

— July 29th, 1932. Reichstag Building, 11:00 A.M. —

“People, please!” Dieter called out to his fellow Reichstag members. They were all extremely irritable. Dieter didn’t like the direction the Reichstag was heading. The Nazi Party had slowly been gaining traction, but now they had the majority. And ever since they took over, Dieter had noticed not just him, but other parties, the SPD especially, had issues getting their agenda passed. He was getting a splitting migraine and could not for the life of him find a good enough argument to sway his colleagues.

“Your time is up, Heinrich!” Wittman shouted to him. “We’re in deep economic trouble right now! What do you have to say about the *economy*, and not that magic cult you keep siphoning our budget for rights and protections!”

“I’ve said it before! If we appeal to more people, the more votes we can obtain—”

“You’ve been recycling that same spiel for 8 years! It’s gotten old, and economically, we’re even worse off!”

A fellow SPD member came to Dieter’s defense. “It’s manipulative to suggest this is on us! The U.S. had to retract their loans that WE needed because of the treaty of Versailles!”

Goeppert spoke up, not standing from his legislation speech. “And who was the party that kept suggesting we appease these allies by bootlicking their unfair reparations! The fact you even *suggested* we still try to pay off the debt after France attacked the Ruhr is anti-German!” Dieter couldn’t help but notice a few SPD members nodding at Goeppert. A random Nazi Party representative piped up. He slammed his fist on the armrest as he shouted.

“And the only leg this PK kisser has to stand on is for a ‘bigger voter base’! What next? We appease the Jews? The commies? They’re the reason we lost a war that we would’ve damn well won if not for those cowards!”

“That is a baseless, discriminatory, racist conspiracy theory! You know that, and so does your whole damn party, and that is the problem! This is a political party, not a hate club!” Dieter yelled back. The other Nazi representatives were shouting in protest, with Wittman being one of the loudest.

“Yet most of the German people seem to agree with us! We’re the majority party now for a reason!” The Nazi bragged.

“You’re taking gross advantage of a sick and tired populace dealing with over a decade of financial turmoil! People are desperate for a leader that can take them out of their poverty, and they are buying into what you say to get them out of it!”

Dieter, despite his attempt to remain impartial, got assaulted from all sides. The whole room devolved into an angry shouting match. Dieter felt his chest tighten as he watched the SPD members shout at the Nazi representatives.

“I’m sick of all of this! Germany needs to be fixed NOW so we can actually live to see old age”! Wittman shouted.

“How do you think *I* feel?!” Dieter lost his cool, finally giving in to the aggressive atmosphere of the crumbling democracy. “I have a wife and kid three hours away in Saxony! I want to be there for my family, but securing their future is the reason I even joined the party in the first place! And I cannot afford to let a single vote pass by me, or my efforts will be for naught—!”

The explosive verbal melee died down with a single arm being silently raised into the sky, commanding silence. Everyone stared at the source. Adolf Hitler stood at the party majority leader position. He lowered his arm, and took a step forward. His face was stern.

“My fellow members of the Reichstag,” Hitler addressed. The tone of his voice was not aggressive, nor was it calm. It was something else. Something far more unsettling. “I understand your irritability in these trying times. Our economy is not doing well. Unemployment is through the roof. Many people are starving. We all want to make things better in this great country of ours. We all have a common goal.”

Dieter stared at Hitler in awe. The Nazi Party leader was such an anomaly to him. He had charisma. He knew how to talk to his fellow citizens. Yet Dieter knew about his hatred. His disgust for minorities, for those different from him. There was an unsettling dichotomy in the man, and it scared him.

“But what if I told you that there was a common enemy in the Reichstag? One hidden, scheming rat that stands in the way between us and German prosperity? Do any of you know who that is? Who has been standing in the way of our goals and ideas for so long, preventing us from reaching out to the people that we have been trying so hard to reach?”

Hitler surveyed the entire chamber like a security camera, making eye contact with all 400 representatives in the Reichstag. Then he pointed a straight finger at Dieter.

“Psychokinetic Committee Chairman Dieter Heinrich.”

