare I? Should I?*

That was the thoughts through Jasmine's mind as she held the child's head, as well as her heart and soul, in her hands. She knows of Planeswalkers who take mortals into their thrall. Turn them into vassals and servants and slaves. Control their minds and take over their bodies. Bend their wills into whatever their Masters' wish and use them to the point where they're dead and discarded garbage.

But...she could take Jamie in. Make the child her apprentice. Teach her the skills just by putting them into her head. Hone her body and teach her body as well as her mind. Forge a bond that was closer than friends, closer than family...

And then one thought shone crystal clear, in both of their minds. It was a mental image of who Jasmine was when she was a child. A child that climbed trees and chased critters and discovered her mental and magical abilities by experimenting it like someone like Jamie would do with drawing stuff into dirt with a stick.

Someone like Jamie.

When Jasmine fell from that tree only to find herself hovering above the ground with her eyes ablaze and something inside of her sparking into a flame and then into a blinding noonday sun.

She looked just like Jamie, with the same eyes, the same hair, the same build.

*She was just like her.*

"Jamie," Jasmine said, whispering into her mind. In fact, she was talking from her heart to the child's. "We're going to investigate this together. You will be my child while you're here. I will always be with you. In here." She taps Jamie's head. "And in here." She placed her hand over Jamie's heart. "I'll teach you everything you need to know and then some, my dear. And I'll be able to work through you like my own eyes and hands. I know it's a lot to ask for one so young, to be my vassal, my apprentice, but it's something I think...we both need..."

Jasmine moved closer, her eyes locked with hers, each seeing them as the same color as the others, and feeling that the glow from the elder's eyes was flowing into the younger's. "You look just like me, Jamie. Probably is a lot like me when I was your age. I can't think of any other people to bestow this honor."

Indeed, Jamie was reaching out to this being, like a lost kitten who saw a gentle hand to pick her up and take her home. She saw Jasmine as her true mother by now, and yet, did she had thoughts of wishing that the Planeswalker just take her body and make it her's? She felt funny, her limbs felt watery, her clothes felt too

hot. Was it love, or something more? Her body felt like it was floating in open space.

"I..." Jamie almost didn't want to speak. "I don't know what to do."

"It's all right my child." Jasmine said, from the cockles of Jamie's heart. "You know what to do well enough."

And then she kissed the child. Lips to lips, like mother to child.

But in Jamie's being, it was like a star exploding inside. All of the sudden, Jasmine Sparkflow was...everything...a Mother's caress, a Matron's touch, a Teacher's wisdom, a lover's embrace, a little girl running the fields holding hands with her. The Planeswalker is everything to the child. And Jamie was her's. To have and to hold, always and forever. And not even death would have them part.

Jamie wanted this to last forever, embraced with her. She didn't want to part away with this...

Jasmine pulled away and rested her head on Jamie's. She was standing now and had the child in her arms, embraced in a loving and nurturing embrace.

Jamie was holding on to her with both arms and legs, and once she could she buried her streaming eyes into Jasmine's purple blouse. She had never felt this happy, this loved...she had never felt anything like this ever, and she never knew how much she needed it.

Now she knew what it's like to have a religious experience. Is this how Christians feel when they get saved?

She heard Jasmine's laugh echoing in her mind. She looked up.

"I didn't intend it to be anything like that, dearheart," Jasmine said. "But then again it couldn't be helped. The effects might be similar."

"I suppose so my..." Jamie blinked. "Would that be Mistress now, or My Lady, Mother, or..."

Jasmine laughed again. "I'm not that much into formal. Whatever works. There might be some small things that we have to follow, but not too much. Everything else, we can just...wing it."

Jamie nodded, she looked up to Jasmine. Her body felt warm all over, and it's all she could do to inhale gallons. "Y..yeah...we can wing it."

And then Jamie just snuggled up to Jamie's robe again.

"I don't know if the two are related,<sup>1</sup>" Jasmine told Lord Hamada, the town regent, as he checked up with the Planeswalker after what happened earlier the afternoon. "The child appearing from that rift and the dragon appearing. Personally, I thought the lizard saw her falling from the sky and thought she'd make for a light snack. But I wouldn't argue the local wizards from monitoring the area, I know I'd..."

"Hold it, Lady Jasmine," Hamada interrupted. He uses the honorifics but he does tend to be blunt. But then with the dark kimono with wicker armor and paired swords, it was almost expected. "You said someone fell through that rift."

Jasmine nodded. "A child. A teenaged girl, red hair like myself. Her name's Jamie McIndy."

Hamada nodded. "Strange name."

"Strange place she came from," Jasmine said. "That rift she came from was from a plane not known by any of us, and I'm speaking from any of my fellow 'Walkers."

Hamada stiffened. "Do you think other Planeswalkers would..."

Jasmine put a finger to her lips. "Let's keep mum over it for now, sir. Tell the mages here to keep a watch over the skies north of here, in case it repeats. I know of some friends who might be interested. We need not tell the public."

Hamada nodded. "I'm hoping that won't be the case. Where is the child now?"

"With me," Jasmine said. "I have adopted her. It's not like she had anywhere else to go. She might not know the customs down pat, but I'll be teaching her that tonight."

"I'll be sure to give her a proper welcome, Lady," Hamada said.

"Just go easy on her on your pranks at first, okay," Jasmine said. "No sense scaring her off."

And with that, Hamada gave her a bow and walked away, past a green-clad elf who was hiding behind the bushes. Once she knew the coast was clear, she bounded over the bushes and knelt before Jasmine, her stringy blonde hair fell over her shoulders and bordered her pale-toned face. A pair of revolvers accompanied a pair of slender blades at each side of her tunic. Her eyes were closed in solemn reverence and one of her longer elven ears twitched in the air. "My Lady," she intoned.

