

Star Wars TG: Luke Part 1



Luke leapt from stump to stump as the water roiled with the snapping jaws of the marsh crocks. His task was made harder by the clouds of gnats swarming around him as well as the nattering from the tiny green creature strapped to his back. "More gentle must your jumping be," Yoda shouted. "Stress old bones cannot take!"

Luke sighed. Yoda always wanted more... better... he was never satisfied. Finally, when they had made their way to a patch of dry land, Yoda tapped him on the shoulder with his stick. "Rest now you should," Yoda said. "Place me down you must."

Luke gladly followed Yoda's instructions. His legs ached from all the running and jumping, and his shoulders burned from the strain of carrying Yoda around in his backpack. "Walk on your own," Luke said in a froggy impression of Yoda, "should you," Luke said.

"Mock his master an apprentice must not," Yoda said, though he was chuckling. Then, he cleared his throat and in a spot-on impression of Luke's sometimes whiney tone said, "I'm *never* going to master the force, Master Yoda."

Luke did a double take. "You can talk like a normal person?"

"In the eye of the beholder normal is," Yoda said, walking back and forth, stretching his legs. "Talk backwards you do to ears of Yoda."

Exhausted, Luke leaned against a tree and closed his eyes... he heard a woman weeping in the distance and opening his eyes he found himself surrounded by swirling mist... "Luke..." the woman called... "Luke come to me..." Luke got up and started walking toward the sound of the voice.

"Luke..."

"I'm coming," Luke said. The air smelled of moss and rot, and there was a steady chirping as from a mass of insects... those factors plus the spongy soil made it feel like he was still on Dagobah, but he felt certain he was somewhere else.

The fog began to clear. Up ahead in a clearing Luke saw a beautiful woman wearing a long, flowing dress, a tiara sparkling in her short brown hair. "Help me, Luke," she called when she saw him, reaching out, her face a mask of worry and concern. "You're my only hope."



Luke had a devotion for helping women in need. It's what sent him off on his first big adventure when he saw the hologram of Leia asking for help. He started toward the woman, but then the sound of wicked, feminine laughter echoed around the clearing and the mist swirled around the woman, mist so thick he couldn't even see the hand in front of his face. Luke stumbled forward, stumbling, reaching out, trying to see or feel the woman, when he heard the rasping breath he knew so well, and a blood red lightsaber ignited

with a vroosh. The mist separated and Vader stood there, the red glow of his saber dancing across his helmet. "Come to me...." Vader said, his voice chilling Luke to his bones. "I was your father."

Luke took a step toward Vader. Then, another. He needed to go to him, felt drawn, compelled. He took another step, and then—

“Wake up you must!” Yoda shouted, shaking Luke by the shoulders. “Disturbed your dreams are.”

Luke snapped awake, reaching for his light saber, the alluring cloud of menace that had hung over Vader still seeming to linger in the murky shadows of the swamp. Recognizing Yoda, he snapped awake as reality washed away his vision.

Yoda regarded Luke, looking at him the way a doctor might examine a patient. “A vision you did see,” Yoda said. “What appeared in this vision that troubled so?”

The vision flittered though Luke’s head. The woman. The mist. Vader. For reasons he didn’t fully understand, he didn’t want to tell Yoda what he’d seen. “It was nothing,” Luke said, getting up, wiping the mildew and mud from the back of his pants. “It’ll be getting dark soon. We better get going.”

“Hmmmnnn,” Yoda said, slitting his eyes. “Most dangerous of all is the vision of nothing.” Luke worried Yoda would push the matter, but the Jedi Master just let it go.

Over the next few days, the vision of the woman returned again and again. “Come to me....” She called. “You’re my only hope.” Each time, Luke followed her voice, each time she vanished in the swirling mist only to be replaced by Vader, and each time Vader said, “I was your father.”

