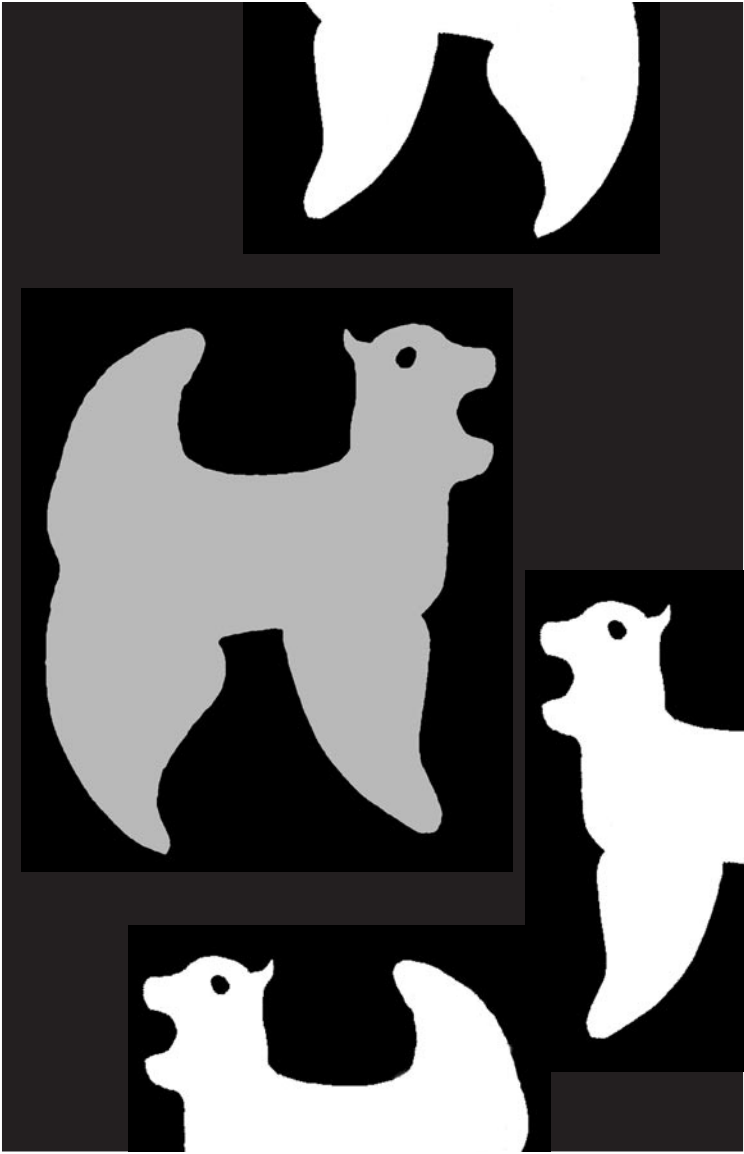




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CHAPTER TWO **ICE**



I remember those winter nights with great fondness. My father would often spend weeks away in Denmark promoting Rehc Taht welfare. I would be left with the servants and Aniad and I could order them about. **It was great!!!**

Aniad was never a cheerful child, often sulking and being difficult; she could also make my life very difficult. If I wanted to play alone in my enormous toy room, which was often the case, she would come in and steal the toys I was playing with at the time. She was bigger than me and I could never stop her. Sometimes I complained to Uncle Mountain, but the big laughing fool would only slap me on the back and say I was imagining it. When my father was about I would always tell him, but he never did anything about it either.

Often my house was full of people who had come for a meeting about a current crisis in Rehc Taht, or to organise a festival or party in the town. At these meetings I would sit in the corner and watch proceedings. If Uncle Mountain attended the meeting, I would sit with Aniad. If there were other children there I wasn't allowed to mix with them. I was sent to bed. Of all the aunts and uncles I had, (and I had a considerable amount) Mountain was my favourite. He was always laughing and telling me funny jokes. He would often pick me up and put me on his lap, his long shaggy beard tumbling over my face (which was both an itchy and very ticklish experience). Sometimes when Teregam was away I would go and stay at Anaid's house. Their house was a lot smaller than mine and only had one servant. I would often complain about this, but

nobody took me seriously. While I was there I started to become aware of what ice really was. One day Uncle Mountain, Aniad and me, went out for a walk on one of the sister mountains. I asked Uncle Mountain, **what is ice?**

“Far beneath the surface the ice and land focus into seeds. Like tiny stones that will grow from goodness in the water. That is what I am holding in my hand” Sure enough Uncle Mountain was correct. At the top of the seed was a tiny green tip. “You see my tiny Tahtians. As the water seeps into the seeds, they begin to grow. Stems pop out at the top of the seed. Knowing that the sun is at the surface they head to the surface. The nearer they get, the more they feel the heat of the sun. Once they get to the surface they break through the dark soil and continue to head towards the sun. When they have got as far as possible the stems splits open into a brightly coloured flower, to enjoy the most of the suns warmth. **So, my chubby pal, look over all this land.**

There is much ice  
and misery,  
but underneath every  
snowflake is a seed  
waiting to be born.

Ice, like all elements in our world, has its own spirit. Each Glazier,

each Ice Floe has its own spirit. As these spirits travel around our world they carry their message deep within this frozen fortress. Most of Greenland is covered in Ice, often three or four miles deep. **Always, with snow comes a promise, this you must never forget, my chubby little boy king”.**

In Rehc Taht you are often awoken in the middle of the night by a thunderous rip and a huge splash. When I was a child the noise would scare me. I would wake up frightened and crying, whereupon my father would rush into my room and tell me: “It is only an iceberg being born. They are many travelling spirits of our land. They want to see the world. The thunderous rip is only the iceberg saying goodbye to Greenland”. When you’re a child you will believe anything. My father and Uncle Mountain were both great storytellers, as with all politicians - they were myth builders twisting the truth to suit themselves.

My feelings of  
**anger**  
towards my father  
I will never forget,  
nor **forgive.**