Sandstorm

by obisgirl

Summary

During a seasonal sand storm, Ben Kenobi remembers the day he and Sabé met on Tatoonie on the Queen’s ship.

Notes

Star Wars used to belong to George Lucas until he destroyed his own movies and then let Disney buy the rights.

When Ben Kenobi first came to Tatoonie two years ago, his mission was to watch young Luke but after setting up a hut in the Dune Sea, there was one thing he had forgotten about Tatoonie: the seasonal sandstorms. The most violent sand storms usually lasted two or three days but this one had lasted nearly a week.

Ben sat beside the wall, listening to the storm outside. The winds were still very strong and angry; the storm would last for another couple hours and then hopefully die down in the evening. Ben left his small kitchen and rested on a vacant rocking chair in the living room.

Sandstorms of Tatoonie were known for their brutality. The native people knew if a major or small storm was coming by the strength of the current wind. Frankly, after two years on this forsaken planet, Ben had learned to simply stay in doors period until the winds calmed.

Ben smiled, rubbing his bearded chin. Of course, this wasn’t his first sandstorm.

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Sabé tried to sit still, balancing her large feather headdress at the same time. Eirtaé and Saché were sitting at small table, playing cards and judging from the grin on Eirtaé’s face, she was winning. Everyone was doing something, except her. Her job was important of course but it had been hours since Queen Amidala had left the ship and a sand storm raged outside of the ship. Sabé stood up from the throne and started to remove her headdress and gown.

Saché and Eirtaé rushed to her side immediately and as she expected, Saché was the interrogator. “What do you think you’re doing? You have to stay here and wait for the Queen to return. No one knows she’s gone and if you start to wander around the ship, there will be more questions than we need right now,”

“I refuse to sit around here, waiting,” Sabé retorted and looked at her, “I realize we’re all anxious about what is happening out there, but if I stay in here any longer, I’m going to go crazy. I just need to breathe. A ten minute walk, I promise and then I’ll be back here,”

“I don’t think it will hurt anything,” Eirtaé added, “There’s an angry sand storm going on outside and chances are, we’ve already lost transmission with the Queen but she’s with Master Jedi so she should be safe.”

Sabé smiled, removing the whole dress and grabbing an extra handmaiden gown from the chest beneath the throne chair and put it on. “See dear Saché, there’s nothing for you to worry about,” Saché muttered a Nubian curse and both women laughed, “I wouldn’t say that, Sach. If Captain Panaka heard you say that, he would be horrified,” Eirtaé said.

“Just a walk, Sabé. A quick walk and then you come back here,” Saché said. Sabé agreed and the hurriedly left the room.

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Sabé walked approximately 20 steps on the cold steel floor before stopping at an empty room. She looked around the hallway first and then quietly entered the room; it was the cargo hold of the ship but the one piece of cargo she wasn’t expecting to see sat in the middle of the floor. His back was turned to her and his robe draped around his shoulders. Sabé started forward and then moved back.

“You either stay or go, do whatever you wish, handmaiden,” his accented voice said, startled her.

Sabé dropped onto the floor and sat beside him, and he relaxed. “I’m sorry for disturbing you but I was worried. You weren’t moving and I didn’t know what you were doing,” Obi-Wan smiled and turned to her, “It’s called meditating.”

“Does it work?” Sabé asked and then smiled to herself. She must have sounded like a naive, lonely handmaiden.

“It passes the time, m’lady,” he said, “With the storm outside, there really isn’t too much to do around here until my Master returns with the parts we need,”

The handmaiden looked at him curiously. Sabé had never met a Jedi before but growing up, she heard many stories about them. She knew there were different types of Jedi, different ranks. She noted the braid resting on his shoulder and moved, holding it in her hand. He smiled and looked at her.

“It means I’m a Padawan Learner, not yet a Jedi Knight,” he replied and Sabé moved away,
leaving the braid alone.

“I’m sorry. I was curious, I didn’t mean too,” she started and looked away.

He shrugged, “It’s all right. The braid signifies I am a Padawan Learner. In the Temple, it’s the only way to tell the difference between Knights and Padawans,” He smiled again and Sabé blushed.“I have been a Padawan since I was thirteen but I’ve lived in the Temple my whole life,”

Sabé relaxed and planted her feet beneath her robe, “What is it like living in the Temple? I’ve only heard stories,”

“There isn’t much to tell, I’m afraid. The real stories come from the missions,” he said, “But it’s big,”

“Big?” she asked, raising her eyebrow, “I asked you what it’s like there and all you can say is that it’s big?”

He shrugged, “Well, it is, handmaiden. I know it’s a lame explanation but it’s the only way I can describe it,”

Sabé snickered, “I can describe Naboo better than that, my young Jedi,” He surprisingly turned and looked at her, waiting for her description.“I grew up in the country side so for half of my life, I only knew about the fields and the untamed wildlife of Naboo. The rivers are always calm and the fields are always gold, and the shaaks grace the fields in herds. When I came to Theed, everyone and everything seemed so busy. The palace is huge,” he grinned at her choice of words, “but at night, everything is calm and all of Naboo is calm,”

“You speak so elegantly of your home. I had never known my home, my real home, where I was born.

But Naboo sounds like the most idyllic place to live, not like the busy streets of Coruscant,”

Sabé smiled and then frowned, “We are a peaceful people, Padawan Jedi. Whatever the Trade Federation is planning, war is not an option,”

“I agree,” he said and extended his hand to her, “I’m sorry m’lady but my name is Obi-Wan Kenobi,”

Sabe’s frown lingered as she stared at his hand and instinctively backed away, “I’m sorry, I, I shouldn’t be here. I have to leave,” she stood up, fixing her dress. Obi-Wan rose from the floor too and looked at her curiously. He probably thought she was being rude.

“Handmaiden, did I say something to offend you?” he asked as she turned to leave.

As Sabé turned back, curls of her brown hair slipped from her hood, “You didn’t say anything wrong,

Obi-Wan,” she said, “I uh, it is improper for me to be here,” she bowed and then quickly left the room.

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Ben sighed and rested against the rocker and then turned slightly. The winds had calmed down. He left the chair and once again went to the kitchen, sitting beside his wall, listening outside. More than ten years and still, he didn’t know her name. She’d spoken to him briefly at the Parade but she kept herself. But he’ll always remember her brown hair and her smile.
The End

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