

— *February 20th, 1932. Cave, moments later* —

Aigis and Oswald gazed upon the Holy Spear that remained lodged into the flesh of the ethereal beast they've just defeated. It looked just like a normal spear, but it felt otherworldly—it pulsed with power. No wonder Hitler was obsessed with the thing. The duo stood before the object, wondering how to retrieve it. Aigis inched towards the spear with an outstretched hand before another figure wearing an SA stormtrooper's uniform jumped down.

“Yoink!”

“Schultz!” Aigis angrily pointed. “Where the hell did YOU come from?!”

“I saw you and Oswald fighting this ugly ass beast. I wanted to rush in and crack its dumb skull open, but then I realized something. Why waste energy fighting this thing when you two can do all the hard work for me?”

Aigis scowled at him, her hands clenched into fists. She was ready to telekinetically snap his neck if he even thought about it. “This was a mission Herr Hitler gave to ME, not you.”

“And you know what? I'm sick of it. I'm sick of you and that Jew's boytoy over there always overshadowing me! I'm the real pro! The real vet! And when I'm the one to bring this spear to Hitler himself, he'll make me a super Nazi! And the name Hermann Schultz will—!”

Schultz guffawed hysterically as he wrapped his hands around the spear. It jerked inch by inch as he struggled to pull it out. He looked at his adversaries with a smug expression on his face. Aigis was fuming. Oswald was confused. Suddenly, Schultz started screaming. At a rapid rate, he became skinnier and skinnier. Soon, he was nothing more than a skeleton draped in skin, and his now lifeless body plopped to the cave floor. Oswald jumped back. A vibration rippled through the bodies of the two friends. Oswald went in to get a closer look, but Aigis stopped him. He understood and stepped back. Aigis looked over at the spear and then Schultz's skin

skeleton. Why did the spear absorb him? She thought back to her childhood. Johanna told her of ancient Psychokinetic artifacts only the strong may hold. The item had to verify that one was worthy. Commonly, it would absorb the Aurae in one's body as it would be grabbed. If the Psychokinetic had enough, they would claim the spear. Oswald would certainly face the same fate as that meathead over there.

"I'm going to try to pull it." Aigis told him. Oswald sweated a bit.

"Are you sure it's safe?" He whimpered.

"I'm a Psychokinetic. I probably have a better chance of getting it out."

Oswald nodded simply. "Okay. Be careful."

Aigis went over to the piece of the best and stepped on top of it. She stared at the wooden handle of the spear lodged into it. She could hear whispers emanating from it. The magic potential in this ancient weapon was undeniable. She puffed up her chest and relaxed her fingers. With two hands, she gripped the spear. A surge of electricity and power flowed through her body.

*Aigis*

She heard a woman's voice call out to her. She looked around. The only other person with her right now was Oswald. She gripped the spear once more.

*Aigis, don't!*

It hit her. That was her mother's voice. Even after 26 years, Aigis still knew the sound of her voice. It was like the sweetest honey. Like waves of a music sheet dancing up and down a piano. It was her mother. She was trying to contact her from beyond the grave. Aigis gripped the spear tighter. No more messing around. She pulled on the spear with all her might. She could feel it start to budge.

At that moment, she was assaulted by a horrible sound, a horrible sight. She heard the voices of thousands of Psychokinetics crying out in pain as they were ruthlessly slaughtered. She saw a bunch of them in a city. They all dropped to the floor simultaneously. The smell of their blood was suffocating, like a cloud of gas. But the worst was the children. She watched as an elderly Psychokinetic was gunned down. Two children came running to her. They were twins. They hugged their mother as a hail of bullets rained upon them. They gasped as if all life had been sucked out of them. They tumbled to the floor next to their mother.

Aigis couldn't shut her eyes or ignore the screams. They invaded her mind and burrowed inside of it like a worm, refusing to be uprooted. As debilitating as it was, she pulled on the spear harder. It slowly inched closer and closer out of its fleshy home. All the while, she felt the Aurae drain from her and enter the spear. The rapid loss of life energy was additionally dizzying on top of the horrific visions of the massacre. But despite it all, Aigis grew determined to have her spirit remain unbroken. Everything was fading white to her as even the visions began to subside, screams and smells quieting down until they were nearly undetectable. Oswald saw her swaying to the side as she was about to fall over. He ran closer to her, hoping to catch her in case she fell.

The spearhead shot out of the fleshy remains of the beast. A light shot out of the wound that encased the entire area in a sparkling and majestic glow. In the middle of the light, Aigis stood proudly, with a smile on her face, and the Spear of Destiny now in her possession. The flash and awe wore off in an instant. Aigis looked up to the hole she fell into and proudly pointed the spearhead up into the heavens.

"I can't believe it." Oswald admitted as he rubbed his chin in marvel. Aigis lowered her arm to look at the spear. Once it was in her grasp, it was practically weightless, about the same as a few sheets of paper. It had a holy, ethereal glow to it. A captivating essence. A wave of relief

washed over her. So much strength it took for her to achieve this. She thought about the horrific visions that plagued her mind as she pulled it. It had to be some sort of premonition. Such a tragedy was close to happening in the future. She had the Spear of Destiny now. It was rumored that whoever wields could control the future. Destiny itself. Aegis immediately felt good about having it now. Once she gave it to Hitler, the Psychokinetic people would fade into memory. And future PK children will be spared of any pain that could come to them had they celebrated their identity with pride.