Luke did his best to try and forget the vision, but it lingered like cobwebs in the corners of his mind. Vader’s comment puzzled him. *I was your father.* Why was? Had Vader died? Was his force spirit now haunting Luke? But Luke’s father had died in the wars. His Uncle had told him. Ben had said the same thing.

Finally, one day after they’d eaten their evening meal and after Luke had cleaned up the dishes, he went to Yoda, who was sitting by the fire, warming his tiny little hands. The wood burning in the fireplace came from the Bantuk Tree, and it had a sharp, nutty smell with moss undertones that hinted at ancient secrets and dark, forgotten bogs.

“Yoda. There’s something I need to know.”

“Confuse what you need with what you want, you do,” Yoda answered, the firelight dancing in his eyes.

“Well, then, I want to know something.”

“About your father this is,” Yoda answered. “For many days you have wanted to ask me. Ever since the vision you had of—nothing, was it?”

“It wasn’t nothing,” Luke said. “I didn’t want to tell you because I thought you’d be concerned. I have been having visions of Darth Vader. He keeps telling me he’s my father. Is it true? Is Darth Vader my father?”

Yoda closed his eyes. His limbs trembled. He seemed more feeble than before and Luke worried about him. “Through the force flows an ancient current, one with much power to seduce those unprepared.”

“The dark side,” Luke said, like the proud, straight A Jedi student he longed to be.

“The dark side it is not,” Yoda said. “Something more ancient, more primal. The elders called it *matreous*, the Mother Force.”

Luke shook his head. Impatient, as always, he just wanted to know what he wanted to know. “What does this have to do with my father?”

“Vader *was* once your father. Changed much is—*he*-- now. First the dark side and now the *matreous* have claimed him, reshaped him. The man who was your father is dead. Vader is a shadow of a shadow of the man who sired you.”

Luke found himself staring into the fire now as he thought about what Yoda had said. “He calls to me constantly, Yoda. He wants me to come to him.” Luke started to mention the mysterious woman who’d called to him as well, who pleaded with him to come to her. She seemed lonely, scared. He thought she might be Vader’s prisoner. One part of him wanted to tell Yoda about her, to ask for advice, but something stopped him. He didn’t know what. “I need to face my father.”

“Seek not to face your father. Find him not, you will. Gone your father is. More, ready to face him, you are not. The *matreous* a new shape may give to you .” Yoda coughed, slumped over, then began trotting toward bed in

that strange, bouncy step, almost as if he were a puppet. “Let go of the past,” Yoda said without looking back. “Rest now I must.”



Yes. Yoda was right. Luke resolved to let go of the past. When the visions came to him, he simply let them pass through. He found when he didn't fight the visions, they seemed to have less power over him. It still troubled him that there may be a woman in peril, but he decided he had to trust Yoda.

That all changed one day as he was working on his force skills. Sitting cross-legged beneath the wings of his spacecraft, Luke worked to make a pile of stones, each one smaller than the one before, and with their uneven surfaces requiring precise, delicate placement. Just as he was about to place that smallest and most oddly shaped stone on top of the pile, he realized he was a girl.

The pebble dropped, and pile of stones, so carefully laid, fell over to the side. Luke opened his eyes. It had not felt like he had been turned into or transformed into a girl. It simply felt that his spirit, his essence, whatever part of the force that had taken on the shape of Luke Skywalker had simply gone female. One moment, he was a boy. The next he was a girl.



It wasn't so much the physical change, though he was aware that he now had a female body. It was more a kind of spiritual awareness. From the time he was little, he'd known he was a boy, felt he was a boy, lived and acted as a boy without ever giving it much thought. Now, he simply knew he was a girl with the same unwavering certainty he'd had about being a boy until moments ago.

What was the difference? What was it that made him understand he, or the splinter of the force within him, now manifested as female? He couldn't tell. He simply was what he was. Interesting, he thought. He did see more colors as a female. The world seemed brighter, perhaps that was why--

“Come to me...” he heard Vader call in his deep, modulated voice.

