

Luke, Leia, And the People They Pick Up Along the Way

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Luke, Leia, And the People They Pick Up Along the Way

by [DilemmaOf_A_Username](#)

Summary

Obi-Wan gives Luke and Leia to Owen and Beru, and then exiles himself to the Wastes.

Leia is still a diplomat. Luke still likes to fly. But this time, Leia is bringing politics to Tatooine, and Luke is dragging Ben back to their farm for dinner every ten-day.

Beru, Owen, and Obi-Wan are all trying to hold it together and keep these two out of sight. It doesn't really work.

Notes

So I don't know where this burst of writing energy is coming from, but I'm gonna go with it. Luke and Leia are 12 years old here.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

“Luke! Luke, get back here!”

Luke ignores Leia, and runs even faster. Until he hits dip in the ground and falls, face first, into the sand. Groaning, Luke braces himself.

Leia jumps onto Luke’s back, crowing in victory and smushing his face further into the sand, cackling as he squirms.

“Get off!” He whines, struggling to twist out from under his sister. “Leia!”

“No! You left me with all the dishes! I told you not to do that again!”

“Aunt Beru said I could visit Biggs!”

“Yeah, *after* you finished the dishes with me!”

Luke finally managed to throw Leia off, and scrambles up, watching his sister warily. She grins at him with all her teeth. She looks like the Massiff Mic Lindscurt just got. Oh, Luke is *screwed*.

Just as Leia looks ready to pounce, Luke is saved by Uncle Owen.

“Get back in here, you little Anoobas!”

Luke lets out a breath, relieved, but freezes when Leia glares at him.

“Coming, Uncle Owen!” Leia calls back, still staring Luke down. Luke stands stock-still until Leia turns around and makes her way back to the house. Only then does Luke scramble to follow her. He does make sure to leave a good five feet between them.

It was a good decision. Just before climbing down to the courtyard, Leia whirls on him.

“Do that again,” she hisses, pointing at him, “And I feed you to the Krayt Dragon!”

“Luke, Leia!” Owen shouts, sounding very impatient. “Get in here before I make you fix the far vaporators!”

Leia huffs, holds her head high like she’s a princess (Luke had found some etiquette guides from the Core under her bed), and flounces inside. Luke slouches in after her.

Aunt Beru looks up from where she’s carding through some Bantha wool. Upon seeing Luke, who is covered in a fine layer of sand, she sighs.

“You need to stop antagonizing your sister.”

Luke gapes at her, indignant.

“She’s the one who tried to drown me in the sand!” Aunt Beru peers at him, then sighs again.

“Leia! Stop tackling your brother!”

“I didn’t!” Leia yells back from somewhere in her bedroom. “He tripped! *And* he was trying to get out of dishes again!”

“Luke,” Aunt Beru sounds disappointed. Luke throws his hands up, defensive.

“You said I could go play with Biggs!”

“Aunt Beru said you could *after we did the dishes!*” Leia stomps back into the main room and heads towards the kitchen, grabbing Luke by his collar and dragging him with her. He yelps, and falls into the kitchen after her.

After he straightens himself, Leia shoves a stack of plates into his hands. Luke grabs them, then pauses.

“Why do *I* have to put stuff away? I wanna clean them!”

“Because you ran away! And I’m older!”

“You don’t know that!”

“Do too! Ben told me!”

“He did not!”

“He did!”

The twins kept bickering. Owen wandered in from the garage and looked at his wife, eyebrows raised.

Beru shook her head and started carding the wool again.

“Do you think it’s too late to give them back to Ben?”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Italics are Galactic Basic. Tusken sign language is underlined

Luke and Leia are 14 now. Kuh'ukrr is 14, too.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Aunt Beru?”

“Yes, Leia?”

“Why are the Lidscurts happy they killed a Tusken?”

“Oh Leia, it’s complicated.”

“Well I don’t like it.”

Yaqha glanced up, and saw a small figure making its way towards her. Yaqha realized it was Leia Lars, and groaned. The human child had been crossing the sands and trying to talk to her and her tribe for several months now. Neither Yaqha nor any of the other clan heads knew how the girl found them, but she was persistent. And dangerous.

