

— *July 10th, 1921. Rabauke Beer Hall, 11:50 P.M.* —

Aigis and Oswald took a seat somewhere in the center of the beer hall for Hitler's next speech. From what they've heard from random members of his SA paramilitary, he was the best speaker Europe had the glory to witness. Aigis didn't care much to listen to a speech, but she just needed an excuse to actually be inside of a building. Oswald was just along for the ride.

"This is a full-on war within our country, and there are two factions fighting in it: The noble communists and righteous Jews versus the cunning Germans—" Hitler cut himself off upon making his mistake. He slammed his fist on the podium and let out a frustrated scream. "I mean—! The noble and righteous Germans versus the cunning Jews and anarchic communists!"

Everyone in the crowd cheered at the man. He had made an honest mistake, and instead of ridiculing him, his crowd was supportive of his cause. Aigis didn't get it. This guy sucked. Yet they made him sound like some next generation prophet of a new Germany. Aigis started to slouch. She gave up completely on looking interested in this man's rantings. She glanced over at Oswald sitting next to her. He sat up completely straight and had his fingers laced. His posture was too perfect. He wasn't paying attention either. He just cared enough to make it look like he did.

"Proud German veterans, is this the life you truly want to live? You can do so much better! You can go back home and be with your families! We have a better world coming, and I swear to you that we will reach it if you stay with me through this revolution! We will start a glorious, new...!"

Hitler paused with a finger up. He stammered. His eyes darted around as if he was trying to come up with something. It looked like he had a word stuck in his throat. Aigis and Oswald

both cocked an eyebrow. A woman wearing a large brown jacket walked up behind Hitler, and whispered something into his ear.

“Utopia.” She whispered. Hitler grinned and nodded to the woman. He then looked back out to his crowd and yelled,

“A glorious, new German utopia for all our brethren to live in! Our time is nigh!”

“Gott, could this get any worse?” Aigis muttered angrily at herself. As if comedically timed, Aigis felt something cold pour down her uniform coat. She looked down to find a glass of beer spilled on her. It dripped from her coat to the floor. Her jaw dropped, and her eye twitched. A very drunk Schultz slapped her back hard.

“My bad, Greenie,” He laughed, followed by a hiccup. He then continued to drunkenly walk away, swaying from side to side. Aigis threw her arms up and stood up from her chair, walking towards the exit.

“Wait, where are you going?” Oswald whispered to her.

“This speech is a travesty. I’m going back to the streets.” Aigis whispered back.

“But this speech is so BORING! My face is sore from smiling and my neck hurts from nodding at every statement!”

“Have fun here, Oswald.” Aigis brushed him off.

“Don’t leave me here!” He cried. Aigis was already out the door. Hitler stayed silent as he watched the young woman walk out of the beer hall. He whispered something to the lady before hopping off stage.

“Herr Adolf Hitler will take a brief recess. He will return shortly, thank you all for your patience.”

Outside, Hitler found Aegis leaning up against the wall of the beer hall, staring up at the night sky. Not many cars or people were out this late. There were still some cars passing by on the roads, though. They didn't seem to be driving anywhere in particular, just taking a slow drive down the road. The moon was full and beautiful, and the stars were out.

"I couldn't help but notice all the commotion you two caused out here today." Hitler said as he approached her. Aegis didn't move. She didn't even flinch.

"No offense, Herr Hitler. But your speeches are terrible." Aegis spoke dryly. Hitler didn't seem phased. If anything, he was amused.

"My speaking skills were greatly exaggerated. I still try to work on them."

"Maybe you should."

"Look, it was too much of me to try to get you to our side right when we met—"

Aegis stared daggers at the man. "So you WERE trying to sell me something?"

Hitler held his hands up defensively. "I admit, I'm a man with an agenda. But right now, all that matters is that we're on good terms."

Aegis squinted at him. She couldn't get a read on him and his motives. Was he genuinely a good guy, or did he just want her on his side for personal gain.

"I can tell you still feel a little uneasy about me. Perhaps a change of pace will change your mind about me and our cause," He said, pulling out a bunch of tickets to a random location. "Munich has this art gallery I frequent. I have a bunch of spare tickets if you would like to come."

Aegis stopped leaning on the wall. She crossed her arms. "Maybe. But on one condition."

"You want your friend Oswald to come as well?"

"If there's no Oswald, I'm not in."

“I have enough tickets to bring an army if we wanted. Your friend is more than welcome to join us.”

“Then I’ll see you then.” Aigis agreed. Hitler turned around and went back inside the beer hall to continue his speech, the doors letting out a raucous cheer as he entered the establishment. To be honest, she didn’t really understand art that well. She didn’t understand it at all, in fact. She didn’t particularly care for this Nazi party or the beer hall either. It was just something to do. Maybe there would be more interesting things at the art gallery. And besides, she didn’t just want to abandon Oswald in there with those drunk cavemen.