

Note: SA-Führer (Lit: SA-Leader) was an SA rank in the early 1920s. It was a general term for leaders in the SA above a Scharführer, due to new ranks slowly being introduced over time.

— *July 12th, 1925. Munich, Bavaria, 9:30 P.M.* —

Oswald had just gotten off another date with Hannelore at a coffee shop. Their date together had gone extremely well.

“That uniform is magic.” Hannelore smiled, pointing to Oswald’s SA uniform.

“Ah,” Oswald brushed off. “It’s just brown clothes and an armband.”

“No, I mean, the moment you walked into the cafe with that on, they gave us a discount, we got free desserts. They treated you like a king there.”

Oswald scratched the back of his head. He wasn’t used to this type of attention. “Nah, it wasn’t.”

“Don’t sell yourself short, Ozzie. It was really sweet of you to scare off that creep who kept trying to flirt with me.”

“Who knew saying hello would scare a guy off?” Oswald joked, chuckling in the process. His laughter also infected Hannelore, and the two shared a giggle. Hannelore looked down to her feet, stopping. Oswald took a few steps before realizing Hannelore wasn’t beside him. He turned around, facing her.

“You alright?”

“It’s nothing. You’ll probably think it’s stupid.”

Oswald shook his head. He closed the distance between the two, gently raising her chin with his right hand.

“Saying your feelings is stupid? I don’t think so.”

Hannelore looked away, rubbing her hand against her cotton dress sleeve. She was clearly nervous.

She then returned her gaze towards him, her eyes a little puffy. She spoke softly.

“Your SA job.”

“All I do is put up posters, attend meetings, and go to parades, nothing major.” He brushed off, hoping that would put her at ease. It didn’t really do much.

“No, I mean. I don’t trust Hitler to run the country. He scares me.” Oswald didn’t say anything. Instead, he gently embraced Hannelore, placing his left arm around her back and his right arm on her head. Hannelore buried her face into Oswald’s shoulder.

“Scares you how?” He whispered.

“The things he says about Jews. My family, they have some Jewish ancestors, and—”

Oswald put a finger over Hannelore’s lips, shushing her. He pulled away, looking into her eyes. He placed both hands on her shoulders, firmly holding her. He smiled and said, his voice calm and soothing.

“If anyone ever gives you crap for it, I’ll make sure they never lay a finger on you, Hanni. I swear.”

Hannelore’s sad frown changed into a small smile, tears starting to form at the corner of her eyes. She wrapped her arms around Oswald, the two sharing another hug.

“I know you’re different from those racist, violent thugs. I just wish you didn’t have to associate with them, you know?”

“It’s just a job to me. I tune out what they say most of the time.”

“And if they do try to get you to hurt someone?”

“I’ll find a new job.”

“And if you can’t?”

Oswald shrugged. “I survived years on the street and I’d have no problem going back.”

Oswald felt a small chuckle come from Hannelore. Her mood had significantly improved. He smiled as she looked up to him, pulling away.

“How are you so good with words? You could stop a riot with just your words.”

“I’m just myself, I guess.” Oswald shrugged. A moment of silence passed by. The two stared at each other, their eyes meeting. Oswald pulled away suddenly, breaking up the moment.

“Anyway, it’s getting late. You should probably get home.” Oswald suggested, looking to the side. Hannelore frowned. The two returned to her apartment. Hannelore began walking up the steps before she turned back towards him.

“I spent two whole days with you, and yet they still felt too short.”

Oswald kicked the ground. “Same time tomorrow?”

“Are you sure? I feel bad keeping you from your job.” Hannelore asked, her eyebrows raised.

“Eh, the job gets pretty boring without Aigis, so I told my SA-Führer to give me the whole week off.”

Hannelore looked a bit surprised, but that soon changed to a warm smile. “See you tomorrow, Ozzie.”

She went back inside of the apartment, leaving Oswald out in the warm, muggy night. He went back to the hotel he and Aigis stayed in, whistling a tune he heard at a bar.