If any of the colonists wanted, they could use Leia’s ventures to stage an attack and kill them all. Yaqha needed to end this once and for all.

Yaqha strode across the sand, and reached Leia as she struggled up a small dune. The human was too young to be out here alone. Where were her guardians?

“Go back,” Yaqha said, making the sign for home. Leia perked up and pushed her bangs away from her face. The little girl beamed.

“Hello Yaqha! I wanted to ask you-”

“Go. Back.” Leia wilted. She might not really understand what Yaqha was saying, but she knew what that tone meant. The girl’s lip trembled, but she nodded stiffly, and turned away. Yaqha watched her stagger down the dune and towards a speeder bike. A small human was on it, their hair golden. Ah. Leia had an accomplice, and a ride.

Well, now Yaqha didn’t need to worry about the two idiotic human children getting heat stroke. Still, she watched them through some binocs until she couldn’t anymore. They were still children, after all.

Yaqha and her tribe never did learn what little Leia wanted. But she stopped bothering them. Yaqha hadn't heard from the human girl in years, and hadn't thought of her, either.

But when Yaqha's daughter brought back news of a young human woman bartering with Tusken and whacking violent colonists with a gaffi stick, Yaqha just sat down and tried not to think too hard.

"Leia Sabe Lars, where the kriff did you get a gaffi stick?!"

"Kuh'ukrr gave it to me. Don't touch it, Uncle Owen, it's mine!"

"Leia, you will throw that away and stop associating with the Sand People."

"Don't call them that! That's a slur, and imperialistic. And I'm not throwing my gaffi stick away. Kuh'ukrr's my friend and he gave it to me because we're friends!"

"GO TO YOUR ROOM!"

"NO!"

"Leia, listen to your uncle, he-"

"No, Aunt Beru, he's being a nerf-herder and- No, Uncle Owen, STOP!"

CRACK

"There, no more kriffing gaffi sticks. You're not allowed to leave this house until I say so. Go to your room."

"Owen, what have you done?"

Kuh'ukrr found Leia out in the desert, well into the night. He had hoped to see his friend again before his tribe moved on for a while, but he'd known she may have been stuck at home. He'd been pleased to find her at their designated meeting spot, until he spotted her face.

Tear tracks cut through sandy grime on her face. Her hair was loose and smothering her neck and back. She didn't have a canteen with her. Leia looked like she was trying to overheat and dehydrate at the same time.

Kuh'ukrr called out a cautious greeting, and Leia perked up. She looked a little less distraught, Kuh'ukrr thought. Still, human expressions were hard to understand. Kuh'ukrr decided to err on the side of caution.

“Kuh'ukrr, I'm so sorry! Uncle Owen broke my gaffi stick and said-” Leia's breath hitched and she scrubbed furiously at her eyes. *“Uncle Owen said I can't see you anymore and I hate him, I want to come with you and your family, I don't wanna stay here anymore!”*

Kuh'ukrr trilled at her, trying to provide some comfort. He knew enough Basic to understand that Leia's uncle had done something to the gaffi stick he'd gifted her. He was angry, and scared. He had hoped that Leia's family would have been kind. Apparently, he was wrong. Taking a deep breath, Kuh'ukrr, tried to stop himself from letting out a mourning trill.

It's okay, Kuh'ukrr signed. He hoped Leia couldn't see how his hands shook. He'd worked hard on that present, and now it was gone, and Leia's uncle might come after him. I'll make two, when I grow out of the one I have now, and we can match.

Leia tilted her head. She nodded slowly. Clumsy, she signed back.

Another one? Her face was hopeful. Kuh'ukrr nodded, and made the sign for year.

In one year, Leia signed back, and a smile broke out on her face. Kuh'ukrr nodded again, and then pointed back towards the Lars Homestead. Leia's face went stormy.

“NO. I'm coming with you!”