Nobody reacted. The only sound echoing through the high-ceiling chambers was the shifting of a few dozen pairs of eyes, turning their heads in unison. All on Dieter. Dieter was stunned. His face dropped. He stood silent, unable to process what he had just heard. Hitler continued.

“When a man speaks, there are two separate truths: What he says and how he acts. Judging by his words, he’s quite a compassionate fellow. He claims he fights for Germany. That he wants to see our country reach the pre-war prosperity of the German Empire, dare I say the

Holy Roman Empire. That he's the proud German father of a beautiful German wife and an energetic German boy. To the common man, he's for them."

Hitler took a pause in his speech to take a sip of water. A few of the Nazi representatives whispered to each other. Dieter was paralyzed, still too stunned to say anything. The rest of the room sat silent, awaiting Hitler to continue.

"So that begs the question: How does Chairman Heinrich *act*? He's seen the struggle of hyperinflation, where the average German had to carry around wagons full of mark bills just to be able to eat? To burn that worthless currency just to be warm enough to survive a harsh winter's night? He continued to push for Psychokinetic rights, a small blip in the German population, at the expense of the dozens of millions of starving, impoverished Germans that needed his help, the very people he claims to fight for!"

The Nazis in the chamber started to shout at Dieter. Dieter felt a chill go down his spine. His throat closed up and his mouth became dry. Hitler continued his rant. He began to get enraged, his hair becoming disheveled, and his face red.

"Even now, when millions of German citizens are losing their jobs at an unprecedented rate, does he care to think about anyone outside of his religion?! No! Chairman Heinrich continues to serve a fading religion, using his brand new position as Committee Chairman to bleed government money for the well-deserving citizens of Germany!"

Hitler had to take a few seconds to catch his breath. The other Nazi members were shouting, pumping their fists and stomping their feet in sync. The other party members were silent. Dieter could tell that the Nazi members were attempting to incite the rest of the representatives, and some were falling for it. Dieter looked around the room, hoping to make eye contact with a sympathetic SPD or DDP member. But none of them looked in his direction.

Hitler shot another hand up. His voice went calm again. As his eyes glistened into the light, to most he looked like a savior on the verge of tears. But to Dieter, he looked mad. Insane.

“But there is a sad reality in what he says. Ever since his first successful pro-PK bill passed eight years ago, he’s devoted his entire political career to clinging onto the notion that a democracy is as functional as the people who participate. That having people participate in it is what keeps it going. And he’s right,” Hitler admitted. “That’s the cruelest machination of this failing Weimar Republic. It gives the people the illusion of hope. That they have a choice in the matter. A false sense of individuality in an ocean of collective thought. That’s how this evil government keeps Germany shackled and enslaved to a failed system. It’s their failures that led Germany to this point, and it’s the people that suffer the consequences of this giant lie of a democracy!”

Like dominos, members of the Reichstag began standing up. Some of them were yelling, some were banging on the desk, others were just listening, nodding in agreement. One person began clapping. Then another, then another. Soon the whole Nazi side of the Reichstag was applauding their party leader. Even some of the SPD were slightly nodding along. Dieter felt sick.

Hitler released any semblance of sanity left in him, as he unleashed all of his rage. “What we TRULY need, is a strong leader to lead this nation into a golden age of greatness. A leader who is not afraid to do what needs to be done! To cut away the rotten limbs of the Weimar Republic and the parasites that cling to its corpse! And I vow to be that leader! With the NSDAP, we vow to return Germany to its former glory, and to throw away democracy-loving obstacles, like Dieter Heinrich and his pitiful PK Committee, out of our way for good!”

Dieter was deafened by the sonic-level volume of applause and cheering. Even a few SPD members were clapping, albeit not as fervently as the Nazis. As for the rest of the Reichstag, only 40 of them were not standing. The rest were standing up, giving a standing ovation. Even if Dieter had the perfect counterargument, no one could hear him, as everyone was screaming, shouting, cheering, and applauding. Hitler received this praise with open arms. He bowed his head and waved to the crowd. The members were chanting his name.