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Sweet Revenge

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"Wow! Can I see it?" Luke asked, his eyes growing big as he saw the toy spaceship his friend was holding.

"Sure," Biggs replied as he proudly handed his newest possession to his six-year-old friend.

"This is awesome," Luke stated as he looked at the details.

"Yes," Biggs agreed. "Now, look at this."

Leaning over, Biggs pressed a button and suddenly different parts of the ship lit up as it emitted engine sounds.

"Wow," Luke said as he turned the toy over in his hands. "I wish I had one of these."

"Maybe you can get one for your birthday," Biggs replied.

"No," Luke said sadly as he gave the toy back to his friend. "Uncle Owen says that I have enough toys and that he won't waste his money on anymore."

"What will you get for your birthday then?" Biggs inquired as he turned off the toy and put it on the seat next to him.

"I don't know," Luke replied as his lower lip trembled and he felt tears sting his eyes. "Maybe nothing."

"Okay, we're here," Mr. Darklighter said as he lowered the divider that separated the front from the back of the speeder. "Have fun."

"Thank you, Mr. Darklighter," Luke said as he got out of the speeder.

"Bye, Dad," Biggs said before he closed the speeder door.

Quickly, Luke and Biggs ran up to the school doors and entered.

"See you later," Biggs said as he turned right.

"Bye," Luke replied as he turned left.

Although there were hardly any children in Anchorhead and the surrounding farms, the school was divided into classes per two years. The four and five year olds were together in one class, the six and seven year olds in another, and the eight and nine year olds in the last class. Since nobody was truly rich in the area, save the Darklighters, the school stopped there as the ten year olds generally stayed home to help out. Especially on the moisture farms.

Luke hated the way the school worked because it meant that he would never be in the same class as Biggs who was two years older than himself. Entering his classroom he saw another reason why he hated school; Fixer. The boy was a year older than him and, as he had missed the first year of school, Luke hadn't met him until the beginning of this year. He wished he hadn't. Fixer teased him all the time. And since he was the biggest of the class, most of the others went along with him. Leaving only a few who remained neutral, but no one who sided with him.

Biting his lower lip, Luke quickly walked to his desk and sat down. Luckily, Mrs. Marson was already in the room, meaning that Fixer wouldn't call out. But it didn't mean that he wouldn't try anything. The first day of every school year his uncle brought him to school so that he could talk with his teacher. Owen Lars would tell his teacher to keep a close eye on him and to punish him whenever he did something wrong. Owen also told them that he lied.

Luke felt new tears sting his eyes at the memory. And, as if the humiliation hadn't been enough, Fixer had overheard this. Which was probably why he teased him. He had told the others and so now, whenever anything went wrong when he was nearby, he got the blame as everyone thought that he was lying when he denied it.

"All right everyone, sit down," Mrs. Marson said as she walked to the front of the room, her cold gray eyes sweeping the class as she did so.

Luke nearly shivered as she looked at him. She was new to the school this year. Last year the six and seven-year-olds had had a nice teacher by the name of Mrs. Walt. However, she had gotten the opportunity to leave Tatooine and had instantly taken it. So now Mrs. Marson was in charge of this class. She was stern, strict, and liked to keep her graying-brown hair wound into a painfully tight bun.

Luke wished Mrs. Walt had stayed. He had talked to her once or twice and she had seemed extremely nice and fair. All the things Biggs had told him about her only backed this up. But then, he'd leave Tatooine too if he got the chance. He had often dreamt of leaving Tatooine, of his father coming to get him.

"Luke Skywalker!" Mrs. Marson exclaimed loudly, instantly snapping Luke out of his thoughts. "Pay attention! If you ignore me one more time I will keep you after school. Is that understood?"

"Yes ma'am," Luke replied as he saw Fixer, Camie, and Deak snicker out of the corner of his eye.

"You shouldn't ignore the teacher, Pukey," Fixer called out as they exited school at the end of the day.

"Yeah," Deak called out, as usual following Fixer and imitating whatever he did.

Luke tried to ignore them as he waited for either Biggs or for Mr. Darklighter to arrive.

"No wonder your parents left you," Fixer stated, knowing he'd draw a reaction from Luke with those words. "You can't even listen to the teacher."

"My parents didn't leave me!" Luke declared angrily as he whirled around to face Fixer.

"Sure," Fixer drawled.

"It's the--" Luke began.

"Hey, Luke," Biggs called out as he exited the school building.

"Biggs," Luke replied as he turned to face his best friend.

"What did you do today?" Biggs asked.

"The usual," Luke responded as he relaxed, knowing that Fixer wouldn't bother him as he didn't want to get into trouble with the older kids.

"Well we saw a holo-movie on the Empire and they showed lots of other planets," Biggs stated, excitedly. "It was so awesome!"

"I wish we got to see it," Luke said. "We never do anything fun."

"You will later," Biggs reassured his friend. "There's a unit on rocks and you'll be able to see all these neat crystals."

"Really?" Luke asked as Biggs' father pulled up in the speeder.

"Yes," Biggs confirmed.

Six days later,

"Pukey," Fixer called out as Luke exited the school building.

"My name is Luke," Luke replied feeling his anger rise.

"Luke, Puke, what's the difference?" Fixer stated at which Camie laughed. "After all, it's probably just some random name Lars picked out for you so that he could call you to do your work."

"My parents named me Luke!" Luke declared fiercely as he felt his hands form small fists at his side.

"Your parents abandoned you," Fixer retorted. "Why would they bother naming you?"

"My parents didn't abandon me!" Luke yelled in anger. "They died!"

"Sure," Fixer replied. "Don't lie Pukey, your father probably took one look at you and decided you weren't worth raising. Why else would he have left you here?"

Feeling his anger explode within him, Luke flung himself at the stronger and taller boy. Taken by surprise, Fixer fell to the ground as Luke knocked into him. Looking at the boy beneath him Luke grinned down in victory seconds before he was pushed sideways. Before he could react he found that the tables had turned and that Fixer was now on top of him, pinning his arms down. Instantly he began to struggle.

"Look at him," Fixer laughed at the other. "Just like a worm... I know! If you don't like Pukey we'll call you Wormie instead."

Luke's anger immediately rose again at the comment and, somehow, he managed to kick Fixer. The boy gave a yell as he fell off of Luke. Getting to his feet Luke formed fists with his hands as he moved towards his enemy.

"Luke Skywalker, that is enough!" Mrs. Marson exclaimed as she exited the school.

Looking at her, Luke saw anger written all over her face.

"But--" he began.

"He attacked me!" Fixer interrupted.

"You asked for it," Luke shot back.

"Silence," Mrs. Marson ordered. "Go home you guys, Skywalker you stay here."

