

## Sing a New Song

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# Sing a New Song

by [victoria\\_p \(musesfool\)](#)

## Summary

In which Ben has a bad feeling, Luke makes it to Tosche Station, Leia takes control of the situation, and no one understands how hard Vader's life is.

## Notes

Sequel to [Just a Little Bit of History Repeating](#). Thanks to Silveronthe tree for cheerleading! Happy birthday to me!

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

## *Luke*

As soon as he saw the mountains in the distance, Luke knew he was dreaming. He had never seen snow-capped mountains outside of Aunt Beru's travel holos, but since childhood, he'd mapped a whole world of them--a world of lakes and mountains and shining white spires--in his dreams. The girl was there, too, the way she usually was. She was trying to tell him something, but she was too far away to hear, and he'd never been any good at reading lips.

And then somehow she was with him, sitting on the edge of her bed, her hand snug and secure in his. She was telling him to be ready and she'd see him soon.

He jolted awake, warm even in the cool pre-dawn air of his room.

*Be ready*, he thought, but for what?

He kicked off the covers and dressed quickly after a quick minute under the sonics. If he got all his chores done early, maybe Uncle Owen would let him go to Tosche Station for the day. Or, to be perfectly honest, maybe he could slip away before his uncle noticed he was missing.

That urgency hummed beneath his skin as he worked, and he finished in record time. Aunt Beru was in the kitchen making breakfast when he went inside to refill his canteen and make himself a sandwich, and he pressed a kiss to her cheek on his way out.

"I'll be back for dinner," he promised.

"You'd better be," she replied, but she was smiling.

As Luke tore off his his speeder, he had the strangest feeling he might never see her again. He shook his head and told himself to stop being ridiculous. While bad things certainly happened a lot around here, their lives never changed, and he was never one to be morbid.

\*

## *Obi-Wan*

Ben woke from inchoate nightmares he'd already forgotten to a feeling of deep foreboding. The Force was urging him along with a direct and singing clarity he hadn't felt in years, more acute and present than even during Maul's recent visit. He clipped his lightsaber to his belt and, after a moment of reflection, dug out Anakin's as well.

His dewback groaned at being saddled and made to work so early, but he needed to get to the Lars homestead as soon as possible, and the trip would be faster mounted than on foot.

It didn't matter; he arrived too late.

"Luke went to Anchorhead first thing, right after he finished his chores," Beru told him with a small smile. "He didn't say why, but he took off like he was being chased by Tusks." Her smile turned rueful. "Of course, he always drives like that."

Ben laughed softly. "Let us hope he never has real reason to." Though the boy had gotten into trouble repeatedly over the years, they'd always managed to get him out of it unscathed (and frequently unaware of Ben's involvement in rescuing him; Ben was happy enough to accede to Owen's wishes in that).

"I'll tell him you stopped by," she said.

"I have some errands to run in town," he answered. "Perhaps I'll see him there."

"Perhaps," she said, and her smile faded. She had no ability to feel the Force, Ben thought, but she was a wise woman. She knew things were beginning to happen, same as he did, even if neither of them knew what those things were, just yet. "If you do, remind him to be home by supper."

"I will," Ben said, and after topping up his canteen and accepting a ration bar to eat on the way, he headed into town. He hoped his lateness didn't somehow doom them all.

\*

*Vader*

Tatooine didn't change. It was the same as it had been when he was a boy, when he'd returned during the war. When his master had sent him to deal with Jabba. Vader knew this, and loathed it, and wished to be away as quickly as possible. He especially didn't want Leia exposed to its seamier aspects.

Of course, none of the dealers in Mos Espa had the parts he needed to repair the ship. He knew this to be true because none of them bothered to haggle or lie. Even this far out on the rim, they knew what he would do to them if he discovered their perfidy.

He found Watto's junkshop, or the place where it had once been, anyway; it was a cantina now, and not one he'd have allowed his daughter to step into even if she hadn't been raised a princess.

