

— *July 11th, 1921. Munich Art Gallery, 10:00 A.M.* —

The morning after the meeting at the beer hall, Hitler took Aigis and Oswald to the local museum nearby. The museum had been entirely white on its marble interior, with large glass windows at the back. Paintings from a variety of painters hung up on the wall. They were all different styles of art. The one the trio stood in front of was a multicolor painting that made a picture out of several geometric shapes. This must've been that "cubism" art Aigis heard some of the passersby talk about as they stepped over her and Oswald on the street.

"What am I looking at?" Aigis asked.

"A disgrace," Hitler spat in contempt. "This is what passes as art nowadays? Look at it. It is a collection of colors that does not depict anything! What is this nonsense?!"

"Not a fan, Herr Hitler?" Aigis casually asked.

Hitler growled. He marched forward, gesturing at the painting. "This is low effort! A four-year-old could do better!"

Oswald shifted around in his clothes, noticing how angry the man was getting. His voice started reverberating across the halls.

"What kind of art do you like, Herr Hitler?" Oswald asked. The man calmed down and concluded his tirade. He fixed his hair that had messed itself up in the process.

Hitler looked at the young man. The anger dissipated from his face, and he put a hand on his shoulder.

"It's simple," he explained, "I like the arts that speak to me."

"But paintings don't talk." Oswald remarked. Aigis angrily slapped the back of his head.

"He meant *metaphorically*, verdammt." She muttered. Hitler pointed at a nearby painting of a landscape. It was based on the classical art of Ancient Greece or Ancient Rome. It depicted a

battle between Roman soldiers and some barbarians. The colors were muted, and the details were sharp.

“This. Now THIS is the art that really speaks to me. See here, the artist who created this was a realist. He captured the true essence of man in his art, and gave it a beautiful presentation. It was a masterwork of its time.”

Aigis stepped closer to get a better look at the painting. “What is it about?”

“It’s a battle for the Holy Lance,” Hitler explained. “This was near the end of the Roman Empire’s reign. It’s rumored that the empire fell because they lost possession of that spear.”

Aigis raised an eyebrow. There were a lot of questions she wanted to ask.

“Something on your mind?” Hitler questioned.

“What’s a Holy Lance?” Aigis shrugged.

“You don’t know about the Holy Lance?” He scoffed. He stepped aside to allow a family by. He waved politely at them quickly before stepping back into place.

“Nope. Never heard of it.”

“What are you, a Jew?” For a moment, he glared into Aigis’ eyes with a fire. He started laughing when Aigis and Oswald glared at him. “I am just joking. I know you aren’t.”

“So about the Holy Lance?” She cut to the chase.

“The Holy Lance, or the Spear of Longinus, was the spear used to pierce the side of the Savior. They say whoever holds that spear will be granted the power of the world. Allegedly, it’s an old Psychokinetic relic.”

Aigis perked up at this. This was the first interesting thing he said all day. “I didn’t hear a thing about Psychokinetics in your speech last night?”

“Probably because you never paid attention to it in the first place.” Hitler remarked with offense. Aigis leaned over to Oswald.

“Oswald, were you paying attention to his speech?” She whispered.

“Mostly.” He answered simply.

“Give me a ballpark estimate.”

“Like, 80% of the speech. I remember about 60.”

“Did he mention anything about Psychokinetics?”

“I don’t think he did.”

“It’s understandable,” Hitler cleared his throat. “My opinion on Psychokinetics isn’t a priority of the Nazi campaign, so as of right now, I haven’t publicly commented on my stance on the matter.”

“Well, I’d like to hear them.” Aigis volunteered. Hitler covered his mouth.

“It’s interesting. In a way, I sort of feel pity for them.” He declared. Aigis raised an eyebrow. This is the first she’s heard on the topic in at least a couple of years.

“Pity? In what way?”

“They hold powers gifted from God. Yet they’re in communities all across Europe, separate from us. They’ve shed so much blood and had so much of their knowledge destroyed, yet they cling on. They should just give up, and assimilate into the culture they are in. If they don’t, they’ll die out.”

Aigis loosened up the tension in her body that she subconsciously developed. Hitler had such a... unique stance on the issue. Most Germans either wanted them all dead, thought they were a crazy cult, or simply just didn’t think they existed. During her year in the Battalion, all the Psychokinetics she betrayed guilt tripped her into thinking that she was the inhumane monster.

That she just wanted to see the Psychokinetic world burn just because she liked seeing the destruction. Hitler was the first one that had a nuanced opinion on the situation. He shared her opinion on them needing to end, but at the same time, he took no pleasure from it. Like he viewed it as an absolute necessity. Aigis liked that. She felt like she could relate to him.

“That’s part of why I worked with the Battalion. I wanted to put an end to their suffering.”

The older man patted Aigis’ shoulder and looked her in the eye. “And that’s what I like about you, Aigis. You’re not afraid to act on your own views.”

She felt a spark of a weird feeling. It was something she hadn’t felt in years. A spark of warmth. Something she desired from Vergil, but something her father never even bothered to give her.

Hitler pulled back his sleeve and looked at his watch. “Ah, crap. I have another meeting to get to. You two, feel free to stay here and admire the art.”

The short-mustached man saluted with two fingers to bid them farewell. He turned around and began to exit the art gallery.

“Herr Hitler!”

Hitler stopped “Yes?”

“Will you be at that same beer hall?”

“Every Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evening. We would love to have you over again sometime.”

This time, he left for good. Aigis and Oswald were left. Oswald was preoccupied by a statue. He was looking at a Greek statue, specifically the crotch area.

“Eww, that’s gross. Why did they sculpt that?” He gagged.

“If it’s gross, why do you keep looking at it, Oswald?” Aigis groaned. She sounded like a disgruntled older sister.

“I can’t look away!”

Aigis looked up at the statue’s penis alongside Oswald. She jabbed him in the arm.

“I bet you Schultz’s is still smaller than his.” She cheekily grinned. Oswald put a hand to his mouth and snickered like a schoolchild.