

— *May 11th, 1933. Reichstag, 8:10 A.M.* —

Things in the Reichstag for Dieter had soured tremendously following the Nazis' rise to the top. He no longer engaged in heated, yet intellectual, debates with the other representatives. Now all he did was sit in his chair and sit quietly while he watched Hitler's laws pass with minimal resistance. The German government had no more power; the Reichstag was now only a formality. He felt like he failed his people, now that Psychokinetic rights were now up to the normal citizens of Germany to uphold, as the government was no longer obligated to enforce protection of the group.

Dieter came into the Reichstag one sultry morning to continue work. He really didn't have a reason to be here anymore. He would have returned to Magierhain and spent time with his family and friends back home. But somehow, he felt as if he would be failing them if he simply gave up and surrendered to the new swastika-waving overlords. However, today something was off. The building was a lot emptier. All the Nazi representatives and personnel were there, but he didn't see anybody from any opposing party. It was as if they had vanished. The sound of his footsteps echoing the hall became much louder, and it made him feel rather uneasy.

As Dieter was about to enter the assembly hall, one of the members of the Honor Guard stepped out from the shadows and barred his way. The Honor Guard soldier looked young, in his early to mid twenties, and was a bit taller than Dieter. He wore the standard uniform: A black SS uniform with a red swastika armband on the left sleeve, and a black helmet.

"What are you doing here?" the Honor Guard member asked Dieter, staring at him intently.

"Uh, I work here?" Dieter responded nervously, confused as to what the soldier was getting at.

The soldier narrowed his eyes at Dieter, and said, “You shouldn’t be here.”

Dieter laughed in a somewhat cocky manner. “I can assure you, I am a Reichstag representative, and I am authorized to be here.”

The guard rolled his eyes and sighed before pulling out a pocketbook. “Name?”

“Psychokinetic Committee Chairman Dieter Heinrich. I’ve been with the Social Democratic Party of Germany since 1920.” The guard licked his thumb and shuffled through the pages in the book. After a moment of silence, he finally found the page. The soldier looked up at Dieter, his expression a little bit more serious than before. Dieter gulped.

“You’re not supposed to be here. Leave now.”

Dieter threw his arms up in surrender. “I don’t know what to tell you, kid, but I work here. You can call my superiors and they will confirm this fact.”

“Sir,” The young guard chuckled. “If you keep resisting, I am authorized to use force to remove you. So if I were you, I would walk away right now.”

Some footsteps came from behind the guard and he stepped to the right. Hitler emerged, holding a bunch of papers in his hand. The guard saluted, standing up straight.

“Chancellor, you came at a great time.” Dieter sighed with relief, walking up to Hitler. The guard instinctively stepped in between Dieter and the Nazi Leader. Hitler waved him away.

“Sir, he says he’s with the SPD.” The guard responded to his leader. Hitler nodded to himself in realization.

“Oh, I see what’s going on here.” Hitler grinned in an oddly unnerving way.

“What?” Dieter demanded, confused.

“I suppose you haven’t heard about that, either.”

“Maybe because everyone in the damn Nazi Party always keeps secrets from me.” Dieter rolled his eyes, taking the words to heart, though he didn't show it. Hitler shifted the papers from one hand to another. Dieter looked at them, noticing they were manila folders of some kind. He assumed they must have been official documents.

“The SPD has been officially disbanded.”

At this point, Dieter was too drained to react to this news. He wanted to get angry. He wanted to be frustrated. But after the months of violence against him for his party, as well as the Nazis' rise to power, he just didn't have the energy anymore.

“Seriously?”

“We felt as though opposing political parties were counterproductive to the progress of restoring the glory of the nation.”

“So where did the other representatives go?”

“That doesn't concern you.”

“What happens to me now?”

“You can continue doing work for the Nazi Party,” Hitler suggested with a warm smile, offering a hand. “You're quite a skilled leader. We could use someone like you on our side.”

Dieter crossed his arms. “And if I refuse?”

“Then I suggest you find work elsewhere. Or you can go home to your family.”

Dieter was too out of it to offer much of a response. He simply nodded, turned around and walked away. The guard and Hitler watched him as he walked down the hallway, and out of the Reichstag.

“Chancellor, if I may?” The guard asked, stepping back next to the Nazi leader.

Hitler turned his head towards the soldier, and asked, “Yes, what is it, Hanson?”

“He was with the SPD, right?”

“What of it?”

“I thought you sent all of the opposing party members to the Oranienburg camp.”

“Dieter Heinrich doesn’t pose an immediate threat to us. I’ll let him go for now.”