Kuh'ukrr shook his head. If the Lars' found their ward out in the desert with him, he'd be shot, and his entire tribe would be hunted. He pointed at the homestead again. Leia shook her head and glared at him. Frustrated, Kuh'ukrr huffed and started walking towards the Lars'. Leia yelped in surprise and tried to stop him.

“No, Kuh'ukrr, Uncle Owen will kill you!”

Kuh'ukrr stopped. Leia almost ran into him. Kuh'ukrr pointed at the homestead again, and Leia bit her lip.

“I won't go back there,” Leia said, *“but I will go to Ben's”*

Kuh'ukrr rolled his eyes and let Leia lead him toward the hermit's shack.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not sure if I should put any warnings for this. If you have any suggestions, please let me know.

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Does this chapter make sense? Nope.

Is it good? No idea.

Am I posting it because it's haunting me? You betcha.

Luke and Leia are 10 years old here. Which gives me a heart attack and is probably sending Beru and Owen into conniptions.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Beru was so incredibly tired. Standing in the kitchen, she closed her eyes and took a deep breath in and tried her hardest to not just collapse in a sobbing heap.

Luke and Leia were screaming in the other room. Owen had gone to Mos Eisley to pick up parts that morning, and wouldn't be until late into the night. Beru had received an alert from the west vaporator cluster, so she'd had to strap Luke to her back and Leia to her chest, pull the tools along behind her, and keep her rifle accessible across the sand. She spent three hours carefully dusting sand out of three power boxes that had been weakened by a sandstorm two days before, trying her hardest to keep her babies hydrated and cool.

Then, during high-noon on Tatooine, Beru had trudged back home, her two babies whimpering in her ears, only to find that she'd left the oven on and their home was as hot as the sand outside. Stifling a sob, Beru changed Luke and Leia out of their sandy clothes, put them in their crib in the main room, and went to turn the oven. The babies slept fitfully for a while, but woke up too soon. Beru had just put her tools away and hadn't even gotten out of her outdoor clothes when the twins had started screaming.

Shakily, Beru leaned against the kitchen counter and put her face in her hands. The twins' wails were getting louder and Beru wanted to wail right along with them. But water was precious, and Beru didn't have much to spare, so she gathered herself up and started to make formula. Her hands were shaking, and she almost dropped the powder when Leia let out a particularly forlorn cry, but Beru managed to get food for her babies. As she put the formula away and scooped up the bottles, Beru realized the twins had gone silent.

In a panic, Beru ran to the main room, only to find Obi-Wan Kenobi standing in her house, soothing her children. The twins cooed as Obi-Wan smiled at them, and Beru, overwhelmed, slumped to the floor and started crying.

"Ben!" Luke called, racing to his uncle's home, "Ben! You need to come to latemeal today, Aunt Beru is making Bantha-steak soup and we have black melons, too!"

Luke clambered up the rough-hewn stone steps that led up to Ben's shack, and fell through the door. Luke yelped as he hit the ground, but shot up and scrambled to Ben's work room. He crashed through that door, too, but was saved from scraping his knees again when a strong arm caught him around the waist.

Looking up, Luke beamed at his uncle. Ben sighed down at him, and Luke giggled at the way Ben's breath fluttered his moustache. Scratchy faces were *weird*.

"Now, Luke," Ben said sternly, setting the boy on his feet. "How did you get here, all on your own?"

"I took Uncle Owen's speeder!"

After Uncle Ben had dropped him off, and, because Luke and Leia insisted, stayed for latemeal, Aunt Beru and Uncle Owen say Luke down for what Leia had started to call a "talking too." Owen said she read too many core-world novels. Beru told him to stuff it.

Beru looked annoyed. Owen looked tired. Luke felt righteously indignant.

"I didn't do anything wrong!" he exclaimed, before his aunt and uncle could start to tell him everything he had done wrong.

Beru and Owen shared a look. Beru's look said *he's your nephew*. Owen's said *but he looks like you*. Shaking her head, Beru turned to Luke, a stern expression on her face.

"I know you think Ben is fun, Luke, but you cannot, you *cannot* just hop on a speeder and visit him whenever you want! It's dangerous out there, and you're disobeying me and Owen."