Nodding their heads Fixer, Camie, Deak, and the others turned around and ran towards Anchorhead. But not before Luke saw the smiles on their faces.

"You know that you are not to start fights on school grounds," Mrs. Marson said just as the other classes started to exit the building.

"But he--" Luke began.

"I'll not listen to any of your lies," Mrs. Marson interrupted. "As punishment you're staying an hour extra."

"But I'll miss my ride!" Luke complained, knowing how mad Uncle Owen would get if he had to come pick him up.

"That's too bad," Mrs. Marson replied as she took his hand and headed back indoors. "It'll teach you a lesson."

"But--" Luke tried again as he saw Biggs exit the building.

"Enough," Mrs. Marson ordered before she turned to the approaching Biggs. "He is punished and is to be left alone."

With this she dragged Luke inside, leaving a bewildered Biggs alone. Knowing that to resist would only cause more trouble, Luke followed Mrs. Marson back to the classroom.

"Sit down and be quiet," Mrs. Marson ordered.

Nodding his head, Luke took his seat and waited, trying not to think of how mad Uncle Owen would be. Suddenly his stomach growled and he bit his lower lip knowing that, if his uncle was mad enough, he wouldn't get any dinner.

Looking back up at Mrs. Marson, Luke felt his anger rise. It wasn't fair! Fixer had started by saying mean things and he wasn't punished! Why didn't anyone believe him? He knew that if his father was alive he would believe him, just like in his dreams. His father often spoke to him in his dreams, telling him how much he loved him and how he believed him.

Half an hour later Mrs. Marson got up, walked over to her desk and got out her com. Looking something up on her datapad she turned on the com.

"Owen Lars?" she asked. "This is Mrs. Marson."

Straining, Luke tried to hear Owen's response, but he was too far away.

"Yes," Mrs. Marson agreed. "He started a fight."

Luke opened his mouth to argue, but she motioned him to silence with a stern look.

"Okay," Mrs. Marson said. "I'll see you then."

Luke bit his lower lip as he stomach growled once more.

"Can I have something to eat?" he asked, not wanting to wait till breakfast.

"Wait till you're home," Mrs. Marson replied, not looking up from her datapad.

"But I probably won't get anything until tomorrow," he complained.

"That'll teach you to try to start fights with the other kids," Mrs. Marson stated coldly. "Now be quiet."

Slumping back in his chair, Luke fought back tears. This was no fair! He wished his father hadn't died and was here, he would understand. Fathers always did. Turning his head so that he could see the chrono he watched time pass.

Suddenly, he wasn't sure how, Luke knew his uncle was approaching. Quietly he got to his feet, mentally bracing himself.

"What do you think you're doing?" Mrs. Marson demanded.

"Uncle Owen is here," Luke replied.

"And how would you--" Mrs. Marson began just as Owen Lars entered the room.

"Luke Skywalker! What's this about starting a fight?" Owen boomed as he walked over to Luke and grasp his arm.

"Fixer started it," Luke instantly replied.

"He attacked Fixer," Mrs. Marson stated.

"But he--" Luke began.

"Silence," Owen ordered as he shook Luke. "He'll be properly punished."

"Good," Mrs. Marson stated.

Turning around, Owen dragged Luke outside to the speeder.

"You are in trouble, you know you shouldn't start fights!"

"But Fixer started it! He called me Puke and said father..." Luke blurted out before he caught himself.

But it was too late. Owen's hand hit him across the face, hard.

"I told you before," Owen said as he picked Luke up and put him into the speeder. "I don't want to hear the word father come out of your mouth! No dinner for you tonight."

With this, Owen closed the speeder door and got in the front. Sitting back on the seat, Luke bit his lower lip once more as he fought down tears. His face stung where he had been hit and his stomach growled.

Why didn't his uncle believe him? He had never done anything to make him distrust him. So why? Unable to come up with an answer he leaned back and remained quiet. Any noise would only anger his uncle further.

"What happened yesterday?" Biggs asked as Luke got into the speeder as it stopped by the farm.

"Fixer called me Pukey and said my father abandoned me," Luke replied, feeling his anger rise at the memory. "I jumped at him and I got into trouble while Fixer went free because no one believed me."

"Yeah, that's Fixer," Biggs replied. "Why don't you wait for me inside the school from now on?"

"Okay," Luke replied.

Four days later,

"Luke," the voice called. "Luke."

"Father?" Luke replied as he looked around for the owner of the voice, but all he saw was a swirling, dark-gray, mist. "Father is that you?"

"Yes son," the deep voice replied. "It's me."

"Where are you?" Luke asked as he walked into the mist, getting scared as it grew black and started to cling to him. "Father?" he asked as he started to panic.

"It's okay Luke," the voice responded. "It won't hurt you."

Nodding his head, Luke stopped and watched as the mist swirled around him, his fascination growing.

"Father, where are you?" he finally inquired.

"Here son," the voice replied from his left.

Turning in the direction of the sound, Luke briefly saw a black outline before it was consumed once more by the mist. Hurrying forward Luke felt his heart start to race. His father! He was about to meet his father! Suddenly, he broke through the mist to see a tall man before him dressed completely in black including a mask, cape, and gloves.

Briefly he stood frozen in place, both frightened and shocked by the figure before him. Who was it? Could it be his father? This was after all from where his father's voice had been coming from. Just as he opened his mouth to speak a blinding white light shone through the mists and his father disappeared. Awakening with a start, Luke sat up in bed, breathing hard and drenched in sweat.

"Luke, are you okay?" Beru asked as she walked towards him.

"Yes," Luke replied, remembering what had happened the last time he had mentioned his father.

"Okay," Beru said as she headed towards the door. "Mr. Darklighter will be here in half an hour, so get ready."

Nodding his head, Luke watched her leave the room. He wondered about his dream. Had that tall, black man been his father? And what had the bright light been? Not knowing the answer he quickly got up and got dressed, not wanting his uncle to get mad at him. Quietly he left the room and made his way to the kitchen.

"Just on time," Beru said as she placed a bowl at his seat.

"Good morning, Uncle Owen," Luke said as he sat down.

Owen simply grunted a reply as he started his own breakfast. Biting his lower lip, Luke picked up his spoon and did the same.

"What are you going to do in school today?" Beru asked.

"Mrs. Marson said something about watching a holo-video," Luke replied.

"About what?"

"I don't know," Luke said. "Do I have to go to school?"

"Of course you have to go!" Owen stated.

"But Fixer is always teasing me," Luke complained. "I hate him!"

"You don't hate anyone," Owen ordered sternly. "Is that clear?"

"But--" Luke began, wondering why his uncle was suddenly so angry with him.

"No buts," Owen interrupted. "Hating is bad."

"Okay," Luke replied softly.

"Good," Owen said before he got up and left the room.

