

— *July 15th, 1925. Rabauke Beer Hall, 8:50 P.M.* —

Aigis returned to the beer hall to check with Hitler if there was anything else he needed her to do before she clocked in for the night. When she entered the hall, she found he was by himself, sitting at a table and pensively drinking a glass of water. There were a few other remaining SA members, but they were cleaning up the place. Aigis decided to perch in the seat adjacent to the party leader.

“Good evening, Aigis.” He greeted her, waving.

“Why do you drink water, Herr Hitler?” Aigis questioned casually.

“Because we need it to live?” He joked, exhaling a bit through his nose.

“I mean, you’re at a beer hall. Why come here if you don’t want the beer?”

Hitler turned to her with a half-smirk on his face. “I don’t see you drinking liquor. Why do *you* come here?”

Aigis paused before answering, “The people, I guess.”

Hitler confidently pointed at her, still gripping his other four fingers on the condensing glass. “Exactly. It’s the people that bring us together.”

Aigis leaned back on her seat. “You didn’t answer my alcohol question.”

“I hate alcohol.” Hitler confessed, staring into the glass of water.

“Why?”

He waved her off with his free hand as he went to take another sip. “I don’t know, something dumb happened last time and it was humiliating.”

“I try not to drink alcohol either. A psychokinetic needs a clear mind and a healthy body at all times.”

“Actually, you came at a pretty good time,” Hitler switched subjects, setting down his glass of water. “I had a request for you. You don’t have to do it tonight, but I would greatly appreciate your help on this.”

Aigis nodded and leaned forward. Hitler continued, “I need you to bring something to me.”

“But I’m just a scharführer, sir. Why is this a job for me?”

“It’s about Psychokinetic affairs. It’s a job only you are capable of.” Hitler assured her. Aigis started biting her nails.

“Go on.”

His eyes darted about, thinking about what he wanted to say next. “There’s this alleged Psychokinetic town in Hesse called Weisheitsbach. I’ve heard a rumor of Psychokinetic books being held in the library there. I want you to find those books for me.”

“You want me to burn them?” Aigis growled, almost too eagerly. She had been preoccupied with living on the streets to think about her vow.

“No, no. Nothing like that. I just want you to collect them and bring them back to me.” Hitler clarified. Aigis raised an eyebrow.

“What do you plan on doing with them?”

“Nothing major yet. I want to understand more of the Psychokinetic. His mind, his process. That knowledge could be useful for our campaign in the future.”

Aigis crossed her legs. “From Munich, Hesse is pretty far.”

Hitler shook his head. “That’s no issue. I can arrange for you a vehicle. You can take twelve of the boys with you for protection if you so desire.”

Aigis rested her head on her fist. This wouldn't be the easiest request in the world, but if it helps her and Hitler get one step closer to ending the Psychokinetic order in Germany, this would be more than beneficial to her.

"I'll do it." She confirmed. Hitler grinned. He leaned forward to shake her hand, which Aigis gladly took. They shared a firm handshake before Hitler spoke.

"I know I can count on you. Will you be ready for the trip in, say, two days?"

"That'll be more than enough time to prepare." She reassured him. Hitler released her hand. He took a big swig from his water glass, finishing the last few drops.

"Sounds good. I'll see you on the 17th then. Have a great rest of your night."

Aigis stood up tall. She extended her right arm out and gave him a stiff salute. Hitler returned her salute, and Aigis turned around to exit the beer hall.