"You know you didn't have to hide from the Regent, Tal'entara," Jasmine said. There was a matter of fact tone in her voice that didn't have any anger or

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<sup>1</sup> In this scene, all spoken words are in the local Common Language.



annoyance over the elf's actions.

"Force of habit, my Lady," Tal'entara said, and then she looked up, her angular eyes combined with sharp eyebrows—a trait of her kind as one of the indigenous elven houses on this planet. "This child, Jamie. She came from the rift. Is she another Planeswalker?"

"More like a Planes *Faller*, elf," Jasmine said. "She doesn't have the spark, for all I know she came upon the rift by mere chance. I need to study this further." She turned to the kneeling elf. "I took her in, as I did with you. I expect you to be good with her, you hear?"

Tal'entara's ears twitched again when her mistress said it, but then she bowed again, "Your benevolence knows no size, My Lady."

Jasmine smirked at that. Even in this world, with their darker points, elves are nothing if not eloquent. "You would have done the same in my place."

There was a pause. "If only that were true, My Lady." And it was. Tal'entara knew how the elves of this world would do to this strange girl. She had to think of Mistress's glowing eyes to keep the images at bay.

Those holy golden eyes of the sun that hold the world before the orphaned elf, and to think that of all people, she graced her with such kindness. It was all she could do to be her servant for life. She hoped that this girl feels the same.

"I need you for something, Tal'entara."

All of her accursed stray thoughts were thrown out of the elf's mind, as she held her hand over her heart and declared her fealty for Her. "What is your bidding, My Lady."

"Jamie would need a collar of her own. That requires gold. About two to three pounds of it." Jasmine reached over her shoulder and a written note, folded and stamped in wax, flew into her hand. "The bank is still open. I need you to make a withdrawal, and then get dinner for the three of us."

"It shall be done, My Lady," was all she needed to say. Nothing will stop her from her quest. Never had. She just kept knelt down bowing in front of her mistress.

"Take care, my darling." Jasmine said, knowing that her ever-devoted elf would do one more bow before springing away. She knows that Tel'entara does this because of the debt she feels toward her, and she does whatever asked of her without a question. This devotion she has in her, Jasmine reminds herself, was all her. She didn't put it all in there, in fact, she did little much beyond what she did with Jamie.

And she looked at her as a mother figure than a goddess.

It's probably an elven thing, and parts of her spark-infused being just can't understand.

She snorted. And remembered something that she just reminded herself of as she ordered her servant around. It really was a lapse of her mind. Planeswalkers might be powerful, almost god-like compared to the people of this village, but they're definitely not perfect.

"I think I made a slight mistake, Jamie," Jasmine said as she walked up the steps. She didn't shout it so that the child above can hear her, but she didn't need to.

"How so?" came the voice, faint at first. But then it was oral. The voice appeared again, this time in Jasmine's mind. "Sorry, this telepathy needs getting used to."

"Didn't had a need for it until today, did you?" Jasmine said in Jamie's mind. "The problem is I only learned your English. I can assume that it's Common in your world."

"Oh nuts!" Jamie replied, the thought has a raised voice. "I didn't learn *your* language. The Common in *this* world."

"It's something I'll deal with now, if that's all right," Jasmine said as she walked up to the studio that she had Jamie in.

"Fine by me," Jamie said once she saw Jasmine's head peep out of the stairs. "I wanted you to teach me everything anyway."

Jasmine noticed that she removed her clothes; they were certainly filthy by whatever led her to that fall into her eyes. They were folded halfway decent in a chair, her shoes on the floor next to it. She had on the white nightgown Jasmine brought for her. It was thick enough to hide her budding shape, not that there was much to look at unless...

"What's this Dateline thing?" Jasmine said, one eyebrow up.

Jamie just shook her head. "Nevermind. I saw a couple people down there, a samurai and an elf." Oh please don't ask me who Link is, oh please oh please oh...

"The samurai was Hamada, the town prefect," Jasmine said. "He's the one who protects the village from harm, or at least does his darnest. Every now and then I have to step in, like that dragon. You'll see him tomorrow, just keep an eye on him, he's a practical joker."

Jamie had to roll her eyes. "That's just great."

"The elf's name is Tal'entara," Jasmine continued. "Someone I adopted, just like you. She's an elf from a local group to the west of here."

Jamie's eyes lit up. I have a sister?!

"She swore eternal loyalty and to me because of the kindness I gave her when I found her, cold and alone, in a burned out elf village. She calls it a life debt."

"I see," Jamie said, fidgeting a bit.

"You'll be surprised what a little kindness will get you in this world," Jasmine said. "Something for you to keep in mind. Oh, and your next question would be, 'is that eternal loyalty, obedience, kowtowing, and reverence required by you?'" Jasmine shook her head. "I never was that formal anyway. I just want you to be my student first, and then go on adventures in my name. Little more. If you want to make the relation Mother-Daughter, that's all right with me; you've been officially adopted anyway."

"That's refreshing," Jamie said. "For a moment I thought that I'd blink after this moment, and then you come out with black leather and putting me in chains with a whip at my back."

Jamie snorted. "Oh please. I don't see either you or Tal to be slaves. However, I do know of a half dozen people around these parts that would think of nothing of taking you away and making you into one. Be it in the fields, in a sweatshop, on the rack...on your back."

Jamie gulped, fully knowing what that meant.

"This is a dark age after all. I figured out that my charges need something that will make the jerks think twice. If you looked close enough, Tal had on a collar that had my insignia on it." A finger made a circle and created five multicolored flames appear around it. "It's similar to what I found on the back of those cards you've got."