Watching him leave, Luke lowered his spoon before turning to his aunt, a questioning look on his face.

"Finish your breakfast," Beru simply said. "Mr. Darklighter will be here soon."

Doing as he was, told Luke quickly finished his breakfast. Getting up from the table he hugged his aunt before leaving the room and ascending the stairs. Quietly he walked to the garage where he stopped. Looking around he couldn't see Biggs' speeder yet so he sat down and waited.

Suddenly a shadow fell over him. Jumping to his feet, Luke turned around only to find that there was nobody behind him. Frowning he turned back and looked at the shadow. It was long and looked like a man... like the man he had seen in his dream. Looking behind him once more, Luke frowned.

Suddenly, he was distracted by the sound of a speeder. Looking up he saw Biggs' speeder approaching the farm. Glancing back down, Luke found that the shadow had vanished. Quickly he searched the area, but he couldn't see it anywhere.

"Hey, Luke," Biggs said as the speeder stopped and he opened the door.

"Hey," Luke said as he quickly got in. "I had the strangest dream last night."

"What was it about?" Biggs inquired curiously.

Several weeks later,

Luke smiled as he exited the school building. They had just watched the second part of the holo-video on the Empire and he loved it! The other planets that were shown looked so cool, and Emperor Palpatine looked really nice and kind. The end of the video had said that there was one more video about the important people in the Empire, but the school couldn't afford to buy it.

"Wormie!" Fixer called out, instantly reminding Luke that he should have waited for Biggs inside.

Turning his back to Fixer, Luke thought of the reassuring voice he heard at night.

"Lukie, Pukie," Deak called out.

"What's wrong, Wormie?" Camie asked. "Afraid?"

Luke clenched his fists at the comment, but kept his back to the other kids. Suddenly a shadow fell over him and, before he could react, he was pushed

forward. Spitting the sand and blood out of his mouth as he got to his feet, Luke charged at Fixer. However, expecting the attack, Fixer sidestepped it.

The other kids laughed at which Fixer looked around before picking up a rock. Aiming, he quickly threw it at Luke. Acting out of instinct, Luke raised his hands to protect his face, his anger and hate for Fixer exploding within himself. Suddenly the rock changed course in midair and flew back at Fixer, hitting him on the shoulder and knocking him to the ground. He lay there for a moment, stunned. Looking up when the rock didn't hit him, Luke saw what happened and bit his lip, knowing he was going to get into trouble.

"You'll be sorry you did that!" Fixer exclaimed, trying to make up for how the others had seen him knocked down. "I'm going to tell Mrs. Marson what you just did!"

"If you do that I'll tell her you threw the rock first," Biggs stated as he stepped forward, having come outside just in time to see what had happened.

Fixer narrowed his eyes at this, knowing that he couldn't go to the teachers if one of the older kids contradicted him. Shaking his fist at Biggs, Fixer turned around and ran towards Anchorhead.

"How did you do that?" Biggs asked as soon as the others were gone.

"I don't know," Luke admitted as he looked at his friend. "Thanks."

"No problem, he deserved it," Biggs replied. "But I told you to wait for me inside."

"I forgot," Luke said. "We just saw the second part of the holo-video on the Empire and I was thinking about it."

Biggs just shook his head at this. That was the one thing about his friend that all grownups didn't seem to understand. Luke often seemed to disappear into his own little world. All the grownups thought that he was purposefully tuning them out, but Biggs knew that it wasn't true. Luke was just different, different from all the other kids he knew. There were times when he seemed to know things would happen before they did. And now there was this thing with the rock as well. It had simply changed course in midair, which he knew was impossible, and yet he had seen it with his own two eyes.

"Biggs?" Luke asked as he saw his friend's father approach in the speeder. "Please don't tell anyone what happened. I don't want Uncle Owen to get mad at me."

"Sure," Biggs replied with a confused look. "But why would he get mad?"

"I don't know," Luke admitted. "But whenever something happens he blames me, no matter what."

Sitting lost in meditation in his castle on Coruscant, Vader started as he felt that same tremor in the Force that he had felt off and on for the past few years. However it had always been too weak for him to grasp, let alone identify. He had mentioned it to Palpatine, but the Emperor had never felt anything and had even hinted towards the fact that he was imagining it.

This time, however, it was stronger and Dark Side. Before it had simply been a random tremor through the Force, neither Light nor Dark. A fact that had confused him. Grasping the tremor he instantly knew that the person who had emitted it was untrained. He would have left it at that if something inside him hadn't urged him on.

Curiously, Vader examined the tremor and froze at what he found. Feeling his muscles stiffen he reexamined it and then shook his head in shock. A child! He had a child! Amidala must have been a few weeks pregnant when he had last seen her, if it had been any more he would surely have sensed it.

As soon as he got over the shock, Vader instantly traced the tremor back to its source. To find which planet his child was on. Finding it he felt his anger flare to life. Not only had they taken his child from him, but they had dared to raise him there! Only one person could be responsible for this: Kenobi!

Quickly, Vader got to his feet. The sooner Palpatine was informed, the sooner he'd be able to go retrieve his child. There was no doubt in his mind that Palpatine would believe him this time as the tremor had been Dark Side and strong enough for the Emperor to have felt it. Even if he wasn't in meditation.

Vader had just reached the door when another thought occurred to him. If Obi-Wan had his child, then why was he or she sending out Dark Side tremors? The only thing he could think of was that it was an instinctive reaction to something that had unintentionally awakened his off-spring's latent Force abilities. Quietly, he smiled behind his mask as he continued on his way.

Several days later,

"All right class, now we are going to start a new unit," Mrs. Marson said towards the end of the day. "Due to lack of time I'll simply pass around some samples as I explain what this unit will be about."

Rising, Mrs. Marson walked over to a cabinet.

"The unit we will be doing will be one on rocks and crystals," Mrs. Marson stated as she got several boxes out. "Be very careful with those, some are very rare and expensive."

Luke tried to get a look at the glass boxes from his new seat in the back of the room. However Fixer, who had been assigned the seat before him, was purposefully sitting on his knees to make himself even taller than he already was. Placing the boxes on Camie's desk, Mrs. Marson moved back to her own desk.

"Tomorrow we will see a holo-video on the most important rocks and crystals in the Empire," Mrs. Marson stated.

Looking at the samples in their little glass boxes, Luke smiled. As he was finished with each box he handed it to Fixer. Getting the last box from the girl sitting next to him, Luke looked at it in awe. It seemed to shine with its own light and it had all the colors he had seen in his life and some he hadn't.

Finally pulling his eyes away from it, Luke tapped Fixer on the shoulder. The older boy responded by bringing his hand over his shoulder to take the next box. Luke placed it in his hand and then watched in horror as Fixer tilted his hand, purposefully letting the box slide off to fall to the floor. Both the glass and the crystal shattered into a million small and sharp pieces of brilliant color.

