

The Impossibility of Skywalkers

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The Impossibility of Skywalkers

by [annathecrow](#)

Summary

There was a limited number of things that could surprise Padawan Kenobi after years by the side of his maverick Master.

Then, there came the Skywalkers.

Obi-Wan was not surprised when Master Qui-Gon came haring back from the Tatooine town a day and a half later, in a stolen freighter and with the local Hutt's private army at his heels. He's been Qui-Gon's Padawan for a long while. His Master's antics have become thoroughly familiar.

He herded the Naboo Queen and her retinue aboard the ship and signaled Qui-Gon to lift off. Then he took stock of all the people in the main cargo compartment. His Master was here, the handmaiden, the Gungan... then who was flying the ship?

A child, it turned out.

Two children, in fact: a boy behind the flight controls, and a girl in the copilot seat, eyes glued to a datapad in her hands. The R2 astromech was wedged between their seats and twittered something incomprehensible.

Well, this *was* a new one.

"Hey!" the boy complained when Obi-Wan expressed his reservations. "Just so you know, I'm the uncontested champion of the Mos Espa racetrack!"

"And have you ever flown a starship?" Obi-Wan asked tartly.

The boy grimaced. "Not... as such?"

The girl swatted him on the arm without taking her eyes off her pad. "Focus. And put the nose down, this model is back-heavy."

"Right," Obi-Wan muttered, and ran back into the cargo bay to find one of the pilots.

Thankfully, the boy ceded the pilot seat to Captain Olié without complaints... although he merely moved one seat over and wedged himself next to his sister, from whence they avidly watched Olié's hands and occasionally supplied some info gleaned from the datapad. Olié didn't mind the backseat piloting; in fact, he encouraged the children to read him more from the pad - which, Obi-Wan finally understood, contained detailed specifications for the craft they were flying.

Obi-Wan had *so many questions*.

Before he could start voicing them, though, his eyes landed on the last person in the cockpit. How had Obi-Wan not notice her sooner? An older woman, the mother of the children from her features and the color of her hair. She sat in the spare fold-up seat in the corner and clutched her side, where a large bloodstain soaked her clothes.

He touched her shoulder. "We have a medkit in our supplies," he told her quietly when she opened her eyes to look at him.

She glanced at the children, but nodded and followed him out of the cockpit.

Obi-Wan found them a quiet corner in the cargo compartment. Quieter, anyway - the ship's tiny crew quarters with the even tinier sleeping cabins were commandeered for the queen, and all the other passengers had to find a place among the cargo. He sat the woman down on one of the mystery crates. He'd like to imagine it contained something at least technically legal, but he didn't hold high hopes.

He hissed when she showed him her wound and he peeled off the wholly insufficient bacta patch. It was deep and bled profusely, although it must have missed any big arteries. He grimaced. She was in pain, he could feel that; besides, he was no stranger to stab wounds himself.

On a second look, though... he frowned. This wasn't a stab wound, not even a slug hit. This had been done carefully, if not quite with surgical precision. He looked up at the woman. "... why?"

"A slave chip with a detonator," she said. "We couldn't have left without taking them out." She grimaced. "We had local anesthetics, but that wouldn't have worked for this and we had no time."

Obi-Wan nodded and turned back to the wound. That had been very brave.

He thought about the children. They were remarkably cheerful for all that. But he supposed the anesthetics would explain it, along with a good helping of adrenaline. He made a mental note to check them over as well, before either of those ran out.

"I promised myself I would never let go," the woman said quietly, "no matter what it took."

He closed the hole with liquid stitches and covered it with a large bacta patch. "Try not to move too much," he advised. "It won't hold up as well as regular stitching."

"Thank you." She smiled at him wanly and made to stand up.

"Wait!" He showed her the hypospray in his hand. "I want to give you a general painkiller. If that's alright with you, that is."

She blinked at him. Then she nodded. "I... of course."

"Two more patients, my Padawan, if you please."