Jamie nodded. She knows about the color wheel well enough. Almost expected Jasmine to know about it.

"She's getting enough gold for me to make one for you. It won't choke you out if you stray too far or piss me off. You can even take it off to wash your neck. But we'll be able to communicate with each other over longer distance," she tapped on her headband. "With this."

"With your powers," Jamie said, "I don't think I want to piss you off."

Jasmine smirked. "I doubt you'd be able to do that. You've gotta be a really evil

bastard to do that. Prime Example: One such slavemaster kidnapped Tal to make her into a concubine. He wanted to have a group of elven servants at his command, all coming out of her crouch.”

Jamie winced, “Ew! Pedo!”

Jasmine nodded. “Of course he didn’t know who I was when I came calling, being the one she was praying to under that whip.”

“What did you do?” Jamie asked.

“Well, I took every one of those slavedrivers and turned them into the pigs they are. Very slowly.”

Jasmine paused.

“And then roasted them all under an open fire for all the other just-freed slaves to feast upon. They were hungry enough to do it. I think I keep a couple nearby in case I need to show what I could do to somebody.”

“Whoa,” was all Jamie could say.

“Well, some people needed to be shown and not told, Jamie,” Jasmine said with a nod. “But when they see my five-pointed circle on your collar, most of them’ll keep their hands off of you. The others, you’ll know I’ll come a-calling.”

Jasmine led Jamie to the sunroom, or at least the room with the large windows and set her on a large luxurious rug. The child set cross-legged while Jasmine sat on her knees in front of her. Jasmine held Jamie’s shoulders and rubbed them a bit.

“Now then, most of what I’ve been doing now is reading memories, or thoughts that you’ve been thinking. And no, I’m no longer going to pretend to know what you’re thinking about half of the time.”

Jamie chuckled.

“Think of your mind as a book, with countless pages. That’s how I did it. Now putting memories into your head, writing on those pages, that’s trickier. Sure, you can just cram pages in that book, or even move around the pages and even take some out, but I don’t have to tell you that you’d all but destroy the book—your mind—in the process unless you’re careful over what you’re doing. And I’ve practiced what I’m about to do to you for years, and I can say with assurance. I am not going to fry your brain.”

Jasmine cracked her knuckles and then placed her fingertips on Jamie’s forehead. The child’s eyes fluttered instantly as she felt her slip into her head again, this time

with authority.

"Just relax dearheart." Jasmine whispered to her. "It'll feel weird to you at first, but you'll get used to it."

Tal'entara walked down the street back to the lighthouse with a spring in her step, proud of a mission done well. The coastal village of Gasusuri is the only place where she'll walk in the open streets. Everywhere else she just sneaks around in the shadows when she's not by her proper place at Mistress's side, keeping an ever watch on everything around her, hands at the ready to spring at Her beck and call.

The door unlatched and opened for Tal before she even reached it, Jasmine's way of welcoming her in. It made the only sound made as the elf crept up the stairs on padded boots to the lighthouse level where Mistress laid.

Tal made her usual quiet-as-a-churchmouse entrance at the top of the steps as she set the dinner to a table and knelt down to her knees in front of Her beloved Lady.

She didn't put her head down like she usually does.

She was just too distracted as the smaller version of the Lady in Jasmine's arms.

Jamie sat there with her eyes open and a bit cross-eyed. She somehow knew what to expect from Jasmine putting stuff in her memories. She knew that it would be the first time and it would've felt like a kick in the head, even though she was gentle with it. She even knew exactly what she was going to have in her head, to learn the Chinese-style common language for this world. Jamie Mcindy expected the worst.

But darn it if it wasn't the most intense rush of knowledge that she ever experienced. It was like cramming the entire Harry Potter series in her head, word for word, to the point that she can recite the whole thing from memory. All in the space of a couple hours. Her body felt limp, her face was covered in sweat, she felt cotton in her mouth. With the exception of Jasmine being crystal clear in her vision, she couldn't even acknowledge the room around her.

Fortunately her teacher of the evening knew enough to call it enough for now. She'll be able to do it again, for longer times and for greater topics. She took a cup of water and brought it up to the child's lips to drink, which the child did so. She then picked up the child's limp body and sat her on her lap, stroking her shoulder to ease the effects from her.

And Tal just tilted her head. 'Did My Lady had a child and didn't tell me?'

"Whoa..." Jamie said, using a perfect-inflected version of the world's common.

"...that was wild. I'm feeling synapses...I didn't know I had."<sup>2</sup>

She checked her lips. She wasn't speaking English anymore.

Jasmine smiled at her new child. She has switched languages by instinct, and she was getting back to normal. This was good, since she intended to do more in her head, and her body, a lot more.

"I'll let you rest for a bit," Jasmine said. "The first time's always the worst, but it gets easier or you as we work on it. And I don't want to...what's the line you'd use...fry your brain along the way?"

Jamie chuckled as she settled her head on Jasmine's chest. "Like I said, I wanted you to teach me everything right?" She looks up to her sun-like eyes. "I'm supposed to be your apprentice, am I? If doing that to my head is how you're going to whip me into shape."

Jasmine nodded and smiled. "It won't happen overnight, even with the way I speed things up."

Jamie looked over to her left, toward the stairs, and saw the blond Link-lookalike elf girl come into focus.

"Oh, this is just great," Jamie mused. "First local person I see, and I don't feel like moving right now."

With that, Jasmine just set Jamie up to her knees and let her settle into a padded mat on the floor. She then crooked a finger at the elf, who stood up, walked closer, knelt back down, and bowed.