"What happened?" Mrs. Marson demanded as she walked over and stopped when she saw the mess. "Skywalker!"

"I didn't do it!" Luke instantly replied.

"He did," Fixer accused. "He was handing it to me and purposefully put it on the side of my hand so that it would fall off! He wants me to get into trouble."

"I did not!" Luke exclaimed loudly as he got to his feet, his anger rising within him as tears started to sting his eyes.

"Skywalker, why would Fixer lie?" Mrs. Marson asked as she looked at the broken crystal and recognized it. "The Flasnó crystal! That was the most expensive one of them all."

"He wants me to get into trouble," Luke replied as he looked at the door. He could runaway, but where to? He didn't know.

"Don't lie," Mrs. Marson said angrily. "You're staying after again and then you'll have to replace the crystal."

"But we can't," Luke responded as he thought of how mad Uncle Owen would be, they already had hardly enough money to get by.

"You will," Mrs. Marson stated firmly.

Biting his lower lip at the thought of his uncle's reaction, Luke suddenly made a break for the door.

"Skywalker!" Mrs. Marson called out as she started after him. "Come back here right now!"

Luke just ignored her and ran past Biggs who was coming out of the fresher.

"Luke?" Biggs asked in surprise.

Reaching the doors, Luke ran outside. Briefly he looked around before running out into the desert just as Mrs. Marson came outside.

"Skywalker!" she called out. "Come back here right now!"

Ignoring her, Luke ran until he felt too tired to run anymore. Sitting down on the warm sand he felt hot tears of rage sting his eyes. It was no fair! Fixer had purposefully let the box drop so that it would break. It wasn't his fault that the crystal had fallen and broken! But he knew Uncle Owen wouldn't believe or listen to him, just like Mrs. Marson hadn't.

Clenching his small hands into fists, Luke felt the tears start to roll down his cheeks. Why had his parents died? He knew that if his father was still alive he would listen to him. He would listen to him and believe him unlike Mrs. Marson and Uncle Owen. Picking up the rock that lay in the sand next to him with both hands he threw it as far as he could as he let out a loud cry of rage. He hated Fixer more than he had ever hated anyone ever before! Thinking back to when he had hit Fixer with the rock he smiled. Despite what his uncle had said about hating people he was glad the incident had happened and wished he knew how he had done it.

Suddenly a shadow fell over him. Looking at the sand before him Luke saw that it had the same outline as the shadow had had the last time he had seen one. The same outline as the man in his dreams. Wiping his nose on his sleeve, he smiled.

"Don't do that," a deep voice stated making Luke jump to his feet in surprise.

Turning around, Luke froze as he saw the tall man dressed in black before him. The man from his dreams.

As Vader looked down at his son, he wondered why the boy had reacted so violently at his voice and not his shadow.

"Who are you?" Luke asked, hoping that this was not another dream.

Picking up on the boy's thoughts, Vader smiled behind his mask. So, the boy knew. Probing his son's mind more carefully, he quickly learned why the boy hadn't reacted at seeing his shadow. He also found something more important, his name. Luke. Remembering one of the many discussions he had had with Amidala about having children, Vader remembered saying that he had always liked the name Luke. So, despite what else Obi-Wan had talked her into doing, he had been unable to talk Amidala out of naming their child as he had wanted.

Kneeling down before his newfound son, Vader marveled at how instinctively the Force came to the child, especially the Dark Side.

"Who do you think I am?" Vader questioned quietly as he studied the boy.

Luke had inherited his eyes and hair along with his Force abilities, all of which pleased him tremendously. However he knew that the boy couldn't be younger than six years and yet he was small enough to pass for a four or five-year-old. This clearly meant that he hadn't inherited his father's built. But, unless he had inherited too much of his mother's character, all would be fine.

Luke looked at the man before him and hesitated. His first thought had been that this man was his father. He was after all the man he had seen in his dreams the few times he had managed to approach the sound of his father's voice. Unable to keep quiet, he looked back at the masked man before him as he briefly wondered how he could stand the heat dressed in black.

"Father?" Luke guessed.

"Yes Luke," Vader replied as he smiled. "I am your father."

Luke felt both relief and joy flood through him as he rushed forward, letting out a cry of joy as his father took him in his arms and embraced him.

"Father," he said softly just as Vader rose effortlessly, picking him up.

"Son," Vader replied as he reached up and softly stroked his son's hair.

Quickly, Luke pressed into the sensation, no one had ever touched him like this before. The only time Uncle Owen touched him was to punish him. Hearing his son's thoughts, Vader felt his anger rise. How dare the man lay a hand on his son to harm him! Feeling his anger grow white-hot at the life his son had had so far, he suddenly became aware of another presence he had felt when he had first arrived on Tatooine. Obi-Wan's presence.

Turning around, Vader saw the man approaching them. Feeling his rage heighten at the sight of the man who was responsible for so much of his grief and loss, he dropped his hand from Luke's head to his lightsaber.

"Father?" Luke asked as he looked up at him before catching sight of Obi-Wan. "Ben."

"You know him?" Vader demanded as he looked back at his child.

"Yes," Luke replied as he nodded his head. "He came to the farm sometimes, but Uncle Owen always chased him away. He said he was a bad man."

"He is," Vader confirmed as he suddenly realized that the man who had raised Luke so far was Obi-Wan's half-brother, Owen Lars. However, from what Luke had just said, it seemed Obi-Wan's relationship with Owen had completely deteriorated. Not that they had ever been close.

"Darth," Obi-Wan said as he stopped a few feet away, his eyes locked on Luke.

"Kenobi," Vader replied as he lowered his son. "Get back."

Nodding his head, Luke backed away, wondering what was going on.

"You can't have him," Obi-Wan stated as he turned his attention to his former student.

"He is my son," Vader declared as he took his lightsaber from his belt and activated it. "He is mine and I'm taking him with me."

Luke smiled at this. His father wanted him!

"He's not your father, Luke," Obi-Wan said as he read the boy's thoughts while activating his own lightsaber. "He killed your true father several years ago."

Luke frowned at this. His father wasn't his father? But he had said so himself! Besides, he was the man he had always seen in his dreams. And the way he had just held and touched him, wasn't that what father's did?

"Stay out of his mind," Vader ordered as he realized what Obi-Wan had done. "I am your father, Luke. He is the man who stole you from me. He is the man who kept us apart."

Luke felt his anger rise as he heard this. Something about the words told him that they were true. Told him that the black-clad man was really his father. He looked up in horror as the man he had known as Ben Kenobi lunged forward and attacked his father.

"No!" Luke called out as he felt horror and despair fill him.