The children of the slave quarter stared at him warily as they marched through, but the princess dispensed largesse as she moved among them. He was again reminded of Padmé, of the way she'd smiled and been kind to a young slave boy who'd been awestruck by her beauty.

Maybe with Leia at his side he would finally be able to free the slaves--first here, and then, across the galaxy. He'd accepted his master's excuses for long enough, hadn't even seen that he'd been collared and enslaved again himself until Padmé's daughter showed him the truth.

"We have to do something for these people," she said, and he was pleased that their minds were already running along similar tracks.

"We will," he replied. "But first, we must take care of our ship, and discuss our plans further."

She nodded, but he could tell she was as impatient as he was to stamp out the abomination that had been allowed to thrive too long unchecked on the Outer Rim.

He led her to another junk shop he remembered from his long ago childhood days, but it too was gone; so many out here lived hand-to-mouth, and even those he'd once thought rich as a boy had been barely surviving on the margins.

"We will have to go to Mos Eisley," he said, annoyed at yet another delay. He looked closely at Leia's flushed cheeks. "But first you must hydrate, Princess. The desert is not to be taken lightly."

"If you say so," she said dubiously. Now that their interests were aligned, he found he disliked how subdued she sounded. Perhaps the heat was affecting her more than she was letting on.

"You need a hat, as well," he rumbled. When she opened her mouth to argue, he said, "If you get heatstroke we'll just be delayed here longer," and she subsided, but he could tell from the set of her jaw that she was unhappy about it.

She turned her nose up at the floppy khaki colored hats available in the marketplace, but allowed him to purchase for her a sleek silk shawl of deep sunset orange that in no way reminded him of the costume Padmé had worn when she was disguised as a handmaiden. She batted his hands away when he tried to wrap it around her head.

"I'm perfectly capable of doing it myself," she said sparking up a little, and she was, skillfully winding the silk around her throat and head. She'd inherited the ability to make anything look stylish from her mother; certainly Anakin Skywalker had never managed it, despite his youthful pretensions.

He bought her a pair of goggles as well; he had no intention of taking it slow once they were out in the desert. The sooner they were off this Force-forsaken rock, the better. He felt an urgency drawing him towards Anchorhead as they drove, which seemed to have little to do with his own wish to be done here as soon as possible. The Force was humming with tension, with anticipation, and he wondered if this is what Qui-Gon had felt all those years ago, when he'd walked into Watto's shop and discovered a Force-sensitive boy he'd thought would fulfill his ridiculous prophecy.

Vader shook his head. He hadn't thought of the past so much in years, until the Force had seen fit to present him with his daughter, and he hadn't had time to process that. At the speed they were traveling, it was too loud to converse, so he sorted through his own thoughts instead. He would have to question Bail Organa--how had the girl come into his possession? Had Kenobi taken Padmé to Alderaan? She and Organa had been good friends, as had Organa and Kenobi. Had they all conspired against him? Though after what he had done to Padmé, it was difficult to blame *her* for any of it. For the first time in almost eighteen years, he allowed himself to believe that she was innocent of the betrayals of which he'd accused her, but he had no time now to finally wallow in his grief and his guilt.

Leia sat beside him silently, her scarf whipping out in the wind behind them like a banner. When he glanced over to ensure she was all right, she gave him a honest, if slightly feral, smile. For the first time, he could see himself in his daughter, and he wondered what they could unleash on the galaxy, together.

\*

## *Leia*

As they sped across the desert, Leia wondered what she'd gotten herself into. She couldn't say why she believed Vader when he'd claimed to be her birth father--she certainly wasn't in the market for a new father, and even if she had been, she wouldn't have chosen *him*--but somehow she knew in her heart that it was true. Perhaps it was the Force. She had never been tested; as a sovereign queen, her mother had been able to exempt her from the aptitudes. The idea that she was also the biological daughter of a queen, if one who had been elected, was less amazing than the fact that she was the daughter of a woman whom she'd looked up to as soon as she'd learned of her story.