Luke looked betrayed, and his lower lip wobbled dangerously. Beru soldiered on.

"If you want to talk to Ben, you need to *ask* first."

"But Aunt Beru--"

"No, Luke. We'll talk about this more tomorrow. For now, go to your room. You're not allowed to leave the house unless you're with me or Owen for the foreseeable future. Now, go."

Luke's eyes filled with tears and he stomped out of the main room and slammed his bedroom door. Beru deflated. Owen got up from his chair and went to stand behind his wife. He put his hands on her shoulders and Beru leaned back into him, a sad, heartbroken look on her face.

"He could have *died*," she choked out. Owen walked around her chair and dropped to his knees in front of her. He took her hands in his and rubbed his thumbs against her palms.

"He could be dead and we would have never known. Owen, how could I let this happen?"

“No, Beru, it wasn’t only you,” Beru looked ready to argue, but Owen cut her off. “My Sun, both of us are his parents. I didn’t lock the speeder up. I didn’t watch him closely enough. Neither of us checked on him until latemeal. It was a mistake we both made, and I will not let you take all the blame on yourself.”

Owen ducked his head to catch his wife’s eyes. He found them, and held her gaze. He raised his brow, and Beru nodded. She threw her arms around Owen, and he wrapped his arms around her waist. They sat like that for a bit, letting the sound of the wind and the clicking of machinery soothe them.

As they got ready for bed, Owen stopped and turned to his wife, a puzzled look on his face.

“Beru, why is Luke so enamored with Ben all of a sudden?”

Beru, surprised, looked up from her holopad. She paused, then gave a surprised laugh.

“I told him and Leia about the time he just showed up to help. You remember, that day you were gone and some of the vaparators needed immediate repairs? Apparently, Luke decided that makes Ben his uncle.”

Owen looked a bit offended, and Beru laughed at him.

“It’s actually very sweet! Luke said that uncles take care of him and Leia, so Ben isn’t just his friend, he’s his uncle! That speaks highly of you, dear.”

Looking mollified, if a bit grumpy Owen slid into bed next to Beru and flicked off the lights. Just as the two got settled, Owen shot up.

“Shit, that means we have to invite him over to latemeal more often!”

Beru smacked him in the face with his own pillow.

When Owen arrived home from Mos Eisley, he found an unknown speeder parked outside his house. He grabbed his rifle, jumped from his speeder, and raced inside.

He burst through the door, ready to blast anyone who dared touch his family, but was met by the baffling sight of Obi-Wan Kenobi cradling his children while his wife was curled up on a chair, asleep.

Kenobi looked up, and gave Owen a small smile.

“Ah, Owen, I do apologize,” Kenobi’s voice was hushed, presumably so as not to wake Beru. Owen slowly lowered his rifle, but didn’t put it down. “I sensed that Beru needed some help today, and decided to drop by. I fear she was a bit too stressed to be alone. I hope I’m not intruding.”

Owen finally put his rifle down. He looked at Beru, who had been the main caregiver for the twins since they arrived, and finally saw how exhausted she was. He turned to Kenobi, and

shook his head.

“No,” he murmured, walking over to his wife and pulling a discarded blanket over her.

“Thank you for your help.”

Kenobi gave a brighter smile. The twins gurgled in the Jedi’s arms. Owen, after he unloaded his speeder and trailer, invited the man to stay the night. Wouldn’t do to have him out so late.

“Ah, is this Kenobi?”

“May I ask who this is?”

“Ah, it’s Owen? Owen Lars? I- Well, Luke wanted you to come to latemeal tomorrow night. If you’d like.”

“... I would be honored.”

Chapter End Notes

Luke gets what he wants. Leia is a little miffed. Owen and Beru are the exhausted parents of two 10 year olds.

Look, I don't know where this story is going. I thought I did. I was wrong. I hope you enjoy it anyway!

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

“Aunt Beru! This droid knows Uncle Ben!”

“Luke, stop shouting from the shop, I can’t understand a thing you’re saying!”