Obi-Wan turned and saw his Master herd the children toward him. They both limped, he noticed, the boy more than the girl.

Qui-Gon smiled at the mother. "Have you had time for introductions yet?" he asked them.

Obi-Wan flushed. "Ah... no. I apologize," he bowed to the woman. "I am Obi-Wan Kenobi, Jedi Padawan."

She smiled at him. “Shmi Skywalker, but please, call me Shmi. This is Anakin, and Rey,” she pointed to the boy and the girl in turn. Anakin grinned at him, while Rey gave him a smaller, more tentative smile.

He smiled back, surprised by how easy the expression came. He bowed to the children as well. “I’m pleased to meet you both.”

Anakin mimicked the bow awkwardly. “Do all Jedi bow like that?” he turned to Qui-Gon.

Qui-Gon nodded. “It’s a custom,” he murmured. “Now, let’s look at those legs.” He lifted the boy and sat him on the crate next to his mother. Rey snuck past him and climbed up on Shmi’s other side.

Obi-Wan pointed at the leg she’d been favoring before. “May I?”

She gave him a considering look, but nodded. The wound was smaller, and low on her leg - close enough to the bone to shatter it if the detonator went off, or even shear the leg off entirely, but not enough to kill. Not instantly anyway; the blood loss alone would have been extremely dangerous, especially in a child.

Obi-Wan sneered. This was *barbaric*.

“Mine was the easiest,” the girl said when he set out to clean and close the wound. “It hadn’t been there long, and Gardulla didn’t want to risk her property, even if I were stupid enough to run.”

Just as she said it, he felt her twitch. He stilled, thinking he’d hurt her while cleaning the wound somehow, but no - he sensed her chagrin and frustration. Ah. That must have been more information than she wanted to divulge.

He pretended he didn’t notice. “Done,” he told her. “We will give you a painkiller once the local anesthetic wears off. Do you know when that would be?”

She fidgeted, felt unsure. She turned and tugged at her mother’s sleeve. “Shmi?”

Obi-Wan blinked. Not her mother, then? Huh. He would have sworn her and Anakin were twins, despite their different coloring.

Shmi turned away from Anakin and Qui-Gon, who were solemnly discussing... Jedi clothing customs, apparently. “Hm?”

“How long is the anesthetic supposed to last?” Rey asked.

“Six hours,” Shmi said.

Rey brightened, then immediately wilted. “I don’t remember when we used it.”

“That’s alright,” Obi-Wan patted her knee. “Just come to me when it starts to hurt, okay?”

She gave him another little smile.

“Here, let me dispose of this,” Qui-Gon loomed over them and snatched the bloodied bandages from Obi-Wan’s hand.

Obi-Wan pointedly didn’t give him a suspicious look. Subtle, Master, subtle. “Is Anakin really a pod racing champion?” he asked Shmi as a distraction.

“I am!” the boy leaned toward him over his mother. Shmi pulled him into her lap. “I won every race in the last two seasons!”

“Almost every race,” Rey mumbled.

Anakin shot her a sour look. He straightened up and said, prim and proper: “That has been a hardware malfunction, that could happen to anyone.”

Rey leaned in and bumped his shoulder. After a moment he rolled his eyes and returned the gesture.

Obi-Wan felt his eyebrows climb up. “Is there more to that story?” he asked.

“We were building the detector for the slave chips, but we were missing some parts and our contact wouldn’t barter them for work or other parts,” Rey explained. “So we found someone who would place a bet for us on another racer, and we threw the race.”

“Me and Rey sabotaged the pod...” Anakin said, “...and Ani made sure the right racer was left to win,” Rey finished.

Obi-Wan... Jedi did not *gape*. But he was amazed. Pod racing already required faster-than-human reflexes, and to be in such a control of the track to decide who would win...

He looked at Shmi. She shrugged and gave him a crooked smile, a mix of awe, pride, and worry painting her feelings.

