**A Disturbance in the Force**

**CSE Adeodatus #3412**

 Adeodatus ran. Running was good for him even if it was this place. And this was definitely not a good place to go running. The ruins of the old Jedi Temple had a beauty about them. One could have walked through them leisurely for many years simply to appreciate their glory. But for hard exercise they were ill suited. The ground was coarse, the obstacles many and yet Adeodatus ran. Or perhaps bounded would have been a better description of his award weaving and lunging around one fallen rock or another or over one gaping pothole or another. Yet, however one described his awkward attempt at exercise no one could deny that it was good for him.

 The last few weeks being reassigned to a House had been difficult for Adeodatus. Having been absent from brotherhood space and organization for so long had made him…wild. While still fully in charge of his thoughts and emotions there were some parts of himself that Adeodatus was afraid to touch and it was here that the savagery resided. He was so awkward around others that he was not sure he would ever become accustomed to this House which was so open and friendly. And then to add to the strain they had sent him a student. Adeodatus was proud of his student and how quickly he was advancing. He was also humbled profoundly that the leadership had thought him worthy of such an honor. Yet, it was still hard work and he was not prepared. And so he ran. He ran to release stress, to forget about the world for a while and even to reconnect with what had first called out to him.

 He could not keep his thoughts from wandering as he ran and so despite the sweat pouring down his tired face, despite the heavy breathing and the rattling of his heart within his thin chest he thought back to that first time he had felt the force.

 His family was still alive then and he was younger. The world upon which they were living had seemed so peaceful then and nothing, Adeodatus thought, could have disturbed his tranquility. He loved to run then, to feel the breeze, to be outside. Of course, his father knowing the true state of things on their world was not as enthusiastic. He understood that this world was not safe and that many would have gone to great lengths to lay hold of a high merchant’s son. But Adeodatus did not care. He ran and he was alive.

 But it was on one of those runs where things began to change. Even in his youthful exuberance and love of life Adeodatus knew that things were growing darker on his world. He had heard the murmurings of the servants, their furtive glances to make sure his father was not around and would not overhear. He saw the pamphlets they passed back and forth and he questioned the word that echoed from the mouth of every person on the streets, “Revolution.” And as he ran with these thoughts filling his heart and his very being almost to overflowing, as the tears threatened to pour forth from his eyes from the strain of it all he saw it.

 Or rather he felt it but it could have also been described as a form of seeing. It was not something that could be seen with your physical eyes but alone with the eyes of the heart. It could be seen and felt by those same innate gifts by which we come to know and love. And when he felt it and turned his mind towards it all the sadness and pain that had moments before threatened to overwhelm him now vanished as the frost in the first light of day. Adeodatus stopped and he wondered, “What was this new feeling, this new thing welling up within him?” Certainly it was peace and light where before there had been darkness. But was it part of him or was it something from without? This he could not say though it felt comfortable as if it had always been there in the back of his mind waiting for him to reach out and embrace it.

 The more the young Adeodatus pondered upon this new feeling the more he saw of its beauty and complexity. In the eye of his mind it appeared as a vast sea so great that no man could measure it or vessel cross it. And while calm and as undisturbed as the first snow of the New Year on the surface he knew it was also tumultuous. Right under the surface of this thing was a strong current, a deadly riptide that if allowed would crush the one who stepped into its depths. This interplay of peace and chaos fascinated the young boy. On one level it called out to him to take hold of it and become the person he was destined to become. And on another level it revolted him and made him desire to be alone and to wish things were the way they had been just that morning. He knew then that this was both a gift and a curse. Whatever this new force within himself was it was also far larger than he could every be. It was his destiny but it was a sign also of great struggles to come.

 And so he reached out. Adeodatus sought the Force that called to him in the quite of his mind. But he never reached that goal which he sought. His caretaker watching from the nearest hill had seen him stop running and was herself now running towards him calling his name. She distracted him and in that instant he lost it. His calm shattered, his fear returned and whatever had been so present to him was now naught but a pleasant memory as is the last dream one remembers before they wake.

 It would be many years before Adeodatus would feel that Force again. By that time his family was gone, his home destroyed. Adrift across a strange and new galaxy with a stranger it called out to him again. This time he was ready… But that is a story for another day Adeodatus remarked to himself and he finished his run.