Suppose Owen really was Obi-Wan's brother?

Just a little something that popped into my head

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Feedback: Oh, give it to me baby ... emila_wan@yahoo.com

Archive: M_A if you want it. Others please ask.

Category: Angst

Pairing: Q/O very subtly implied

Rating: PG
Spoilers: Possibly Episode III if I am a *VERY* lucky guesser -- but nothing in here is based upon spoiler knowledge of the film, only extrapolation from what we already know.

Summary: Suppose Owen really was Obi-Wan's brother?

Disclaimer: George Lucas is da man. He owns everything. We just play.

Warnings: none

Series: none

Note: Just a little something that popped into my head today and I had to write it down. Took about 30 minutes. Anybody who wants to provide a bit of constructive criticism is welcome to do so. Not betaed.

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Owen saw the little starfighter arrowing down, red hot and screaming, aimed straight at the heart of the Lars homestead. He dusted the sand off his hands, sealed the toolkit shut, and took off in a lope. He cursed under his breath as he ran.

It was never good news when Obi-Wan came to visit.

By the time he got to the house, Beru was cradling a bundle of cloth in her arms and cooing at it. Owen gave Obi-Wan a glare as harsh as Tatooine's twin suns. "What are you doing here?"

Obi-Wan lifted his eyes and looked at him. Owen almost took a step back. He'd never seen his brother looking so defeated, so lost. Not even after the Battle of Naboo, when Obi-Wan had come looking for their father with a purse full of wupiupi and a favor to ask. That had been twelve years ago, and Owen would never forget stumbling upon Obi-Wan in the garage, curled into a fetal position and sobbing almost silently, a hydrospanner dangling limp in his hand.

Whatever it was this time, it looked to be worse. Owen wanted no part of it.

"Get off my land."

"Anakin's turned," Obi-Wan said. His voice was raw. He looked away, toward the horizon. "He's murdered thousands." His brown cloak flapped in the wind, revealing the cream cloth underneath. Owen was reminded of the time he had come across the sunbleached bones of some unfortunate beast, harried by a clutch of dark-winged carrion eaters.

Owen crossed his arms. "And whose fault is that?"

Obi-Wan turned and looked sharply at him, but the spark of emotion faded so quickly Owen thought he might have imagined it. "He's killed Padme," Obi-Wan said.

Beru gasped and rocked the baby silently.

Owen set his jaw. "It's none of our concern. Don't bring your troubles here. We've got enough to deal with as it is. Not that you would know that, seeing as how you couldn't even be bothered to come help when Pa was dying."

Obi-Wan brushed a hand over his face, rubbed his eyes. "In case you hadn't heard, Owen, there's a war."

"Oh, we're not so ignorant as you think, brother. High-and-mighty Jedi General Obi-Wan Kenobi
is on the news even out here. Trouble with the General is he's always out saving the galaxy. Never around when you need him."

Obi-Wan ignored him. "Anakin --" He choked, swallowed, and tried again. "Padme -- this is their son. He must be hidden."

"Absolutely not. You can't ask this of us. If he is as dangerous as you say, and I don't doubt for a moment he is, I want no part of him."

A tiny hand gripped Beru's finger, and the baby gurgled. Beru looked down and blinked; tears rolled down her face. "It's just a baby," she whispered.

Obi-Wan gritted his teeth. "You're my only hope, Owen. The only one I can trust. He *must* be hidden. The future of the galaxy depends on it."

"No. Take him and leave. Now."

Obi-Wan stared at him for a moment, an unreadable look in his eyes. Then he turned and started walking toward his ship.

"I mean it, Obi-Wan." Owen snatched the bundle from Beru's arms and held it out toward Obi-Wan's receding back. "I won't raise this child."

Obi-Wan said nothing, but kept walking.

"Damn you!" Owen shouted, almost shaking the baby in his anger. "Damn you and all the Jedi. Damn you for starting this war, and damn you for turning that sweet boy into a murderer!"

Obi-Wan's steps faltered for a moment, then resumed.

"Well, you won't ruin this one. Never come back, you understand? I'll kill you if you so much as set foot on my land!" When Obi-Wan didn't respond, Owen shouted louder, his voice shrill with anger, "You're no kin of mine, Obi-Wan Kenobi! You can go to hell, you and all your kind!"

Obi-Wan climbed into the cockpit of his starfighter and strapped himself in. He took one last look at Owen and then keyed the navcomputer. The ship lifted and began its ascent. In the scorching air of Tatooine, his tears dried even before they could fall.

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