Security Question

by circumvention (brainwane)

Summary

Why a young Jedi apprentice can't shortcut the anti-theft system on the lightsabers by Force-summoning the two-factor auth token itself.

Notes

In response to friends who egged me on when I said:

Does "TFA" mean Star Wars: The Force Awakens or two-factor authentication? In my upcoming fanfic on security in lightsaber summoning, both! Although I may need to figure out whether the Force is something you have, something you are, or something you know.

I have seen barely any Star Wars so this is probably completely wrong on matters of canon. Apologies.

Has one profanity.

See the end of the work for more notes.

"You've forgotten your two-factor auth token in your room again. Search your goldfish-caliber memory; you know it to be true," said Master Hawley.

"But why can't I use the Force to just summon the token itself?"

Hawley sighed. "After those unpleasant lightsaber larceny incidents, and I am not naming any names or scowling long and hard into any particular faces, we instituted a new regime. Something you have --" He gestured, his ring glinting. "-- AND something you know: the Force."
"... and something you are. Right? Isn't that the third bit?"

"Yeah, but the Force can't tell one midi-chlorian from another. So we're settling for 'two out of three ain't bad' and going with a two-factor approach. One, are you Force-sensitive, and two, do you have your fucking token or did you leave it in your dorm, again, for like the fourth time."

"Second," muttered the apprentice.

"In any case. The token is Force-resistant, so you can't summon it. But that only applies to the material of the ring itself, not to its wearer, so it doesn't interfere with the lightsaber's operation once you've summoned it."

"That doesn't make any sense; there's no such thing as a Force-resistant material in the universe; if there were, we would be making every part of the Rebellion's infrastructure out of it except for our weapons; these new rings and the lightsaber security doohickeys (which keep getting caught on things like the arms of our robes, incidentally) showed up around the same time that you renovated your house; I think none of this works and it's all security theater that you are profiting --"

"So go ahead. Use the Force, noob."

"Fine!" Arm extended, barehanded, the apprentice waited. Moments ticked by. Nothing whooshed past. Hawley affected patience. "OK, what's the trick? What's the catch?"

"You still don't believe the tokens work? You think I'm blocking your ability some other way?"

"Maybe you're working against me. Using the Force to counter my moves."

"Is that what you feel?"

Reluctantly: "No."

"My dear young Jedi." Hawley extended his hand languorously. In the distance, a small gold circle burst from a curtained window and sped towards the pair. "Your powers are a matter of morale, self-confidence, and, dare I say, arrogance. The authentication may be security theater, but as long as part of you believes in it, its effectiveness is complete. And once you believe in yourself more than you believe in me, well, at that point your powers will be beyond any limit I could put on our lightsabers, or indeed on you. And that will be its own test. But for now --"

The ring hit the apprentice between the eyes. "Ow!"

"Looks like you'll be needing that."

End Notes

"Hawley" is named after Kip Hawley, former head of the United States's Transportation Security Administration and expert in security theater.

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