He smiled back sympathetically. “Impressive,” he told the children.

“I know, right?” Anakin grinned at him.

“Windbag,” muttered Rey, but her mind was warm with happiness.

Master Qui-Gon reappeared by his shoulder. “Come, Obi-Wan, her Highness wants to see us. We need to do some planning before we arrive at our first stop-over.”

“Of course, Master.” Obi-Wan folded his hands into his sleeves, bowed to the Skywalkers, and followed him out of the cargo bay.

“See you later!” Anakin called after them.

“Analyze this for me,” said Qui-Gon the moment they were out of sight, and pushed his bioscanner at him.

“Yes, Master,” Obi-Wan replied dryly. He didn’t bother asking why. Either he’d find as he did it, or he’d have to wait until Qui-Gon was done being mysterious. Sometimes he despaired at being a member of Master Yoda’s lineage.

He found his way to the cockpit. The bioscanner was capable of doing the analysis alone, but it was highly preferable to run it on something with more processing power - if you wanted the results in less than a week, at least. A ship’s navicomputer fit the bill nicely.

“Would you like a break?” he asked Captain Olié. “I could use a bit of quiet.”

“Sure,” the Captain agreed easily. “I’ll go and see if I can’t find myself a bite to eat.”

Obi-Wan locked the door behind him, settled in the copilot seat, and plugged the bioscanner in. The pilot wouldn’t have much luck - there was almost no food on the ship. One of the topics for the very real planning meeting Obi-Wan was currently shirking, no doubt.

He ran the sample labeled “A” first. A fairly healthy human blood specimen... oh. That didn’t seem right. He ran it again, then the sample labeled “R”. Then, because clearly, the bioscanner was faulty, he sampled and analyzed his own blood. But no: *his* sample contained a Jedi-average, respectable number of midichlorians, not more than *twenty thousand* like the other two samples. The exact number fluctuated, as was normal: once the “A” sample was higher, then the “R”, then “A” again. Not that it made much difference.

A double knock at the door and their bond announced his Master. Obi-Wan unlocked the door and let him in. He gestured at the read-outs. “They’re not even siblings!” he exclaimed - as if *that* was the problem here. “*Who are they?*”

“The Chosen One,” muttered Qui-Gon.

“I... Master! That old story? But that’s...”

“Impossible?” Qui-Gon asked wryly.

Obi-Wan frowned at him. Yes, impossible. But that’s what he’d thought about these numbers too, a few minutes ago.

Qui-Gon turned to the graphs. “The question is,” he said softly, “which one of them?”

All in all, this mission just kept getting more and more complicated. And that was *before* his Master told him that he’d apparently fought a *Sith*.

“The man with the red laser staff?” Anakin asked when Obi-Wan brought it up with the Skywalkers.

“A red-skinned Zabrak,” said Shmi, quiet, focused. “He wore robes, very similar to yours, but all black. Very good fabric, and clean. Adult, but...” she hummed thoughtfully. “Young. Eager.”

“He didn’t pay any attention to us,” Rey said. She turned to the other two for confirmation.

Anakin nodded. “He went right after Qui-Gon.” He looked up at his mother. “He was very excited to fight him, too.”

“Until he realized he can’t beat him easily,” Rey added. “Then he got angry.” Obi-Wan felt a thought take form behind her eyes. “Do you think...” she turned to Anakin.

His eyes widened. “...angry to distraction?” he finished. “Maybe...”

Obi-Wan coughed. All three turned to him with matching startled expressions.

Fascinating. This wasn’t a new thing for them, this immediate slip from observation to strategy - they just forgot he was observing them. Just what had been those three doing on Tatooine?

He had a lot of time to think about both the Skywalkers and the Sith. With their commandeered ship, it took them almost half as long to get to Coruscant then originally planned, including two stops to purchase food and refuel. At least both places accepted republic dataries, so they didn’t have to barter the cargo - which, yes, was indeed thoroughly illegal.

