

Adeline Siegheil aka Adele Siegelski

“Everyone is as God made him, and often a great deal worse.”
-Miguel de Cervantes

Ach, but things were so much better for you back in Germany. With the flowers in bloom, the birds singing in the trees, and the inferior races carted off somewhere where you didn't have to see them. But now, you are stuck here in America where there are no flowers, no trees, and plenty of inferior races getting in your face. But one day, one day soon, you shall help do to this country what you did for Germany.

You first began your upwards climb in Germany when you joined the Nazi party. Normally, women were unheard of as members, and as female high officials were simply unthinkable. But you had connections to those who practiced the mystic arts, those people who had been around for centuries weaving the fabric of reality to suit their needs. You could gather them behind Hitler, making them weave that reality in Hitler's image, where he would rule triumphant over Europe.

For many years, it worked quite well. The Nazi Party grew in strength and stature, slowly amassing power in Germany. You were the party's official Mystic Liaison, and you spent your time tracking down myths and legends, seeing if they could lead to some sort of new power for Hitler. It was an idyllic time for you. And when the armies of Germany thundered across Europe, subjugating and destroying all around it, you reveled in it. Especially the conquest of France. Their culture should be eradicated, their peoples slaughtered, and the ground sown with salt. That would have taught them what it meant to defy Germany.

But all good things must come to an end. Allied armies, mongrel units of all races, slowly pushed the borders back until there was no point in fighting any longer. Hitler hid himself and his top advisors in the Bunker, hoping that some miracle would save him.

No miracles came. The mages you had assembled had long since either fled, disappeared, or had been executed for one treason or another. There was but one person who stood by you when the end came; Greta Hundesbarr was one of the first you recruited and the last to leave. She had been fighting for Germany for centuries; she was not about to let it down now.

In a secret conference between yourself, Hitler, and Goebbels, the end was discussed. Everyone admitted that it was inevitable. But Goebbels had an idea for how this end would not mean the true end. If Hitler could survive, then he could perhaps come back to Germany to lead it back into greatness.

So the operation was scheduled for the next day. The top surviving German scientists and doctors were summoned to the Bunker, while a look-alike shot himself and Eva inside. The operation was a great success, and as the last great honor bestowed upon you by the Third Reich, you were given the task of carrying out the rest of the mission. You have Hitler's brain in a jar now, and must find a way to put it into a new body, allowing Hitler to rise again.

Of course, first you had to survive. That was not easy, but with Greta at your side, you managed to pass yourself off as a Polish refugee named Adele Sigelski, and soon you were on a ship to America. You despised yourself. It was bad enough to have to pretend to be someone of such inferior lineage, but now to go to the country where these lineages mongrelized themselves into a giant melting pot of inferiority? Disgusting. But you knew that America had some of the best scientists in the world, and if anyone could find a way to revive Hitler's brain, they could. Besides, America was a lot easier to live in than Russia would have been.

So you came to New York. Greta left you then, claiming that she needed to find her own way through America. You were alone. Jobless and broke, you drifted across the country, teaching German and Latin in various schools, where you were always given a great deal of respect for the way you kept your students in line.

Eventually, you read in the paper about the latest biological breakthroughs at the Research Labs in San Inguon. Realizing that this might be the place where you could find a way to bring Hitler back, you came to San Inguon, Arizona, looking for a job. Luckily, the principal of Edwood High had just retired (been hounded into submission was your assessment), and the school board accepted you as principal with open arms.

To your detriment, you have not yet broken the students and forced them to accept your discipline. To your credit, they have not yet broken you, although they have been trying for two years now. J.D. Koln is especially troublesome. It's so horrible- it's obvious from the name that this family was once of pure German extract, but it must have married some inferior population- Italians or Slovaks, or maybe even (horrors) French. In any case, J.D. is a troublemaker, a rude, violent youth bent on not following any rules set for him. One day, you will break him. You will teach him the meaning of punishment, what happens to children who do not follow the rules. But right now, you have more important things to do.

It was two weeks ago when a breakthrough occurred. Darla Hotchkins, the school nurse, had always come across as a little strange to you. However, on this day several teachers reported that she was acting even more unusual than ever. You went to her office to have a chat with her. She assured you that everything was fine, just fine, and that things simply couldn't be better for her. You hate it when she gives you that look. It frightens you. But that is not important. What is important is that while she was looking through some reports about some students, you noticed that she had written several strange words

down on her prescription pad. After you left the office, you wondered what those words might mean.

It was only while driving home that you realized it. They were the passwords for the Research Labs. You had no idea how she got them; but that is irrelevant. What is relevant is that with those words, you would be able to break into the Biology Labs and see how far they had progressed in the possibility of resurrecting life.

