

Icarus



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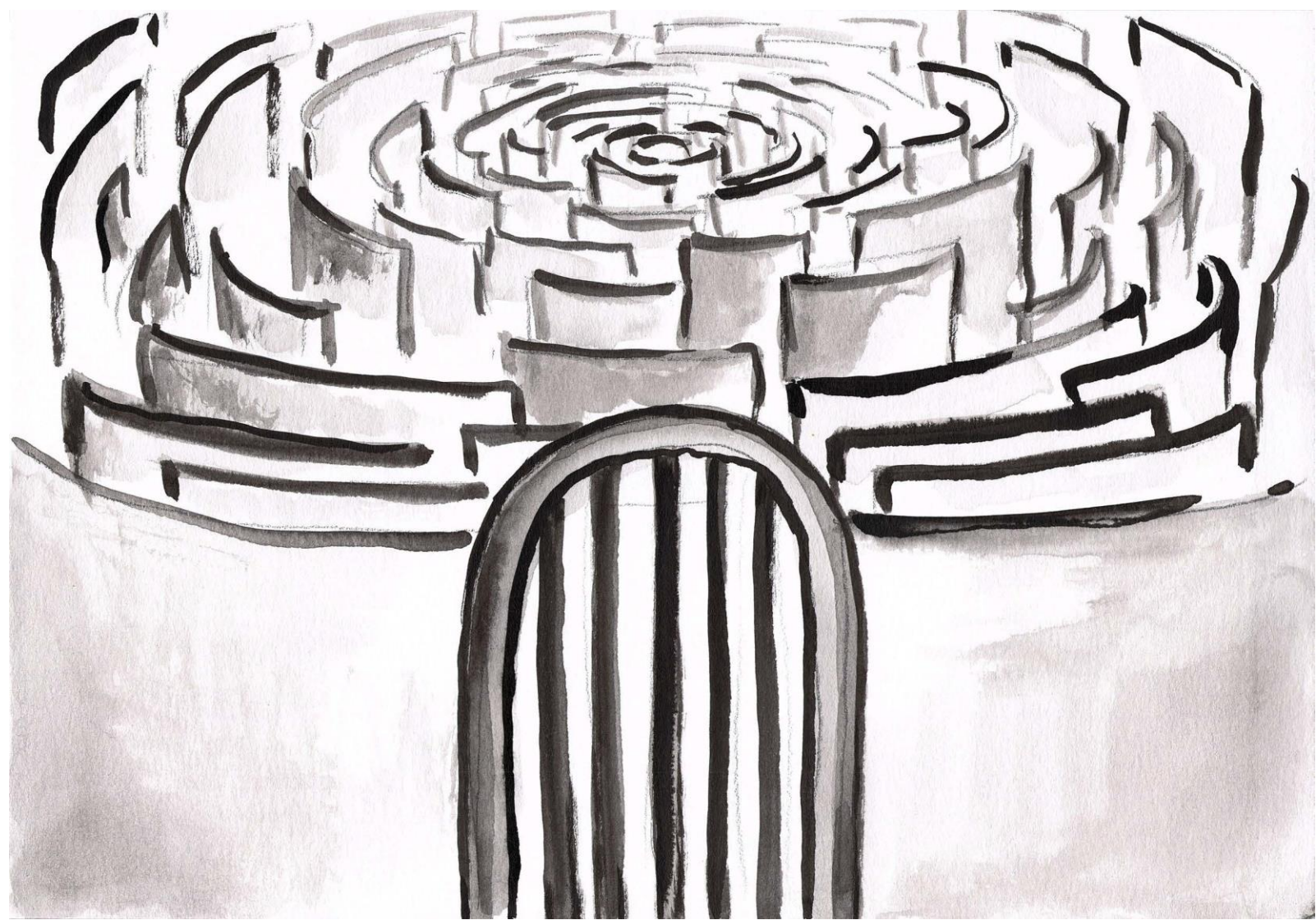
Once there was a monster. He was half man
and half bull, and was called the Minotaur.
This strange and terrible beast lived in a deep,
dark Labyrinth on the island of Crete.



