

— *December 29th, 1917. Basement, One hour later* —

Frieda had returned from making Aigis some elderflower tea. Usually, Irma would be the one to make the tea, but she was busy. For her first time, it didn't go as badly as it could have. She nearly cut her thigh harvesting the heads of the flowers, accidentally dipped her pinky finger in the boiling water trying to rip off the stems, poured half of the water on the floor trying to steep the leaves, and dropped the strainer with the soaked leaves in it, having to waste time cleaning it all up. But in the end, she made the tea. It tasted alright.

Frieda went back down to the basement to deliver the tea to her older sister. Before she opened the door, she could hear something muffled from behind the door. It sounded like laughing. They weren't light chuckles either. The laughter was loud and full. Frieda slipped in the basement, and saw Aigis flipping through one of the many Psychokinetic history books that littered the floor. With every page, Aigis' laugh would grow louder and louder. Frieda didn't even hear Aigis snort or giggle throughout her time being back home. Not even the Christmas celebration. Frieda knocked on the door behind her.

"I brought you your tea." She cautiously notified. She didn't want to interrupt whatever Aigis was doing.

Aigis looked up at Frieda with a bright smile, still chuckling a bit.

"I've got it. I've finally got it!" Aigis calmed down, still with a smile. Frieda could tell she was genuinely happy, but her eyes still looked exhausted. Maybe it was her imagination, but the wide smile alongside the tired eyes made her feel a little unsettled.

"What did you figure out?" Frieda decided to play along.

"I think I finally know what to do about the Psychokinetic problem. I have the answer to save our people!" Aigis said with a sense of pride. Frieda perked up at this.

“You have?”

Aigis nodded silently, still grinning. Frieda got close to Aigis, putting her hands on her older sister’s lap.

“Are we going to find other Psychokinetics to try and build a new order?” She ranted excitedly. “That’d be so cool! We could be masters, fighting side-by-side! It’s like something out of a novel!”

Aigis held up a hand. “No. I was thinking of a more... permanent solution.” She spoke slowly, trying not to frighten her little sister. Frieda tilted her head, puzzled. Aigis took the teacup from her and sipped the warm drink. She set the tea cup down.

“What was your plan?”

Aigis looked Frieda dead in the eye. The light from the nearby lamp flickered, making her eyes look like they were glowing. Her voice was low. She straightened out her smile, looking completely serious.

“We need to destroy the Psychokinetic culture.”

Frieda’s stomach panged. She was getting extreme déjà vu. And not in a good way.

“Define ‘destroy’...” She requested with a finger up. Aigis stood up from her chair and paced to the wall.

“The day I discovered our Psychokinetic heritage was the worst day of my life. Ever since learning about it, it’s brought me nothing other than pain. An abomination to the world.”

Aigis looked into the flickering light of the lantern. She could see her face, her body, in the light, all in the reflection of the glass.

“Think of our brethren in the other parts of the world. If we have identities, we’re stripped of them until we’re just wizards. We have friends, they get ripped from us. Our culture,

we are separated from it and forced to live with the enemy. And those who keep in touch with it are completely isolated. They might as well not exist.”

Frieda stepped closer to Aigis. She furrowed her brow and tried her best to come off as stern.

Aigis looked at a corner in the room, letting her eyes glaze over. “Think about it. We end the Psychokinetics for good, then our brothers and sisters won’t have to live with the pain of feeling different. The struggle of being ostracized. It will all be a foreign concept to them.”

“You didn’t answer my question,” Frieda chastised. “What do you mean by *destroy*? You’re not killing anyone else, are you?”

The 18-year-old listlessly shook her head. “No. No one needs to die. Yet. All we need to do is find any and all knowledge accessible to future Psychokinetics and burn it. Destroy the records. Destroy the books. Destroy anything that may let anyone know about Psychokinetics again. That way, the children won’t grow up in a world that hates them.”

“Aigis, no.” Frieda declared, getting almost in Aigis’ face.

“For a little sister, you aren’t very supportive.” Aigis chuckled a bit, but her laugh had a twinge of frustration.

“You’re erasing history!”

“Winners write history, Frieda. And we’re not the winners.”

“You’re obviously not well. Please, just put the books down and get some rest.”

Aigis lifted her chin to where she was looking down at her little sister. “Not well? This is the best I’ve felt in months. Years even. I found a new mission in life. An actual reason to live!”

“You have Oswald! You have my mom! You have me! Isn’t that fine enough?”

Aigis pushed past Frieda's way and sat back down in her chair. She crossed her legs and set the saucer down in her lap. She closed her eyes and smirked.

"I can't return to you or Irma until I've finished what I've set out to do." She cryptically chortled, taking a careful sip of her elderflower tea. Frieda knew this conversation was going nowhere. Aigis was probably stubborn because she hadn't slept in three or four days. Frieda returned to the door.

"Just promise me you'll get some sleep tonight." Frieda sighed, exhausted.

"Oh, don't worry. I have a feeling I'll sleep well tonight."