Man of the Hour

by obisgirl

Summary

An hour after his knighting, Obi-Wan tries to come to terms with his failures and accomplishments.

Notes

Man of the Hour is by Pearl Jam, and can be found on the “Big Fish” soundtrack. I always wanted to do something with this song, and felt somehow, it fit Obi-Wan’s character the best. Star Wars used to belong to George Lucas until he destroyed his own movies and then let Disney buy the rights.

Tidal waves don’t beg forgiveness

Crashed and on their way
Father he enjoyed collisions; others walked away

He sat there, alone in the room as the sunlight interrupted the darkness around him. For years, he had looked forward to being knighted. It meant a step closer to becoming a Jedi Master and then finally, taking a Padawan. But for Obi-Wan Kenobi, it had happened too quickly and he wasn’t prepared to live on without his Master. What was he supposed to teach the boy? How to teach him? He wasn’t ready to lose Qui-Gon, and certainly wasn’t prepared to be cast aside by him.

Obi-Wan always considered his Master’s actions to be irrational. He made his decision based on his instincts and feelings, and what the Force told him. But sometimes, Qui-Gon Jinn never looked
at the consequences of his actions and how it might hurt others. He was a rogue Jedi, but not a Sith. He had his own set of rules, and deep down, Obi-Wan admired him for that. But not this day.

He was shocked when Qui-Gon proposed to take the boy as his apprentice. Obi-Wan hoped he would leave the boy to his fate but that didn’t happen. In a way, he was selfish about not wanting Skywalker to be trained, especially by him. The code forbid a boy his age to be trained and second, it wasn’t fair to cast Obi-Wan to be humiliated in front of the Council.

There were so many things he wanted to argue against Qui-Gon but he made his promise to him, and now he had to teach the boy. ‘He must have known I wouldn’t refuse his dying wish,’ Obi-Wan realized.

‘That’s why he asked me.’

_A snowflake falls in may._

_And the doors are open now_  
_as the bells are ringing out_  
_Cause the man of the hour_  
_is taking his final bow_  
_GOODBYE FOR NOW._

He was, however, a Jedi Knight, something he’d been training and preparing for his whole life. It was the highest achievement.

Obi-Wan shifted his weight as he knelt down on the marble floor. It was not yet morning but somehow, fragments of light invaded the room. He looked up briefly as Master Yoda paced. The little Jedi probably thought he has at least several more years before he had to performing this ceremony. Obi-Wan thought so too but he had to look at the positive.

Both Jedi looked up briefly as someone entered the room. He could see her, her green velvet dress whipping around her small frame as she crossed the room and bowed to Master Yoda. Obi-Wan asked her to come as a witness to the event. He remembered she blushed, thanked him and then bowed and left. It was only appropriate someone close to him be there with him. Qui-Gon wasn’t there.

Finally, Yoda made his way back over to the table and picked up a small gold knife and put a white cloth in the other hand, and waddled over to Obi-Wan. Obi-Wan smiled briefly at the handmaiden, thanking her for coming and then his face became stone.

Yoda started to say something and then didn’t, and then started again. “Shown you have Obi-Wan, great courage and devotion, and commitment to the Code. Know you did, this day would come. I never doubted it would,” he smiled and then placed the knife over his braid and began to cut the weave.

Obi-Wan flinched briefly, feeling the emotional pain and the connection between himself and Qui-Gon diminish. He remembered the day Qui-Gon sat him aside and cut pieces of his own hair and mixed it together with his own. Gray and brown, together. He looked at Sabé, she smiled at him even though she knew it was an emotional moment, and the impact it would have on him. He blinked and the next moment, the whole braid had been cut and there a bald spot where the braid used to be.

_Nature has its own religion;_  
_gospel from the land_  
_Father ruled by long division,
young men they pretend
Old men comprehend.

Yoda placed the braid on the white cloth, folded it and presented it to Obi-Wan. Obi-Wan bowed, whispered thanks to him and took the braid. Master Yoda bowed and then turned, leaving the room. Sabé fixed her skirt and then reluctantly came forward, kneeling beside Obi-Wan.

“A part of him will always be with you,” she said.

Obi-Wan mused, “I know,”

Sabé sighed and then moved closer, wrapping her arms around him and letting his head rest on her shoulder as he cried. The white cloth dropped to the floor.

*And the sky breaks at dawn;
shedding light upon this town
They’ll all come around
Cause the man of the hour
is taking his final bow
Goodbye for now.*

Obi-Wan looked again at the white cloth and opened it, separating the gray hairs from the brown. He knew it was impossible to separate all the hairs successfully, but he needed to. Then, he stood up and opened the door as young Skywalker came in. The boy looked sourly at him and then at the strands of hair in the white cloth. Obi-Wan lead him over to the table and sat him down, taking the brown strands and began to weave them into Anakin’s hair.

*And the road
The old man paved
The broken seams along the way
The rusted signs, left just for me
He was guiding me, love, his own way
Now the man of the hour is taking his final bow
As the curtain comes down I feel that this is just goodbye for now.*

The End

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