The next night, you grabbed Hitler's brain from your refrigerator and snuck off to infiltrate the Labs. The passwords worked just fine. And inside the Biology Labs were all of your dreams come true.

From what you read in Dr. Forbes' notes, he was almost at a breakthrough point in bringing humans back to life. All he needed was to figure out what a dehydrated mononuclear hydro-oxium chain was, and his operation would be workable. You rejoiced; you were so close to your goals! And then you heard the guards coming to check on the Lab. Quickly, you hid behind one of the stretchers, trying to blend in with the array of body parts strung upon it.

The guards did not notice you, but you overheard them talking about a CIA agent coming to town to investigate a fugitive. You realized that that fugitive was you. The CIA have been tracking you for years, certain that you are not who you seem but unable to say who you really are. And now they were closer than ever.

You realized that if they found you with Hitler's brain in your refrigerator, you would be arrested for certain. So you hid the jar in amongst all of the other jars of brains, writing A.H. on the side in marker to keep you from later picking the wrong one up by accident. You snuck back out of the Labs, and have bided your time, waiting for Dr. Forbes to make his final breakthrough.

And then, the Fourth Reich will conquer the world.

Stock Quote: "Perhaps you would be needing a little lesson in manners und discipline, zen?"

Mannerisms: Adele is the stereotypical Nazi, sure of herself and superiority. She hates having to pretend she's Polish, but better that than trying to explain what she did during the war.

People You Know:

J.D. Kohn: Young juvenile delinquent. Back in Germany, you would have been able to teach him a very serious lesson, involving red hot poker. Here, however, all you can do is try to catch him in the act and send him off to reform school. It won't help him any, but at least he won't be bothering you.

Robert Sherman: Seemed like such a nice boy at the beginning of last year. But now he's hanging around J.D., acting like a thug. You'd like to teach him the error of his ways.

Nick Kerensky: Big and dumb, but what do you expect of Russian stock? A worthless good-for-nothing who hangs around J.D.

James Daniels: Now, here is an exemplary student. Valedictorian, Class President, and captain of the football team. Blond and blue-eyed. The perfect Aryan.

Timmy Carroll: Young student devoted entirely to science. Very shy, but certainly a good worker and nice young man.

Tony Turrelli: A young smart-ass of Italian descent who seems to take everything in life funny. You'll teach him what a joke life is. Oh, yes, you will.

Mark Sturvin: Son of the richest man in town. A very shy, quiet student.

Mary Jenkins: Worthless and weak. Lets herself be used and abused by her "boyfriend," J.D. Any woman allowing herself to be pushed around like that deserves it.

Teresa Kerensky: Nick's younger sister. A woman of very loose morals, although you expected that from a Russian.

Catherine Thomas: A very nice and pleasant young girl. Sometimes, though, she gives you this knowing look. You have no idea what that means.

Margaret Smith: A complete airhead and waste of space. Obviously, she has some sort of French lineage.

Laura Fetner: Head of the cheerleading squad, and all-around wonderful girl. She's what you wish all of your female students were. You don't know that Fetner is a German name, but it must be, for she is of perfect Aryan stock.

Wendy Mitchell: Class reporter. An incredible snoop. Definitely one of your least favorite students. Keep an eye on her before she uncovers something dangerous to you.

General Hiram Cork: The old man who commands Ft. Lucas Rita and the adjoining Research Labs. You're amazed that Germany lost to the likes of this ruffian.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: The Head of the Biology Department at the Labs, and the one working upon the secret of resurrection. You haven't met him personally, yet.

Ivan Kerensky: Big, dumb Russian who runs the corner gas station. He runs a group called LSD (the League of Social Decency), which you are a part of. Every couple of weeks, he, you, and several others get together and put on your red, white and blue domino masks and harass suspected Communists. Because he runs this organization, he seems to think that he has the right to walk into your office, put his feet on your desk, drink all of your coffee, and spout his theories about how Communists are taking over everything. One day, you'll teach him a very serious lesson.

Goals:

1. Keep your cover hidden. Whatever else, don't jeopardize your cover. Make sure everyone stays convinced that you're Adele Siegelski, who would never be involved in some sort of Nazi plot, oh no, not you. As long as you and Hitler's brain can make it out of today unnoticed, you'll at least be able to do the experiment later.

2. Bring back Hitler. You really don't know how Dr. Forbes' experiment will work, and he hasn't even finished it yet. Keep an eye on him and see if you can get him to make it Hitler that he brings back first.

3. Ride the students hard. Keep at them. Constantly criticize posture, attitude, etc. Even though school's over for the summer, remind them that they'll see you next year. Besides, if they're bad enough, you can get them sent to reform school. Definitely try to get J.D., Nick, and Robert sent to reform school. That would make your life a great deal easier.