

— *January 31st, 1933. Reichstag, 8:00 A.M.* —

Dieter entered the Reichstag Building on a crispy winter morning, the type of cold that would make your lungs sore if you breathed it in for too long. As he was a bit late, he didn't bother stopping by his office, but instead headed directly to the main assembly hall. Since it was still fairly early in the morning, not many people had arrived yet. A few MPs and some bureaucrats were there, but Dieter paid them no attention as he made his way through the building. When he entered the assembly hall, he noticed a familiar face. He almost didn't recognize the man due to him not wearing his SA uniform, but rather a suit and tie.

“Oh, Representative Heinrich,” Hitler pleasantly said, noticing Dieter as he approached.

“Herr Hitler? You're here early.” Dieter commented, a little confused. Hitler let out a small laugh.

“*Herr* Hitler?” He chuckled, a big smile on his face, showing off his white teeth.

“What else am I supposed to call you?”

Hitler shook his head, amused. “I assume you haven't heard the news yet?”

“News? What news?”

“You seriously haven't heard about it yet? Where were you yesterday?”

Dieter scratched the back of his head. “Forgive me. My son had a fever yesterday, so I remained home yesterday to check up on him.”

“Ah. That explains it.” Hitler replied. The smile on his face began to widen. Dieter was a little puzzled by Hitler's strange reaction. Normally, he was a cheery, charismatic man. But nothing Dieter did or said was even remotely funny.

“What happened yesterday?”

Hitler opened his arms cheerfully. “I'm the new chancellor of Germany!”

Dieter felt sick. “Excuse me?”

Hitler laughed at Dieter's stunned reaction. “The president appointed me chancellor yesterday. So now I can finally fix this damn country once and for all!”

Dieter tried his best to keep a straight face, but couldn't stop his hand from trembling. He knew that Hitler would someday rise to a position of power. But the speed in which Hitler rose up the ladder was alarming.

“Good for you.” Dieter choked out. Hitler leaned back at his podium.

“I understand I said and did some things that may have alienated you and your platform. But there's no need to worry. I just want to focus on the economy, and nothing in this country will have a chance. We can continue being political acquaintances.”

Dieter was quiet for a moment, staring at Hitler. The man he didn't know when to trust or even if he could trust him at all. The man he had fought against on countless occasions. And now, the man had a dangerous amount of power. A disgusting amount.

He forced a smile. “Congratulations on the new position.”

Dieter then turned around and walked back to the office to prepare some breakfast for himself. But the entire time he couldn't shake off the feeling of dread.