The first thing I felt was the cold. It bit my skin, and I took a few minutes just getting used to where I found myself. My party was gone, the alleyway was no longer behind me. I was in a featureless land, a snowy plain in all directions. A minute or so after I entered a small candy appeared next to me. I assumed it came from back outside the alley, and I pocketed it. I had assumed at this point that I would have to deal with the Winter fey that we met last moon. It seemed like a good idea to have a small bargaining chip, as I had already lost some leverage by following the will-o'-the-wisps, as they say. There were swirls in the air, of snow and wind. It seemed almost like twilight, without sun, moon, or stars. I couldn't tell whether it was the sky as it was here or simply covered by the clouds and the snow.

I walked for a while, forward, away from the place I had emerged after entering the alley. The cold continued to bite, and the frost dug into my skin. I tried to duel forward, as I had read some old stories that that can be helpful when there is a presence that wasn't normally visible. Nothing happened though, so I continued walking. As I walked, I realized I wasn't thirsty, nor hungry, nor tired in any way. The frost continued to bite, but it seemed my basic needs were being met, or suppressed, in some way. I was thankful for my scarf and my boots, as without those I would not have made it as far as I did.

Eventually some features manifested from the plain. There were hills to one side, and a whirlwind, a swirling mass of snow, to the other. I started walking toward the whirlwind. I got there eventually, but my body was wearing down. I was greatly fatigued. The whirlwind was deafening, though it's not like there was much else to hear in that place. I considered for a moment what to do, though if I had come this far I might as well go all the way, and walk into the storm.

Inside the storm I couldn't see far. Snow and ice hit me, giving me nicks and cuts. It didn't pain me as much as a sword would, but it seemed like it might if I stayed too long. There were figures in the wind, vaguely humanoid shapes that would appear for a moment and then dissipate. I called out to one, with all the politeness I could muster, but got no immediate response. However, when I walked deeper into the storm I could hear a response drifting on the wild, swirling around the vortex. I called back again, and reached out my hand. I got a response here, and another hand grasped mine for a moment, then dissipated. I continued toward the center.

When I reached it, it seemed something like the eye of the storm. The walls of the whirlwind were swirling around me, and I couldn't see past them. There was a small mound building in the center, a bit shorter than me, of snow piling in from outside. There were clouds somewhat above that. I climbed the mound, and from there got a decent view of the walls. I saw visions in them, or maybe more like impressions, similar to the figures I saw earlier.

I saw figures, like the ones I saw earlier. One was about the size of a hobbit, and two were about the size of a human or an elf. I saw a bird, large, maybe hobbit sized. I saw a spider. I saw a door, or a gateway. This one I tried to duel, but it dissipated before I could get it off. I saw a moon shape, vaguely spherical. A river. Two pairs of eyes, and then lots of little eyes. A

crescent moon. More figures, I believe one here was dwarf sized. A hand. I might have forgotten some, or put them in the wrong order, so don't take this recording as full truth.

When the hand appeared, I reached out to grab it. It was close, but I managed to grab onto it. It pulled me off the mound, and before me was a woman made of snow and wind. It was feminine, with long hair, a dress and a dainty chin. It seemed specific, and it felt like a person. It—no, she—wasn't fey, and didn't seem to have any needs. She held out her right hand, and I told her my name (not like that, have some faith. I told her what she could call me). She held out her left hand then, and I placed the candy in it. She laughed, and it fell through her hand and onto the ground. When the candy reached the ground, a circle was traced around it in the snow almost as if it was stone. I stepped in.

Where do you want to go?
The Syenon adventurers inn.
How do you want to go?
I thought for a while about this one, though with the amount of uncertainty about my current location there was only one answer in my mind. Directly.
When do you want to go?
Now.
Why do you want to go?
To return to a place where I can complete my duties and protect my city.
Was that true when you said it?
Yes.
Is that true now?
Yes.
Is it true when you return?
Yes.

I returned to the inn in the evening. I felt like I had gained a similar amount of experience as an average non-combative mission. After returning, I noticed that the first time each day I drop in a duel, I take jumpstart healing factor. This might be worth thinking about, as it is a primal ability juxtaposed with a trait of some fey, but that doesn't matter now. I am home.