

The Mystery Machine cruised to the end of the road. Fred parked it next to a bunch of other cars.

The gang followed a short trail through the woods. The path was lit with cheerful, twinkling lights, and lined with signs that said: WELCOME TO GIANT'S RIDGE! ICE CARNIVAL THIS WAY! and Our TOWN WELCOMES YOU BACK! and HOMEMADE MAPLE ICE CREAM—SHARE OUR SECRET RECIPE!

“Homemade maple ice cream?” Shaggy read the sign hungrily. “Like, you don't have to tell me twice! I'm not so sure about sharing, though.”

Scooby sniffed at an ice cream cone that had been carved out of ice. He licked it, then took a timid bite. “Rummy,” he said, crunching his teeth to break up the ice.

“Like, Scoob?” Shaggy said, holding up the last bits of crumbled ice. “I think that was just a decoration.”

“Rit rasted rood!” Scooby said.

As the gang turned a corner, they saw someone standing in front of one of the welcome signs. It was a woman wearing snowshoes. She had a compass and tools hanging from her belt. When they got closer, they noticed that she was spray-painting a big, glittering red X over one of the welcome signs.



“Hey! What are you doing?” Velma asked.

The woman turned around, startled. Then she returned to what she’d been doing. “People *aren’t* welcome,” she said angrily. “These signs make it seem like we’re happy to have people tromping through our forest and hills. But I’m not! I wish all these visitors would just turn around and go home. Leave Giant’s Ridge alone!”

Velma and Fred glanced at each other.

“You’re not looking forward to the Ice Carnival?” Daphne asked politely.

“No!” the woman snapped. “How do you think the animals feel about all these people invading