One small mercy of changing ships was the end of the messages from Naboo. Or, it should have been: imagining what was happening to the people was almost worse than whatever Sio Bibble could have told them - especially on the young queen.

The children definitely helped. They apparently bonded with the handmaiden Padmé during their time on Tatooine, and they quickly adopted the rest of the young women, Queen Amidala included. Obi-Wan *still* hadn’t figured out which one of them was the “correct” Amidala, so as far as he was concerned, that was the correct approach anyway.

Shmi helped as well. Several times Obi-Wan had found her ensconced in a corner with one of the handmaidens, talking in quiet voices, and felt the fear soothed by sympathy, warmth, patience, hope. A former slave woman would have some idea how to withstand situations where not much could be done, Obi-Wan thought with a wince.

When the little Skywalkers weren’t cheering up the handmaidens, they went around terrorizing the rest of the adults, Obi-Wan included. It’s been a while since he’d been on Crèche duty, but he was almost sure that Jedi younglings were never this *thorough* in their questioning. Obi-Wan was sure this counted as anti-interrogation training.

Then again, they usually didn’t come in eerily coordinated matched pairs like these two did.

It was easier when it was just one of them. Anakin gravitated to his Master, who indulged his endless questions about the the Jedi, and so it was mostly Rey who made him a subject of her observations.

Right now, Obi-Wan was trying to meditate, while Rey sat nearby and watched. It was distracting: even though she had barely moved, a feat in itself for a child her age, the buzz of her mind kept pulling him out of his meditative state.

He sighed and opened his eyes. “Would you like to ask something?” he suggested, trying to keep the irritation out of his voice.

“Why are you sitting like this?”

“It’s called meditation,” he corrected her. “It helps me be calmer.”

She looked at him warily. “Do you *need* to be calmer?”

“We all need that, little one. Our minds get very busy when we don’t tend to them.”

She considered that with a thoughtful frown. “Ani has a hard time sitting still,” she offered. “Would this help?”

Obi-Wan hummed. “It might.” Although not very likely. Most children had trouble meditating; hard time sitting still was a norm, not an exception. Still, perhaps he ought to suggest it to his Master; he’d enjoy the opportunity to teach the boy.

She thought it over, then gave a decisive nod. “Will you show me how you do it?”

Obi-Wan hesitated. He wasn’t sure if he was qualified to teach. All the Jedi younglings had learned the basics of it as soon as they came to the Temple. How would he even explain? But... he looked at the serious face that hid a fragile sense of hope behind it. He couldn’t disappoint her, could he?

“Very well,” he said. “Come, sit with me.”

To everyone’s relief, they made it to Coruscant without further complications.

“Chancellor Valorum and the Naboo Senator will receive the Queen,” Master Qui-Gon informed him, “with a full unit of Senate Guard. We will continue to the Temple with the children.”

Obi-Wan raised his eyebrows. “And Shmi?”

“Will stay with the Queen’s retinue.”

“Did you *tell* her you want the Order to accept them for training, Master?” He asked, perhaps a bit more sharply than was proper. He liked Shmi, though, and everyone could see how close she and the children were.

“Yes, Padawan,” Qui-Gon replied with a note of censure in his voice and mind. “The children decided they want to try. Anakin is especially eager, and while Rey is less so, I suspect where one goes, so does the other.”

Obi-Wan pursed his lips. He must have missed that. “I understand, Master,” he settled on.

The meeting with the Council was a disaster.

The Council did not believe the Sith was, in fact, a Sith. The Council thought the Skywalkers were too old, too attached. And that one was hard to argue against, wasn't it, when they stood in front of them hand in hand. Master Yoda lectured them about the Dark Side, and they just exchanged a look and said nothing. Then Master Qui-Gon offered to train them and recommend Obi-Wan for the Trials...

“Which one, Master Jinn, would you choose to take as a padawan?” Master Windu asked pointedly.