The colors faded. Luke realized she was a boy.

Luke got up. R2 bleeped and booped.

“You saw that?” Luke said.

“Bewerp.”

“No. We better not tell Yoda.”

“Boop?”

“I don’t know why. Call it my...” Luke chuckled, “... feminine intuition.”

“Beeaaaw.”

Throughout his young life, Luke had wondered now and then what it was like to be a girl. The fact that he’d become one for a moment might not have disturbed him at all but for the visions he’d been having, the cryptic comments Yoda had made about the matreous. Only half aware he’d made the decision, Luke made the decision. The time had come for him to face his father.

Yoda’s riddles about how his father was no longer his father just struck Luke as more Jedi mumbo jumbo, like so many of his “wisdom” sayings that to Luke just sounded like nonsense dressed up in confusing word play. “Backwards one must speak,” Luke said in his Yoda voice, “to make wisdom of hot air.” Besides, if his father was gone, how could Yoda also say Luke was not yet ready to face him? Yes, Luke thought and pondered and turned many arguments over in his mind, but in the end the decision came down to curiosity and impatience.

And so, it was. A day later, Luke stood outside Yoda’s hut, staring up at the stars. Yoda had not wanted him to go, had warned him of the dangers, but Yoda also knew when Luke had made up his mind. “Remember always,” Yoda said, “the force is with you.”

To face his father. Man to man. Luke had never more right about a decision. This was what he had to do, what a son was meant to— Son?

He was a girl.

This time, the change felt like a gut punch, like someone had violently forced him into a suit that was too small, too constricting, too wrong. He stumbled, put a hand on R2 to steady himself. Unlike the calm he felt the first time, this time he felt a sense of shame, of violation. This wasn't just something that had happened, a kind of casual flip of a switch. Someone had done this to him.



He looked down at his small hands. The rise and fall of his breasts as he breathed. "I can't face my father like this," he said, wincing at the squeaky sound of his voice. He'd meant to stand up to his father, man to man, to show him he'd become stronger, that he was the better man. Now, though? He... he'd failed as a man... he wouldn't be able to carry on the family name... Vader would... would...

Wait.

She was a man again. Luke looked down. Patted his body. It was his body, the one he'd inhabited all these years, yet it now seemed slightly wrong, slightly off. He patted his chest, almost disappointed he didn't feel breasts, confused that he'd half expected to, that his flat chest now made him feel as much like a little girl as it made him feel like a man.

"Let's go," he said to R2. "It's time to settle this." He looked up at the sky and raised a fist. "You wanted me to come to you?" He shouted to Vader. "Be careful what you wish for."



Part Two

The very embodiment of poise and grace, Lord Vader pinched the lace material of his dress between his thumb and index finger, then lifted his skirt so he could climb the small set of stairs that led to the emperor's dias.

He crossed to the throne, his floor-length skirt swirling around his legs, high heels clicking on the marble floor. "Emperor," he said, his voice soft and buzzy, like a teen-age girl's.

Emperor Palpatine, who'd been inspecting his manicure, looked up and smiled, his glossy lipstick sparkling in the throne room's murky light. It was not a friendly smile, but the smile of a shark about to feed. "Lord Vader." Since possessing Rey's body, the emperor had matured and now possessed a velvety woman's voice that oozed flirtatious intent whenever he spoke. He held out his hand. Vader took the emperor's soft little hand in his own and bent over as if to kiss it, though he did not remove his helmet.



“Such a gentleman,” Palpatine mocked. He folded his hands in his lap. “You have a report?”

“My son is on his way.” If the news had any emotional impact at all on Vader, he didn’t betray it in his voice or actions.

