

— *July 31, 1914. The Berlin Palace, 10:20 A.M.* —

Kaiser Wilhelm II was at his desk in the emperor's chambers. Germany had just gone to war with Austria-Hungary and the Ottoman Empire against the United Kingdom, France and Russia. Not just the Kaiser, but it seemed a lot of Germany had their spirits uplifted by the prospect of the war. They, along with their emperor, believed Germany would come out of this swift conflict on top, celebrating years of a tough and effective military. However, as confident as he was, Kaiser Wilhelm had one nagging problem in his mind that he felt would hinder Germany's progress if it weren't immediately addressed.

General Helmuth von Moltke the Younger, general of the Imperial German army, entered the chamber. He marched in a uniform pattern, stopping a couple of meters from Kaiser Wilhelm's desk. He stomped once and saluted the emperor.

"You summoned me, Seine Majestät?"

Kaiser Wilhelm nodded, motioning with his hand for General von Moltke to be at ease.

"General von Moltke. I have a request for you."

The general gave a respectful nod. "What might that be?"

Kaiser Wilhelm put his right arm on the desk. His left arm was shorter and partially paralyzed due to Erb's palsy. While at his desk, in order to hide his deformed appendage, he kept his other arm on the armrest of his chair, staying as still as possible as not to give away his condition. "While you're mobilizing your troops to prepare us to fight in this conflict, there is a matter of domestic affairs I want the Imperial army to handle."

General von Moltke remained in his stance. Kaiser Wilhelm opened up his desk to reveal a stack of old books. They were so old, it looked like even the slightest breeze would turn them

to dust. They were all Psychokinetic mythology books, tracing back to Ancient Rome. They told of great warriors throughout Roman battles.

“If handled incorrectly, these ‘Psychokinetics’ could be a detriment to us,” The emperor declared, this time much more gravely. The war general adjusted his uniform and cleared his throat. “Magic users who don’t believe in God. Or any gods, for that matter. They praise this concept called the ‘Lifestream’. Sounds like some holistic, nonsense ideology to me. From what I’ve gathered, there’s not many of them, but they’re scattered across all territories.”

“I thought they were myths.”

“I thought the same thing. But over the past few decades, more and more German citizens have been claiming supernatural phenomena that sound a lot like their scriptures. Even a French vendor at the 1900 Paris Exposition claimed he met one of them, though he didn’t know it at the time.”

“Forgive me, majestät,” General von Moltke said with his head and the tone of his voice slightly raised. Kaiser Wilhelm quirked a brow, allowing the general to continue. Once the opportunity was given, the general bowed his head lower. He looked to the emperor, directly into his icy blue eyes. “But how do these... mythical magic users pose a threat to us?”

The Kaiser flipped the book open, inviting the general to look alongside him. In the ancient scrolls, several robed figures were depicted manipulating nature and weather in various fantastical ways. One man had his hands to the sky, bringing up a great storm that flooded the Roman capital. A woman is shown burning down a village that had threatened Rome. And lastly, a child who had somehow managed to flip over an entire fleet of Roman soldiers and their chariots.

“If these scriptures are to be believed, then they were valuable assets to opposing kingdoms during times of war. Either as weapons or espionage. We could have spies scattered across not just Germany, but our allies as well.”

“So what is your request?”

Kaiser Wilhelm leaned back in his chair. “It’s simple. We get to the Psychokinetics before France, England or Russia do. I need you to assemble a division specialized in finding all of them within our territories. If we play our cards right, this war can end even quicker than it already will.”

“It may be difficult, as most of my men are preparing to deploy to the Western Front, as you well know, majestät.”

“It doesn’t have to be that large, General. As I said, there aren't that many of them. It can be less than a thousand. Even less, if need be.”

Von Moltke saluted the Kaiser. “Yes sir! I’ll see what I can do.”

“Dismissed.” Kaiser saluted goodbye. Von Moltke marched out of the chambers, leaving Kaiser Wilhelm to continue working on his imperial paperwork.