Jamie thought that this girl was quite serious in her reverence toward Jasmine, and felt a bit embarrassed at the way she deals with it. But then again, she just got here...how many hours ago?

Jasmine sniffed a couple times, then crossed her arms. She looked disapproving of this elf. "You washed in the river again, did you?" Jasmine said.

The elf dipped all the more. "Blood on my clothes, gunk in my hair, I'd look even worse, my Lady." She then held up a bag of jingling coin. "But I do have the gold we need, and dinner." She then looked over at Jamie, and leaned closer. Like a cat sniffing something she wasn't quite sure on. "Is this the girl you told me about."

Jasmine just sighed and held out her hand for the bag. Her expression softened as

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<sup>2</sup> At this point, all spoken words are said in the Common language of the realm, unless denoted by brackets and a footnote.

she weighs the coins in the bag. "More than sufficient, although I will require that you get a proper bath. Even though you Elves don't mind, you could be a bear to share a room with with your forest scent." Jasmine then turned away, revealing the other red-headed girl sitting on the carpet. "Especially with your sister. This is Jamie, Tal'Entara, the very girl I found falling from the sky. Jamie, this is Tal'entara, a local Elf that I've told you about. She does mean well, but she does have her...moments."

The two girls meet eyes. Jamie found Tal relax just a touch, as she kept looking her over. Jamie felt unsure toward the blond-haired, pointy-eared, green-clad, forest child, and assumed that the feeling at this point is mutual. She also got a closer look at the golden collar and sure enough, there were five marks in a circle, positioned like the back side of a Magic Card.

Tal's eyes seemed to stare straight into Jamie's. She looked her up and down, not in a sensual manner, but rather sizing her up, wondering what she'd do.

Jamie just said, "Er, hello?"

Tal went back to Jasmine, "Is she it? She's not much older than me."

"Were you expecting some sort of superhero?" Jasmine said. "Did being with your kind tell you to use what you get?"

"Does she have any skills?" Tal asked.

"That's something we'll find out tomorrow," Jasmine said as she picked up a small pile of gold coins from the bag. She made it float up in the air and, as she waved her hand, they melted down into a fluid form.

"I know a little bit about the bow and arrow," Jamie said. "We can work with that."

"See?" Jasmine said. "She might not know much for right now, but we can teach her what she needs to know."

"Does she even know the language?" Tal said, her brow lowered.

Jasmine nodded. "Just taught her that. The first of many lessons, I'll let you know."

Tal nodded, and then turned to Jamie. She made a tentative smile. "Well Met, my Sister."

Jamie stammered. "You too, er, I still wouldn't know if we should shake, bow, or..."

Tal hummed. "The awkwardness is mutual, I hope to bridge that in time."

"Do keep that in mind, dear," Jasmine said as she returned. "It'll help if you have a mind a bit more open than other elves here."

Jamie blinked at what the Planeswalker held. In her hands, was a band of gold melted from the coins and made into a collar, the same circle of marks was in one side with her name etched on another part. Realizing that she can now read the hieroglyphic language surprised her.

Jamie closed her eyes and lowered her shoulders, just so that Jasmine can slip the collar around her neck. There was a click when it snapped in place, snug to the touch, but not so that it feels uncomfortable or tight.

Jasmine walked back a couple steps and put a finger to her lips.

*Now, if you can hear me, nod.*

There wasn't a voice, but a thought. Jasmine is in her head again.

Jamie nodded.

"Good, we're linked up."

That was Jasmine's voice, but it came from Jamie's mouth.

The girl gasped and covered her mouth.

There was a giggle from Tal'entara.

Jamie blushed as she put her hands down.

Then she felt her arms move without her thinking so, and she did a pirouette twirl on one toe.

"Good," Jasmine said in Jamie's mind. "It's working. While I won't do it all the time, now I can control your body; this will be a godsend when you get in a jam and need my help. See?"

Jamie's right hand made a snap—and Jamie never snapped her fingers before—and it produced a white flame. Jamie could feel the energy flow from the collar through her arm.

"Whoa..." Jamie said. At first it was indeed scary having her body move on someone else's command—like a puppet on her strings and her hand in her body combined—but knowing that it was her—her new mother, the one who'll keep her always—it set her at ease.



"Although I won't be able to do much through you right now," Jasmine said through Jamie's mouth. "That'll take some more time. And even then, I can only do so much, from what I remember from others. Later on you'll have more proper training; I just need to bring you up to your sister's level."

Jamie stole a glance to Tal. Even though she's still covered in an adventurer's outfit, she could see the toned and muscled arms. She's been working out, as it were. No, Tal's an real adventurer, a player character in this D&D world perhaps, and probably been one most of her young life.

"I know now that you wish to be one as well," Jasmine said in her mind, as Jamie turned facing the Planeswalker with her arms stretched out. She could feel muscles tighten and twitch almost all at once. She yelped once, only to have that sunbeam of light bathe over her, making her feel warm inside as well as out. "You want a life you couldn't have in your old home, when you were shuttled from place to place unable to have a stable life as well as a decent education. Well, I'll be fixing that, dearheart, starting forty minutes ago when I taught you our language. And now a little body toning to get your body in shape now that I have you collared."

It wasn't as if Jasmie McIndy was ever out of shape. On the contrary, she prided herself on being average on most physical tests, unlike most of the students from school to school who ended up stuck behind computers and game consoles as they packed on the pounds. At least she can run a good clip, do about 50 push-ups in a minute and can play kickball with the rest of them. Until, of course, they stopped keeping score and made education even more of a soul-draining bore than it could've possibly be before.

She also never did a handstand until Jasmine made her just now, causing her to flip upside down.

