The ship pushed slowly through the waters north of Solem Reyk. The sailors worked with pikes to clear the ice in front of the few ships that survived the Hunter’s flaming swords. The thick mist covered the sailors and adventurers alike, and froze to their skin like glistening prisons. The ship was silent, each resident on it keeping to themselves, reading, studying, sleeping, or training. After five days of cold, Fiora called from the crow’s nest, “I see a mountain! I see land!” The sharp peaks of Mazica loomed above the fog.

The Agile and Ebon Wing laid anchor not far off the rocky shore of the southern tip of the island. The adventures gathered their equipment and plenty of food—Rohme informed them that it would be a five-day trek to their destination in the center of the island. As the party set off through the deep snow on the uneven coast, the Ebon Wing set its sails for the Jotungard fortresses to restock on supplies. The dark sails of the black ship faded into the distance as the crew of the Agile prepared for the coming days on the ship.

The party hiked the long road through the mountain paths of Mazica. Kyrat rode Methuselah, his celestial yak, and kept his cold blood warm as the rest of the party trudged through the snow. The slopes were treacherous, and time after time they attempted to claim the less sure-footed of the party—but Ander, Fiora, and Raime were always dexterous enough to rush to the aid of the others.