

— *May 9th, 1910. Ruheplatz Schoolhouse, 11 A.M.* —

Things have changed dramatically over the last four years. Aigis, now wanting to go to the Promised Land of her own accord, willingly trained with Vergil as much as she could, learning all types of offensive magic. She now had a good grasp on ground, gravity and lightning spells, but energy attacks were by far her specialty. Vergil was still extremely ruthless in her training, as Aigis had to deal with fighting black eyes, burn marks, and other injuries. It was gruesome between the long hours and horrific injuries, but she wanted this. But the young girl had become a prodigy of psychokinesis, impressing even Vergil's high expectations. But of course, he never said it to her face.

Frieda on the other hand lived her life pretty freely. Vergil did not pressure her at all to awaken nor did he mention a word of psychokinetic texts. She spent her time drawing and playing with her toys, waiting for her sister Aigis to return from training. Frieda would share her drawings with Aigis, and the two worked on a few art projects together, as well as reading some books. Frieda went wherever Aigis went, following her like an excited, curious puppy. Frieda always looked to Aigis as a pillar. The loss of Johanna made Aigis even more of a mother figure to her younger sister. Irma, despite only being Frieda's mother, still treated both girls as if they were her own.

But about three years ago, the girls had a major change in their lives: Irma enrolled them in the local schoolhouse. She credited her decision to their lack of social interaction with people their age. At first, Vergil was extremely enraged at her for not consulting him about the idea at first. But after some gentle nudging from Irma, he let it go.

The Ruheplatz schoolhouse was incredibly tiny, as Aigis and Frieda's class, the class of 1918, only had ten children in total. Their teacher, Frau Schlaeger, was an older woman, but was

very patient and kind with the children. She taught every subject to them, from mathematics to literature. Since the class was so tiny, Aigis and Frieda became close friends with all of their classmates. Mainly Gisela Shulman, a girl Aigis had been acquainted with for a couple of years whenever their moms would run into each other at the general store.

One day, the kids were outside for lunch and recess. Aigis, Frieda, and Gisela sat on the steps to the schoolhouse, watching the other kids play and run around. Aigis was a very popular girl, and many of the other kids would approach her and Frieda. But she wasn't just popular, she was an inspiration. Aigis was very smart and well-mannered. Many of the kids would approach her for help on homework and would look up to her as an idol. Frieda would often feel a bit jealous of her popularity, but Aigis would always disarm her with a hug or a kiss, followed by a promise that she will always be Frieda's sister.

While the girls sat, watching the other kids, Aigis said, "Did Karl-Heinz's mother cut his hair over the weekend?"

Gisela giggled with a hand in front of her mouth. Karl-Heinz Barkhausen wore a hat to school this morning, even though he never wore hats. But when he went to go play catch with the other boys, the wind blew it off, revealing a horribly cut hairstyle. His mother probably used a bowl as a guide.

"That haircut had to be a punishment of sorts," Gisela replied, holding her stomach and laughing. "There's no way his mom would just let him go out in public like that."

"I heard he got in trouble for eating all of his mother's shortbread cookies while she was sleeping."

"How'd he get caught?" Frieda asked. Aigis took a bite out of her bread.

“Hid the tray under his bed. Nobody noticed for five days before his mom found a bunch of ants and rats in his room. She was so furious, she grabbed a bowl and some scissors and went to town.”

“If anything like that happens to me, you two would tell me, right?” Gisela asked for reassurance. The two girls nodded. Gisela sighed with relief and drank a glass of chocolate milk with both hands. When she lowered the glass, the two girls had to fight the urge to laugh. On top of Gisela’s lip, a clear trail of chocolate milk. Aigis had pretty good control over her laughter, but not Frieda. Her entire face turned a beet red as she laughed uncontrollably. Gisela was puzzled.

“What is it?” She questioned.

Aigis snickered once again. “Nothing.” She probably should’ve said something to her, but Gisela was always in a gossipy mood. Aigis always found it annoying, so she was in no hurry to say anything to the unsuspecting girl. They continued watching the boys in silence. Suddenly, a ball gets launched at Frieda, smacking her square in the forehead and landing in her lap. A redheaded boy, Otto Ackmann, approached the poor girl, scratching the back of his head.

“Oh, Frieda,” He chuckled. “I didn’t see you there.”

Frieda angrily snatched the ball, got up and marched towards Otto. She shoved the ball back onto his chest. “This is the THIRD time in recess, Otto.”

“Hey, I said I was sorry!” He smirked. “Can’t a guy afford to be clumsy these days?”

Karl-Heinz and the other boy, Franz-Josef, started laughing behind him. Aigis crossed her arms and leaned on the wall to the schoolhouse.

“If it means talking to you some more, then I’m not complaining.” He winked at Frieda.

“You can use your words, Otto,” She bit back. “Why do you keep throwing your balls in our direction?”

“Why do you keep picking them up for me?” He retorted. “You’re not my mom, right?”

Frieda was visibly flustered and blushed. Otto kept staring at her, trying to read her body language. He waved a hand in front of her face.

“Otto!” Karl-Heinz shouted. Otto looked back. “We gotta continue the game!”

“Fiiiiine,” He shrugged. “Thanks again, Frieda! Later!” He saluted with two fingers and ran back to the group of boys. Frieda sighed and walked back to her spot. Aigis and Gisela couldn’t stop grinning. Frieda looked over to the two with an annoyed expression.

“What?”

“I’m not going to tell anyone,” Gisela squeaked. “But do you—”

“Nope. I don’t.” Frieda almost shot down immediately.

“Are you s—”

“I said I don’t!” She defensively stomped. Aigis grinned, exposing the gap in her teeth. Aigis pulled out a crumpled piece of paper from her bag. She flipped the wrinkled paper over and began reading.

“April 30, 1910. Today in class, Otto kept throwing paper at me. Is it weird I kinda like it?” She began reading. Frieda screamed angrily, running over to Aigis and blindly swung at her, trying to snatch the paper back. Aigis stood up and held the paper over her head so she couldn’t reach it. “I’m already distracted by his red hair enough, having to look him in the face makes it so I can’t think of anything else but him. Question: What color does black and red make when you—”

“SHUT UP!” She finally swatted the paper out of Aigis’ fingers. She tore it up aggressively and sat back down, arms crossed.

“Okay, I’ll stop.” Aigis laughed.

“I hate you.” Frieda whined, arms crossed. Aigis pulled her into a hug, Frieda not budging an inch. For the rest of recess, Aigis stroked Frieda’s hair to help soothe her annoyance.