Risorgimento 2 --The Phoenix

by obi_ki, padawanewan

Title: Risorgimento 2--The Phoenix

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Pairing: Qui-Gon and Obi-Wan

Rating: PG for implied violence

Category: Q/O AU

Time Period: About 20 years post ABY

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Author's notes: This is the second story in the Risorgimento series. It is shorter than the previous part, as Qui-Gon's covered the background, and is told completely from Obi-Wan's POV. Thanks to Ki for the beta and sounding board, as well as waiting while my job sucked my time and soul away.

Feedback: Feedback is treasured in any way, shape or form, either in comments or through email to kiowkqqj@yahoo.com or padawanewan@gmail.com

There was a universal smell in halls, bays, rooms and buildings of healing. This was a truth, that
Obi-Wan Kenobi, Jedi Master and somewhat careworn member of a bedraggled, war-weary Jedi Council had learned after many years of field missions.

Antiseptic, astringent and medicinal scents were not pleasant. Obi-Wan found very little comforting in the so-called comfort of medical facilities.

Sighing, Obi-Wan rolled on his side. His eyes blinked rapidly, at the gritty feeling. He realized this was more than a simple injury.

He was, for many hours, only aware of hazy half dream images. Obi-Wan Saw Qui-Gon. He Saw himself with his former Master, loving him in a way he had never been permitted when Qui-Gon had been alive and they had been together.

Obi-Wan never felt the single, silent tear that slid down his face.

As time went on his mind became more centered and clearer. Obi-Wan was nearing complete awareness, but still felt somehow disconnected. He felt awake and alive, but that his emotions were clouded. Obi-Wan knew his own name, his memories up until he had gone for a much-needed rest on Senator Organa's ship and then a blank. However, his emotions were oddly numbed, as if he were somehow there physically but not connecting spiritually.

"Awake, aren't you?" was asked softly with a gruff voice, as Obi-Wan felt movement near him.

His eyes were clear and felt better when he opened them, except the room was too bright. Obi-Wan found he couldn't quite recall where he was, nor how he'd arrived. The disembodied voice ordered the lights lowered. Obi-Wan softly thanked the person he assumed was the healer or a helper of some sort. He also asked politely, "Who are you and where might I be?"

"My name is Var-Son Meirr, not that it will mean anything to you, Master Kenobi," the gruff voice replied. "As for where you are, that is a little more complicated. You are in a private medical research facility located on the third moon of Asmeru."

Obi-Wan's eyes adjusted quickly. He tried to call his lightsaber to his hand. The Jedi Knight was less than reassured when nothing happened, yet his voice was very calm when he asked in a still polite tone, "For what purpose?"

"In due time, Master Kenobi, I will answer all your questions. However, first you must rest and regain your strength. The sound and fury of the story will signify nothing until those have been achieved."

Sighing, Obi-Wan could do no more than mumble, as he slipped back into a twilight state of half sleep and half deep meditation.

Dreams, memories and treasured fantasies occupied his sub-consciousness, as the clone of Obi-Wan Kenobi remembered his donor's past and secrets.

Awakening some time later, Obi-Wan allowed himself to remember his Padawan. The grief was nearly consuming. However, he was a Jedi Knight and one with two missions...deliver the Skywalker boy and find Qui-Gon in the Force. Obi-Wan knew his first duty was paramount and he did his best to release his pain, for now.

The gruff older man came back and after cleaning himself and eating a small meal, Obi-Wan
listened to his long tale, unaware there was another that had been hearing the same. His own sense of loss, betrayal and an odd detachment grew with every word the scientist spoke.

The tale was as long and complex, as it was horrifying. The facts were rather simple. He was a clone. His Padawan, Anakin Skywalker was long dead and had been one of the worst Sith Lords the galaxy had ever known, Vader. Luke Skywalker, Anakin's son, had been his last Padawan. Obi-Wan had become some idealized heroic figure, that in any reality, no being could ever live up to the legend thereof.

There was another...That fact kept replaying in his mind and he found that the question Var-Son was unwilling to answer was the one he really wanted the answer to.

The scientist stopped talking after a bit and Obi-Wan answered his questions with a detached air, not really ready to talk. He quietly asked for what he needed most to process this overwhelming event.

"Please, may I have a place to meditate?"

The older man sharply nodded and gestured towards a stack of clothing Obi-Wan knew well. The long brown robe was as familiar as breathing, as were the tall boots, belt and leggings. He grinned faintly and thanked the scientist, before leaving the room to dress.

"This feels more familiar.", Obi-Wan murmured while pulling the robe on, as he walked back into the room. With a raised eyebrow, he dared to push on, "and my lightsaber."

He received a grin back and an enigmatic, "All in good time, Master Jedi."

Obi-Wan was led down a short hall and into a room, where he was given the privacy he needed to sort his thoughts, as the healer silently left him alone. Obi-Wan settled onto his knees, slowing his breathing and opening himself to the Force. He had so much to think about, so much to try to understand and accept. It took some time, but slowly Obi-Wan absorbed all he had been told. He wasn't sure where his current situation would lead him but was confident that the Force would show him the way. Releasing his emotions to the Force, he was feeling much more grounded when he became aware that the door had opened.

He felt it.

There...

He...

Was...

Turning, Obi-Wan was stunned.

Walking towards him was the one being he was waiting to meet in the Force. The one person he would always know and feel.

Qui-Gon...

Alive.

TBC
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