

Note: Gruppenführer (Lit: Group Leader) was a Nazi paramilitary rank. It was a very high rank, equivalent to a Major General.

— *August 17th, 1934. Berlin, 8:00 A.M.* —

On a beautiful Friday morning, Aigis had not put on her uniform yet, and instead walked around one of the Nazi buildings, this time in casual clothes. The reason being that she got a message from Himmler telling her to come here outside of her uniform. Even though Himmler was technically her boss, she wasn't terribly close to the man, so she had no clue what he wanted her for.

Regardless, she met him at the appointed time. Himmler stood by the door in his usual docile manner, donning his black service uniform.

“Good morning, Aigis.” He greeted her stiffly. Although he was a cordial man, his stiffness mixed with her general nerdy appearance could sometimes come off as creepy.

“Reichsführer Himmler,” She greeted him back, saluting him. “What did you need me for?”

“We finally have your reward ready.” He announced.

“Reward?”

“For killing Dieter Heinrich. Our apologies, but the checks on the Führer's power prevented us from bestowing these upon you sooner. Now that we're in total control, I've arranged it for you.”

Aigis gleefully smirked at her superior. “So don't keep me in suspense. What is it?”

“It's more like *three* gifts,” Himmler explained. He walked over to behind a desk and pulled out a cardboard box. “For your first gift...”

Himmler opened the flaps of the box and reached inside. He pulled out the contents and marched over to Aigis. He presented what he was holding to her. “Your brand new uniform.”

Aigis examined the uniform in Himmler’s hands. It was another black Allgemeine SS (General SS) uniform that she had worn before. Except this time, there were a couple of differences. The brown shirt that she wore under the black suit had been replaced with a white dress shirt. That, and the gorget patches on the blazer collar had been changed. Before, her collar held the SS rune on the right side, and three notches on the left. This uniform had a leaf-like emblem with a notch. They were on both patches, mirroring each other. She accepted the uniform and immediately went to put it on.

After five minutes of getting dressed, Aigis came out, standing tall in the new uniform. Even though the differences were minor, the uniform felt like it carried more authority than the old one. The color clash between the white dress shirt and the black uniform stood out like a beacon, which instilled her with an invigorating feeling of power and a commanding presence.

Himmler grinned before going back to the box. This time, he pulled out a knife. The sheath was black with silver stripes.

“This is the SS-Ehrendolch,” He began. Himmler took his gloved hands and unsheathed the dagger, revealing the blade. It was a long and shiny piece of steel, reflecting the sunlight that trickled in from the slits of the window blinds. He offered the weapon to Aigis, hilt-first. “This is a ceremonial dagger. Only the elite of the SS may wield this. Consider it a mark of status for your accomplishments and loyalty.”

Aigis carefully took the Ehrendolch from his hands and studied the blade. She took a step back and drew the weapon. It felt comfortable and smooth in her hands. It was a perfect size for her. She proudly hung the knife sheath off of her left hip and returned her focus to Himmler.

“For the third reward, come with me.” He ordered. He and Aigis strolled side-by-side down the hallway, the only sounds coming from the collective marching of their shoes.

“You know,” Himmler broke the silence. “A lot of people criticize the Golden Battalion for how ineffective they were during the Great War.”

“You’re telling me,” Aigis riffed. “They needed me to do their jobs properly. And even then, it was too late.”

“Well,” Himmler adjusted his glasses. “Truth be told, I always liked the idea of them. A military force dedicated to the handling of Psychokinetics. It’s such a shame they were held back by their lack of technology and general ineptitude.”

“Why bring up old history now?” Aigis asked, turning her head to him.

“A while back, I got an idea. What if we brought back the Golden Battalion, but ironed out the kinks that led to their untimely demise and horrible reputation?” He proposed. The two had finally reached the end of the second floor hallway they’d been walking down. Himmler reached for the doorknob, but before opening the door, he gained a smirk. His glasses shined in a way to hide his weasel eyes. “Which brings us to your third and final reward.”

