

Note: Scharführer (Lit: Squad Leader) is the second-lowest rank in Nazi paramilitaries, the equivalent of a corporal.

— *July 15th, 1925. Munich, Bavaria, 11:00 A.M.* —

Aigis and Oswald's jobs as members of the SA were relatively simple. They had two main tasks: Protect Nazi meetings and spread word about their cause to anyone they could. It was a thankless job at times, but it was their job nonetheless. They often took to going around the city and putting up posters of various propaganda pieces the Nazi leaders had selected for them. The two didn't work for free, either. They got paid a decent amount, got discounts at any establishments Rohm, Goering, Himmler, or any other close comrades of Hitler were frequenting. Aigis also heavily enjoyed a lot of the party's recreational activities she was invited to. The parties and festivals were a wonderful opportunity to make a good impression and meet some new faces. She had found her new community with the Nazi Party, and knowing that not even jail could stop Adolf Hitler made her even more confident that this would be a lasting opportunity.

One morning, Aigis and Oswald were strolling around the streets of Munich, nailing up posters wherever they could. There was a certain pep in both their steps as they worked together. Aigis held the hammer and bag of nails while Oswald prepared the posters.

"The pay isn't that bad." Oswald admitted. He put up a poster. Aigis took a nail and hammered it to the wall.

"It was nice of Herr Hitler to start me off as a scharführer." Aigis commented.

"It was," Oswald agreed. They moved down to the next building and he prepared another poster. "What did he say it was for again?"

“He felt ‘an exemplary soldier of the Golden Battalion deserves more than to be a lowly SA-Mann.’. I excelled at the training and I got to skip a rank thanks to it.”

Oswald laughed. He put the poster up and Aigis began to nail it in.

“If you want, I can ask him to make you a scharführer as well.”

“I don’t really care, to be honest,” He waved her off modestly. “As long as I can afford bread, I’m more than happy.”

“Oswald, we have enough money to afford a little *more* than just plain bread now.”

Oswald turned to her. “Nonsense. Bread is bread, Aigis. The keystone of EVERY meal.”

“If you say so, bud.” She shrugged. Oswald was Oswald, and she wasn’t going to step all over his dreams of a simple life. The two continued to stroll down the street putting up posters wherever they could. Eventually, the two eventually ended up with only one poster and their job quickly became boring.

“What now?” Aigis asked.

“We could try telling people about our cause.” Oswald suggested half-heartedly, although he wasn’t even being that serious when he suggested it. Aigis scanned the busy city streets, trying to find a random target.

She pointed and said, “What about her? She looks gullible.”

Oswald followed Aigis’ finger and froze. A young woman around their age, wearing a blue dress and hat, was strolling down the streets carrying a brown satchel over her shoulder. She was by herself, walking without a care in the world. She stopped at a nearby store and started looking at the clothes in the display glass. Oswald completely forgot where he was and what he was doing and just stared at her from afar. Aigis raised an eyebrow. She noticed her companion staring. She nudged him, which snapped him out of his trance.

“Huh? Did you say something, Aigis?”

“Go persuade her to our cause.” She goaded. Oswald chuckled nervously.

“No, no. We have a job to do—”

“Then I’ll cover you. Go on.” Aigis smugly nudged Oswald in the girl’s direction. He covered his face with his poster and took a deep breath. This is just a female. It’s not like meeting your favorite celebrity. He took a deep breath. He had to be a professional, after all.

“DO YOU ACCEPT ADOLF HITLER AS YOUR LORD AND SAVIOR?!” Oswald shouted, his voice cracking. Aigis facepalmed. That was NOT the right way to approach her. He immediately noticed how badly he startled the woman.

“Dangit, that’s for Jehova’s Witnesses!” He cursed to himself. He corrected himself and faced her. “I’m so sorry, I got incredibly nervous, I—”

“I completely understand.” The woman giggled.

“You do?”

“Yep. My first job was an accountant’s secretary. I got so nervous on my first day, I threw up all over the counter.”

Oswald blinked. This was not what he expected to happen. The girl put her hands behind her back. She smiled. Oswald could feel his heart skip a beat.

“T-Thank you so much for understanding!”

“So what’re the views of this...”

“National Socialist Party.” he corrected.

“What are their beliefs?”

Oswald blanked out. What *were* their beliefs?

“I don’t know actually, I just put up posters for them. It’s a pretty neat gig.”

The girl swayed from side to side in a relaxed manner, very comfortable in Oswald's presence despite only meeting him just now.

"If you want, I can help you with your people skills." She chirped.

"You can?"

"Yep. Think of it as... *one-on-one* training." She flirtatiously put a finger on Oswald and traced it across his chest. His face lit up in confusion. Most girls ran away from him. Not that he minded it at all. It was just a pleasant surprise to him.

Oswald could feel his face getting warmer. "I would appreciate that. What's your name?"

"Hannelore. Hannelore Kurtz."

"Oswald Volkmann. I guess we could call this a date, then."

Hannelore gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, leaving him frozen in place, still not quite sure what was going on. Aigis came up to him with a proud smile on her face. In her mind, she got a brief vision of young Frieda and Otto together, and remembered the very subtle ways in which she could push the two together. This was her chance to try again.

"What just happened?" Oswald asked her, completely perplexed.

"I think you just got a date."