She was pretty sure Vader had no intention of joining the Alliance, but she was going to make it very clear to him that she was in no way willing to let the Empire continue with someone else in the Emperor's place. Not even herself. For a moment, the idea was enticing--she thought of a thousand reforms she could enact with a single stroke of her stylus--but only for a moment. She believed too strongly that sentient beings should be allowed to live their own lives, that government should provide guidance and security and a safety net to those in need, not shackles and condemnation to any who deviated even slightly from the norm.

She'd be glad to get off this rock, though. She could see why Vader hated it and she'd only been here for a couple of hours.

Finally, they pulled into the parking lot behind a power and repair station that looked like it might sell the parts they needed.

"Let me do the talking," he said to her as they pushed their way inside the thankfully air conditioned shop.

"Of course." While she enjoyed flying and had raced steeplechase when she was younger, she had no real knowledge of engine repair at this level, not when it was the hyperdrive in need of fixing. In this one area, she would bow to his expertise.

She drifted through the meagerly stocked aisles of the shop, occasionally picking up some trinket or other before putting it back on the shelf. At the rear, by the cooling units, she found a young man staring moodily at a display of blue milk.

"What did it ever do to you?" she asked before she remembered she wasn't supposed to talk. What harm could it possibly do, anyway? After they left, she'd never see the kid again.

He turned, startled, and yelped, "What?" Then his eyes narrowed and his brow furrowed as if he were trying to remember where he'd seen her before.

She hadn't expected to be recognized all the way out here, and especially not in Vader's company, so she wasn't sure what to say to deflect his attention from her somewhat famous face.

"You're the girl from my dreams," he said suddenly. "You told me to be ready, that you'd see me soon, and here you are."

"I--What?" It was ridiculous, and yet now that he'd said it, she looked at him more closely and the remnants of her dream from the night before flooded back. The view from her room at the palace, and the boy sitting next to her on the bed. She'd been woken abruptly by the alarms, and the dream had faded from her mind until he mentioned it.

"Welcome to Tosche Station," he said, holding his hand out eagerly. "I'm Luke." He seemed to realize he was being weird, because he shrugged a shoulder and grimaced. Still, it would be rude not to shake, so she took his hand. A spark flared between them at the contact, and she met his wide eyes with a startled gaze of her own. "Luke Skywalker."

\*

*Vader*

The shopkeeper had the parts they needed, and was willing to take Imperial credits to get him out of her store, so the transaction was completed quickly.

Despite his instructions, Vader could hear Leia talking to a young man, and had he been anyone else, he would have winced at the boy's embarrassing attempts at flirtation. (He had locked away the memories of his own awkward overtures so many years ago and had never felt the need to examine them again.)

He was preparing to remonstrate with her for disobeying his instructions (an impulse he knew was futile but couldn't seem to control), but the Force flared in triumph when the boy said, "I'm Luke. Luke Skywalker."

Vader crossed the distance between them in two quick strides. "What?"

Luke and Leia both jumped, startled at the sound of his voice. Leia looked confused, and Luke wary. Vader frowned in puzzlement at their clasped hands. While he had been certain the baby was a girl, Padme had been just as sure it would be a boy. Had they *both* been correct?

And then the Force pinged again, as a presence Vader hadn't felt since Mustafar flooded his senses, along with the hum of a lightsaber being ignited.

"Step away from the children, Vader."

Vader turned, and for once was glad of his mask, as it hid his shock. "Obi-Wan. You got old."

"It's better than the alternative," Kenobi replied with a quirk of his lips.

Vader gestured towards Luke and Leia. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Ben, what are you doing here?" That was the boy, Luke. He interposed himself between them, and Vader got a better look at him.

If Leia had Padmé's coloring and stature (and his temper), Luke looked like *him* when he was young--blond and blue-eyed and painfully naive, if his behavior was anything to go by.

