

— *December 28th, 1928. Outside Reichstag Building, 11:30 A.M.* —

Dieter held a speech in the biting cold in front of a Berlin Psychokinetic crowd of around three thousand. It was snowing and freezing cold, and many of the PKs and supporters wore heavy coats, scarfs, boots, and other winter gear. Dieter himself wore a long black winter coat with gloves. His breath frosted with every word.

“Everyone! I am here to celebrate the recent passing of the SPD’s most recent Pro-Psychokinetic law allowing our libraries and schools to offer Psychokinetic teachings!”

The crowd collectively shouted out a cheer, then returned to their silence.

“Now most of you may think that with all of the laws passed between four years ago and now, that we’ve achieved true equality. This is not true in the slightest. The Social Democratic Party of Germany will not stop fighting for you. I will not stop fighting for you. You must continue to fight for ourselves and our allies! We have proven that democracy does work! It functions so well because we all actively use our voices to vote, and then vote again, and again, until we—”

Dieter paused when he heard something from a distance. It sounded like a wave of men shouting. The sound started off quiet, then progressively grew louder. The crowd collectively turned their heads towards the source. A bunch of SA stormtroopers were yelling and screaming, holding blunts, batons, and other blunt weapons. They were about two blocks away and heading straight towards the crowd. Dieter, on stage, stepped back.

Immediately, the SA men began swinging their bats and clubs against the unarmed, defenseless PK protesters. One PK was struck with a wooden bat in the head and dropped unconscious. Another was struck in the groin, and another was hit in the shoulder, knocking them to the ground. The ones who didn’t have blunts had irritants such as salt, hot peppers, and

vinegar and threw it into the eyes of the PK demonstrators. Dieter watched on in shock as the violence escalated.

The PK protesters ran away, or tried to at least. But they were cornered against the street curb and the Reichstag Building. Some were able to escape. Others were too late. Schultz found an old woman who wasn't even a psychokinetic, but she had attended the protest. He swung at her and struck her in the jaw knocking her down. She landed hard on the pavement. Dieter could see that the SA were hurting anyone. He felt helpless as he stood there, not knowing what to do. He could only watch.

"Take that, you greenie bitches!" Schultz scream-laughed. Some of them started tearing down the stage and the banners and signs. They stomped on the flags and tore up the banners. One SA man grabbed a banner that had the word Freedom on it and lit it on fire. It burnt down into the snowy street.

"Please! Can't we peacefully talk about this?!" Dieter shouted out.

"You've done enough talking, you filthy race traitor!" A girl's voice angrily snapped at him. Dieter looked up to see a young blonde girl in an SA uniform, hair tied in a bun. Aigis.

"You... You're—"

Dieter's words were interrupted by a sharp whistle. All chaos and screaming suddenly stopped. Everyone, including the protestors, the SA, and Dieter, all looked over at the source. A stern-looking Hitler looking at his SA with disapproval. All of the SA men stood at attention. Aigis quickly straightened herself and went into salute.

"Leave Representative Heinrich be." Adolf ordered. The SA men immediately backed away. Hitler slowly made his way to Dieter and helped him up. Dieter could only stare. He didn't know how to react.

“I cannot apologize enough for the actions of these men. I’m terribly sorry about how you had your speech interrupted by their barbarism, Representative Heinrich.”

Dieter brushed his hair back, still in shock. He had heard of Adolf Hitler before, but this was the first time the two met. From what he heard, he was this violent megalomaniac who used intimidation, hate, and fear as tools. He was a maniac. But seeing him right in front of him, he seemed almost normal. Polite, even. He decided to go along. Such extreme rumors like those didn’t just pop up out of thin air.

“It’s alright.” Dieter lied. He wasn’t alright, though. Far from it. He didn’t want this man to see him like this though.

“As a token of my apologies, I will personally see to it that every person injured today will have their medical costs covered by the Nazi party.”

“Is there anything you want in return?” Dieter asked. Hitler laughed and extended his hand for a shake.

“All I ask is for us to move past this incident and commit to being fair, friendly and civil political opponents to each other in the future.”

Dieter took one last look at Hitler’s hand. This man was way too friendly to have such a vile reputation. He didn’t trust him at all, but he felt that if he refused his offer, things would go downhill from there. He shook Hitler’s hand and gave a fake smile.

“I would like that.” Dieter nodded. He and the rest of his crew filed out of the area where the incident happened. Most of them either had to limp or crawl to their destinations. Dieter shoved his hands down his coat. Even with his gloves on, he could feel the cold wrapping around his wrists. He tried to wrap his mind after today’s incident. But most of all, that girl. She was a

Psychokinetic. He could sense it. But why would she align herself with the Nazis? Better yet, she called him a “race traitor” for advocating for PK rights. What was her deal?

Aigis followed Hitler up the stairs and got up on stage with him. “Herr Hitler, what happened? Why’d you call it off?”

Hitler’s smile faded, returning to a neutral, almost disgusted face. “The SPD has no paramilitary. If we were to attack them, it would make us look bad in the public eye.”

“Why?”

“I haven’t revealed my view of Psychokinetics to the general public yet. They are not a priority of the party at this time.” Hitler answered, staring at the bloodstained pavement. Aigis put her hands behind her back.

“What about Dieter Heinrich? Doesn’t he pose a threat to us?”

“Let him go for now. There will be a better opportunity in the future.”