Luke had only just found his father and now it looked like he might lose him! Seeing how the red blade clashed against the blue he felt tears start to sting his eyes once more.

"Father!" he called out as he ran towards the two dueling men.

"Stay back," Kenobi yelled.

Sending an angry look at the man, Luke continued towards his father.

"No, Luke," Vader said as he blocked one of Obi-Wan's blows. "Get back."

Seeing the boy hesitate before doing as he was told, Vader smiled. Already the boy was obeying. Quickly he pushed the thought out of his mind as his former mentor attacked once more. Something about the attack was different from the previous ones. Blocking the blow he quickly added one of his own. Reaching out to probe Kenobi's Force aura, Vader found a small trace of anger there. So, Obi-Wan was angry that Luke had ignored him and listened to his father.

Feeling his own anger rise, Vader instantly used it. But still he could start to feel the strain of the battle as they continued to fight. Obi-Wan had been trained by one of the best sabermen in the Jedi Knighthood, and it showed. Although Vader had improved since the last time they had fought, killing other Jedi did that, he knew he couldn't afford any mistakes. Obi-Wan knew him too well, the result of their last duel proved that.

Once more, Vader's anger increased. The mere thought of how Obi-Wan had left him to die in that pit of cooling lava had always been enough to send a blinding storm of pure rage through him. But that combined with the fact that the man was now trying to take his son from him a second time made him angrier than he had ever been. Instantly he used this new strength.

Standing back as he had been told, Luke watched the duel through anxious eyes. Every now and then a small, frightened sound escaped his lips as Ben's

weapon came close to touching his father. Quickly, Luke scanned the area once more for some way in which he could help his father. He stopped as his eyes fell on the big rock he had thrown earlier.

Could he move the rock as he had done earlier? Then he had simply been warding the rock Fixer had thrown away. Could he now pick up this rock and throw it at the man who was attacking his father? Quietly he looked at the rock, trying to make it move as he had done with the other rock. Nothing happened.

Looking back at his father, Luke felt his anger rise within himself. He had only just found his father and already Ben was trying to take him away. Again. His father had said that Ben was the man who had kept them apart in the first place. This meant that he had been right all along, his father had wanted him! He simply hadn't known where his son was.

Glaring at the man with the blue weapon, Luke felt his eyes narrow in rage. He hated the man more than he had hated even Fixer. He had kept him from his father! Looking back to the rock, Luke wished that he knew how he had moved it the last time. Clenching his hands into small fists he stared at the rock as he anger grew. He wished...

Suddenly the rock lifted up and went flying through the air at Ben.

Feeling a ripple of warning through the Force, Obi-Wan automatically pivoted on his left foot to block the new attack coming from his left. The distraction was all Vader needed. Even as Obi-Wan was moving back to face him after having stopped the rock, Vader's ruby-red lightsaber cut easily through his wrist, charring part of the Jedi's robes as it went. Obi-Wan cried out in pain as the lightsaber cut him before he used the Force to channel the pain away.

As he looked up Vader triumphantly brought his blade up under Obi-Wan's chin.

"You lose," Vader stated before he partially turned and placed his left hand on Luke's shoulder as the boy came running forward and grabbed hold of his leg.

"Father!" Luke said with relief.

He had done it! He had helped his father!

"Yes you did," Vader stated as he read his son's thoughts. "That was very good of you. You used your anger and hate as you should. I'm proud of you Luke."

Luke beamed at the words even as Obi-Wan closed his eyes in sorrow. Knowing that Kenobi couldn't do anything now, Vader quickly reached down and picked up Luke. Still smiling, Luke rested his head against his father's shoulder as he had always dreamed of doing.

"Anakin, its not your own life you're destroying here anymore," Obi-Wan said as he reopened his eyes. "Now you're destroying his as well. You're destroying you're son's life."

"No," Vader replied. "You're the one who tried to ruin his life. From now on he will get the life he deserves. A life with his father."

"How can you justify the corruption of a child so easily?" Obi-Wan demanded as he saw Luke's eyes twinkle at Vader's words.

"You're the one who sought to corrupt him." Vader replied sharply as he brought his saber up to silence his former mentor. "As you once sought to corrupt me. That ends now."

Feeling his anger rise as he remembered Luke's longing for him and how he had been kept from him, Vader wanted to hurt Obi-Wan. Emotionally. Quietly a smile crept across his face as he knew just how to do that.

"I wonder what Qui-Gon would say if he knew that you've failed in all that you set out to do," Vader said and nearly laughed as he saw the pain flash across the older man's face. "That you failed him."

Feeling Luke shift in his arm, Vader decided that it was time to get this over with. Besides, out of the corner of his eye, he could see that Tatoo I was starting to set and he still had some things to do.

"And now it is time for you to join your fallen comrades," Vader stated as he drew back his saber and brought it down.

"Anakin, think of Luke, you're..." Obi-Wan said before the saber cut into him and he disappeared into the Force.

"Its okay," Vader said as Luke gripped him harder. "He deserved to die."

"Yes, he kept us apart," Luke agreed fiercely. "But where is he?"

Vader nodded his head in understanding as the source of his son's fear became apparent. "He disappeared into the Force," he explained as he lowered Luke to the ground.

"The Force?" Luke asked as he watched his father pick up Ben's weapon.

"Its an energy field..." Vader began but stopped as he remembered his own confusion when it had been explained to him and he had been nine at the time. "Its what allowed you to throw the rock through the air at Obi-Wan."

"The Force is good," Luke declared as he took hold of his father's hand.

"Only the Dark Side," Vader replied. "Not the Light Side which is what Obi-Wan and all the other Jedi used."

"Jedi?" Luke asked as Vader led him towards the speeder he had come in.

"I'll explain that later," Vader stated as he smiled at his son's curiosity.

The curiosity would make Luke both a good and quick student. The boy's natural tendency to use the Dark Side was even better.

"What would Ben have done to me?" Luke inquired. "To corruupte me?"

"Corrupt," Vader corrected. "He would have taught you to use the Light Side and to hate me."

Luke's eyes opened wide with horror at this as he clutched his father's hand more tightly. "Bad man!" he declared fiercely. "I don't want to hate you."

"I know," Vader replied as he opened the door of the speeder.

Quickly Luke got in and moved across the seat. Vader got in behind him and started up the speeder.

"Where did you live?" Vader asked before steering the speeder in the direction Luke indicated.

"Where are we going?" Luke asked as he looked at his father with fear and uncertainty on his face.

"To where you live," Vader stated simply.

"But I thought you were taking me with you," Luke whimpered as he felt tears reach his eyes. Didn't his father want him?

"I am," Vader reassured his son as he reached out with one hand and pulled Luke closer to him. "I simply want to see where you were raised up until now."

"Okay," Luke replied as he nodded his head, relieved.