"Kenobi?" Leia repeated, surprised. "The general from the Clone Wars? My father--Bail Organa--speaks very highly of you."

Vader growled low at this reminder of her adoptive parents, and also at the idea that Organa had filled her head with Jedi nonsense. As if her admiration for the old Republic wasn't going to be hard enough to overcome. Why did everyone in his life fail to understand that even though Palpatine himself was perhaps bad for the galaxy, the idea of a strong Empire, with laws that were strictly enforced, was only to the good?

Politics, he thought distastefully. It was the only thing on which he and his old master might still agree. Well, that and the absolute need to keep his children safe from the Emperor. It was only in service of that idea that he didn't cut Kenobi down where he stood. That, and he had so many questions which needed answers.

\*

*Obi-Wan*

Vader's hand fell to the hilt of his lightsaber, but he had not yet ignited or even drawn it, so Ben turned his off.

He couldn't help but glance over at Luke and the girl who must be Leia; she was an unexpected complication.

"How did you come to be on Tatooine?" he asked her, though he continued to keep a wary eye on Vader. "Do you need help?"

"The hyperdrive on the princess's ship was damaged," Vader answered before Leia could. "But we have found the parts necessary to repair it. Your assistance is not required."

"I'm capable of answering for myself," Leia said, shooting an annoyed look at Vader.

"It is best not to engage him in conversation," Vader replied. "He is as slippery as any of the politicians you've met in the Senate."

"And I'm capable of handling them as well."

"And I have the utmost confidence in you, but there are circumstances here of which you are unaware."

"Then you can make me aware of them instead of treating me like a child," Leia replied firmly, with a defiant jerk of her chin.

If Ben didn't know better, he'd say the sound Vader made then was an exasperated sigh. Ben felt an unexpected pang of empathy for him, even as the whole exchange struck him as odd: Leia didn't sound like she was a captive, though nothing he'd ever heard about her made him



think she'd willingly be in Vader's company, and Vader wasn't treating her like a prisoner. Instead, they sounded more like Anakin and Ahsoka had in days long past.

His stomach dropped. Had Vader taken her as an apprentice? Had he failed her by placing her with the Organas, where she'd be under Imperial scrutiny for so much of her young life?

Luke shot Ben a puzzled look, and Ben gave him what he hoped was a reassuring smile.

Vader and Leia were still arguing.

"You *are* a child," Vader said. "*My* child."

Ben jerked back like he'd been struck and for once found himself at an utter loss for words. "What? How?"

"I also have many questions," Vader said, putting one hand on Leia's shoulder and using the other to point accusingly at Ben. "How long did you intend to keep my children from me?"

"As long as necessary," he replied, mind racing. "Children?"

"If you wanted to hide the boy from me, you should not have given him my mother's name!"

"Yes, that does seem like a mistake in retrospect." Ben stroked his beard. "None of us were thinking too clearly at the time."

"Wait, what?" Luke asked, his confused gaze swinging between them. "You--You're Anakin Skywalker?"

"That name no longer has any meaning for me," Vader said, though Ben could feel his surprise and confusion through the link between them that had never fully been severed. "But yes, it once was mine." His hand lingered on Leia's shoulder and it must have hurt, because she shot him a sharp look--and oh, Ben thought, there was Anakin's contribution to her personality--and Ben could feel his sheepishness in the Force, though he did not apologize as he might have once. Instead he announced, "I am your father, Luke, and Leia is your sister."

\*

*Luke*

Luke had known something was going to happen today when he'd woken up with the words *be ready* still ringing in his ears and a powerful sense of urgency humming beneath his skin. But he'd thought maybe he'd get to race someone new, someone he hadn't already beaten a dozen times, or maybe he'd get to flirt with Camie over an engine that needed fixing without the others mocking him. Not...whatever this was.

Still, that instinct that told him when to juke and when to accelerate, that always led him correctly to whatever fuse was blown or wire snapped in whatever he was repairing, it was telling him now that this was important and it was also true.

