Ruheplatz was a small village built on the west side of the Weser River. It was a little ways away from any other big town or city in Lower Saxony, the closest being Hanover. Even then, Hanover was still about 62 miles (100 kilometers) southeast, across the Weser. Ruheplatz was incredibly tiny, only home to 200 residents. It was the type of small town where everyone knew everyone else and the villagers always helped each other out, but at the same time, the villagers kept to themselves and respected their neighbors' privacy. It had the necessities every other town in Europe had: Homes, a clinic, a general store, a post office, a schoolhouse, a church, an inn and a pub.

The largest house in Ruheplatz was a little ways away from the rest of the homes, closer to the Weser River itself. It was more of a mansion, but still smaller than many other mansions in Europe. The mansion was built with dark gray bricks, the roof was shingled with red clay, the windows were all paned glass, and the backyard was the open space leading up to the river. And by the river was a tall tree with thick, heavy branches.

On top of the branches were two young girls. Five-year-old Aigis and four-year-old Frieda. Aigis had shoulder-length blonde hair, pale skin, blue eyes, a light tan dress and sandals. Frieda had black hair tied in twin tails, ponytails, green eyes, a dark blue dress and black slippers. Aigis sat upright at the base of the branch while Frieda clung onto the branch with her whole body like a nervous koala. Her eyes shut tight, tears wringing out of the corner of her eyes.

"Aigis! I wanna get down!" Frieda wailed, trembling on the branch.

"Frieda, it's okay. The view up here is great." Aigis leaned forward to rub Frieda's back.

She shook her head vehemently. "I'm not looking!"

Aigis reached farther and took Frieda's hand gently. She cupped her fingers in her palm. "Listen to me. I got you. If you fall, I'll catch you."

"...You mean it?"

Aigis gave a confident "mhm" with a nod. Frieda, with trembling arms, slowly pushed herself up to properly sit up straight. Aigis scooched closer and held Frieda in her arms to keep her from falling off the tree.

"You can open them now." she whispered gently.

Frieda, with a shaking breath, opened her eyes slowly. A gasp left her lips. Before her was a beautiful sight. The waters of the Weser sparkled a bright blue under the rays of the sun. The sky barely had any clouds, and the few drifting in the hue of blue were stringy, cirrus clouds. The wind rustled the two children's hair, but not too much.

"Told you." Aigis smirked. Frieda giggled, her cheeks fading into a shade of red. All the while, her heart pounded against her ribcage. Being so high off the ground was such a scary, yet intriguing feeling to her. Frieda inched away from Aigis and began crawling towards the edge of the branch. It was a cautious, yet trusting crawl. From the new view, she could see the birds more clearly, and the way the sun shifted made the lush, green grass reflect into her eye.

Crack

Aigis shot up straight, looking around. Her pupils darted around rapidly. "Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" Frieda chirped blissfully.

Crack

The branch didn't budge an inch. But Aigis, without knowing, lunged forward.

SNAP!

The branch snapped in half, causing Frieda to fall back. Aigis stretched out her hand, hoping to catch her. Their fingers grazed tips, but to no avail. Frieda barreled towards the ground back-first as she let out a shrill scream. Aigis' blood pumped and the world around her slowed down, thinking of any ways to stop or break her fall. Nothing comes to mind. In vain, Aigis outstretched her hand toward Frieda again, even though she was now meters in the air.

Suddenly, a vibrating wave rippled through the air, the sound of a low hum buzzing through Aigis ears. Frieda's body flew back and landed right into the Weser. For a brief moment, Aigis was confused. She was sure with the way Frieda was falling, she would've smacked right onto the ground, covered in grass blades, dirt, worms and rosy red bruises.

Frieda broke the surface of the water, coughing and spluttering. She had very minimal knowledge of how to swim, but even that wouldn't help her, as the dress was now weighing her down. Frieda frantically tried to lift her arms out of the water, but they just flapped about. Her head dipped below the water, before quickly resurfacing.

"Frieda!" Aigis shouted. She bent her knees to leap off the tree before looking down. If she landed on her feet, she'd probably snap both her ankles, if not, shatter them. She took a deep breath, ran to the chuck of the tree and hugged it as she slid down to the ground, tiny splinters injecting themselves into the tips of her fingers. When she finally hit the ground, she let go, rolled over, stood back up and sprinted to the water. Halfway through running towards the river, a loud voice pierced through the air.

"What's going on here?!" A man's voice boomed. Aigis stopped in her tracks. She turned to face Vergil. Vergil Schumacher was a tall man in his early forties with graying short black hair. He wore a white shirt, a black tie, black pants, a black jacket and black dress shoes. Even though he ran over here, there wasn't even a drop of sweat anywhere on his head.

"Papa, I—"

Vergil took a hand and shoved Aigis gently to the side. He waltzed over to the river to see Frieda still struggling to keep herself above water. He closed his eyes and shook his head. Without a word escaping his lips, he waved his hand upward in one swift motion. Frieda's body emerged out of the water slowly, water leaking from the tips of her fingers, hair and her soaked dress. She hacked up a lung. Vergil then waved his hand toward himself. Frieda drifted over to him and Aigis and he let her down gently on the grass. He then bent down and firmly slapped her back a few times to help her cough up the last bit of freshwater.

"You okay?" Vergil asked

Frieda coughed twice. She meekly nodded. Vergil then turned to Aigis.

"What happened?" His voice was calm, but stern.

Aigis rubbed her arm, avoiding eye contact with her father. "We were up in the tree to look at nature. Then the tree broke off and Frieda fell."

Vergil looked over to the tree Aigis was pointing to with a shaking finger. He turned back to the five-year-old. "If she fell, wouldn't she have hit the ground."

"When I reached her, something came from my hand."

He raised one eyebrow. "Did it?"

"Mhm."

"Do you know what it was?"

"A wave thingy. Like, a water wave but with air."

Vergil stayed silent for a moment. "And you're SURE that's what happened?"

Another silent nod, this time Aigis giving Vergil small intervals of eye contact. Vergil stroked his chin and smirked. He stood up and slowly guided Frieda back on her own two feet. Frieda's whole body is shivering, her hair masking her eyes.

"Come inside." Vergil ordered, patting Frieda on the back. Aigis trailed behind the two as they walked up the hill back to the house. Vergil replayed Aigis' testimony in his mind. All the while with a grin plastered on his face, exposing the small gap in his teeth.