The Chosen One's Sister

by barefootxo

Summary

When the monks decide to make the Key into the Chosen One’s sister, Glory attacks them in mid-casting. The problem is that her interference causes the spell to be more powerful than anyone ever imagined and Dawn is created as the little sister of the Chosen One in another dimension entirely. Dawn Skywalker is born… World 359 in the Crisis of Infinite Scoobies.
The Most Holy Order of Dagon was in grave peril. It had been less then a week since Glorificus the Hellgoddess had discovered that the Key resided with them. The Monks chanted in eerie unison as they began to use their abilities to grant the Key a mortal form. A mortal form, while more vulnerable, was infinitely easier to conceal. After they had managed their task, then the Order would insert the newly created person into the life of a protector, hopefully to keep it forever from Glory’s greedy hands.

Brother Isaiah stood outside the circle with Brother Melchior. Together they would make the decision of whom to name as the new protector of the Key. The remaining brothers were needed to give the Key her form and to provide the power to send her on her way.

A loud bang echoed through the hall as Glorificus attempted to force the door. It would not be long now. Isaiah sighed. “Perhaps the ensouled vampire?”

Melchior offered a disgusted look in reply. “The vampire is a fell beast, regardless of any soul he may have now. It is an abomination.”

Isaiah nodded in reluctant agreement. “The Chosen One, then?”

Melchior nodded sagely. “She will be the best that we can offer to protect the Key. Goodness knows that our Order is nearing its end.”

Another bang echoed through the hall, followed quickly by the sound of the doors slamming
open. It was too early. They had to be swift. Just as the chanting monks reached the crescendo of their chant, one of them was impaled on Glory’s arm, her face baleful in her hatred of the Order of Dagon. Isaiah noted that, because of Glory’s presence in the circle, the Key was ready for transport. It was more then ready, really. Glory’s presence had overpowered the circle beyond all prediction. Isaiah had no way of knowing what would happen to the Key anymore. He found that he didn’t care. He was meant to protect the Key. This would have to do. “Poslat jí do vyvolená”

The glowing girl in the centre of the circle vanished, most of the monks that had surrounded her fell to the floor as if their strings had been cut. Isaiah felt for a pulse from Brother Elijah and was saddened to find it absent, rightly concluding that it would be absent from all of his brothers who had been contributing power.

A gasp caught Isaiah’s attention, drawing him briefly from his grief. There was an unfamiliar man on the floor, seemingly in place of Glorificus. Isaiah hissed in disbelief. This was Glory’s mortal shell. He had never hoped to be able to render Glory so helpless that he might have this opportunity to avenge his fallen brothers. The ritual to send the Key on must have required a truly ludicrous level of power to so drain the Hellgoddess. Isaiah hesitated for a long moment. His was an order of peace and protection. Could he make such a choice as was before him?

Isaiah would make a choice with regards to Glory, one that his soul would have to live with. What his decision was is irrelevant. All that matters and all that shall matter is the fate of the Key. The Key, which had transcended far beyond the reach of Glory or any other in the Monks’ home reality, was left to the protection of the Chosen One… a very different Chosen One then the one the Monks had envisioned…

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Watto inspected his new prospective slaves with a practiced eye. The human female was just beginning to show the signs of being pregnant. He recognised the signs in her species. He barely restrained a smirk. While he would not be able to get as much use out of that slave for a while, her value was not in her ability to do physical labour anyway. That meant that barring the time immediately surrounding the birth, she was still useful. Better still, the child she was carrying would also be his property too. Three slaves when he had only won two. “It is a deal, Gardulla. These two shall suffice as payment for your debt.”

The slug-like alien nodded imperiously and spoke booming in Huttese. The silver translator droid at Gardulla’s side snapped to attention and translated. “Master Gardulla says that these slaves are known as Shmi and Anakin Skywalker.” Another burst of Huttese resulted in another translation. “My Master says that the newborn slave to come is a bonus since the woman is of little use.” The Hutt’s baleful eye mocked Watto, silently telling him that Gardulla was not a fool to be trifled with.
Watto held his head high and attempted to hide his disappointment at failing to get one over on the Hutt. “Of course, your Excellency. I appreciate the bonus and am in your debt.” The words tasted like ash, but the Hutts were not to be trifled with. Watto only hoped that Shmi Skywalker’s new whelp would be worth whatever extra favours the scheming Hutt eventually wrangled out of him.

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And here we go again…

Jasper
Racing Headlong Towards Freedom

I do not own Buffy the Vampire Slayer or Star Wars. They belong to Joss Whedon and George Lucas...

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As he entered the building that proclaimed itself to be ‘Watto’s Shop’ Qui-Gon could feel the Force itself tugging at his perceptions, all but begging him to enter this junk shop over any others. Qui-Gon found the sensation curious. While he fully expected the Force to guide his steps to a shop that would serve to acquire the parts he needed, he had never felt such an insistent tug from it before. Something told him that the junk shop was far more important then being the way out of his current problems. There was more to it then that.

Watto was pretty much as the man expected, though the fact that he was unable to compel the being to simply accept the republic credits he had was rather irritating. He had never encountered the Toydarian race before, so he wasn’t sure if this was a species-wide resistance, like the Hutts, or if Watto was simply that sharp an individual. Watto, based on his own comments, seemed to think it was a racial thing. Given that the being knew what a mind-trick was, and wasn’t that an embarrassing revelation, he was likely correct.

