

— *July 14th, 1925. Weisheitsbach Library, 2:40 P.M.* —

Somehow, Aigis found herself a part-time job working as Etta's library assistant. The work wasn't too demanding and Etta was a more than generous employer. Her job mostly consisted of arranging books by alphabetical order or aiding the very few people who visited the library. Today, however, she didn't expect much action. She had her eyes locked on the clock, watching the second hand slowly tick by. Etta sensed her boredom, and came up with an idea to make things a little more exciting.

"You wanted to look for a book?" Etta mentioned. Aigis lifted her head up some.

"Hm?"

"You said you wanted to find a book for your uncle?"

Aigis forgot about that lie. Aigis sat up and thought quickly. She remembered the conversation and what she had told Etta. The old woman waited patiently for Aigis' response.

"Um... religion?"

"Which religion?"

Why did she have to ask so many questions? Aigis felt a cold sweat. She struggled to come up with another lie on the spot. Etta chuckled before leaning in closer.

"You came for a Psychokinetic book, didn't you?"

Aigis stammered. Her facade fell apart so easily.

"I knew the moment you walked in that's what you came for. Even when you were trying to use my keys to open up the secret door."

"Was I that obvious?" She asked fearfully.

"Come on. You drove five hours just to come to this tiny little library. If you wanted any other book, I'm sure Munich has more than enough options for you to choose from."

Aigis' eyes darted to all corners of the building. All this time, she thought she had this old woman fooled. The young woman didn't even know what to say next. She only felt foolish for trying to trick such a wise, observant library. Etta simply walked from behind the counter and gestured for Aigis to follow her.

The librarian led her past the rows and rows of shelves and toward the back wall where the backroom door stood. The same door with the handprint painted on it. Aigis grabbed the ring of keys she had tried to use two days prior. She fiddled with them, trying to remember which one she used.

"So which key unlocks the door?"

She heard Etta chuckle. "None of them."

Aigis lowered the key ring. "Excuse me?"

Etta placed her wrinkled hand against the handprint on the door. It glowed a bright white before a series of clicking noises followed. The door slowly swung open on its own. Aigis couldn't believe her eyes. The backroom was this circular area filled with bookshelves all around. There had to be at least three dozen shelves, and every single one was stacked with books of all shapes and sizes. Etta gave a knowing look to Aigis, as well as a faint smile.

"Material things can play tricks on you. You can hide them from people, but the mind is a lot harder to fool. It knows exactly where to look for what it wants. You just have to look for it." The old lady cryptically explained. Aigis scanned the entire bookshelf. There had to be at least a hundred books in there. Maybe more. She never expected the Weisheitsbach Library had this big of a collection. And she thought the basement back home was a sea of Psychokinetic books, but this made that sea look like a dinky little puddle. Aigis was overwhelmed with this sudden discovery.

“Well? Aren’t you going to take one?”

“I can’t decide right now.”

“That’s fine. You’re welcome to come back anytime you decide on one. Preferably when we’re not open.”

“And you’re okay with me being in here?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?”

Aigis tugged at her uniform. “I’m a stormtrooper.”

“Yet you’re still a Psychokinetic. Your clothes can change as much as you want, but your blood shall always remain the same.”

Aigis didn’t know how to feel about that. On one hand, she felt almost comforted, the most comfortable she had been in a long time. Yet at the same time, those words made her itch inside. Especially the “*blood will never change*” part. Etta began to walk out of the backroom. “Don’t worry, once you leave, the door locks itself again. You have as long as you need to browse.”

Aigis didn’t even hear the door behind her close. She was far too fixated on the endless selection of books in front of her. The door was open for her and all the knowledge the library had to offer was at her fingertips.