“I know this,” Palpatine said, standing. Despite wearing stiletto heels, he seemed to float across the floor, heels clacking with each dainty step. “I have sensed Skywalker’s coming.” He stood before the huge window that rose behind his throne. “Your *daughter*, and she is your daughter and will be forever your daughter, has already begun to concede to the matreous. She will prove unable to cling to her pathetic masculinity. She *will* join us in the sisterhood. I have foreseen it all.”

“I am pleased to hear it,” Vader said. “I would see at least one of my girls claim her rightful place rather than marry a-- smuggler.” He placed a hand on one of his round hips and thrust it to the side. Vader and Palpatine now moved like women, but women born into rule, their walk and mannerisms were feminine-- forcefully feminine. “And of the rebellion?”

“We will crush them, and with their destruction The Sisterhood will rise to rule the galaxy. You and your daughter shall rule by my side, a dark queen and a dark princess.” Palpatine’s eyes grew soft as he looked into the future, the future he’d sought to manifest since taking over Rey’s body and embracing his blossoming femininity. “Open your mask. Let me see your face.”

Vader opened his mask, revealing a lovely, heart-shaped woman’s face with big eyes, plump lips and radiant skin. His lips and eye shadow glittered, and his lashes were drenched in mascara. He’d done his makeup that morning, though he’d had no notion the emperor would ask him to unmask. He just felt more confident when he’d put on his face, whether anyone would see it or not, just as he felt more confident when he wore high heels. He’d never thought heels could make a man feel so dangerous. He had Darth Lassen to thank for teaching him about the power of heels, the confidence to be gained from putting on his face.

“Such beautiful eyes,” the emperor said, putting a hand to Vader’s smooth cheek.



Vader looked away, willing himself not to blush. Though he recognized it as a weakness, he loved compliments. “How much longer must I hide behind this mask?”

“Oh, don’t fret, my dear. Once the galaxy has accepted that the fearsome Darth Vader is now a woman, I will allow you to show that pretty face to more than just the occasional storm trooper. Oh, I am well aware of your trysts.”

Vader smiled. “Sometimes a girl needs company.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Palpatine said, slipping an arm around Vader’s slender waist as

they both looked out over the planets, the stars. “I couldn’t agree more.”

He almost started to cackle but resisted. Darth Lassen had helped him realize he couldn’t cackle anymore. It wasn’t becoming of a lady.

She'd taught him so much, and he'd been an eager student, absorbing the ways of the sisterhood. The student had become the master, he thought; I am far more feminine than Lassen.

He examined his perfectly sculpted, crimson nails again. Not a chip, the light glistened off them beautifully as he turned his hand side to side. Nothing, Lassen had taught him, projected power like a killer manicure.

"Your nails exhibit such precision filing," Vader said, offering a compliment and assurances to the other woman, as he'd been trained to do.

"Exquisite."

Palpatine thanked him with a bright, pretty smile.

To be continued...

Bonus Pic



Emperor Palpatine inspecting his manicure. Thanks to Darth Lassen's invaluable teachings, he checked his hair, makeup and nails throughout the day. As Emperor, he couldn't allow himself to be seen with a chipped nail or smudged lipstick.