But as soon as that fear left a new one replaced it. What would Uncle Owen say? Both about his father and what had happened in school.

"What happened in school?" Vader demanded.

"I- I got into trouble," Luke replied as he wondered how his father knew that something had happened. "But it wasn't my fault! Fixer dropped something and made it look like I had done it and Mrs. Marson didn't believe me when I told her the truth."

"Who is Fixer?"

"A boy," Luke said. "He is always mean and said that you didn't want me, that that was why you had gone and left me."

"Well he'll learn soon enough that I do want you," Vader stated as his anger rose.

How dare the boy bully his son! He should bow before him instead. Perhaps he should teach this Fixer a lesson. Or no, maybe it would be better to wait and let Luke do that later on when he was older. Yes, it would be better that way. Quickly, Vader pushed the thought aside as he stopped the speeder not far from a garage.

"This is where you live?" Vader demanded.

"Yes," Luke replied.

"Come," Vader ordered as he got out of the speeder. "Let's go inside."

Briefly Luke hesitated but then, remembering his father's promise to take him with him, he got out and followed Vader. Reaching the edge of the depression, Vader looked down at the courtyard below. It was better than where he had grown up, but he hadn't worked as hard as he had just to have his son grow up in conditions that were hardly better than the ones he had grown up in. Luke deserved to have grown up in his castle. He deserved to have worn silk, satin, and velvet instead of the rough fabric he now wore.

"Come," Vader said as he started down the stairs.

"Luke?!" an angry male voice demanded from somewhere inside the underground house after a rock was dislodged and fell down to the courtyard below with a loud thud. "Luke Skywalker, you come down here right now. You are in major trouble!"

Hearing the voice, Luke released his father's hand, took hold of his cape, and pulled it around himself. Feeling his rage begin to boil even more at Luke's reaction, Vader pulled his cape free before picking Luke up.

"Luke Skywalker!" Owen's voice boomed again. "Get in here right now! What do you think you're doing breaking things and then running off into the desert like that? You will be sorry for that!"

Reaching out with the Force as he reached the entrance to the room from which the voice was coming from, Vader quickly realized that both Owen and his wife were in the room. Feeling Luke's fingers dig deeper into his shoulder, Vader reached up with his free hand and stroked his boy's hair reassuringly as he stepped into the room.

"What were you thinking dropping such an expensive--" Owen began and stopped when he saw Vader.

Turning around as her husband stopped talking, Beru let out a startled cry as she dropped the knife she was holding. Watching Kenobi's half-brother, Vader saw his face pale as the shock faded and then it turned red as the man was filled with anger.

Looking around the kitchen, Vader saw that the two plates on the table were already filled with food and that Beru Lars had been cutting the meat on the last plate, obviously Luke's dinner. Looking at the plates, glasses, and utensils he couldn't immediately identify what they were made of, but it was definitely not the gold, silver, and crystal his son should be dining on.

"Vader," Owen finally stated.

"Indeed," Vader replied as Luke shifted in his arms.

"What do you want?" Owen demanded as he eyes flickered to Luke.

The boy seemed happy in Vader's arms. Owen knew he should have been stricter. If he'd had his way Luke would never have even wanted to know his father. But Beru had told him to leave the boy alone, that he was only a child. Hearing the farmer's thoughts, Vader felt any doubts that he had harbored of having Lars and his wife killed leave his mind. However he couldn't do it now.

"My son," Vader stated aloud as he reached up and touched Luke's face, seeing Beru flinch at the gesture. "And to give you what's coming at you."

Beru's eyes widened in terror as they darted between her husband, Vader, and Luke.

"Don't worry," Vader continued as he watched Beru closely. "It won't happen immediately, not as long as Amidala's child is in the room."

Vader hated referring to Luke in that way, but he had to for the same reason that he couldn't kill the couple right now. Luke wasn't ready to see or hear of it yet. Seeing Kenobi's death was one thing, he hadn't known Obi-Wan and the man had attacked him. But the Lars'... well, even though Luke didn't like them too much, they had raised him so far and until he was old enough to understand exactly what they had done, their deaths could prove to be traumatic to him.

Upon hearing Vader's words, Beru looked slightly relieved. But when he entered her mind, Vader saw that she was scared both by the knowledge of her upcoming death and about Luke's future.

"He wouldn't understand yet," Vader stated icily. "In time, however, he will and then he'll be told."

The color that had reappeared in Beru's face instantly vanished once more.

"Luke," Owen suddenly said as he looked at the boy he had raised for the past few years. "Tell him that you want to stay. That you don't want to go."

Luke's eyes opened wide with horror at this. Of course he wanted to go! This was his father, the man he had always wanted to be with. Shaking his head, Luke looked at his uncle with some anger, knowing that he was safe in his father's arms. The man had always been mean to him, he wouldn't stay now that he had his father who wanted him. Owen opened his mouth to try again when Luke placed his head on his father's shoulder, his sandy-blond hair spilling onto Vader's ebony black cape and armor.

"He is coming with me," Vader declared with a finality that made Beru shiver.

As Vader started to turn towards the door through which he had entered, Luke caught sight of his T-16 toy model lying on the floor.

"Father," he said drawing a moan from Beru. "My toy."

"What toy?" Vader asked as he turned back.

"There," Luke replied as he pointed to it.

Seeing it, Vader reached out with the Force and called it to him.

"What about the others?" Luke asked as he took hold of the model.

"Are they like this one?"

"Yes," Luke replied before pointing to a door on the opposite side of the room. "In my room."

"Don't worry," Vader said. "I'll get you better ones on Coruscant."

"The ones that light up and make noise?" Luke asked as he remembered the toy spaceship Biggs had gotten from his own father.

"If you want," Vader replied, Luke's joy at getting such an insignificant toy only adding more fuel to his already bright fire of rage.

"Oh no!" Beru moaned as she caught sight of the second lightsaber hanging from Vader's belt. "Obi-Wan."

"Indeed," Vader stated as he reached down to touch his former mentor's weapon as Owen saw it. "He is dead. Luke helped me, didn't you son?"

Luke quickly nodded his head, proud that he had helped his father and that his father thought that it was important enough to mention. Seeing Owen open his mouth to speak, Vader quickly grasped the man's throat with his mental fingers. He was well aware of the fact that whatever the man might say now could well be something Luke wasn't ready to hear yet.

"The nearest spaceport is Mos Eisley," Vader stated as Owen struggled to breathe. "Running is useless."

With this Vader turned around and left the room. Ascending the stairs he made straight for the speeder, putting Luke down on the seat before getting in himself.

"Where are we going now?" Luke asked as he placed his toy on the seat next to him.

"Home," Vader stated as he looked at Luke's plaything before starting the speeder and heading towards Anchorhead.

"Where do you live?"