The fact that old Ben Kenobi, whom he'd always found fascinating and had never been allowed to know very well, was involved also felt right. He'd always thought the old man had secrets to share, and that was even more alluring because Luke knew they were secrets his uncle didn't want him to know.

He'd just never expected them to involve his *father*.

He'd grown up dreaming of Anakin Skywalker's return, even though he understood from a young age that his father was dead, had accepted it the way he accepted that the suns were hot and sand was irritating, and his aunt and uncle loved him even if they didn't understand him.

Even so, he'd dreamed. Not the way he'd dreamt of Leia, who was apparently his *sister* and already felt like his other half despite having only known her for five minutes. But of a father who'd fly with him and laugh with him and take him off this godsforsaken rock in search of adventure. And this? This was not what he'd dreamed.

But still, he knew when to accept a hard truth, how to be gracious in the face of disappointment, and how to offer hospitality to those who needed it.

"Would you like to visit Grandma Shmi's grave?" he asked. "We don't have much but we can offer you water."

Vader--his *father*--wore that terrible death's head mask, so Luke couldn't see his expression, but he sensed somehow that the man was startled at the offer and conflicted in his response. He felt suddenly overwhelmed with sadness and glanced at Leia, who gave him a look that indicated she didn't know any more than he did, but she squeezed his hand comfortingly anyway. This had to be as much of a shock to her as it was to him, though she seemed to have already accepted that Vader was her father.

The silence had stretched awkwardly and Luke grimaced and looked away in embarrassment. He'd thought Vader would understand, having grown up on Tatooine himself, but perhaps the offer had been a mistake. "Or not. You probably have more important things to do."

"No," said Vader. "There is nothing more important than family."

"That's what Aunt Beru always says," Luke replied, grinning now. It seemed an odd sentiment coming from this man, but Luke knew better than to say *that*.

"A wise woman," Ben said. "She'll be glad to see you home safe, young Luke. And you also, Your Highness."

"Do not think you have gotten away with anything, Obi-Wan," said Vader. "There will be an accounting between us."

"But maybe not until after we've deposed the Emperor?" Leia suggested, putting a hand on Vader's arm. "We could use him in a fight."

She seemed to have no fear of Vader, Luke thought admiringly, and was quite adept at handling him. Luke resolved that he would do the same.

Vader's vocoder made a staticky sound that might have been agreement and Ben looked shocked for a second before his usual calm expression returned. He opened his mouth and closed it again, after glancing between Leia and Vader.

Leia certainly took it that way. She turned to Luke and smiled again. "I'm glad to finally meet you, little brother."

"Hey," he said, but he was smiling too. "I could be older."

"You are," Ben said. He gave Vader a wary look. "I was there at your birth."

Vader growled, and the temperature dropped as if the air conditioning had just been set to high, but he didn't attack Ben, so Luke was going to consider it a win.

"You can tell us all about it," Leia said, giving Vader a warning look. She tucked her hand in the crook of Luke's arm and led him toward the door. "We have a lot of catching up to do, and a lot of plans to make."

"Yes," Vader said. "And then we must go to Malachor."

"Malachor?" The word burst from Ben's lips like a curse, and Luke felt that chill again. He could somehow sense how close they still were to disaster. He wondered if an explanation of the animosity between Ben and Vader would be part of the upcoming conversation. He wasn't sure he wanted to know, even as he was certain it was important that he did.

"Must we?" Leia asked dryly before Ben could continue.

"Yes," Vader replied, and though Luke couldn't see his face, he imagined his father wearing an annoyed expression as he turned the fixed glare of his mask on Ben. "There is one more member of this family we must retrieve."

Again that look of surprise crossed Ben's face, but this time, he held his tongue and gave Luke an almost imperceptible nod, as if he knew what Vader meant even though the rest of them didn't.

"Okay," Luke said, following Leia's lead out the door. "Let's go. It sounds like we've got a lot of work to do."

end

## End Notes

Technically the title comes from u2's "40."

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