

— *May 23rd, 1921. Saxony, 9:20 A.M.* —

Frieda now has spent about three years in the wild training her powers under Lui. The ghost boy had seen many psychokinetics come and go over the past 100 years of him training, but none of them even came close to how not only strong Frieda had become in such a short amount of time, but how quickly she managed to grasp the basics of the technique and apply them in her own way. She had already learned how to do things as complex as levitating several objects at once, how to adapt her psychokinesis to fit a particular situation, and even a couple of techniques where she can effectively conserve Auras if she was in a tight pinch. If he didn't believe she was of ancient blood before, he definitely believed her now.

On this spring day, Lui stood across from the now 21-year-old Frieda. She was now holding her bindle over her shoulder. Lui clapped for her. He had aged his spirit form to match Frieda's age, even though he didn't need to.

"I'm impressed. You've grown a lot." He said, folding his arms.

"Thanks to your teachings." Frieda half-joked.

"There really isn't any more I CAN teach you. You've surpassed me in almost every way."

"So," She sighed, looking at him expectantly. "I guess this is goodbye."

He nodded once in a firm motion. "You got a sister to save, don't you? I won't hold you back."

"Will I ever see you again?"

Lui stepped closer to her, placing his ethereal hand on her chest.

"I'll always be with you. In here." He cryptically comforted her. She went in for a hug, but her arms went straight through his body.

“I forgot. You’re a—”

“I appreciate the sentiment, though. Be safe out there, Frieda.”

Frieda wandered off from her ghost mentor after that. She was going to miss him and waking up bright and early every morning to hone her powers. But now she was off to do what she was set out to do. Somewhere in the country, Aigis was all alone and susceptible to a dangerous influence, according to her visions. All she needs to do is get to her in time.

Frieda wandered from Selkefall and walked aimlessly southeast to try to get a good sense of Aigis, even if it was a faint one. She ended up in Saxony after a few days. The closest city was Dresden, yet even then, it was still a 43-kilometer walk away from where she ended up, and that would take at least another whole day. Still, she knew that she was getting close. She was so close, she could feel it. She passed by a small settlement with only about five or so tents in the countryside. Then she got it. That feeling. That same feeling that would tug at her brain every time Aigis found her in hide-and-seek. That warm feeling that told Frieda that everything was going to be alright. That she wasn’t alone anymore. It had to be her. She sprinted over to the settlement, ignoring the soreness in her legs from walking so much. She had to confirm with her own eyes if this was who she thought it was.

Frieda immediately scanned the settlement. The scenery was nothing interesting, simply a plain with a simple paved dirt road splitting up the tents into two sections. The wind blew gently on her hair and clothes. None of the residents were out, and in front of her was a bundle of firewood that had never been ignited before. If it weren’t for that feeling, she’d think that place was abandoned. Still, it was quiet enough. She was about to head inside one of the tents when she heard a metal click behind her. Caressing the hairs on the back of her neck was cold steel. From the corner of her eye, she could see a grizzled, black-bearded man holding a black

Langenhan pistol at her. He wore a black coat over old tattered clothes. Over his left eye, he had a nice, clean scar.

“State your business.” He demanded in a low, yet commanding voice.

“Who are you?” Frieda asked, without turning his head. He simply cocked his gun.

“I’m the one asking questions here, fraulein. State. Your. Business.”

“I—” She began, letting a ball of saliva get caught in her throat. One wrong word, hell, raising the wrong syllable would likely spell death for her.

“Out with it.”

“I’m just passing by. I was looking for someone and I thought she may have been here.”

The man simply looked her in the eye, not lowering his gun. “Is that so?”

“Honest.” She nodded quickly, hoping her answers would dissuade him from putting a bullet in her skull. He looked over to one of the tents.

“Dieter!” He shouted.

“WHAT?” Another man’s voice, smoother than the gunslinger’s, shouted back.

“Get out here!”

“I’M EATING!”

“You can eat later! Get out here NOW!”

Dieter’s voice can be heard groaning in annoyance from the tent. A tall man, much younger than the gunslinger. He had a clean cut, a bald-face, and wore a suit and tie akin to a politician from Berlin.

“What is it?” Dieter groaned, folding his arms.

“Check her for weapons.” He ordered.

“You interrupted my steak for this?”

The gun-wielding man sighed, lowering his arm slightly. “Dieter, we agreed. I’m security, I need someone else to check for weapons.”

Dieter shook his head in disapproval, then turned to Frieda.

“Arms up, please.” He droned on. Frieda put her hands up in the air and Dieter proceeded to pat her down, checking for a weapon of any kind. His pats were quick and shallow, a very clear indicator he didn’t really want to be doing this.

“She’s clean.” Dieter rapidly spat out, already beginning to return to his tent.

