

Historinauts

1985, an important meeting is being held inside the heavily fortified bunker of an island in international waters, a top secret spot for the world's leaders to discuss the most dire of situations. The room is abuzz with discussion and yelling in various languages. A loud siren drowns out the conversation as President Reagan dunks the basketball, and the crowd erupts. Money exchanges hands as bets are lost, bringing the room back to some sense of order. Suddenly, the lights go black, and the room falls silent.

A flash of orange light appears in the middle of the court. It rapidly expands, becoming a human-sized portal. Out steps a ridiculous looking man, clad in a variety of military attire from various time periods ranging from the samurai to modern day bomber jackets. His white mustache obscures what little skin remains uncovered by clothing, and it rustles as he talks.

"I'm the leader of the Historinauts. There's not much time to explain, but we need your help to save the world."

The room becomes chaos once more, as many demand to know the man's true identity and intentions. Others attempt to flee the room, only to find the doors locked. "Don't worry, we're not just in this to save the world." He holds a trophy aloft that reads *Best Leader of All Time*. "WE'RE IN THIS FOR GLORY!" The portal expands amidst the leaders' cheers, and they traverse the orange light.

The portal's exit is an expansive steel room, filled with cheap plastic folding chairs and many other famous representatives of the human race. Various weapons, armor, and flags adorn the walls. Leaving the group from 1985 to mingle, the ridiculous looking man makes his way to

a podium at the front of the room. Once there he removes his helmet, revealing eyebrows that rival only his mustache in both size and amount of face that they obscure.

A quiet mumble comes from his rustling facial hair, unable to overcome the noise of the room's conversations. After a few seconds of playing around with various wires, an ear-piercing feedback plays over the speakers. "My bad! My bad, everyone. Please take a seat on one of the chairs. I apologize for the low quality, chairs ended up being over budget." Sounds of plastic being dragged along the ground fill the room as the leaders take their seats.

"Is that everyone?" A few leaders can be seen still standing, "Ah blasted interns never get the numbers right. You'll just have to bear with it. Feel free to sit on the floor if you want. Now for introductions. I am the Lord General, leader of this fine group that we call the Historinauts!" He raises his hands, pausing for a few moments. "D-did the banner not fall down?" His facial hair swings violently with the turning of his head, "Jerry I told you to drop the banner! Can't you do anything right?"

A large metal rod with a red banner falls to the floor with a loud metallic crash. The Historinauts' leader lets out a frustrated sigh. A few workers run out and begin to move it. "Fine, just... Fine. We'll keep moving." The rod crashes to the ground once more, dropped by one of the workers. Finally, it is removed from the room altogether.

"As I said before, we're the Historinauts. A group set up to defend history itself, and gather champions if need be. I've brought you all here today for that very reason. History is in danger from the greatest villain of all time. Adolf Hitler!" He presses a button, and a distorted picture appears on the wall. "Oh for the love of—I forgot to bring the screen down." The Lord General's enormous brow furrows in frustration, "Whatever, at this point I don't care." He hits

the button again, revealing a crude drawing of Hitler breaking into a building and stealing some sort of gun, “Hitler has gotten access to our technology and has built an army of himself. He’s gone and broken dimensional barriers just to recruit versions of himself from across different worlds!” With a third press of the button, images of Hitler appear on the wall, varying widely from cyborgs to a mustachioed fish. “Now he threatens our world, and history itself.” The Lord General slams his fist on the podium, and the screen begins to slowly descend.

Now having to yell over the noise of the screen moving into position, “Each of you possesses particular talents that can help us in this fight: tactical expertise; long, pointy sticks; the ability to somehow avoid being assassinated like 30 times, and much more! You will lead the charge and take on Hitler and his ‘Hitlerlings’!” As he makes air quotes, the screen abruptly stops halfway with a loud mechanical noise. “And to the person that ends Hitler’s reign of terror will go the trophy for Best Leader of All Time!” Cheers erupt from the gathering of world leaders, and various portals open in the room. “Now Historinauts, the fate of History is in your capable hands, MOVE OUT!”