She nearly screamed because all she had on under that gown was her panties. Fortunately, Tal was there to hold the slip up.

"And it's not like either of us've seen a naked body before," Jasmine said, this time through Tal's mouth.

With a push from Tal's hand, Jamie cartwheeled back to standing. The girl was panting, drawing in breath, feeling hot all over. She could see steam come out of her limbs and feel the generated heat all over her.

"Maybe tomorrow, I'll have you start with a simple dagger. Little more than some basic self defense, from what I find in your head, you are familiar with forms to practice and what not."

"Maybe I can teach her some," Tal said.

Jasmine nodded at Tal, and then returned to Jamie. "Now there were some questions you haven't asked me," Jasmine said, her eyes closed. "I'm quite dependent on some people and artifacts at this time. In what you'd call the 'Too Long Didn't Read' version, my powers are actually limited. You probably know more about these two games from these Wizards of the Coast, and they never considered what combining them would be like. I think I have a clue why."

Jamie just stood there, her arms to her side, looking straight at Jasmine as if in a trance.

"Oh, sit down for a moment, will ya." Jasmine tilted her head toward Tal, and she went over to set up a table.

The child let herself drop to her knees. "This sure is a workout."

Jasmine gave her a smile. "Back to my point. When I planeswalked into this plane, I found out that magic works differently here. Usually the magical energies I use for my powers come from the lands themselves. They were just there in raw material that we can just draw up and refine in our spells. At first it's a very intricate process and a lot of prospective wizards just found themselves set on fire by drawing in too much. But eventually, tapping a land for mana, as you call it, becomes as easy as turning one of those cards sideways."

Jamie knew why she was saying this in her mind. She didn't want to hold too many secrets from the Planeswalker, so she just let her mind relax and just let her have her way in Jamie's head. By now, she'd expect, Jasmine knows everything about her. Just like a real mama would.

"But the magic here is different." Jasmine continued, leaning forward. "The sources of magic come from other mini-planes connected to this one. The sources are arcane, eldritch, divine, shadow, even necromantic and infernal. All kinds of magical energies beyond what I experienced before...and alas none of them I was familiar with. Fortunately, I was able to learn how to adapt my skills to these new energies with some friends of mine here, mentors that taught me how to tap into this power and convert my art to work in this world. I believe that I'm about half as powerful as I was when I walked here, but as you can see, even at half levels I can hold my own."

Jamie nodded. She didn't have to have Jasmine in her head to know it makes perfect sense. Wizards did say that Magic: The Gathering and Dungeons and Dragons are in different worlds, and in some places they're just not compatible.

"Over time, you will meet these people, who taught me just as surely as they'll teach you. Some of them you'll even find...familiar."

What does she mean by that?

“But first, I think Tal here has set up dinner, and after that, you both have to take a proper bath. The both of you had a pretty busy day.”

One of Jamie’s first and better memories of her parent’s was of family camping. Dad, being an avid hunter, would go out and hunt game, and Mom would hike, watch birds, dip her feet in the stream and keep an eye on an adventurous little girl. She remembered her first official hunt with her father in the summer of 2011—three scant weeks before they were taken away from her, as they stalked a deer. Of course, they didn’t use a gun at a time. They used a camera instead. It was practice for when she’s ready for live ammo.

And then there was the cooking of game: elk and deer and rabbit and fish. With the amount of meat Dad acquired they didn’t have to see a butcher until February. And by then she has acquired a taste for game that she almost lost during the decade of hell. She remembered prospective Foster Parents gasps when she asked for game meat, and one of them actually fainted. Her tastebuds were so trained that she almost couldn’t stand what comes out of the fast food chains. In fact, the common cheap burgers just ended up getting puked out. They had to buy her the six dollar burgers just so that she could keep it down. That caused more than a few punts to another Foster Family.

By the time she was in that D&D ride, she thought what she’d had to do to get her own gun—in some states that would be cause for being committed—and learn how to hunt. She thought that dying of starvation and exposure staring down a bear would be preferable to being trapped in a big city where every option she had would be another person’s biggest mistake.

The deer meat brisket served with slaw and a loaf of baked bread (which required you to slice it yourself; too much to ask for a slicer in this world) brought back all those good memories back.

Or was it her new Mother—the one who finally picked her to stay—finding that memory and pulling it into Jamie’s head in High Definition detail. She could recall in minutia the lush green forest with chirping calls and rustling leaves all around her, the tracks she followed on the ground, tamping down the dirt and leaves, and the majestic walking animals oblivious to being captured in a SD card.

Or maybe it was Jasmine’s stroking her mind as well as the back of her neck that’s causing it. Whatever it was, it’s almost brought her to tears. Almost.

She was too hungry to cry, and whoever cooked this deer should be on Iron Chef.

That, and that ethereal chuckle from a Planeswalker told her that she’s just

following along to what she's thinking and not even considering some of the references she used.

Jamie sighed. "This world's going to need a lot of getting used to, and I've only been in one house of it."

"I'm sure you'll do okay, dearheart," Jasmine said as she bit into her sandwich. She didn't eat much of it, and to be honest, she ate more for the taste than for the nutrients. She then saw Jamie's fidgeting with the two chopsticks that accommodated her plate. "I take it you don't know how to use them, I know that problem myself. Let me help you with that."

With that Jamie sensed her Planeswalker mother slip into her being not unlike slipping a hand into a puppet. And all of the sudden, she felt her hand flip the chopsticks into the proper hold that she only saw about. Jasmine even allowed her to pick a couple pieces of food with Jasmine's psionic coaching.

"Even though I appreciate it," Jamie said, "this is going to take some getting used to."

