

Note: Standartenführer (Lit: Standard Leader) was a Nazi paramilitary rank. It is the SA equivalent of a colonel.

Reichsführer-SS (Lit: National Leader-SS) is the commander of the entire SS

— February 20th, 1932. Cave, Thuringia, Unknown Time —

Aigis, Oswald, and a small band of SA stormtroopers have been exploring a cave for what felt like hours. The sound of water dripping down from stalactites echoed through the caverns. Aigis, being an official Standartenführer now, led the way with a flashlight. She made sure that every step she took was calculated, as one wrong step not only spelled death for her, but her colleagues as well. She knew they were all in danger. They could die at any second, yet she pressed forward.

The only one not taking this seriously was Schultz. He lazily threw his hands in his pants pockets as he pranced close behind Aigis. He yawned loudly, as he had done countless times before. He wasn't tired at all. He just did it to annoy her. He knew how to get on her nerves, and he was damn good at it.

“So, Oswald,” He spoke up. His voice was loud, echoing off the walls of the cave.  
“About this chick you’re banging—”

“Her name is Hannelore and she’s my wife.” Oswald cut in, not even looking in his direction and continuing walking.

“I heard you hooked up with a Jew girl.”

“That hasn’t been confirmed yet, Schultz.” Aigis warned him, letting a bit of her agitation show. Schultz let out an obnoxious laugh. He always enjoyed annoying the hell out of her, even though she was his superior.

“Rumors never lie, buddy,” Schultz wagged his finger. “Listen, if you really are a Jew fucker, I won’t tell nobody.”

Oswald simply inhaled sharply and exhaled sharply, trying to put the annoying antics of Schultz to the back of his mind. Schultz swiped Oswald’s hat off his head and rubbed a knuckle in his head.

“Oswald, you’re still the same virgin I knew all those years back. I’m tryna have a man-to-man talk with you here, and you give me attitude!”

“Schultz,” Aigis raised her voice, stopping in her tracks. Her black boots became slick. “Cut it out.”

“What the hell does Herr Hitler got us diggin’ in a cave for?!”

“Well, maybe if you *paid attention* during our briefings, you’d know this.” Aigis replied snootily. They continued their trek through the cave, stepping over stalagmites and pointing their flashlights into the dark. No noise was around for miles. Aigis flashed her light around the cave, which glimmered against the hundreds of stalactites hanging from the ceiling.

“Well, speak up, Colonel Smartass.” Schultz spoke with emphasis on the word 'colonel'. This sent shivers down her spine.

“Reichsführer Himmler heard that they discovered the Holy Lance in this cave.” Aigis explained.

“So we’re searching for an old stick?”

“That ‘old stick’ is the spear that pierced Jesus Christ. And it’s said in legend that whoever is in possession of it will attain victory as long as they hold it.”

Aigis and the group stopped when they reached a branch in the cave.

“A crossroads.” Aigis pointed out.

“Why don’t we split up?” One of the stormtroopers suggested.

“Good idea. Three people can go into each opening.”

Aigis, Oswald, and Schultz went into the right branch of the cave while the other three stormtroopers took the left. The Aigis trio pushed on for what felt like miles in their branch.

“Oswald.” Aigis chirped kindly. She saw Oswald’s limp as the exhausted man tried not to wobble.

“Yeah?”

“How’s Konrad?”

“Very energetic. I promised I would play some catch with him when I get home.” Oswald replied, his spirits lifting. Schultz overheard the conversation. The way his angry brow furrowed made him look like a caveman.

“Hol’ up, hol’ up, hol’ up. Who the hell is Konrad?” Schultz interrogated, leaning in a bit too close for comfort to Oswald.

“Oswald’s son.” Aigis put it plainly. Schultz chuckled in disbelief.

“Since when did you have a kid?” Schultz cackled. Oswald shrugged awkwardly as he took his collar and straightened it.

“For three and a half years?” Oswald replied, raising a brow in a genuinely questioning manner. This stumped Schultz.

“So lemme get this straight,” Schultz began after a few seconds of uncomfortable silence. Schultz started cracking his fingers as he listed every point with his other hand. “This greenblood joined the SA *after* me and she’s already a Standartenführer. Meanwhile, I’ve been stuck as a Sturmman pretty much for over ten years.”

He then pointed to Oswald. “On top of that, goddamn OSWALD VOLKMANN has a wife and kid now. That’s some bullshit.”

“Does this surprise you?” Aigis crossed her arms. The more she looked at him, the more pissed off she became. Every action he made was detestable.

“We all know you’ve been getting promotions left and right because you’re best buddies with Hitler. Just say you’re his favorite.” Schultz declared bitterly.

“You wanna know why you’ve been a stormtrooper for twelve years?” Aigis closed in, staring at Schultz dead in his eyes. Schultz was clearly intimidated by this but had a seemingly genuine smile on his face. Aigis crinkled her nose. “It’s because instead of using that rotting piece of meat between your ears and using it for anything actually useful, you scream and use violence. You’ve gone nowhere because you’re nothing but a trigger-happy, empty-headed, slack-jawed mongoloid!”

Even as the flashlight was no longer on her, Aigis could still see Schultz's surprised, yet angered expression. Schultz's only response was a groan. Oswald opened his mouth to say something, but Aigis cut him off.

“Let’s hurry this up. Herr Hitler needs this spear.” Aigis brushed herself off. She hiked on. Her boot stepped on a crack, which caused the three of them to freeze in place.

“Did anyone hear anything?” Oswald asked nervously. After a few moments of silence, the group relaxed. Then a shattering vibrated throughout the whole cave. The entire floor underneath Aigis gave out, causing her to fall through. Oswald ran over and tried to grab her hand, but was simply able to wipe his thumb against the tips of her fingernails. She was out of reach, and fell into the unknown.