Of even more interest then Watto and the hyperdrive he had available, was young Anakin Skywalker. The lad was obviously the source of the feeling he had been getting in the Force that had led him to Watto’s shop in the first place. There was something about him. The lad wasn’t merely Force-Sensitive. That would have simply compelled Qui-Gon to alert the Jedi Order so that they could be prepared in case young Anakin had Force-Sensitive children. Anakin himself was obviously too old. No, Anakin wasn’t merely Force-Sensitive. The boy was a lighthouse beacon next to Qui-Gon’s own lighted matchstick in the Force. The boy’s potential was astronomical, far outstretching even Qui-Gon’s own padawan, who was no slouch in the power stakes.

And then things had gotten even more interesting. After the eight-year-old powerhouse had tottered a tiny, four-year-old girl. Her presence in the Force was interesting too. She too held extraordinary power… and yet, she was not Force-Sensitive at all. The sensation of power was there and yet not. It was a mystery that taunted at Qui-Gon’s senses, leaving him uncertain of what he should do about her.

The answer to Anakin was simple. Qui-Gon was clearly meant to free the lad. Qui-Gon could sense, deep down, that this was the Chosen One. He hadn’t even so much as done a midichlorian count yet, but he knew that the boy was the Chosen One with a certainty that would have appalled Yoda for the sheer presumptuousness of it. Still, Qui-Gon was sure. He was so much less certain
of the girl. She was not a Jedi, nor a Sith. Her power was not the Force… and yet there was still a power there. It was maddening. What to do with her… Did he free her too, or was she a distraction. Qui-Gon didn’t really know.

Their later meeting with Shmi Skywalker simply added more certainty to Qui-Gon’s assessment. Anakin had not had any father. Clearly he had been conceived by the midichlorians. Obi-Wan’s analysis of the boy having a count over twenty thousand certainly bore that out. The girl child, Dawn Skywalker, continued to be a puzzle that he could not figure out. Shmi claimed that the girl too had no father, and yet based upon her midichlorian count, which was as close to zero as a lifeform could have and still be alive, she was clearly not conceived by the midichlorians as her elder brother was.

The whole thing was giving Qui-Gon a frightful headache. Anakin’s suggestion of podracing to acquire funds for the group was a welcome one to Qui-Gon. It would acquire the funds needed for Qui-Gon’s mission, provide him with more proof of Anakin’s obvious status and it would offer chances to secure Anakin’s, and possibly Dawn and Shmi’s, freedom.

When Qui-Gon hit upon the idea of gambling Anakin’s pod to gain freedom for the slaves, he didn’t even offer up Shmi as a possibility. While his knowledge of the value of slaves was meagre, he was all but certain that a simple machine was not worth three of them. Shmi would forgive him, he presumed, since he would be securing the freedom of her children. Yeah… about that… Apparently a pod, no matter how awesome, was only worth one slave to Watto. So it seemed that Shmi would have to settle for only one of her children gaining their freedom. Qui-Gon felt horrible for condemning a four-year-old to continue in that life, but he remained ceratin that Anakin was too important to leave behind. He chose Anakin and, when Watto attempted to make him choose Dawn instead, used the Force to influence things the way he wanted with the chance cube.

The race was an uncomfortable one for Qui-Gon. Padmé was angry about him gambling the ship, Shmi was terrified for her baby boy and Qui-Gon was quietly stewing in the guilt of what he was doing to further what he saw as the good of the Jedi Order. He knew, deep down, that Dawn Skywalker had the potential to be just as important as her brother, in her own way. And yet, he could not think of any way to free her at this time, nor of what to do with her even if he could succeed. Perhaps, once thing settled down with the Naboo situation, he could return to Tatooine and secure the freedom of mother and daughter both. That would hopefully set Dawn on whatever her path was, while leaving her in the hands of someone capable of taking her in. Qui-Gon nodded to himself. It would just have to do.

The rest of Qui-Gon’s stay on Tatooine was uncomfortable. He could clearly tell, once he had announced the news, that Shmi did not approve of him freeing one of her children and leaving the other a slave. Perhaps, had Anakin been an only child, Shmi might have been more accepting. Still, she put on a brave face for young Anakin. Dawn was too young to really understand what she was potentially being let in for and so was merely happy that her big brother was getting to live his dream, though she was disappointed when she was told that she couldn’t go with him.
Qui-Gon once more consoled himself with the assurance that he would come back and make the situation right with Shmi and Dawn. The Battle of Naboo would make that promise impossible to keep. In the end, Shmi and Dawn would be saved from Watto by a moisture farmer, named Cliegg Lars, who had taken a shine to Shmi. He would rescue Dawn too, despite nearly bankrupting himself to do so, because she was a nice kid and because he truly loved Shmi. Anakin and Dawn, meanwhile, would not meet again for the next decade.

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If Qui-Gon seems like a bit of a dick… well, I pretty much consider that canon. Qui-Gon’s actions on Tatooine are questionable in the extreme. I did offer up the idea that Qui-Gon might have planned to free Shmi (and Dawn) later, but simply never had the chance. It’s certainly possible.

I’m sorry if not much has happened yet. I decided to cruise through *The Phantom Menace* just so we can establish where Dawn was in that. Things will pick up for her in the next chapter when we reach *Attack of the Clones*. I hope you enjoy it.

Jasper

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