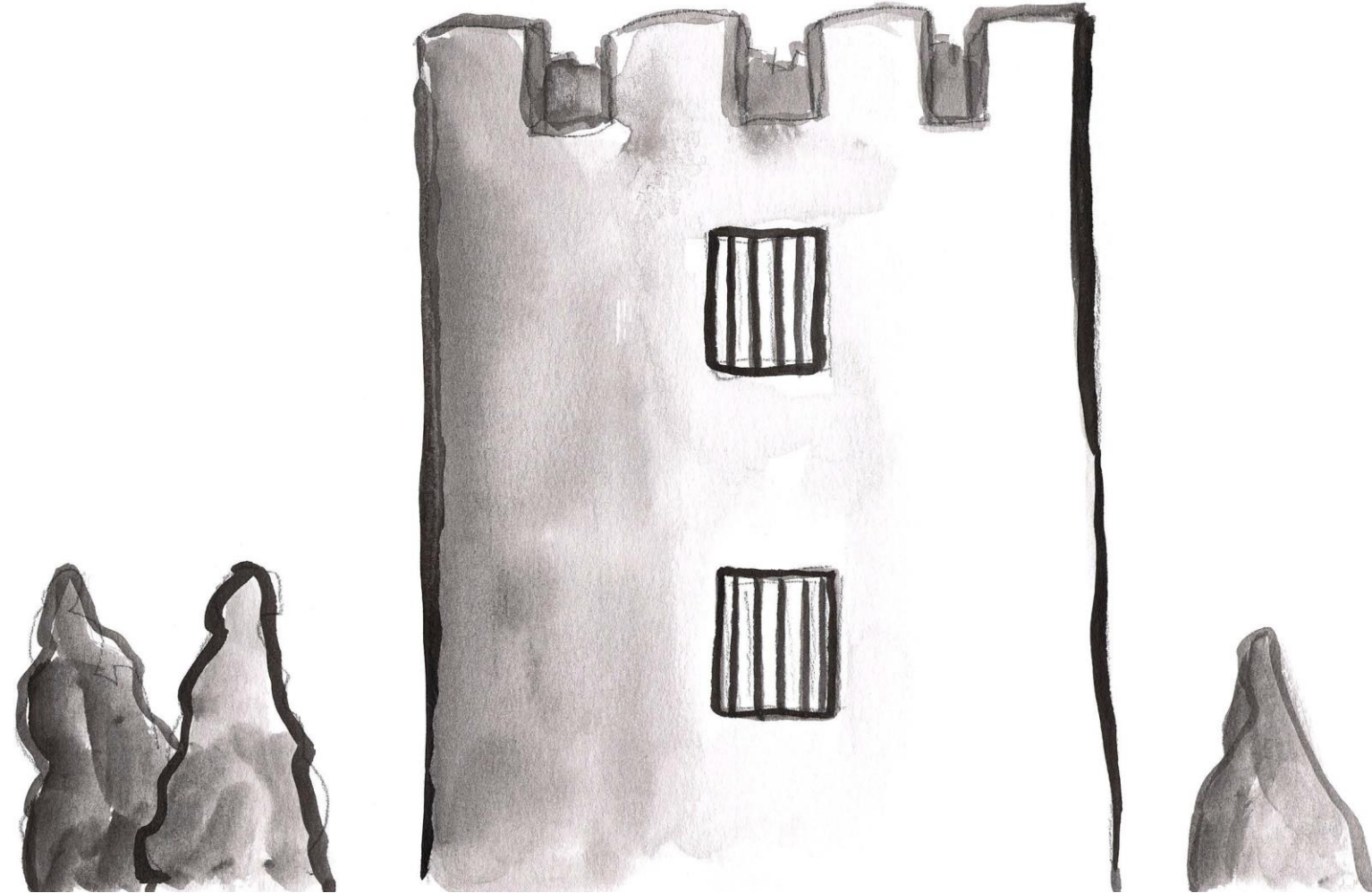
Daedalus was an amazing and clever inventor.
He had created the Labyrinth to keep the
Minotaur in.



King Minos of Crete was afraid that Daedalus might tell people about the Minotaur. So he did not want to let Daedalus go back to his home in Athens. Instead, he kept him as a prisoner.



Daedalus lived with his son Icarus in a tower of the palace. They were never allowed to leave the tower.



Daedalus longed to return home to Athens.
His son Icarus also wanted to leave, because
he wanted to run and play in the open,
rather than be in a tower all day.



Daedalus watched the birds that nested on the roof of the tower. He and Icarus gathered the feathers, the long wing feathers and the even longer tail feathers.



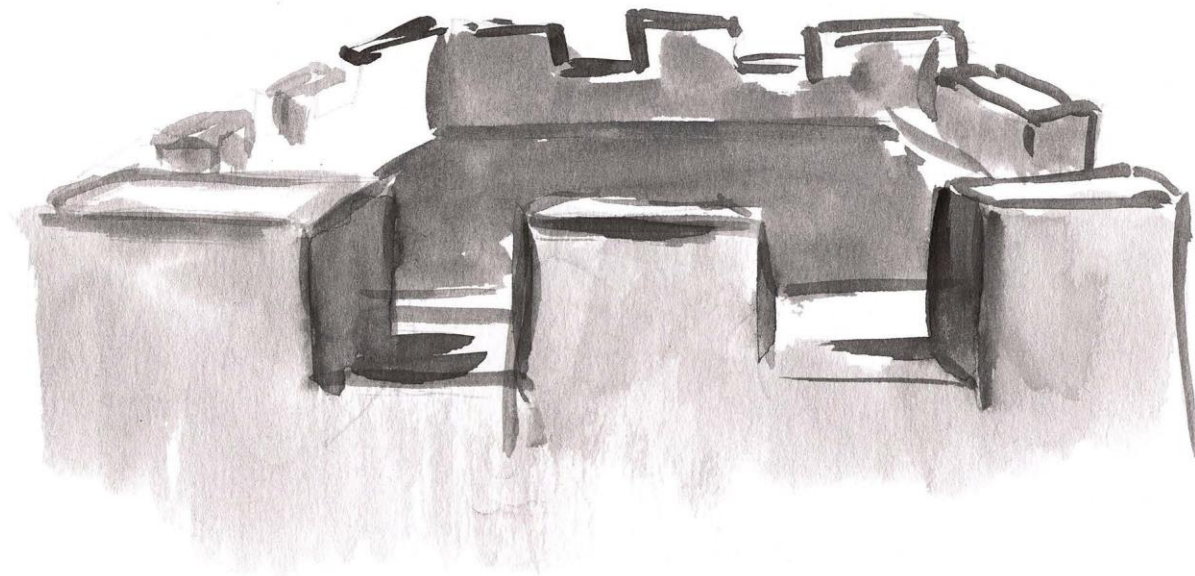
Daedalus used long light pieces of wood that he stripped from their beds, and wax, which he gathered from the bees who nested in a corner of the tower. He created two amazing pairs of wings.



