

— *May 24th, 1921. New Psychokinetic Encampment, 4:02 P.M.* —

Frieda was given a tent in the encampment to sleep in for the extended period of her stay. She was provided with a sleeping bag, a pillow, and a lantern to use when it grew dark. Compared to sleeping in the wild for three years, it was a better arrangement. The ground was pretty flat, the conditions were rather primitive. The air was damp and heavy, and the ground beneath the tent was hard. Gerhard still shot her dirty looks here and there. He was not ready to trust her, even now. Dieter would bring her some food. It was bland and boring, but food was food. Frieda would never complain about being provided a hot meal again.

One afternoon, Frieda decided to take a stroll through the dirt-paved roads. She needed to shake off the pins and needles in her legs due to sitting on the ground for so long. She swung her arms and occasionally hopped to get the blood flowing. As she passed by the intersection with the tents again, she saw something. Dieter was there, in the same suit and tie. Except this time, a brown-haired woman kept touching him.

“Is this really necessary?” Dieter complained.

“You’re going to BERLIN, honey. You have to look somewhat presentable.” The woman chastised, slopping brushing her fingers over his hair.

“Ingrid, I’m 27. I know how to dress myself. You don’t have to fix me up like this.”

“Nonsense,” Ingrid brushed off. She took her thumb and swiped it against her tongue. She plastered the saliva-coated thumb on his eyebrow, making him cringe. “Now you look like a real man.”

“Are you going somewhere, Herr Dieter?” Frieda hesitantly asked. Dieter swiped his head around, looking at Frieda with surprise.

“How long have you been there?” He stammered.

Frieda held out her hands, saying, “Oh, just for a minute or two.”

“Gott...” He bashfully looked away, straightening his tie and smoothing out his coat. He glanced down at his clothes, as if he forgot what he was wearing. “Just Dieter is fine.”

“Who’s this lady?” Frieda casually asked.

“She’s, um—”

“Ingrid Heinrich. His WIFE.” Ingrid proudly declared, snatching up Dieter’s arm.

“Ingrid, watch the suit, you’re going to wrinkle it.” Dieter complained, shimmying his shoulders to straighten out the wrinkles.

“I’m sorry. I’m married to a famous politician now!” She giggled in his face. Dieter’s face was now a bright red, but he failed at trying to combat the smirk. He tried to look serious and professional, but the blush betrayed him.

“That explains the fancy suits.” Frieda nodded in understanding. She animated her nodding, playfully teasing him.

“Actually, I’m just a member of the Reichstag. I was only elected last month.” Dieter corrected. Compared to Gerhard, Dieter didn’t like to assume too much. He was a lot humbler, and more modest.

“What exactly do you do?”

Dieter hesitated for a second, not sure if he should tell her. He finally gave in and said, “I’m a member of the Social Democratic Party of Germany, or SPD for short.”

Frieda stared blankly at him.

“Do you even know what the Reichstag is?”

Frieda still didn’t answer.

“Disregard what I said then. All that matters is that I work for the government.” Dieter shook his head, uninterested in explaining further.

“I thought we were going to rebuild our haven from the ground up.” Frieda rebutted.

“Well, that’s Gerhard’s plan. But I plan on using my political platform to help create government protections of the Psychokinetic people. If I can do that, it’ll make our jobs a whole lot easier. I’m going to Berlin to push a hate crime bill to the SPD. And hopefully, when enough other people get elected to the Reichstag, they can push that bill all the way to the Chancellor. It could be the start of a new age, a new era for our kind. And I have the best damn campaign manager in the whole world.” Dieter explained, looking back at Ingrid. Ingrid responded by kissing him on the cheek. Frieda was kind of jealous. She was now 21, around the age most girls would be getting into relationships. Not that she had much time for it, seeing as how she had to train in the wild for a few years on top of building a new community.

Dieter checked his wristwatch. “We should probably get going. The train to Berlin leaves soon, and it won't wait for us. Let’s go, Ingrid.”

The politician and his wife left, leaving Frieda by herself. She simply watched as the wind tugged at her clothes. She took in the scene in complete serenity and silence, watching something beautiful be born. That was until someone said,

“New starts are a beautiful thing, aren’t they?”

Frieda shrieked, and turned around. It was Lui. He was cheesing like a prankster waiting for his prey to take the bait.

“How’d you get here?!”

“I... came here?” Lui shrugged, unsure of what she was asking.

“I thought you were back at the falls!”

This made Lui laugh lightheartedly. “I’m a spirit, remember? I can go anywhere I want, whenever I want.”

“You JERK!” She screamed with tears in her eyes, attempting to slap him. Of course, him being a ghost, the palm just phased right through him. “I thought I’d never see you again!”

“Well, I had to be a *little* sentimental when you left the falls. It wouldn’t be nearly as special if you remembered I’m practically omnipresent and can see and hear everything you do.”

Frieda wiped her eyes with her dress sleeve. “Jeez. Don’t scare me like that again.”

Lui chuckled at her. It felt like they were back at the waterfall again. Lui and Frieda, the psychokinetic girl and her mentor, together again. Even though it’s only been a few days.

“A psychokinetic haven, huh? Where was this place when I was still alive?” Lui joked, looking at the rows of tents.

“What do you think? About the people, I mean?”

Lui adjusted his coon skin hat. “Well, even though that bearded guy has a nasty trigger finger, the politician guy seems alright. He shows promise.”

Frieda smiled at his comment. Lui was right. Maybe this was a good start. Maybe, just maybe, this newfound society could survive.

“Maybe later, we can have a cafeteria run by fire users. And a training dojo for children who can use their powers, too!” Frieda fantasized, wanting to see what this would entail.

“Someone’s excited,” Lui commented. “But what you have is a gift, Frieda. And it’s 100% up to you how you choose to use it.”

Frieda nodded. “Even though I want to find Aegis, wouldn’t it be amazing to show her this place? Show her she’s surrounded like people like us? We’ll finally have a safe space. She can at least help rebuild.”

Lui patted her back. “Sounds like a solid plan to me.”