“I said this droid knows Uncle Ben. He says he has something important for him. He also threatened to tase me.”

Chapter Notes

Takes place at the beginning of A New Hope. Luke and Leia are both 19 here.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Aunt Beru! This droid knows Uncle Ben!”

“Luke, stop shouting from the shop, I can’t understand a thing you’re saying!”

“I *said* this droid knows Uncle Ben. He says he has something important for him. He also threatened to tase me.”

“Oh my, it has been a long time, hasn’t it Artoo?”

The little droid beeped, pleased, as Uncle Ben patted its domed head. Leia rolled her eyes while Luke was practically vibrating out of his chair next to her. Aunt Beru cuffed the back of Luke’s head and he turned, pouting at her.

“Let your uncle get reacquainted with an old friend, child, and hand me that spanner.”

Luke grumbled but scooted over to help Beru with the protocol droid Owen had picked up. The clumsy thing had tripped over itself when meeting Luke and Leia, and had missed the courtyard entryway, falling twenty feet. Luckily, all that came off was the head.

Leia sat and watched Uncle Ben murmuring with the droid. The R2 unit beeped back enthusiastically, but Leia wasn’t fluent in binary, and Luke was distracted. So Leia just watched.

Uncle Ben seemed... wistful. He smiled a bit sadly at the little droid and kept his hand on its dome, like he was afraid it would leave him. Leia cocked her head. That was odd. Uncle Ben rarely got so attached to anything.

Then, a holo projection beamed out of the R2 unit's recorder. A woman stood there, facing Uncle Ben. She stood elegantly, but wore a simple dress of blue and white.

"Breha," Uncle Ben breathed. Leia's eyebrows shot up.

"Breha?" She asked, stumbling off the shop's stool. "Queen Breha Organa?"

Ben shushed her, and Leia would have been offended if the *Queen of Alderaan* hadn't started speaking.

"General Kenobi," the Queen says, "Years ago, you supported my planet in the Clone Wars. Now I beg you to help us in our struggle against the Empire. I regret that I am unable to present you my request in person, but my ship has fallen under attack and I'm afraid my mission to bring you to Alderaan has failed. I have placed information vital to the survival of the Rebellion into the memory systems of this R2 unit. Bail will know how to retrieve it. You must see this droid safely delivered to him on Alderaan. This is our most desperate hour. Help me, Obi-Wan Kenobi, you're my only hope."

The holo projection faded. Leia stared at the R2 unit, then at her uncle. Luke and Beru were also staring at Ben. Ben looked a bit uncomfortable.

"Oh dear," a strangely posh voice said. Everyone's heads snapped to the corner where Beru and Luke had been fixing the protocol droid. It's eyes were lit, and it was trying to clamber off the work bench.

"Lady Organa is in trouble! I must return to my mistress at once. Come, Artoo, we must hurry!"

The R2 unit made a noise that was clearly derisive, and Beru shoved the other droid back down. It started to argue with Beru, but she just rolled her eyes and turned it off.

For a moment, there was silence. Then the R2 unit booped sadly, and Beru turned to Ben with a glint in her eye. Ben looked scared. Leia didn't blame him.

"Now, Obi-Wan," Beru said pleasantly. "There is a lot going on here, but I think it would be best if we grabbed Owen from the vaporators and took this to your house, don't you agree?"

Uncle Ben sighed, but nodded, and started to help Aunt Beru pack up the protocol unit and herd R2-D2 into their speeder that was parked in the shop.

Luke scurried over to Leia, eyes wide, clearly ready to ask questions. Leia tripped him instead. He yelped, then he shoved her. Leia was about to punch him in the kidney when Luke wrapped his arms around her and lifted her off the ground. Scowling, Leia kicked at his shins and Luke set her down, but didn't let go. He looked a little too smug for her liking.

Still pinning her arms to her sides, Luke asked “Do you think he’ll finally tell us about mom and dad?”

That brought Leia up short. She wiggled out of her brother’s hold, and looked up at him. Luke looked troubled, but not unhappy.