“Both,” Qui-Gon replied.

“Only one Padawan you may have,” Master Yoda admonished.

“There is a precedent—” Qui-Gon started.

“Enough!” Master Windu cut him off. “They will not be trained.”

And that was that.

Obi-Wan felt... honestly, he wasn't sure. He had been waiting for his Master to recommend him for Trials for months - years, even. But to have it thrown out like this, an aside, a means to an end... of course, he understood why Master felt the necessity of it. And of course, to want something more... sentimental, wasn't becoming of a proper Jedi.

Still.

He'd have to meditate on it.

For now, he took refuge in accompanying the two Skywalkers to the Naboo Senator's residence.

He ushered them to a speeder and flew them out of the Temple. Anakin was morose, sat in the backseat and silently stared out into the traffic. Obi-Wan felt his disappointment and wished he'd been around when they discussed the possibility of them becoming Jedi. He had no idea how to comfort the boy when he didn't know why he wanted it so much in the first place.

Rey joined Obi-Wan in the front. She wasn't as upset, but still, she worried over something.

“Is there really something wrong with us?” she spoke up finally.

Obi-Wan jerked. He engaged the autopilot, just so he could turn to her properly. “No, of course not. There is nothing wrong with either of you.”

“Then why don’t they want us?” she asked without meeting his eyes.

Obi-Wan sighed. Only now had he realized that the whole argument went down in front of the children. Were they truly so casually cruel? “The Council thinks that you are not well-suited for the Jedi training, that’s all,” he tried to explain. “Not everyone is, there is no shame in that. It’s better to realize that now, rather than try and be miserable, don’t you think?”

She finally turned to look at him, even if it was with a deeply dubious expression. Then her eyes slid to the empty controls. “Why aren’t you piloting?!” she yelled.

Anakin jerked and turned to them.

Obi-Wan huffed. “It has an autopilot,” he explained to the two alarmed children.

“But how does it know where we’re going?” Anakin shuffled over and leaned on the back of Obi-Wan’s seat.

The sour mood dissipated in favor of speeder piloting trivia. Obi-Wan congratulated himself on the distraction - even if it meant dredging up his frankly spotty understanding of Coruscant air control systems.

Queen Amidala put forward a vote of no-confidence in Chancellor Valorum, then decided to return to Naboo. The Council ordered his Master and him to accompany her, to gather more information about the identity of the attacker. At least they wouldn’t use the freighter this time, but Senator Palpatine’s senatorial ship - no matter how much the man protested her decision, he was still the Queen’s subject and therefore unable to refuse her request.

The three Skywalkers would stay with the Senator.

That was, at least, the plan.

From the moment he boarded the Senator’s yacht, he felt something buzz at the edge of his awareness. At first he thought it was just nerves, but then he noticed that even his Master was tense.

A moment after they jumped to hyperspace, Qui-Gon’s shoulders slumped. He bowed his head and pinched his nose. “We’d better check the fresher, and the maintenance compartment,” he said. “And... maybe the cupboards.”

Obi-Wan raised an eyebrow. “Master?”

“I *knew* he agreed too easily,” his Master muttered, letting Obi-Wan feel his chagrin.

...oh. Oh *no*.

They found Rey and Anakin in the maintenance compartment with the astromech, far less abashed than they ought to be. “We have to help!” Anakin argued.

“This is not how you do it, Ani,” Qui-Gon told him sternly. “You should have stayed with the Naboo Senator.”

“But you don’t *trust* him!”

“So you left your mother alone with him?” Qui-Gon challenged.

The children stared at him, their worry and guilt plain to see on their faces.

Qui-Gon sighed. “I don’t trust him because he’s a politician, not because he’s dangerous,” he pacified them. “I’m sure your mother is perfectly safe with him. Now, I want you two to go, apologize to the Queen for stealing aboard her ship uninvited, and stay with the handmaidens. No more sneaking around, understood?”

“Yes Qui-Gon!” they chorused and ran away, R2 at their heels.