"On Coruscant," Vader stated, knowing that the name was probably meaningless to Luke. "In a castle."

"A castle?" Luke repeated, his eyes growing wide at the thought.

Quietly Vader nodded as he watched Tatoo I slip beneath the horizon in a brilliant splash of red, purple, and orange.

"And mother?" Luke inquired. "Is she there too?"

"No," Vader replied as unwanted memories surfaced once more. "She died a long time ago."

The boy didn't need to know more than that, at least not now. Later, when he was older, Luke could be told the full truth, but for now that answer would be enough. Luke nodded his head at this, obviously a little sad. Looking out the window at the sand, Luke was silent for fifteen minutes.

"Father," he finally said. "Where have you been until today? Why didn't you get me sooner?"

"I didn't know you existed," Vader replied honestly. "Obi-Wan took your mother away before I knew she was pregnant. Therefore it wasn't until very recently that I learned you existed. But once I did I came here as fast as I could."

"Okay," Luke said just as Anchorhead appeared before them.

Eagerly Luke sat up. Wait till he saw Fixer! Now he'd show the boy that he had a father and that he was wanted. Hearing his son's thoughts Vader smiled behind his mask. Driving into the small town Vader pulled the speeder to a stop not far from a squad of storm troopers. The moment he got out of the speeder the commander caught sight of him and brought his squad over.

"My lord, I-- I wasn't told you were on Tatooine," the Commander said, faltering slightly as Luke got out of the speeder behind Vader.

"There was an old man living in these parts by the name of Ben Kenobi," Vader said, remembering the name Luke had known Obi-Wan by. "He was a Jedi."

"What?!" the Commander exclaimed astonished. "My lord, I had no idea... I assure you that if I had known I would have--"

Vader silenced him with a gesture just as Luke caught sight of Fixer walking around the corner with Camie and Deak in tow. Looking up at his father, Luke wanted to tell him that that was Fixer. But Vader seemed busy and he didn't want to interrupt him.

"He is dead," Vader declared simply. "I want you to go and destroy his house so that nothing remains."

"As you wish," the Commander replied, visibly relieved.

"And..." Vader began as he looked down at Luke.

He couldn't give the order to have Lars and his wife killed as long as his son was here. Quickly Vader gave Luke's mind a slight nudge, planting the suggestion for

him to go to the kids he saw playing further down the street. Knowing that his father would be close enough for him to call him over, Luke ran to Fixer.

"Hey look," Fixer said as he saw Luke approaching. "Its Wormie!"

Standing next to him, Camie and Deak laughed. Luke clenched his fists in anger and quickly looked over his shoulder to where his father stood talking to the other man.

"What are you doing here, Wormie?" Camie asked.

"Yeah," Fixer added. "Are you too afraid to go back to your uncle and tell him that you broke the crystal?"

"I didn't break the crystal!" Luke declared fiercely as he took a step forward. "You did!"

"Hey don't blame your clumsiness on me, Wormie!" Fixer said as he too took a step forward. "What's wrong? Afraid that your uncle and aunt will abandon you like your parents did?"

Normally this would have been enough to make Luke jump on Fixer in a fit of rage. But not now, no, now he knew the truth and he knew that his father would show Fixer.

"My father didn't abandon me," Luke replied.

"Yeah right," Deak stated.

"Its true," Luke insisted. "My mother died and my father didn't know about me."

"Last time you said that he was dead too," Fixer retorted. "You should get your lies straight before you try to feed them to us."

"Its true," Luke repeated as his anger and hate rose once more. "He told me so himself."

"Oh, so now you've seen him too?" Fixer asked before he started to laugh. "Face it, Wormie, your father left you because he didn't want you."

"His name is Luke," Vader boomed, making Fixer jump in surprise. "And my son speaks the truth."

With this Vader stepped past Luke and pretended to reach for Fixer. Fixer instantly gave a terrified yelp before he turned around and ran for his home, calling out for his mother. Seeing the bully run away, Luke laughed before he

looked to Camie and Deak. Camie's lower lip trembled and she looked like she was about to cry as both of them backed away slowly.

"Come Luke," Vader said as he picked up his son. "Its time to go home."

As his father started walking back towards the speeder, Luke twisted in his arms and looked back at Camie and Deak. They were looking at him with surprise and dismay on their faces. Feeling joy well up inside of himself, Luke stuck out his tongue before resting his head on his father's shoulder. Everything would be fine now that he had found his father.

Fourteen years later,

Standing before the viewport on the bridge of the Star Destroyer *Avenger*, Lord Luke Vader, Dark Lord of the Sith, overlooked Tatooine. His ice blue eyes hardened with anger as memories came back to him. Memories of his early childhood years spent on this dustball before him. Upon leaving it and arriving on Coruscant his whole life had changed. He had met Palpatine, started his Sith training, learned how to fly, learned what it was like to be the child of a rich family, and changed his name.

His father had done the last saying '*you're my present, not my past.*' Luke had been overjoyed at the name change as it had meant that everyone would know whose son he was. And the effect had been great. Whenever people had heard his name during those first few months there had always been shocked silence. He had become someone entirely different and the name change had proven that.

As soon as Luke had finished his training he had been given his title and had replaced Grand Moff Tarkin as third-in-command of the Empire. At first he had needed to prove himself to the crew as they were reluctant to take orders from someone so young, he had been eighteen at the time, but they had quickly learned. Which brought him to where he was now. Recently the Empire had finished construction of its greatest weapon yet, the Death Star. However the Rebels had managed to get a copy of the blueprints.

The hunt had led him here to Tatooine where the Rebel corvette had been captured. But not before getting the plans down to the planet surface. Luke strongly believed that Princess Organa, who had been on the corvette, had been trying to get the plans to Kenobi when cornered here.

Luke's lip curled with hate as he thought of the Jedi. Luckily, Organa hadn't known of his death and all he had to do now was send storm troopers to go collect the plans. It wouldn't be long before the blueprints would be in the possession of the Empire once more. But until then he had some other things to take care of.

"Admiral," Luke said, instantly summoning the Admiral to his side.

"Yes, my lord?" Admiral Devlin questioned.

"Get my shuttle ready," Luke ordered. "I'll be going down to the planet's surface."

"How many storm troopers will you take with you?"

"None," Luke replied. "Just two pilots."

"As you wish," Admiral Devlin replied, knowing better than to question the young lord.

Looking back out the viewport Luke smiled. It was finally time.

The moment the shuttle set down in Mos Eisley spaceport, Luke got up. Quickly he pulled the big, brown cloak around him. He made sure none of his black clothes showed before pulling the hood over his head to hide his features. Leaning over he hit the com.

"Stay in here until I return," Luke ordered the pilots.

"As you wish," one of them replied.