Leia sighed. “I have no idea, Luke. You know that Uncle Ben and mom and dad were part of the war. That’s a hard thing to come back from.”

Luke looked ready to protest, but Leia held up her hand. Her brother pouted, but let her continue.

“I know you want to know more about our parents, but,” Leia looked over at Aunt Beru and Uncle Ben. “But we have a family here. And I think -”

“You think mom and dad hurt Uncle Ben somehow,” Luke interrupted. Leia looked at him sharply, and Luke just smiled sadly. “I know that you’ve been looking into our parents, Leia. I don’t want to hurt Ben, I just. I just want to *know*.”

Luke’s voice cracked a bit, and Leia pulled him into her arms. Luke clutched at her, and bent down to tuck his head onto her shoulder.

“Luke, we will know, I can *feel* it. But. Just not right now. I don’t think bringing it all up at once will do anyone any good. We can be patient, right?”

Luke grumbled into her shoulder, but nodded, and reluctantly stood up, breaking the circle of her arms. Leia peered up at her baby brother, and he gave a small smile.

Then a rag smacked Leia in the face.

“*What* are you two doing?! We’ve got a lot of stuff to do, move it!”

“Yes, Aunt Beru.”

Chapter End Notes

Obviously, Queen Breha did not give the famous Leia speech, but I thought it would be interesting to put her in this story because I love her and it's my birthday. And I did change parts of that speech to fit the Queen. I have one more chapter planned for this story, but I am planning on doing a small series, as inspiration comes, that covers the original trilogy, in this universe.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Leia felt quite miffed.

No one had told her that her Uncle Ben was the great General Kenobi of the Clone Wars. Obviously, she had known that since she was twelve and had stolen a datapad with a holonet connection from a bounty hunter, but still. She'd kept quiet (well, she'd told Luke, obviously), wary of trauma, bad memories, and the general unpleasantness that came with war, but she had hoped that Uncle Ben might have told her when she was older.

Well, she grumbled to herself, *he has sort of told us*.

The Lars family was stuffed into Ben's sitting room, and Ben was tinkering with the R2 unit, trying to extract the information the Queen of Alderann (the Queen of Alderaan) had sent him, but he was having very little luck. Luke was hovering, trying to convince their uncle to let him have a look, but Ben was cheerfully ignoring him. Leia was sitting near them, reading the most recent book of Alderaan court etiquette (if she was going to meet a queen, she would definitely need to present herself well). Beru was aggressively cleaning her rifle. Uncle Owen had his eyes closed. He was probably trying to forget he was related to any of them.

Finally, Uncle Ben threw his hands in the air, and stood up with a huff. Beru glanced up at him, then went back to her rifle. Owen cracked an eye open and sat up reluctantly. Luke was pouting in the corner. Ben hadn't let him mess with the droid.

"It seems," Ben said, finally getting Aunt Beru to look up, "that I will need to go to Alderaan."

Silence. Then Aunt Beru stood up and shouldered her gun.

"Alright, kiddos, looks like you'll get to leave Tatooine sooner than expected."

Luke was so jittery Leia was worried he'd wiggle out of his skin. He had just finished packing up some clothes and his toy ship ("It's a model, Leia, not a toy!"), and was impatiently waiting for Leia to finish folding her clothes. Leia went a bit slower, just to annoy him.

From the kitchen, they could hear Ben arguing with Beru and Owen. He hadn't wanted them to come. It was too dangerous, according to Ben. Beru had ignored him and kept packing up the necessities while Owen strapped their new droids down to their more reliable speeder. Ben was still trying to convince them the Empire was nothing to play with. Beru had told him

to shut up, because they were coming with them. Besides, did he want to be the one to tell the twins they weren't coming?

Leia had snickered at that. Her aunt was the best negotiator she had ever met, Uncle Ben included. Ben was still trying to convince them to stay home, but his arguments were getting weaker. They were all going.

All of her clothes nicely folded, Leia went to her bookshelf to grab a few journals. When she turned around, her neat clothing had been tossed haphazardly into her bag. Luke was nowhere to be seen.

