

— June 30th, 1924. Reichstag Building, 8:00 A.M. —

Otto Wels, the current party leader of the SPD, approached the Reichstag Building this early June morning followed by all of the other Reichstag members. Now that the hyperinflation was starting to die down with the introduction of the Rentenmark, the party had to find another issue to vote on. As Wels approached the building, he froze. The other politicians froze as well. Dieter, Frieda, and what appeared to be an army of random citizens stood in front of the building. Frieda had her hands laced in front of her body in a slightly nervous manner, while Dieter had his arms crossed triumphantly.

“Good morning, fellas.” He greeted the group with a nod.

“Heinrich,” Wels stammered. “Who the hell are these people?”

“Oh, them?” Dieter asked, looking back at the large number of citizens. “This is a group of about 20,000 German Psychokinetic citizens who reside here in Berlin *alone*.”

“Are you still on that whole ‘untapped minority of voters’ thing? Berlin has four million citizens in it, this is hardly anything.” Wittman argued. Dieter simply clicked his tongue, wagging his finger.

“I didn’t say this was the whole population. These were just the individuals who took their time to come out here this morning.”

“Let me guess,” Wels began. “This is about those Psychokinetic protection laws you want to pass so badly.”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Frieda shrugged, feigning ignorance. She turned to the crowd behind her. “What do you guys think? Should those laws be passed?”

The group erupted into a loud roar of agreement, shouting their support of the bill. The politicians were stunned, not having expected such a response. They had underestimated how

many psychokinetics there actually were in the city, and now they were standing before an entire army of them. And if what Dieter said was true about them only being a fraction of the population.

“That enough of an answer for you?” Dieter smugly asked the politician. Wels scooted his way through the crowd, holding the Reichstag keys.

“Come on. We’re going to vote on this, here and now.”

All the other Reichstag members filed into the building. All of the Psychokinetic supporters stood patiently outside of the front steps. Dieter and Dieter alone walked in confidently, adjusting his tie.

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“I have with me here now a set of three proposed laws,” Dieter spoke proudly into the podium microphone. “The first law is a bill that, if passed, will hold perpetrators of Anti-Psychokinetic hate crimes to the exact same standard as any other crime. The second grants Psychokinetic citizens miscellaneous governmental protections, such as being unjustly fired, the right to a fair trial, and other basic human rights. The third law declares it illegal to erase any form of Psychokinetic history, and that it is the duty of the Weimar Republic to protect and preserve such history.”

“Question!” Wittman shot up. “Why should we care?”

“After your ‘hyperinflation is just a phase bit’, I’m less inclined to take you seriously.” Goeppert fought back.

“I have a legitimate gripe,” Another legislator jumped in. “Right now, the faith in the Republic is shaky at best. How is catering to a voter base of an ancient religion going to help matters?”

“I assure you,” Dieter straightened his posture. “This is well worth the risk. Doing the math alone, there are about 500,000 Psychokinetic citizens in Berlin. That is thirteen percent of the city’s total population. Imagine how many there are nationally. If we can service the needs of the Psychokinetic population, that’s more voters willing to participate in the democracy. And a democracy is only functional if every citizen is willing to participate. Why cripple ourselves by blocking off a huge chunk of our voter base?”

The entire legislative body mulled over Dieter’s passionate speech. Not a soul dared to utter a word. They had been beaten, and they knew it. After a long silence, the parliament member who had questioned the laws finally stood up.

“Let us vote on the matter.” Wels announced. Everyone stood and lined up. They voted by walking past the box of voting slips and slipping one into their respective ballot box. Each slip held two yes or no questions, both of which had to be filled out. Once every legislator had cast their vote, Wels grabbed the slip box and dumped the results onto the floor. After the votes had been counted, Otto Wels, the current Chancellor of the SPD, picked up a microphone and walked back up to the podium.

“As the head of the governing party, it is my duty to announce the final tally,” Wels started, glancing over at the paper. “Out of 400 votes, 250 voted yes on the three laws, 50 voted no, and one hundred abstained. The laws have passed.”

While the Reichstag erupted into a low murmur, Dieter felt a giant weight lift off of his chest. It was the greatest feeling he had experienced in a long while. Three years of struggle and he was finally getting somewhere.