"Let me tell you that in the morning," Jamie said. "I've read stories about telepaths. Remind me to tell you about movies, television, and comic books someday. But, man, it's different when you're experiencing it first-hand."

Tal tilted her head. "You've heard of others with such a power?"

"Only in stories," Jamie replied. "I'll tell you but my brain feels fried."

Tal nodded understandingly.

But there was enough working synapses in Jamie's head to form this question. "Personal question, Tal, and you don't have to answer. How long have you been adopted by Jasmine?"

Tal lifted an eyebrow that made Jamie (a) think of Vulcans and (b) grateful that she hadn't mentioned Star Trek to her yet.

Tal let the sense of informality pass. Maybe Jamie will pick it up on her own, at least in part. "Our Lady found me when my village was destroyed. Lost all my family and left me to die. She pretty much did the same thing she's doing to you. I owe my life for her, and for that, I gladly became her servant. I gave her every part of me that day when she took me in, and she became my Mistress ever since. You might find that a bit off-putting, but I guessed it's a cultural difference and left it at that."

"Sorry to hear that, Tal," Jamie replied. "Did you know who did it?"

Tal nodded. "A rival Elven faction."

It was Jamie's turn to raise an eyebrow. "Another Elf group? I thought you elves were pretty much friendly with each other."

With that there was some chuckles and passing glances from others in the room.

Jamie felt pretty much self-conscious. "Oops. I think I screwed up."

Tal just shrugged. "Spoken like a true Visitor. Some other planes might have us be mystic-hearted nature lovers with lyres and nature-magic and affinity with animals. I only wished it were the case here. Most of the elders I heard even after Our Lady took me were quite adamant against other races here, and especially with those who came from other planes—some willingly, while others like you came here by chance—and talk about driving all the other people—including the locals—out of this world so they can have it all to themselves."

Jamie made bubbles in the hot water with her mouth. "Great. Just what this world needs, Elvish Supremacists. I thought I'd never get to hear from skinhead types when I fell over here."

Jamie glanced over to her company she's having and only got blank stares.

"Even with my advantage," Jasmine said, "There are times where I don't know what you're talking about, dearheart."

Jamie just sighed. "I know, that's why I'm jumping from topic to topic. Now that I know Tal's tale, and you know mine, what about yours, Jasmine. I've heard of a good number of Planeswalkers, but your story's gotta be interesting and new for me."

It was Jasmine's turn to blush. "It isn't anything to write home about. And you might just laugh at it in afterthought."

"My Lady, you laughed when you heard about my home plane's name." Jamie turned to Tal in between bites, "It's called 'Earth,' for the record."

The spit take was expected.

"You laughed at it too," Jasmine protested.

"I was laughing *with* you," Jamie replied. "Different thing."

"It's just so benign when you compare it to others," Jasmine said, blowing a tuft of wild hair out of her eyes. "Most of the 'Walkers you know of have such elaborate stories. Ursa used something not unlike those Nuclear Bombs you've heard about. Teferi spent a whole decade in open flame. Venser had his spark pop up in an

teleportation experiment. Some say that he actually teleported into that spark and it stuck in him. And Jeska, good grief, there's no one in any multiverse that can even touch her story..."

Jasmine paused a bit, then blinked, and then paused again.

"This Jesus Christ guy who popped in my head," she said, "You know him better, is he considered a planeswalker?"

Jamie just shrugged.

Jasmine just shook her head, "My childhood was as normal as expected. My mother was an elf from Yavimaya and my father was a human from Keld, so I lived in the wooded region between the two lands. In fact, I learned magic using green and red mana, which is where a good part of my..."

Jamie was nodding along.

Jasmine's face brightened up. "You understand what I'm talking about, good. Surprising how much knowledge about a card game would get you. Well, to get to my ascension, like I said, it was almost comical: I was climbing a tree near my home and..."

"You *fell*?" was all Jamie could say, and to her merit she didn't go into an expected gut busting laugh.

"The branch I was standing in broke away from fifty feet straight up. After my short life flashed before my eyes, I found myself floating mere inches from the ground, light shining from every pore and opening in my body including the cuts, and the minds of every human, animal, and even plantlife flooding into my head." She turned to the blinking Jamie. "You know how it felt when I taught you common. Multiply that by infinity, and you get what I felt at that instant."

Jamie whistled.

"I might not have died, but I was at a place where I didn't know how to get out. Fortunately, there was someone who heard—and no doubt understood—what was happening to me. The Keldon Lady, Radha."

"She's the one who was during all that planar chaos in Dominaria," Jamie replied, the memory of the books she read jarring loose. "She had a spark but it was spent repairing the rifts, right?"

Jasmine nodded. "True, and even though her spark is dormant, she can still sense my ascension, and it was her, thanks the Gods, that helped me deal with my newfound spark." She leaned back. "And just because your spark is extinguished

doesn't mean that your life as a planeswalker is over. There is a way for you to power up a spark that would otherwise be out forever."

She then reached inside her blouse in her purple gown and pulled out a pendant with five glowing gems. A Pearl, an Emerald, a Ruby, an Onyx, and a Sapphire. Arranged in the familiar color wheel. "The Pentamox. An artifice of immense power which can only be tapped by a spark. In any condition. It was Teferi who helped design it, which got him 'Walking again."

Jamie's eyes were wide. "Now that's something Wizards didn't count in."

"It was Teferi who showed me the ropes, taking me under his wing. It was with him that I was able to use mental powers which you probably know by now. I also learned how to Planeswalk myself, and been to a couple planes with some coaching. Unfortunately, there is a danger of doing so on your own."