Well, Leia thought as she crashed into her brother's room, one less passenger would actually make their lives easier.

Mos Eisley was gross.

Luke was bouncing along next to her, seemingly oblivious to the smell and the people, but Leia was most definitely *not*. The smell of rotten food and body odour from countless species wafted through the air, and Leia was far too aware of the number of people watching her and her brother. She grabbed Luke's hand, and pulled him closer to her and Aunt Beru. Uncle Owen grunted, and put himself between them and the people staring. Beru put her hand on Leia's back, a reassuring pressure. Luke was still bouncing.

Ben led the Lars' into a cantina that smelled, too, but it wasn't as bad as the streets. Luke and Leia were shepherded into a booth and sandwiched between Aunt Beru and Uncle Owen. Uncle Ben went to the bar to talk with the bartender.

Luke was chattering to the table at large, noting the different species he'd read about but never seen before. Leia corrected his pronunciation (Luke was terrible at linguistics. Leia despaired every time she tried to teach him anything besides Huttese), and kept his hand in hers. He was liable to fly away in his excitement otherwise.

Suddenly, Uncle Ben draws his lightsaber. Luke and Leia had been told about it, had known their uncle was once a Jedi, and that he was hiding, but they rarely got to see his weapon. It always pained Ben to talk about it. The twins had learned not to talk about it after he had gone off into the dunes for a week after they'd pestered him too much on their tenth birthday.

With surprising agility, Ben cut down a human man who was trying to shoot him. The bartender was yelling at the man's friends to put their blasters away, and Ben wandered over to their table, a brown-haired human in tow. The man looked a little shell-shocked, which was fair. It wasn't every day you met Uncle Ben.

Ben didn't bother to sit down, just put his hands in his sleeves, far too calm for an old man who'd just killed a person. Leia wanted to be just like him one day.

"This is Han Solo. He has agreed to ferry us to Alderaan." Beru looked unimpressed. Owen grabbed Luke before he could leap over the table to talk to the pilot.

Solo shook himself, and glared at Ben.

“Only if you can pay, old man. I’m not dragging your family around if you can’t cough up the money.”

Leia bristled, but Ben shook his head at her, then turned to Solo.

“We will pay you 2,000 up front and the rest when we reach Alderaan, as agreed.” Solo scowled, but agreed. He told Ben to meet him at bay 94, and sauntered off. Leia glared at his back. Luke grumbled about not being able to talk to him. Beru, Owen, and Ben were arguing about the cost of the trip.

“And where do you suggest we get those credits, Ben?”

“We’ll have to sell the speeder, but-”

“We’re not selling my speeder!”

“Really, Owen, we need to get on that ship.”

“Don’t “really Owen” me! Last time I agreed to one of your ideas I lost my eyebrows!”

“What about the rest, Ben?”

“Ah, Breha will help pay for it-”

“You expect the Queen of Alderaan to pay for you?!”

The argument was stupid, since Leia knew they had to go and that meant selling the speeder, so she put her effort into watching the cantina patrons instead. Luke had pulled one of his many small projects out of his pocket and was messing around with the circuitry. Leia snickered when he shocked himself, and Luke pulled her braid. They had just gotten into a slap fight when Beru cleared her throat.

The twins looked at her, caught. She rolled her eyes at them, but gestured for them to get up. Looks like Ben won the argument. They were going to Alderaan.

“This is going to be so cool! Leia, Leia, do you think he’ll let me pilot?”

“No, Luke.”

Luke tried to trip her, and ran ahead to Uncle Ben when she tried to yank on his ear. She really wished Beru had let her leave him in the Wastes when they were fifteen.

Chapter End Notes

This is the last chapter! The story changed from my original outline, and I will likely change the title in the future, but I've had fun writing it. I'm going to write more in this

'verse and expand on the Tusken's, and Leia's relationship with them, and Luke's relationship with Biggs, and hopefully continue the story a bit more. If you liked this story, please keep an eye out for that in the future!

Thank you to everyone who left a comment or a kudos. I hope you enjoyed this chapter and this fic!

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!