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Before Jason embarked for Hell, he wanted to have a long talk with Michael. The night before his departure, he found himself in the same old discussion he had had with the dragon so many times before. “What is the nature of reality?” Michael was saying.

The old wizard leaned on his staff and said with resignation, “As old and as wise as I am, Michael, I am no closer to the answer. Since Amy died, my days feel less real than my nights. There’s no question but that I really prefer this reality with you over the other.”

“Has it ever occurred to you,” Michael asked, “that perhaps this is not a dream at all? Maybe this is *reality*, and when you open your eyes each morning, you are slipping into a dream? Or perhaps, they are both just two *possible realities* in an infinite plane of possibilities?”

Jay was preparing to answer, when a familiar voice caught him by surprise. “Jay.” He turned, and Amy stood there, just behind him. “Well old man,” she said as she grinned, “you might be spending your days in Hell with Nick and my brother, but you’re spending your nights with me.”

Jason thought he was beyond surprising. But the sight of Amy stunned him. He was about to throw down his staff and embrace her, when he suddenly became aware of the fact that he was a decrepit, old man—while Amy was a vibrant youth.

Michael read Jason’s mind and quickly said, “Jason, you aren’t an old man. In this world, your feelings *create* who you are. When you feel old and wise, you appear to be an ancient, old man. As you grew here—mentally, emotionally and spiritually—quite quickly, I might add, you constantly felt older than your years. But Jason, you know that this reality includes all kinds of magic. Just change how you feel about yourself, and your form will change too.”

Michael’s words reminded Jay of an e-mail he had received about four or five years before: “*Create the world you dream with every choice you make.*” And a radiant, young, and handsome Jason Wagner stepped forward and embraced an equally radiant, young, and handsome Amy Wagner.

After a long and passionate hug, spiced with many equally passionate kisses, Jason turned to Michael. “There’s much I’d like to say right now,” he began, but stopped and simply said, “Grab this!” Jason then sent the dragon a direct transmission—and Michael smiled.

The white dragon looked Jason directly in the eyes, cleared his throat, and said, “I think it’s time for me to show you what I *used to* look like.”

And there stood Jason’s father.