

During the night a large blizzard had pushed through the valley. The storm had dumped a monstrous amount of snow on nights and destroyed and buried everything under layers of snow and ice. This storm buried much of Mike's town of Riverwood trapping many in their homes. Before the weight of the snow destroyed Mike's house he was lucky enough to escape and find his way to the townhall. Mike sheltered in the town hall and waited for the storm to pass through the storm men, women and children would escape and find their way to the town hall to take refuge.

Mike and the others had been lucky in this fact, and many of the village residents would try to get out too late and find themselves trapped inside their homes. After the storm passed, the group of survivors dug themselves out of the town hall and gazed upon the wreckage. In an attempt to find any survivors or supplies, the small group began trying to dig out their homes. The group decided to make the town hall into a large shelter, converting many of the offices and meeting rooms into bedrooms, sickbays and even a daycare. The survivors were few and far between and without any outside help any chance to help the people who were buried in the homes still was quickly passing by the minute. A small group of volunteers wanted to make a journey to Riverdale the closest settlement to the town and could have both the manpower and supplies to help the town out. Riverdale was just a couple of days' march away and could have been missed by the blizzard due to it being on the other side of the mountain range.

The group of survivors, having lost everything to the blizzard, had a difficult decision to make, who would stay behind and try to salvage what was left of their village and who to send to the nearby village for help. After much discussion, they decided to split the group. the group of 5, Mike, Anna, Alex, Jason, and Todd volunteered to embark on the journey through the snow-covered valley to the neighbouring village, while the rest stayed behind to continue excavating their village. The team prepared themselves with tools and survival equipment and packed a few days' worth of rations. They were about to set off

on their journey when they noticed that the road that connected the two villages was buried under snow. The only option left for them was to follow a small frozen trail that was barely visible.

As the group began their journey, the group was shocked by the sheer amount of snow that had fallen throughout the valley. It was a mystifying sight to behold, with the snow reaching such heights that it towered over the treetops, creating a breathtaking, white wonderland that stretched as far as the eye could see. Despite the challenging terrain, the group made their way through the forest, shuffling through the snow. With every step, the group struggled as they pushed forward. As Mike gazed above the tree line, the snow and treetops blended, creating a smooth and vast winter tundra, with only the tallest of trees sticking out. The mountains in the distance appeared almost insignificant, with the snowy landscape forming a picturesque backdrop to their journey. Even from afar, Mike could make out the valleys where rivers and streams once flowed. The sight in front of the group was like nothing they had ever seen before. The landscape was covered in a blanket of snow and ice, and the sky above them was a dull grey colour that seemed to stretch on for miles. Despite the striking view, the group knew they had to hurry to Riverdale to get help.

As they made their way down the road, they walked for what must have been miles. The frozen landscape rose and fell around them, and they marvelled at the beauty of it all. Suddenly, Mike noticed a small clearing that used to hold a pond. Memories flooded back to him of swimming there with a few of his childhood friends. He couldn't recall the last time he saw them, but he hoped they were safe. With the thought of his friends in family in mind it renewed his determination to save his loved ones, Mike pushed on with the group. The journey so far had been long and tiring when it started to get dark. While looking for a place to set up camp Anna tripped and fell over a weird weird-looking stone that had been buried in the snow. Jason was quick to help her up, but before they continued Jason bent down and

started to clear away the rest of the snow around the rock only to discover the remnants of a chimney. Desperate to find any survivors, Jason began to claw away at the snow, hoping to make a way into the house. Mike, however, knew they had to keep moving if they were going to save anyone. He put his hand on Jason's shoulder and said, "There's nothing we can do here. We need to keep moving so we can get help for everyone else." Jason slowly stood up, tears in his eyes, and followed the group.

As the group finished digging their foxholes they began setting up their tents, Jason's demeanour was hard to miss. He looked sad and enraged, and his mood seemed to affect the rest of the group. They decided it was best to dig a large foxhole to place their tents in for the night, to protect themselves from the freezing wind. While Anna and Alex went off to gather firewood and kindling, while Mike, Todd, and Jason started digging their foxholes. After half an hour the the group finished digging and started setting up their tents. The relief of being out of the cold wind was incredible, but the howling winds above still kept the fear of freezing in their minds. Mike, concerned about the cold night ahead took out a small thermometer and placed it above the foxhole to keep a close eye on the temperature through the night. Anna and Alex returned a little while later with a few bundles of branches and kindling, and after a few unsuccessful attempts, they finally started a small fire. The warmth of the fire gave off much-needed heat, and it also provided a place to cook their food. The warm food filled their stomachs and gave them energy. As night fell, the group decided to go to bed. However, the freezing wind blowing throughout the night left them uneasy as they slept.

The group woke up to a clear morning sky. As they prepared to start their journey Mike retrieved the thermometer to check the temperature. The reading showed a temperature well below freezing.

Despite the freezing weather, the group had a long day ahead of them before they could reach Riverdale. As they began to move, the morning sun was yet to rise over the mountain, but Mike could spot the town lights from a distance. It was hard to tell but it looked like they might have been missed by the storm. As they packed up their tents and resumed their journey the group only needed to cross a small mountain and the Riverdale River to reach their destination. After a long march through the snow, they finally approached the mountain. They noticed that the snow had started to decrease, and they soon found themselves below the tree line. As they started they hiked up the mountain, the group found themselves back on what would usually be considered a normal level of snow. The relief of moving at a normal pace after slugging through the snow was unreal. It took them several hours to reach the summit of the mountain. Mike looked out and could see the entire valley. The valley had been filled with snow, making it difficult to distinguish clearings in the distance, making it hard to tell what once was lakes or settlements. Looking down to the river below, they could see Riverdale. The city looked to be unaffected by the storm. The group was eager to get help, and with the town so close, they started making their way down the mountain almost running. The excitement of being so close to safety filled them with energy as they marched. After an hour of walking, they finally reached the river and crossed the small wooden bridge that crossed into Riverdale. As they crossed they were met with a sign that read "Welcome to Riverdale." The village was within reach, and the group began to run, their faces beaming with joy. The thought of rescue filled them with hope and small smiles began to grow on the group's faces.

Entering the village the group made a beeline to the city town hall, the group pushed through the crowded busy streets of Riverdale until they finally got to the town hall, its marble pillars seemed to gleam with hope as they made their way into the hall. Getting inside they demanded to speak to the mayor, and after a few minutes of waiting the group was finally introduced to the person who could

save their friends and family. The Riverdale mayor was a well-dressed man of average appearance, and after introducing himself ushered the group to the meeting room. after the group had settled in the mayor listened to their tragic tale. after listening to the group's pleas for help the mayor stood up and took Mike's hand. " I promise the entire town of Riverdale is at your service, we will get rescue teams together and start first thing tomorrow to save your village." With this the group was ecstatic, they had done it! help would soon find its way to Riverwood and their friends and family would finally be saved.