Peace Now... Peace

by barefootxo

Summary

When Anakin returns from Naboo after the Battle of Geonosis, Obi-Wan questions his sudden surge of nightmares.

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Anakin had been having nightmares of late. Obi-Wan could catch images of Tusken faces even as he too slept. Anakin actually woke them both with the nightmares. For nightmares they were. Not visions, not this time…

_A Jedi does not dream, but they do have nightmares, unfortunately._ He found Anakin in a sitting room, his lean form curled into a ball as he stared out into the endless city that was Coruscant, his knees tucked under his chin.

He had gotten back from Naboo, full of life and enthusiasm, which had lasted the rest of the day. The nightmare struck at night and Anakin hadn’t been the same since then. He had withdrawn into his own little world, staring forever at the constant life of Coruscant as if trying to answer some mystery that lay in the patterns of traffic in the galactic capital’s heart.

Obi-Wan stared at his apprentice and saw something in the set of his shoulders. At first he thought it was anger, but no, it was not. It was something equally foreign. It was fear. _A Jedi does not know fear_. But Anakin did. Anakin had known fear for as long as Obi-Wan had known him. That was why Yoda had been reluctant to have him trained.
“Anakin.” The word sounded foreign, almost uncomfortable. When had he become uncomfortable talking to Anakin? *When my Apprentice killed the blood carver on Zonama Sekot.* Anakin thought Obi-Wan hadn’t known, but he had.

“Yes, Master?” Anakin’s voice was choked with sadness.

*Is he mourning his mother, then? That would explain the sadness, but not the fear. “Is something wrong, Anakin?”*

Anakin nodded. “Yes. But I can’t talk about it. You’ll have me expelled from the Jedi Order.”

Obi-Wan was shocked by the declaration. *Expelled! By the Force he hasn’t gone and married Padmé, has he? “It’s all right, Anakin. You can tell me. I’ll keep it as quiet as possible.”* The silent warning was well communicated. *I can’t keep anything too horrible hidden, but I’ll do my best.*

Anakin seemed oblivious. “I killed them.”

*Thank the Force. It isn’t about Padmé. Wait a minute! “Killed who Anakin?”*

“The Tusken Raiders…”

“They were holding your mother.”

“No. I snuck in at night. None of them knew. My mother died in my arms there. And then I killed them… I killed them all… And I hated them.”

*Just like the blood carver… “Anakin, why are you afraid?”*

Anakin’s eyes were filled with tears, “Because I killed in vengeance for my mother. She wouldn’t have wanted it that way.”

*There he is again. The scared little boy who grew up too fast. “It’s all right Anakin. It happens. We’ll make it right.”* He held the sobbing young man in a tight hug. *Peace my brother, the error was made and cannot be fixed. Therefore we will just have to move on. Peace now. Peace*

Obi-Wan used the Force to help his apprentice sleep. Then he went back to sleep in his own room. He would tell the Jedi Council nothing of this. Not now. Not ever.

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I’m not going to pretend that Obi-Wan handles this right. Obi-Wan is not an expert in child-rearing or psychology. He’s just a young man who had responsibility for a young boy foisted upon him by a dying father figure. He’s doing the best he can... It's not necessarily enough.
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