Himmler threw the door open and gestured for Aigis to walk outside. It led to an outside balcony that overlooked a stone courtyard. When Aigis looked down, she grasped the marble railing of the balcony. Under her were about 30,000 SS men, standing all in perfect rows. In front of each row stood one of the superior officers. There were three sections of SS members, each in perfect squares of 10,000. To her left, they were all Allgemeine-SS, all of them clad in the same black uniform that she wore. The middle group was Waffen-SS (Armed SS) soldiers. They all wore field gray army uniforms, adorned with collar, shoulder, and sometimes sleeve patches. They all had stahlhelm helmets strapped to their heads, and to their sides held Karabiner 98b

rifles. And the right group was a mix of men and women wearing lab coats. In front of all three groups of 10,000 stood three officers, each wearing their respective group's uniform.

In the middle of the armed group, Oswald kept fiddling with his new helmet. He felt the chin strap made the helmet press down on his head too hard. Because he was a sturmmann, he was standing in the back, so he couldn't clearly see who was standing on top of the balcony.

"Why is this helmet so funky?" He muttered. His commanding officer turned around and slapped him.

"Shut it, Volkmann! Don't embarrass us in front of the Reichsführer!"

Aigis was stunned by the large crowd she stood over. Her eyes couldn't find one point to focus on, so she kept darting from place to place.

"Sir, what *is* this?"

Himmler joined her at her side. The morning sun reflected off his glasses lenses, obscuring his eyes completely.

"I introduce you to the SS-Silver Knives," He presented, widening his arms out in a dramatic gesture. "Or as I personally like to call it, the Psychokinetic Affairs Division."

Himmler pointed down to the left group. "The Silver Knives is divided into three separate branches, each led by a Gruppenführer. This is the administrative branch. They're responsible for PK logistics, intelligence, and various other administrative duties. They're the operation backbone, led by Gruppenführer Reinhart Dissinger."

Himmler then gestured to the middle group. "This is the armed branch. They're trained and equipped to handle any violent Psychokinetic threats within our borders. They're the defense and military strength, led by Gruppenführer Lorentz Eickoff."

Himmler then pointed to the right group. “And lastly, this is the medical science and research division. They’re in charge of Psychokinetic research, which will allow us to adapt and to understand these alien people. Led by the brilliant Gruppenführer Manuel Fiedler.”

Aigis surveyed the 30,000 men that all silently stared back up at her in perfect uniform. Himmler placed his hand on her shoulder. She turned her head to him. He had a sinister, but confident, smile on his face.

“And the best part?” He sneered. “They’re all yours to command.”

“Wait. They’re all mine?”

“Every last one of them,” Himmler confirmed. “You’re the supreme commander of the Silver Knives. Do you know what that means? You’re on track to having sole control over the Psychokinetic population across all our territories.”

Himmler let that statement sink in. Aigis, still a bit stunned, tried to make sense of what was just said to her. Himmler was practically handing her everything she wanted. She still had been uneasy about Dieter’s murder, since she couldn’t guarantee they would stay down. This was her guarantee.

“Sir, I don’t know how to thank you.” She told him.

Himmler simply chuckled and shook his head. “We should be thanking YOU. You’ve been a vital asset to our campaign against the Psychokinetics. I hope you like your new gifts, *Obergruppenführer* Schumacher.”

With that final emphasis, Himmler left the balcony. Aigis was now alone with her new corps. She stared down at them, taking in their faces and the authority they had given her. Suddenly, all 30,000 gave her the Nazi salute (Oswald accidentally saluted with his left arm instead of his right). With all of them in perfect uniform, the sound of their boots and arms

synchronized together in a beautiful orchestra. Aigis ran her fingers over the new gorget patches of her uniform. She was going to enjoy this.

Final note: Obergruppenführer (Lit: Senior Group Leader) was a Nazi paramilitary rank. Until April 1942, it was the highest attainable rank for an enlisted member.