"Traveling through hyperspace ain't like dusting crops," Jasmine said. "Without precise calculations we could fly right through a star or bounce too close to a supernova, and that'd end your trip real quick, wouldn't it?" She paused for the blank stares. "Han Solo, Star Wars, Episode IV. But I think that's what you're talking about."

Jasmine eventually nodded. "You need to tell me some of these stories. But you're right, you need to know exactly what you're doing in the Blind Eternities. If you don't you run into the chance of—if you're really really lucky—running into a plane you know nothing about. I know tales of those who weren't and were lost in the void for millennia, or maybe forever." A Pause. "That what almost happened to me when I saw my first Phyrexian."

"A Phyrexian?" Jamie asked, "From Mirrodin?"

"That's where they're from now?" Jasmine asked. "I thought they popped right out of a nightmarish history book. They just phased into my hometown and started tearing through everyone and everything. They were about to dive for me when I panicked and risked a 'Walk without a destination."

"...and that's what brought you here."

Jasmine nodded. "I was found not too far from where I found you, all but lost and alone. I didn't know where I was, so I have no idea on how to 'Walk back home. And since I was basically the first person to tap mana in this world, like I said, I couldn't even draw a trickle of mana for quite some time. Thank the stars, there's some wizards that took me in and taught me other sources to use magic until I can establish a couple mana taps, but that didn't help the matter of me being as stuck here as you are. And like you, there's something keeping me here. I'll tell you

more later, but now...that we've done...I think you need to wash up now while I set up the lamp, because you two are becoming quite ripe."

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It was her first time she'd ever been in a Japanese-style public bathhouse—"A Sento, I believe," she said to Tal when she asked—but she has heard of the versions for her realm. At least the layout of the place—just across the street from the lighthouse—was what she read about: segregated by genders by a wall and a tall box-like clerk desk at the garden front and a boiler in the back.

"Don't worry if you don't know what to do in there," Tal said, "there's always have nice people in there to help you out."

"I think I read enough to know some about what to do," Jamie said, "Shower first, then soak, right?"

Tal nodded as she lead Jamie inside.

Everything in the front room as like Jamie imagined, with small bonsai trees and flowers along the sides of the room and the tall box where the clerk peeked out of.

The clerk, however, wasn't what she imagined. Jamie give to double take to check to see that she was really seeing a honest to God bunny girl. Her light blue body looked humanoid, but her face just screamed out 'rabbit' to Jamie, with a pair of ears falling off the back of her head mingling with the blue and black hair, and the cutest of ever-smiling mouths over her button nose.

"Hey there, Tal," the bunny girl said, "Guess Mistress doesn't approve of you bathing in streams still."

Tal just rolled her eyes. "You know how she is."

"I guess," the clerk said and then looked over to Jamie, "Who's your friend?" She then gasped, "You're that girl that fell from the sky."

Jamie blinked, and then turned to Tal. "Who told her about me?"

Tal just growled. "I might need to punish Lord Hamada for that. Oh, she's Jamie, by the way."

The bunny girl just smiled. "Hi there, Jamie. I'm Chiaki. And judging by the look on your face, you've never seen a Soratami before."

Jamie eyes flickered with recognition. "Soratami? From Kamigawa?"

Jamie saw the Soratami return the expression. "You know of the plane? We only



hear of it in legends.”

“Heh, you’ll be surprised how much Jamie here knows about us, Chi.” Talentara said.

“Well, I’ll be interested in finding out, let me get Ichi over here so I can join you two.” And with that, Chiaki ducked into the box for a while. There was some talking in the back, and to Jamie’s surprise another girl appeared.

This one with a pair of cat ears on her head.

What race is she from?

She didn’t get the chance to ask, because the cat girl pulled out a couple baskets with some soaps and bottles and rags. “This is compliments from Chiaki, friends, just proceed to the left.”

“Wait til she hears what she thinks of your home plane’s name, Jamie,” Tal said as she lead Jamie by the hand through the curtain.

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Chiaki was laughing so hard that her whole body—which was all in view to Jamie’s utter shock. Not only did she just scream out Bunny, but she’s quite a looker, with bouncy breasts and curves to match. Jamie didn’t know where she stood sexually, but if she was a lesbian, she’s certain that this sento wouldn’t have enough bleach to deal with the nosebleed. And all that body was juggling as she was giggling. “I can’t believe that someone named their home plane such as presumptuous name!”

“It’s a running gag,” Jamie said. What she didn’t say was, ‘I can’t believe that those boobs are actually real!’

“So,” Chiaki said as she settled back down in the tub. “You’ve must’ve had some wild ride to get over here. You’ll sure appreciate this soak.”

Jamie could only nod as she eased back down to her neck in the heated tub. Between the actual trip and what Mistress has done to her, Jamie just redefined all meaning of exhaustion. She felt that Jasmine just took over her body and sent her through Marine Corps Basic Training, only without the Drill Instructors. But dog gone it, when she let Jamie have her body back and Tal set up a wicker pad for her to show some moves on, she knew what to do with that dagger. Her thrusts and parries were pretty much spot on, and the muscle memory was just as sharp as her mind was when speaking and reading the language.

Muscle memory. From what little she remembered from her scattershot school history, that’s when the brain pretty much knows what the body needs to do and moves it without you needing to be aware of it. With enough practice, or with a

telepath cramming it into your head, it becomes second nature.

Jamie dived fully submerged into the warm water and then bobbed back up, taking in all the scents from the flowers and leaves floating on the surface, filling her noses with all the aroma. She almost forgotten that everybody in the room was naked, including herself.

Public Bathhouses was easy to get used to once you get over the initial shock.