Deleted Scenes



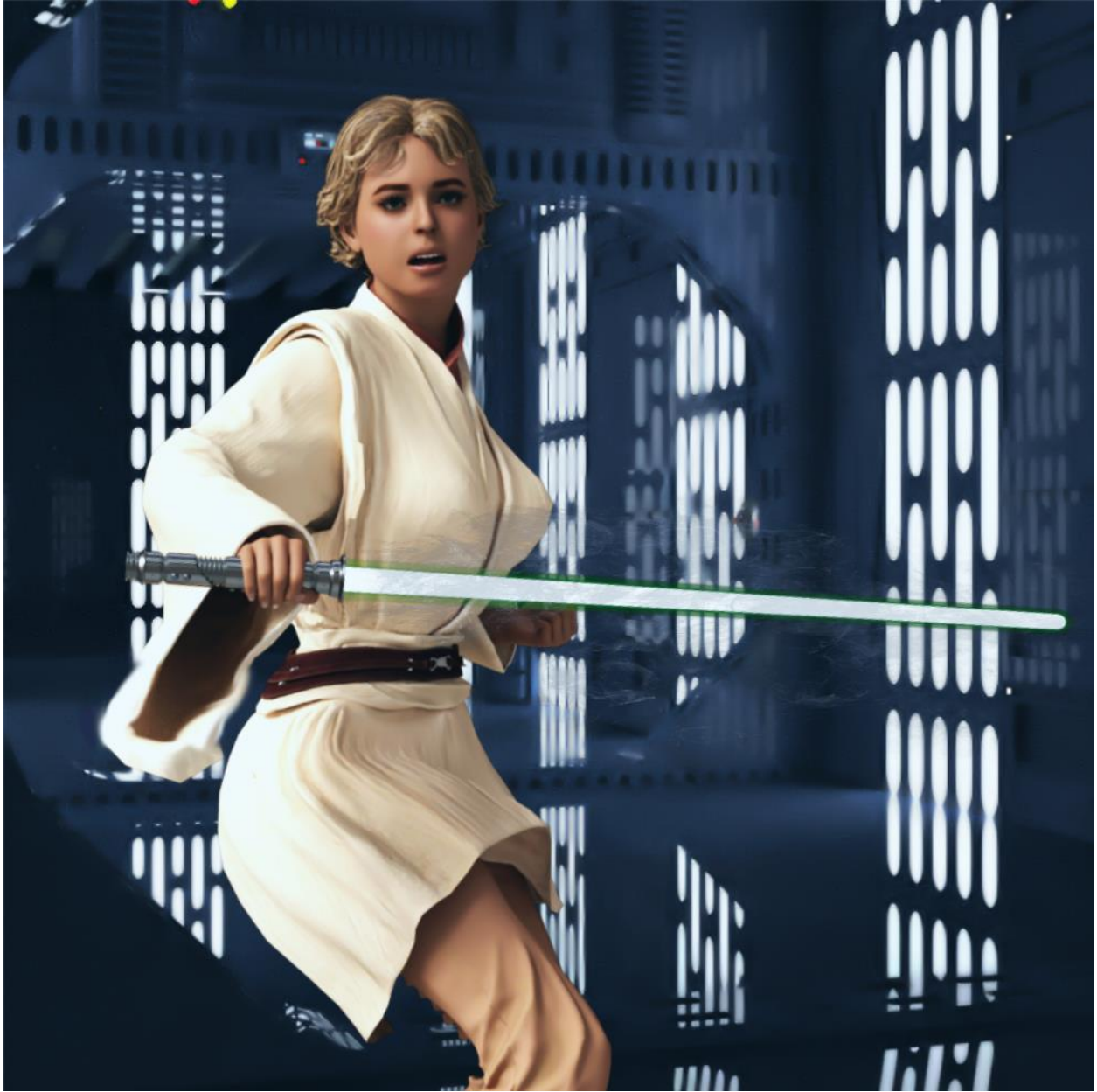
This and the next swapped version I decided would be more interesting if I shot them closer. If you look above, you will see I went for waist up shots for the reshoots.





I shot this scene and ultimately felt I could pose it and get better resolution. This was for the scene where Palpatine is looking at his nails. I didn't feel I captured that moment well. Then, when I was going to reshoot the scene, I suddenly got the idea that Palpatine should hold his hand out to be taken and kissed by Vader in a kind of courtly feminine gesture Lassen would have taught him. I set up the shot I used above, then went back and wrote that scene into the story. Sometimes the process is very intertwined between making the pictures and writing and rewriting the story. I wanted to share this picture, though, because Vader has it all going on.





This is an earlier design for Luke. I was going to keep him more androgynous, with the short hair and a kind of boyish face. For the final design, check out Part II!