Robin trudged on in that harsh wasteland even as I set to preparing various survival packages for her. She was too stubborn to give up her quest, and had already gone far too inland to turn back. I almost had to go get her, to force her off that frozen island before she killed herself, but the arrival of a certain wolf helped me avoid that outcome.

Katerina always seemed to have a knack for showing up at the oddest times. When she slowly approached Robin from the horizon, using more warmth than I was accustomed to seeing from her, I started to feel a tad suspicious about her timing. However, searching the world using my salt flats mirror also revealed that the person on Itjivut was actually her. There was no static in the scrying like there would be if someone was trying to play tricks on me. And so, being relatively assured that this meeting was safe, I allowed it to happen.

Yet, despite my calm, Robin remained cautious when the dog sled appeared on the eastern horizon. She was still shivering in her boots while marching toward the vault, and she'd been walking for a long time without running into anyone else at all. For her predilections, the sudden appearance of a warm stranger after hours in solitary tundra felt too good to be true. In fact, she might have drawn her sword in response to Katerina's arrival if she wasn't so cold; especially since she didn't know if the wolf was trying to lower her guard with a jovial greeting. Luckily for those involved, however, Robin was definitely too cold to do something like that. She was so frozen to her core that she couldn't fight, let alone form a comprehensible sentence once Katerina was in earshot.

[b]"Y-y-yeah,"[/b] was all she could muster saying when the wolf asked her where she was headed. Icicles were forming on her eyebrows by that point, and her teeth chattered loudly as she turned around to face the pregnant, sled operator. She couldn't even laugh at what she assumed was a joke from Katerina about the weather, and just responded with, [b]"I-I n-n-noticed,"[/b] to the 'freezing' comment.

Understandably, Robin's first instinct was to tell Katerina to go away. Her past made her untrusting of others, and so she didn't fully believe the woman's sincerity. However, she was still familiar with the folly of pride, and knew she had to make a choice. In her mind, she was either going to freeze to death out of pride, or she was going to ride in Katerina's sled and risk being attacked. The choice was pretty obvious to her, and so she trudged over to the sled's open basket before practically falling into it. She set her backpack down beside her along with her bastard sword, and then started shivering before her boot knocked against something soft beneath her seat.

Hidden there in a nicely packed bundle was a thick wool blanket and a black overcoat much like the one Katerina was wearing. Attached to the package was a note in my handwriting, something that was clearly visible to any and all when the Ataiyan warrior brought it out into the open.

[i]'Robin,'[/i] the parchment read, [i]'You already know this by now, but please bring a coat next time. It's not nice to make me worried when you're supposed to be recovering and not going out questing. Also, the woman next to you? Her name is Katerina. Give this note to her and she should be harmless... mostly. Watch out for hugs, and feel lucky that you don't have a tail for her to grab.'[/i] At the bottom of the note was my signature along with the fox-like, wax seal I customarily used on postage. Robin handed that note to Katerina after she was done reading, and then immediately opened the package I had teleported to her. She would have been smiling, were her face not already completely frozen. Instead, she used her dwindling energy reserves to quickly put on the overcoat beneath her cloak, and then wrapped herself up in the wool blanket like a small, cold animal. The arctic chill quickly left her after she was properly bundled, allowing her to, at last, sigh in relief.