

— November 9th, 1923. Munich, Bavaria —

Aigis and Oswald were out in the streets of Munich late that morning. They would've been up sooner, but Aigis had to stay with Oswald in the bathroom to make sure that he vomited INTO the toilet and not onto the floor or on himself. He was a first-time drinker last night and it was extremely obvious. He looked a little pale still, and the bags under his eyes were very visible. Aigis stopped by a shop to pick out a pair of glasses for him until his eyes could adjust. The shopkeeper looked at them both. He noticed both of them still had on army uniforms. He fixed his tongue to insult how awfully they smelled, like rotting fish and urine, but the moment he laid eyes upon Luger P08 on Aigis' hip, he shut his mouth and handed the glasses over. Aigis put them on Oswald, who looked better already.

It was a drafty autumn evening, and the cold wind nipped at the exposed skin around Aigis and Oswald's neck, and cheeks.

"Oh, man..." Oswald moaned, clutching his head and walking down the street. Aigis was right there by his side, ready to help him.

"Are you feeling any better, buddy?" She cooed

Oswald shook his head and held his stomach. "Is hangover medicine a thing?"

"I don't think it's been invented yet, no, Oswald." The young man only whimpered in response.

"Why does everything hurt?" He whined.

"At least you have cool sunglasses now."

Oswald adjusted his sunglasses. He pushed out a faint smile "They *are* pretty cool."

The two continued to stroll down the street. A brief breeze blew against the duo. Aigis sniffed the air.

“Gunpowder?” She speculated. Oswald looked confused, and then sniffed the air. He got the same results. Two distant bangs rang out, making Aigis instinctually dive to the ground, bringing Oswald down with her. The gunshots were a ways away, but they were still in earshot. Men screaming could also be heard.

Oswald pushed his glasses up and squinted to see what was going on. Aigis stood up and dusted off her jacket. The two started towards the ruckus. They eventually found an alleyway and peeked through to see what was happening. Munich police were firing on a bunch of the SA. Men in armbands were either running away or crawling on the ground, shot. Schultz hid behind a building and sniped some cops with a sloppy precision. A cop came from behind, knocked the pistol out of his hand, and two other cops came to arrest him. Normal citizens ran away as cars on the road began to get caught up in the firefight.

“Aigis, what—?”

“I don’t know, Oswald.” She cut him off, shaking her head. They watched from the sidelines as the police and Nazis shot at each other. Smoke from guns firing began to mask the street. A few stray bullets came dangerously close to hitting the duo, causing them to jump back. After a few moments of silence, a scream from behind them rang out.

“You’ll never take me alive!”

Hitler sprinted down the street at mach speed. His hair flowed behind him like a cape, his tie undone, and his armband nearly falling off. He was panting heavily, but it didn’t stop him. Behind him was a group of policemen in pursuit.

“Get him!” One of the policemen shouted. Hitler turned his head, and made eye contact with Oswald and Aigis.

“Herr Hitler?!” Aigis asked, dumbfounded.

“Just a little hiccup in the plan!” He reassured before disappearing into the distance.

Aigis tried to run after him, but a police officer pressed a firm hand against her bosom, stopping her.

“If I were you, I’d go home, Fraulein.” He said. He was an older fellow with a gray mustache, and a cigarette in his mouth. Aigis looked up and down his figure.

“What’s going on?!” She shouted frantically. The officer shrugged. He waited until the marching of his fellow cops faded away, and the street had calmed down. He pulled a cigarette from a box in his breast pocket. He offered it to Aigis. She declined. He lit the cigarette and took a drag, exhaling a cloud of smoke.

“Hitler and his fanclub tried to take over the German government.”

““Take over’?” Oswald raised an eyebrow. The officer took another drag.

“Yep. Something about how the Weimar Republic was shit, and that he was gonna lead Germany into a new era. Basically the rantings of a madman. When we catch that sumbitch, he can get acquainted with the inside of a cell. Maybe then he can rant to the walls for a change, eh, Fraulein?”

Aigis looked at the cop. She tried her best to hide the concern for Hitler and the other Nazis creeping on her face.

“And the other party members?”

“If they ain’t already dead, they’re also gettin’ arrested. Now if you two would excuse me, I have some other things to do. Be safe now, okay?”

The cop walked off, going to apprehend more violent, rogue Nazis. Aigis stood in the street, a light breeze blowing her hair. Her thoughts raced.

“They’re all gone.” She said quietly, to no one in particular.

“What does this mean for us?” Oswald asked. He was at least sobered up now.

“I think we have to go back to living on the streets.”