"You're going to like it here, Jamie," Chiaki said. "You've really lucked out when you landed here, they're really friendly once they get to know you. And they're really fun to be around. And you've probably seen your Mistress' kind heart under her icy exterior."

"I know about Lady Jasmine already," Jamie said. "Especially her warmer side. I can assume that she's got a thick skin for this world."

"Yeah," Tal replied. "This world would be rough, I think you'd find that out real fast tomorrow."

With that Chiaki turned to Jamie, "You think you're going to be an adventurer, Jamie-pu?"

Jamie chuckled at the Soratami's honorific. "I want to be one, I just don't know what yet. I do know how to shoot a bow and arrow, but I might be a bit rusty."

"Well then," Chiaki said, "Maybe me and Tal'll show you around, and then find a bow for you to practice on, we've got a good dojo there."

Jamie nodded. "That's something I wanted to do anyway."

Chiaki giggled. "Well then, I'll meet you there in the morning. We'll have a good time."

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Jamie and Tal return to the tower in their robes, nice and clean and a little exhausted from their long day. They came to the front door, and heard it unlock before they reached for the doorknob.

"Jasmine's way of welcoming us back in," Tal said. "She's in the top tending to the light, judging from the time."

Jamie looked to the west, seeing that the sun has set behind the trees and the coastal town of Gasukuri is officially in twilight. She looked up to find a series of sparks in the glass enclosure on top, followed by a soft glow that brightened over time.

Jamie didn't hear any words from Jasmine, nor did she sense any thoughts. Just a ever growing sense of hearth and home, something that she never felt in over a decade. It drew the young girl like a moth to a flame.

But then again, Jasmine is the girl's mother now. Even though they're still in the First Name Basis stage in their relationship. Well, she did say that she'll wing it.

The two children walked in and they heard the door lock behind them. They both placed their dirty and wet clothes by the doorway, in a wicker bin, and just walked up to the top sky clad under their gowns. Both of them following a silent command-slash-desire to join their Mistress.

They found Jasmine in the glass enclosure with the fire cauldron filling the whole chamber of light. It spilled out in all directions throughout the village and especially the seas behind the children's backs. Jamie felt warm both inside and out, the fire combining with seeing her new Mother filling in those holes in her soul, holes she didn't even thought she had.

More than this lighthouse, it was Jasmine who was home to Jamie now. Is this how all deities show make their subjects feel? Or only the benevolent goddesses like...

Is it okay for Jamie to think of Jasmine as a goddess? Planeswalkers have passed as such before.

*It is okay, dearheart.* That was the thought throwing through the child's young body. Reverberating with her soul.

Jamie just walked up to Jasmine with a goofy grin on her face, and just fell to her knees, oblivious to Tal who just sat down Indian style, just content in Her presence.

Jasmine just smiled at her young look-a-like and held her chin. The touch, the expression, the light, it just drove out everything else in the young girl's mind. The mother cat-like connection that she felt before returned in full force as she felt Her slip into her head, teaching her things as she knew everything about her.

The child was an open book by now, and Jasmine knew no secrets form her. She knew of her lost parent's names, where they lived, where they worked, which floor they were on the Twin Towers before the planes struck them, as well as the make and model of such planes. She knew of all the foster homes she was paraded across and tossed aside like someone who wasn't wanted.

Jasmine knew, she wanted Jamie. As her vassal, as her servant, and as her daughter.

Jamie stood there, completely unguarded, her eyes fluttering as her mother..or is it mistress...maybe she's both...but she didn't care, as every last bit of hurt and

bitterness were burned away in Jasmine's light like fog before the sun. Jamie never felt the love of a family for a long time, Jasmine became that family. Jamie never had a proper education to make it in life, Jasmine will put all the knowledge she'll need for life. Jamie never knew what she wanted to become as a woman, Jasmine will make sure that she'll find the way she was meant to go. Jamie wondered if she'll ever be loved as a woman.

Jasmine will love her forever.

And Jamie will love Jasmine.

The child's hair were left loose and when her eyes opened, they shone with the same glow. As they looked at each other and seeing a reflection, they knew. No other words or vows were needed. Jasmine was Jamie's Mother. Jamie was Jasmine's daughter. Nothing will ever change that. The two kissed and sealed the silent pact they made with a loving embrace.

Tal'entara, as entranced today as she was when she made a similar pact with her, had to break the moment. "Mistress, if it pleases you, I want to forge a pact with Jamie. As sisters."

Jasmine looked at her just-as-enchanted elf and nodded. She set her daughter back down, placed a finger to the child's lips, and turned her toward Tal.

Tal reached for Jamie's arm. There was a little resistance at first, but then Jamie let her hold it. It must've been the dagger on the other hand that caused her to flinch a bit.

Maybe it was the aftereffects of Jasmine's influence in both of their minds, but Jamie didn't feel a bit of pain when Tal cut into Jamie's palm. But then again, she just looked into Tal's eyes as she did that, and then she cut her own palm and joined hands, cut to cut.

"We may come from different worlds," Tal'entara said, "We might be different in our ways, and how we relate to Our Lady. But that doesn't make us any more sisters in my mind." Jasmine wrapped the two arms together in a dark purple cloth to keep the seeping blood from spilling. "And with our blood merging together through our palms, we will always be together, just as we are with Lady Jasmine. I'm honored to call you Sister, Jamie. We can deal with the differences as we go."

Even in her muddled mindset, Jamie heard what Tal said, straight into her heart. Not only did she have a mother, but what she said is true. She has a sister now. She never had siblings even before her first parents were killed. She might never come home again, but here she has everything she wanted, and a much better life. Why would she want to wake up from this dream?

And dreamed she did, as Jasmine settled both girls in one bed, their hands still bound and their blood still mingling.