Even though Robin insisted that she be given time to retrain her arm before coming to live with me outright, there was rarely an instance that I left her alone. I recognized that she had a good heart, and, from personal experience, knew that such things frequently led to dire situations. More often than not, the righteous found themselves at the wrong end of a blade wielded by a stronger opponent. That piece of wisdom has held true regardless of time, and was fresh in mind when I noticed Robin heading in the direction of Itjivut after Ignius ran cold.

The Ataiyan warrior was smarter than the average teenager; I'll admit that. But when Gifre's Vault opened up, she followed along with my pessimistic expectations to the letter. Robin got it in her head that she would stop – or at least assist in stopping –the frigid Ignius that Xunatar had unleashed, but she vastly underestimated the cold of Itjivut's tundra. It was nothing like her winter training in the Tori Mountains, and she was freezing within minutes of getting off the boat that had ferried her there.

[b]"Apparently a cloak wasn't enough,"[/b] she chattered through the biting chill of the wind whilst marching out of the ice elf city of Hiadref. Her backpack and supplies were with her just in case she needed to make camp or hunt, but, by that point, she really wished she had shopped for an overcoat before she was already a mile away from the Reis farmlands. The vault was another few miles trek to the south, and that was a cold journey for a woman that had thought so little of the coldest region in Revaliir.

I was watching her at the time, using an assortment of scrying tools to keep an eye on her health. As you can imagine, I was worried when I saw what she had done, so I immediately went to preparing some camping tools for her: things that she would find necessary to survive in the tundra. They weren't ready just yet, but I was definitely prepared to help Robin despite my disapproval of her ill-thought preparations.