

# Agony

Von Kai-Leng

## Kapitel 7: Loss

Someone whispered from far away.

"Hello?"

Blurred visions.

Two persons strode through a corn field.

A dream?

One of them let his hand wander over the wheat.

"You like this place, don't you?" the other person asked.

"Yes..."

"I know, you heard that question already. I was not the one who asked, however. But I ask you now. Will you come with me, when the war is over? Live together with me?"

"Yes..."

A man clad in a white-orange armor wrapped his arms around a blonde.

A soldier?

"You don't know how happy I am. I love you."

"Please let me see your face."

"Anything you like." The armored man responded.

A lover?

"Who are you?" The blonde asked.

Only a memory.

"I am yours."

"If you will ever leave me, I'm going to kill myself."

Dark thoughts.

The soldier in front of him vanished.

Darkness.

He could hear water dripping down from somewhere.

Coldness.

He was chained to a wall.

Loneliness.

Outside of the prison were voices.

Pain.

Someone was approaching. He could hear steps echoing in the hallway.

Agony.

Who is worse? The torturer? Or the scientist?

Forgotten.

"Who am I?"

One without a name.

"Obi-Wan??"

My name?

Whose name was that? And who was that soldier in his dream? Was he his secret fantasy or was he reality? He could only be a dream. Otherwise he would not be here in the prison of an experimental laboratory. He would be together with \*HIM\*. And he would be happy.

Awakening.

"I can't remember anything." He coughed blood.

But one thing he knew. Something had gone wrong. But he didn't remember what, when and why. But something definitely had gone wrong.

He forgot his name. He forgot the life he lived before. He forgot everything. But he knew that the scientists had done something with him. It was their fault.

A door opened and a tall woman came in. No human. He knew this woman. She was his torturer. He knew her before, but he couldn't remember.

"My, my... you look bad, my dear." She scoffed. Her eyes were like ice. And his own were lifeless. "I am pleased that the scientists did a good job. I never thought that you would break down so fast. You are one of the toughest Jedi I've ever met. What a pity! You would be a powerful Sith." She taunted.

'What's a Jedi? And what's a Sith?'

"It's a shame to mistreat such a beautiful body." She remarked while she let the whips' haft wander over his belly.

Deep in his mind a voice urged to retort something rude. Was it his old self? He had nothing to lose now. She would whip him anyway. "Are you jealous that you cannot have such a body?" She whipped him hard across the face. "Oh I see. You are still lippy. Very interesting." She taunted. "Are you still hoping that your friends will come and rescue you?"

'Friends?' He thought. Maybe he would gain names when he played along. Never let your enemy know that you are broken.

"Sure. They will never let me down." He coughed as she hit him again. He hoped that \*HE\* would come.

"SILENCE! I'd love to rip you into pieces, but the thought of seeing you suffer and the nice experiments which the scientists do with you are by far more entertaining." She touched his face.

"I will tell you a secret. You don't have to be afraid that I will kill you. After all, the first experiment was a success. The upcoming one is more difficult than the first as we are still in search of a second compatible guinea pig, but I'm sure, that we will find one soon. In the meantime, I am permitted to torture you a little bit. But I have to avoid certain parts."

Just as the woman struck out to whip him again, a droid shoved its head through the door. "Excuse me, mistress Ventress. Count Dooku asked for you."

'Ventress? I know her. Dooku? I know him, too. But I can't remember.'

Ventress gritted her teeth and went to the door. She turned one last time and said "You are lucky. But not for long. Preparations for the another experiment are planned tomorrow morning. You should rest, my dear Obi-Wan."

'Obi-Wan? Is that really my name?'

"Sure, although I have a busy agenda, a little break could be arranged." He replied dryly.

She laughed and disappeared.

Alone.

Once again he was encased by darkness.

Once again there was dead silence.

And Once again he could only hear his gasps and the dripping water.

He didn't know why, but he desperately thought of that soldier again. But this time he heard laughter and happiness.

A memory again?

A boy, not older than twelve, with blonde hair ran over to him.

His son?

The boy swung something in his hand that looked like a sword.

A lightsword.

He knew lightswords. But he couldn't remember.

"Master Kenobi, Master Kenobi. Look at me! Look at me! I mastered Form II! I am sooo good, am I?" The boy squealed in delight.

Master?

He ruffled his hair and smiled. "Yes you are good, Anakin. But be careful and don't let arrogance take over you. You still have to learn very much, my young Padawan. But in no time you will be a powerful Jedi."

Padawan?

He once was a Padawan, too. But what was a Padawan?

Anakin?

He knew that name. He felt happy when he heard that name.

"Can you teach me now Form II? I want to learn it \*NOW\*"

He hugged the boy and looked into his blue eyes.

"Be patient, Ani. I will teach you everything I know."

"Yes Master Kenobi. I will exercise myself in patience. But it is so difficult. I want to be

like you \*NOW\*!"

He smiled and pinched the boy in the cheek.

"It is still too dangerous for you. I don't want to carry you to the Med-Lab again. Remember the last time? The healer gave me a tongue-lashing for teaching you a dangerous Form II move."

Anakin giggled. "Yes I remember. And it was quite funny that a healer yelled at the great Obi-Wan! You only muttered 'I'm sorry, so sorry' again and again!"

He felt embarrassed. "Yeah..."

"Then can you teach me something else now? Something that is not too dangerous?"

"Little Ani. Always eager for knowledge."

He tackled Anakin and tickled him. "You want to learn? Okay. Here is the ultimate attack. Tickle the enemy to death!"

The giggling and the boy faded like the soldier in his first dream.

Once again he felt alone.

Alone.

Now he wished for the soldier he dreamt about. He desperately wished he would be here with him. Unconsciously, he reached out and called for him.

And again, someone whispered from far away.

"Hello?"

"Who are you?"

"Where are you?"

"I am here."

"Is that you?"

A man with fawn brown eyes appeared in front of him. It was \*HIM\*. \*HIS\* Soldier. He knew it, although he didn't remember his face, he knew it.

"You are here."

"You called."

"I know."

"Where are you?"

"I don't know."

"Will you help me?"

"Always."

"Who are you?"

"You forgot me?"

"I can't remember, I don't even know who I am."

"You are Jedi Master Obi-Wan Kenobi."

A Master? A Jedi?

"Who are you?"

"I am Clone Marshal Commander Co-"

The soldier vanished again.

A glistening light tore him away from him before he could say his name.

Instead of the soldier's loving face, he saw men in white coats. He felt himself led to an operating table.

The scientists are back...

Captivitas desperatio

Pugnacitas dicio

Miseria dominatio

Tristitia formido servitium et timor

Victoria reverentia magna via

Sodalitas gratulatio audacia gaudium

Festivitas fides libertas

Felicitas dignitas concordia et amor

Victoria reverentia magna via