“What are we going to do, Master?” Obi-Wan asked, a touch of desperation creeping into his voice despite his best efforts.

“We shall see,” Qui-Gon said evenly.

“But...”

“Patience, Padawan. Don’t focus on your anxieties at the expense of the moment.”

It was unbecoming of a Jedi Knight to yell at his Master, Obi-Wan thought viciously. Even when he had a very good reason to do so.

On Naboo, things moved quickly. Meeting the Gungans, Padmé’s revelation, planning the attack... and suddenly they were storming the palace, two children and a droid in tow. Obi-Wan released his emotions into the Force and gratefully wrapped its calm around himself. This was neither the time nor place for worry.

They entered the hangar. Obi-Wan heard his Master shout at the children to find cover, but had no time to watch out for them. In the lull after they cleared out the droids, Anakin stood up in the cockpit of one of the leftover fighters and Rey popped out from behind a pile of ship parts. Obi-Wan felt a sharp pang of relief.

Then, the hangar door opened and revealed the Sith.

The Zabrak was good. Not good enough to overcome the two of them easily, thank the Force, but well-trained, and *clever*. He drew them deeper into the generator complex, used the environment to separate them and limit their chance to engage him two to one. They—

Blaster shots rang from a platform they’d vacated earlier and streamed toward the Sith. None of them hit; the few that hadn’t gone wide he easily reflected with his lightstaff. Obi-Wan risked a glance at the shooter and swore aloud, proper Knighthood be damned. Rey! What was the little hellion doing here?!

The Sith hadn't paid attention to them last time, Obi-Wan remembered the talk on the freighter; chose to focus on the Jedi instead. It had been the same here so far. But now, the Zabrak looked up at the girl and a hateful, jealous look crossed his face. He jumped.

So did Obi-Wan.

Angered to distraction, the Skywalkers had strategized. They were right.

There was no time for "why"s or "wherefore"s. The Sith took his focus away from the Jedi, and they used it. Still, it was close, too close. The Zabrak loomed over Rey, his staff posed to strike...

...and Qui-Gon ran him through with his saber. At the same moment, Obi-Wan took the Sith's head clean off his shoulders.

The body slumped to the ground. Obi-Wan stepped over it. "Rey! What were you thinking?! This was incredibly dangerous! And—"

Oh, Force. She was crying. Bawling, in fact, huge tears rolling down her cheeks. She sat up and hid her face on her knees. As if she could hide her feelings from a Jedi.

Obi-Wan knelt beside her, and gently brushed a few loose strands of hair from her forehead. "And," he repeated softly, "incredibly brave."

She looked up at him. "I *had* to help," she told him, her eyes begging him to understand.

He sighed. "I know. But please, don't ever do that again." He stood up and offered her his hand. She took it, and didn't let go even after he pulled her to her feet.

Obi-Wan glanced at his Master. "Let's go find your brother."

He was unsurprised to learn that in the meantime, Anakin fought in a space battle and blew up the Trade Federation control ship. Retroactively terrified and sick to his stomach, but not surprised in the least.

Skywalkers. They would give him gray hairs before he turned thirty.

He froze mid-step when he caught up with his thoughts. Oh, that was a *terrible* idea. He was probably still high on the euphoria of winning against a figure from his childhood stories. But...

"Padawan?" Qui-Gon turned back to him, a few steps further along the corridor they were walking through.

"Master, I think we should talk about your offer to recommend me for the Knight Trials," Obi-Wan told him.

“Yes, I suppose we should.” The flash of guilt Qui-Gon couldn’t quiet fast enough was satisfying, Obi-Wan admitted ruefully.

He smiled his best “inscrutable Jedi” smile at his Master. “I have a proposition that could solve your double-Chosen-One problem.”

From the end of the corridor, Rey waved at them to hurry up. Obi-Wan waved back.

Yes. Terrible idea.

He was already looking forward to it.

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