Turning off the com, Luke quickly descended the ramp and left the docking bay, making sure the pilots couldn't see him. Using the Force, he reached out to anyone near him and made sure that they didn't remember seeing him, just in case someone recognized him. Quickly Luke made his way to the nearest speeder rental place. Signing out a speeder under a false name he paid for it with the extra credits he always carried on him. '*Always be prepared*,' his father had taught him.

Getting into the speeder Luke made his way to Anchorhead. Reaching the outskirts of the small town he parked the speeder. Getting out of it he quickly reached out and searched the town until he found Fixer's mind. Making his way

towards the building the man was in, Luke looked at the faces of the people he passed. He recognized many of them as the faces of kids he had known, however they looked older than their years. The advanced aging was a direct result from having to work outside all day under Tatooine's twin balls of fire.

Turning a corner so that he could see the building in which Fixer was, Luke nearly laughed. It was an old and worn building, a repair shop that was in need of a repair itself. So that was all the class bully had become; a handyman of sorts. Walking up to the door, Luke saw that it was an old fashioned one that was opened by hand. Taking hold of the handle, Luke found it locked. Seeing no bell he pounded his fist against the door.

"Coming," a voice called out seconds before the door opened slightly.

Seeing Fixer, Luke felt all his old anger and hate come to life again in a brilliant ball of fire within him. Fixer, however, not recognizing him, tried to close the door. Quickly, Luke placed his foot between the door and the doorframe.

"Move your foot," Fixer growled. "I don't have anything for beggars."

Despite his anger, Luke felt a smile tug at his mouth. The man was so stupid that he didn't even wonder how a beggar could afford such expensive boots as the one stuck between his door.

"I'm no beggar, Fixer," he whispered softly. "I'm an old friend."

With this, he slammed the Force into the door with such force that Fixer was knocked backwards. Quickly, Luke entered the building, closing the door behind him.

Fixer lay on the floor, dazed. Shaking his head, he wondered who this strange man was and what he wanted of him. However, if he thought that he would get it, then he was wrong.

"What a lovely place," Luke said, his voice dripping with sarcasm as he looked at the sleazy mess.

"Who are you?" Fixer demanded angrily as he got to his feet, determined to show the stranger who he truly was. The man would regret having messed with him!

"I'd watch your tone if I was you," Luke warned, his voice ice.

"Well I'm not you, now am I?" Fixer replied, growing slightly uneasy. There was something about the stranger that bothered him. He couldn't quite place his finger on it though, but there was something wrong. It was almost as if he knew him. But how?

"You haven't changed at all," Luke observed. "And I've told you already, I'm an old friend. Or don't you remember? We were together in Mrs. Marson's class the year that the Lars' died."

Fixer stiffened at the words. There had been lots of other kids in his class that year. But only one he had not seen in years. Only one that would come into his house like this. Only one that would use the reference to the Lars'. But what did he want now? Revenge? The thought sent chills of ice racing down his spine. He had heard rumors from people who had left Anchorhead that Skywalker was someone really important now. Someone high up in the Empire and not to be messed with.

Watching Fixer, Luke saw the blood drain from his face as the man swallowed with fear. He laughed softly at the sight, an evil pleasure filling him.

"Skywalker," Fixer finally said, his voice shaking.

"Vader," Luke corrected as he reached up and lowered his hood, letting his cloak open at the same time. "Skywalker exists no more."

"What do you want?" Fixer demanded as he caught sight of the clothing beneath the worn cloak. The clothes themselves screamed wealth and thus power. Just what had Pukey become?

"I think you already know that," Luke replied. "So sad what happened to Mrs. Marson, no?"

Fixer's eyes widened with fear at the comment. Several months after Luke had left, Mrs. Marson's house had caught fire and burned to the ground, taking the teacher's life with it. Everyone had believed it had been an accident, but from what Luke was saying...

"You were responsible for that?" Fixer questioned nervously as he licked his lips in fear.

"My father arranged it," Luke stated. "Now, back to you. It is time you paid for all that you did."

"But I never killed you!" Fixer exclaimed, trembling visibly at the implications of the words. Looking around, he scanned his home for anything to defend himself with.

Luke smiled, Fixer's thoughts more than obvious. His prey was trying to save his hide by trying to down play what he had done. It was no use, but he enjoyed this game.

"The rock you threw might have," Luke pointed out.

"But. . . but. . ." Fixer stuttered, his eyes nervously moving from Luke's face to his belt from which his lightsaber hung. Seeing the weapon he wondered just exactly what it did.

"Don't worry," Luke said as he drank in Fixer's fear. "I won't use my lightsaber on you."

Fixer heaved a sigh of relief and opened his mouth to speak. Perhaps he could still talk his way out of this situation.

"It would be too quick," Luke finished before the other could speak. "I'll use the same power that allowed me to change the course of the rock you threw at me all those years ago."

Fixer let out an inarticulate noise of fear before making a break for the door. It was clear that Skywalker, Vader, had no intention of giving him any mercy for what he had done all those years ago. He had barely taken a step before pain slammed into him and he was thrown against the wall. Fixer cried out in pain as he slid to the floor. The pain was unlike anything he had ever felt before. There was no way for him to describe it as it tore threw him. It was simply there. Luke laughed as he stopped his attack and walked over to the pain racked form on the floor.

"Wh. . . what. . . wa. . . was. . . that?" Fixer finally managed to ask as he looked up at the boy he had once bullied.

"Its called Force lightning," Luke replied. "Its like real lightning only I generate it. You do know what lightning is, don't you?"

Luke saw a flash of anger cross the fallen man's face at the remark. He then leveled his hands at Fixer once more, knowing that no matter how loud the man screamed no one would hear him as the walls were extra thick to keep out the boiling heat.

"Please," Fixer moaned, pushing aside all of his pride in a last attempt to survive Luke's wrath. "I'll do anything. Anything at all!"

Luke's smile grew at this. This was power. To be able to decide whether or not someone should live or die. And, should he chose to let him live, to decide on how he should live. It was tempting to let Fixer live and have him become a slave, but it would only be a bother.

"Anything?" Luke questioned.

"Yes!" Fixer confirmed, hope appearing in his eyes.

"All right," Luke said. "I want you to die."

With this he shot more Force lightning at Fixer and reveled in the screams. He kept up the attack until Fixer's presence vanished from the Force. Nodding his head in satisfaction, Luke pulled the cloak around him once more and pulled the hood over his face before exiting the building. As he stood there, letting his eyes readjust to the light, he felt another familiar presence. Looking up, Luke caught sight of a clearly pregnant Camie. Allowing her to see his face, he saw horror and terror appear on her face as she let out a shriek of hysteria before running away. Watching her go, Luke smiled before heading back to the speeder.

It was done. He'd finally had his revenge.

November 1999

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