

— *September 22, 1928. Magierhain Cliff, 7:00 P.M.* —

Gerhard sat on the cliff's edge, his legs dangling into the abyss. The wind was whipping his hair, but he didn't mind. It kept him from dozing off. It had been a long day, after all. The sun had already disappeared below the horizon, but it was still light enough to see the landscape below him. The Festival of Harvest, the Psychokinetic festival held every fall, was winding down as the citizens prepared to return home.

"Sorry I'm late." Another man's voice came from behind him, taking a seat beside him.

"Dieter, you got here just in time. I was starting to think you forgot." Gerhard joked.

"Ingrid had a hard time picking a pumpkin she really liked."

Gerhard pulled out two bottles of beer. He handed one to Dieter.

"You know I don't drink."

"The big shot Reichstag rep can take a couple sips of beer without getting plastered. One won't destroy your liver."

Dieter looked at it and hesitantly took the bottle. He put the bottle to his lips and took a sip. He grimaced as the alcohol slid down his throat.

"Forgot how bitter it was." Dieter commented, putting the bottle down. Gerhard chuckled, taking a swig from his own bottle.

"Too bad we're PKs. Otherwise, I'd have you drinking more just to get used to it."

"Not just that. I need to be a big strong pillar for a lot of people. The folks fighting alongside me to bring more PK rights to Germany, Ingrid, Dieter Jr."

"What does that have to do with anything?"

“I’m saying if you get me hooked on booze, don’t be surprised if I lose my position for getting drunk on the job.” He winked. Gerhard took another sip. The two sat together in silence, watching the sky grow darker and darker. After a while, Gerhard spoke up.

“How is Dieter Jr. doing, by the way?”

Dieter smiled. “He’s growing like a weed.”

“How old’s he now?”

“He just turned two yesterday. Ingrid and I threw a little party for him and some of his friends. You should come over and visit sometime; he always asks when Unkie Gerry will visit again.”

Gerhard threw his hands up. “Maybe I should start writing ‘Hazardous to children’ on my forehead so no kids come near me.”

“Nonsense, your beard is his new favorite toy.”

“Why don’t YOU grow one, then?” Gerhard teased. Dieter rubbed his chin, feeling his stubble. Gerhard laughed. The two fell silent again, watching the town.

“It’s crazy,” Dieter chuckled. “I remember when this town used to be me, you and Ingrid pitching tents on the grass, fresh out of university. Now look at this place. I heard the population reached 550 recently.”

“And with your fight for PK rights, we’ve secured a pretty good future for ourselves.”

Dieter nodded. “It’s a hard job. But seeing what comes out of it? It makes it all worth it. Every struggle we go through, every protest we organize, every law we create, it all leads to a better world for our kids, and their kids, and their kids. I’ll keep fighting until I die.”

Gerhard adjusted the jacket he was wearing. The sun had long gone down, and the autumn night had given the cliff a chill.

“I still feel bad.” Gerhard suddenly spoke up.

“About what?”

“You’ve wanted to be a botanist for years. I’m the only reason you became a politician.”

Dieter’s face became grave. Dieter always had this look on his face that radiated a glow of youth, even by Psychokinetic standards. This time, his scowl made him look like a real 34 year old.

“When you told me about what the Imperial army had done to your family. It happened so many years ago, and yet I still get just as angry as the first day I heard it. I couldn’t possibly be happy with being a florist if I knew such horrible crimes were happening to my fellow PKs. We all have to make sacrifices, and mine is my passion for flowers. It doesn’t make me angry at you, Gerhard. It makes me more determined to end this senseless violence against PKs.”

Gerhard took another sip of his beer. “Dieter. You’re my best damn friend in the world. And I love you like a brother.” He raised the bottle.

Dieter smiled, grabbing his own. He gently tapped the two bottles together, then the two men chugged. When they finished, Gerhard belched loudly. The belch echoed off of the hills, demanding authority over the land.

“Amateur.” Dieter scoffed. He cleared his throat, then let out a much louder and more obnoxious belch.

“Commanding. Authoritative. Like a true politician.”

The two finished their drinks on top of the cliff, laughing about random stuff until the sun disappeared and the moon rose.