

— *October 12th, 1914. Schumacher Dining Room, 7:20 P.M.* —

Irma tried her best when it came to the grieving teenage girls. Between Aigis bathing for half the day to cleanse her skin of the blood caked onto it, or Frieda just refusing to eat to keep her body unhealthy so her powers couldn't awaken, Irma mostly took a hands off approach when it came to them. Being Frieda's mother, Irma had wished in the back of her mind that nothing happened to Otto, and hoped the two would've grown up happily together and gotten married. She did her best to hype Frieda up whenever the young redhead came by. It didn't help that Vergil had been missing for days, and not a soul in Ruheplatz knew where he went or what happened to him. Regardless, the responsibilities of the house fell squarely on the 32-year-old.

While the three were dining one night, Irma took two fingers and drifted the plate towards Frieda, with bags under her eyes so dark, it looked as though she wore eyeshadow.

"Frieda, please just eat something." Irma requested, the exhaustion in her voice clearly heard. The young girl weakly shook her head.

"I'm not hungry." She mumbled. Aigis sat across from the two, quietly eating the food on her plate. Irma looked down at her, and the black-haired girl looked up.

"It's been eight days and you have not eaten or even slept, for that matter."

"I can eat before I fall over and die." Frieda strained. Her stomach cried out in a low grumble.

"Good lord." Irma sighed to herself with pity. She hated seeing her like this. Aigis took a bite of her food before looking up at Frieda. She felt sorry for her younger sister. She needed to tell her something to cheer her up or give her hope before she accidentally starved herself to death. She set her gravy coated fork down on a tap.

“Frieda,” She called out gently. Frieda’s empty eyes shifted up to meet Aigis’. Aigis hesitated a bit before continuing. “I know where Otto is. He’s in the Promised Land.”

“The Promised Land?” Frieda questioned.

“Sometime before mama ran away, she told me about how normal people get sent there when we die.”

Frieda finally cracked a tiny smile. “So if we end up there, we can see him again?”

“We will.” Aigis declared, a fire burning in her eye. It wasn’t just Otto, she wanted to see her mom again too. She bet that Johanna was currently happy in the Promised Land, and that she was waiting for her daughter to come and search for her.

“That sounds nice.” Irma commented peacefully. Aigis looked Frieda in the eye, then Irma.

“I’ll keep training. I’ll train and train and train. Then when I have enough knowledge, I’ll go find the Promised Land. And when I do, I promise I’ll come back for the both of you.”

Frieda placed her elbow on the table and extended her pinky out towards her blonde older sister. “Do you swear?”

“Come on,” Aigis chuckled. “We seriously have to do this?”

“Swear it.” Frieda gently nudged. Aigis set her arm on the table and extended her own pinky. Bringing it to Frieda’s, they lock together firmly. Aigis took her other arm and extended it to Irma. Irma placed a hand on her breast, in shock that Aigis would even offer her a promise. She accepted Aigis’ pinky.

“If I don’t uphold my promise, then consider me dead to you.”