“Did you check her properly?”

“Yes, you watched me do it.”

“Did you check ALL of her?”

Dieter’s face contorted into a sea of cringe. “Gerhard, no. I’m not doing this today.”

“Good security leaves no stone unturned, Dieter.”

Dieter turned to Frieda, a look of guilt in his eyes.

“What?” Frieda asked, getting a bad feeling.

“I, um—” He began before clearing his throat. “I need you to, um—”

“Need me to what?”

“For security reasons, I need to check... under your clothing—”

“Absolutely not.” Frieda cut in, not even giving him even a sliver of an opportunity to suggest what he was about to.

“Gerhard, can we please just give her a pass? She’s one of us, what possible reason could she have for betraying us.”

Gerhard glared at Dieter, then at Frieda. His finger on the trigger tensed up a bit as he analyzed the girl right then and there. His eyes narrowed. He lowered his gun, finally.

“THIS time.” He relented, holstering his pistol. Dieter let out a sigh of relief.

“You’ll have to forgive him. The Great War made him paranoid.”

“One time, I let my guard down,” Gerhand grizzly remarked, but with time with a smile.

“This used to belong to one of those golden helmet bastards.”

“Wait, golden helmet?!” Frieda asked. “You were attacked by the Golden Battalion?”

“I’d be shocked if there was a damn psychokinetic in all of Germany who hadn’t heard of them. For four years, their entire job was to shoot and kill us like animals. It was about time someone went and returned the favor.”

Frieda looked around once more. “This place looks abandoned. What is this place supposed to be?”

Gerhard gave her a confident grin. “This is the future of the Psychokinetic population.”

Frieda cocked her head to one side. “Excuse me?”

Gerhard paced around them. Frieda gave Dieter a confused look. He simply returned a helpless shrug, used to the rugged man’s theatrics.

“The European Psychokinetic population is in shambles, a husk of its former glory. We, as psychokinetics, have been pushed into isolated spots of nature, being hunted down and killed under the Kaiser and his ‘German Empire’. The end of this war and the Empire has been a giant wake up call for us.”

He continued, pointing at Frieda. “Germany is now a democracy. And we’re taking full advantage of it.”

Frieda still remained confused. Dieter noticed, and interjected. “Gerhard, myself, and a few other colleagues founded this encampment to hopefully sow the seeds for a community made for and by psychokinetics. A haven if you will.”

“And under this new republic, no more will that sedition act kill us and our friends. Soon, we’ll be protected by the government. We can be surrounded by others who match our culture, our religion. And soon enough, if we build it up enough, humans and Psychokinetics can learn how to coexist. And I, Gerhard Kohler, am going to be the one leading them all to a better tomorrow!”

“That sounds nice.” Frieda admitted. She was a little unsure of how a human-psychokinetic community would function, but the prospect of living in a society where she wasn’t a minority allured her. A world where she, Aigis, Otto and the kids would live in peace and harmony.

“We could use some extra hands around here.” Dieter offered warmly.

“I don’t have time. I need to find my sister. She’s somewhere in Germany and I’m not going to rest until I find her.”

“You sure? That’s a lot of ground to cover.”

Frieda nodded. “I’m going to be the one to bring her back.”

“You don’t even want to stay with us for a while?” Gerhard asked.

“Surprisingly, I DON’T want to associate with a man who the moment I met, both put a gun to my head and tried to strip search me, despite the fact that I literally did NOTHING wrong.”

“I told you to stop being so damned paranoid.” Dieter shrugged. Gerhard stroked his beard.

“Tell you what. Soon, we’re going to be building this population and having more and more people join our cause. If you agree to help us rebuild, then we’ll help you find your sister. A lot more hands to help out with the search too.”

Frieda thought to herself for a while. Gerhard did make a compelling case. A community made of psychokinetics, where everyone would be treated equally. Plus, if Gerhard could actually deliver on his promise, she could save a LOT of time looking for Aigis. It may have been even faster than if she chose to leave and look for her all by herself. That was IF this little project was actually going to go anywhere. Although if anything went awry, she had the feeling Dieter could at least sympathize and maybe vouch for her. She sighed, finally relenting.

She put out her hand.

Gerhard accepted.

“I hope you’re right about this.”

“A lot of things in life worth having requires a leap of faith. This is yours, I assure you it won’t disappoint you, fraulein—”

He stopped himself, realizing that he didn't know Frieda’s name.

“Frieda Altergott,” She introduced herself, reading his mind. “You ought to learn girls’ names before you start searching up their skirts.”

“Gerhard Kohler,” Gerhard introduced himself. He pointed to Dieter. “That’s Dieter Heinrich. Pleasure to build our new community with you.”

“I hope so.”