

— *March 30th, 1933. Reichstag, 12:30 P.M.* —

Dieter had just returned from an approximately two-month self-appointed vacation. The news about Hitler becoming chancellor of Germany bothered him at a guttural level. No matter how much he thought about it, he couldn't explain what it was about it that bugged him so much. Hitler assured him time and time again that he simply wanted to prioritize the happiness and economic stability of the German people, not to undermine Dieter and his efforts. Or so he said.

Either way, Dieter decided not to let his sabbatical go to waste. He spent nearly every day of his absence to draft a collection of new pro-Psychokinetic bills, so that even though PK rights took a backburner to the current government, he could still ensure that his people could still enjoy their new rights, freedoms and protections that had prospered under the Weimar Republic.

His two months, thus, were well spent. He gathered up the bundle of bills for today, all prepared in a neat stack. He didn't need all of the bills passed, but if he could at least push half of them through the German legislature, his efforts would be more than worthwhile. Within the chamber of the Reichstag, he stood tall at the speaker's podium, surrounded by the Nazi majority Reichstag. He'd noticed the other political parties, including the SPD, took a much more submissive demeanor. role now than they used to, as if afraid of openly opposing what was now the ruling party. A fact that he, somehow, found very infuriating. It made every measure he wanted to pass harder. He looked up at Hitler, who sat in his chair in a bored fashion, eyes half-closed, apparently dozing off a bit.

"Fellow members of the Reichstag," Dieter began, straightening his paper stack. "I've come to propose some new bills."

Nobody said a word to him in response. He continued, “While our nation continues to recover from the devastating economic state, I feel as though now is the time to make sure our Psychokinetic citizens have not been forgotten.”

This made Hitler perk up. He now sat with alerted caution. His bored expression shifted to one of potential annoyance.

“Firstly, although there’s rarely been any stigma against it, I want to confirm that interracial marriage between Psychokinetics and non-Psychokinetics should formally be protected by the—”

“Denied.” Hitler responded firmly, his eyes intensely focusing on Dieter. The Psychokinetic representative looked up at the haughty chancellor.

“Excuse me?” Dieter asked quietly through the microphone.

“All of your proposed bills are denied. Off the table, end of discussion.”

Dieter caught a slight stammer. “But you didn’t let me read my other bills.”

“We don’t have to hear them. This is a trivial matter, Committee Chairman Heinrich.”

The 39-year-old representative pointed behind himself to his fellow Reichstag members. “Forgive me, but we still need to vote on the matter.”

“No we don’t,” Hitler shook his head. He spoke with such a light tone as if he was explaining basic addition to a kindergartener. “Because I already vetoed your proposal.”

“You can’t do that!” Dieter spat.

“He can now,” A voice next to Hitler spoke up. It was Joseph Goebbels, Germany’s Minister of Propaganda. He gave Dieter a haughty, smug sneer as he slowly rose from his seat to stand beside Hitler. From Dieter’s perspective, Goebbels stared down at him as though the

Reichstag chair was the platform of a podium. “Have you heard of the new law titled the ‘Law to Remedy the Distress of the People and the Reich?’”

Dieter furrowed his brow. He tried to read the expressions of the other fellow Reichstag members to try and gauge if they were just as confused as him. They were not.

Goebbels put a knuckle over his mouth and chuckled wryly. “My apologies. You must have still been on your sabbatical when we passed it last week.”

“What is this law?” Dieter asked tentatively. He folded his hands together, anxiously tapping his foot underneath the podium. Goebbels cleared his throat, speaking in a crisp yet authoritative manner.

“The law dictates that the chancellor of Germany can now enact laws without the permission or approval of the Reichstag.”

“Wait... We’re not needed anymore?”

“That is correct,” Goebbels confirmed. “Now that Chancellor Hitler holds full authority of legislation, this whole meeting has been pointless.”

Dieter scanned the room, then turned his back towards the podium. Nobody else was voicing any displeasure to Hitler. There was not an angry, violent objection from a single person in the room. They were content, happy even. Even though Dieter was 39 (Still looked 29), he felt as if he aged 100 years within the span of this one meeting.

“I might sound impudent, but if Chancellor Hitler holds such a power, it kind of makes him sound like a dictator rather than a chancellor, does it not?”

Hitler glared down at him. His eyebrows cast a dark shadow over his eyes. “And is that a problem?”

Dieter wiped the sweat off of the back of his neck. “N-Not at all. I’m just saying, things here have felt less and less like a democracy recently.”

“We tried a democracy, Heinrich. For fourteen years. And what has it gotten us? Poverty? Unemployment? International humiliation? The republic has failed us.” Hitler pounded a fist on his podium.

“But to hold such a drastic deal of power—”

“Germany is desperate. And desperate times call for desperate measures.”

Dieter finally lowered his head in defeat. Being the only one standing up and speaking his mind was infinitely more draining than staying down and mumbling into the void with a straight face.

“I understand.” He surrendered to the mic. He collected his papers and began to walk back to his seat before Hitler stopped him.

“One more thing, Representative.” Dieter snapped his neck up at Hitler, looking at him in confusion. Did he change his mind about something? Instead, the chancellor simply folded his arms, still sitting up from his chair.

“I was reviewing some of your laws and I felt some changes needed to be made.”

“Changes?” Dieter echoed.

“I felt as though your pro-Psychokinetic legislation had been wasting perfectly good government resources and taxpayer money. Regretfully, I had to strike down all of your laws.”

Dieter lost his ability to speak. He lost his entire ability to function. None of his words that bubbled up to his lips could articulate anything. All he could muster out were sad, pathetic whispers, ones that were inaudible to anyone other than himself. 13 years of progress. This was all he pushed for since the moment he first stepped into the Reichstag building in 1920 as a

young, plucky 26-year-old. All the pushing, advocating, hand-shaking, back-scratching...All he ever tried to do was ensure that Psychokinetics wouldn't have to experience a living hell within their lifetimes ever again. And for a time, he guaranteed they'd progress toward a safer, more tolerant world.

Those 13 grueling years of progress just crumbled apart in one session. Dieter gathered himself and looked up with his saddened, defeated, yet passive facade. Hitler smiled. A calm, cold smile that looked satisfied, but not explicitly malicious. Dieter fought a little more than he expected, but Dieter still fell without much resistance. As Dieter slunk back to his seat, his PK committee looked at him for some sort of silent reassurance. Seeing their chairman's slow steps and heavy hung-head demeanor said it all. Otto Wels patted Dieter on the shoulder.

"I tried to stop the law, Dieter," He regretfully lamented. "I really did."