Daedalus fastened the larger wings to his arms, and began to flap them until his feet took off from the floor and he began to hover in mid-air. Icarus laughed with delight. He then tried the smaller pair of wings.



Over the next few days, father and son both practised in every moment that they were alone. Little Icarus became as good at flying as his father.



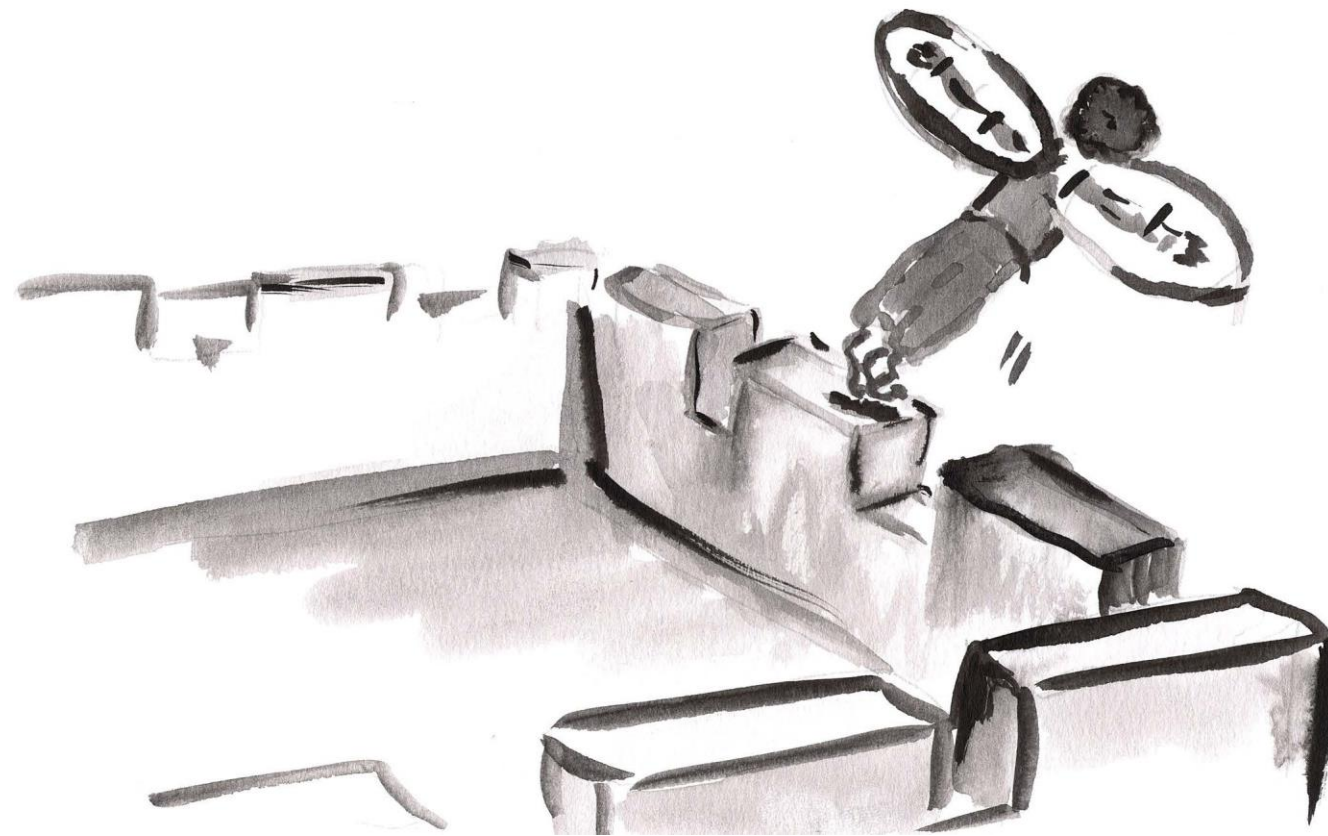
One morning Deadalus spoke to Icarus.
“Now, we are ready to leave. We shall fly home to Athens.” Icarus nodded and jumped with excitement.



Daedalus then spoke again, very seriously.
“You are now quite good at flying, but you must not forget that it is very dangerous. So listen carefully. Do not fly too high, or the sun will heat the wax and your wings will fall apart.” Little Icarus nodded to show his father that he had understood.

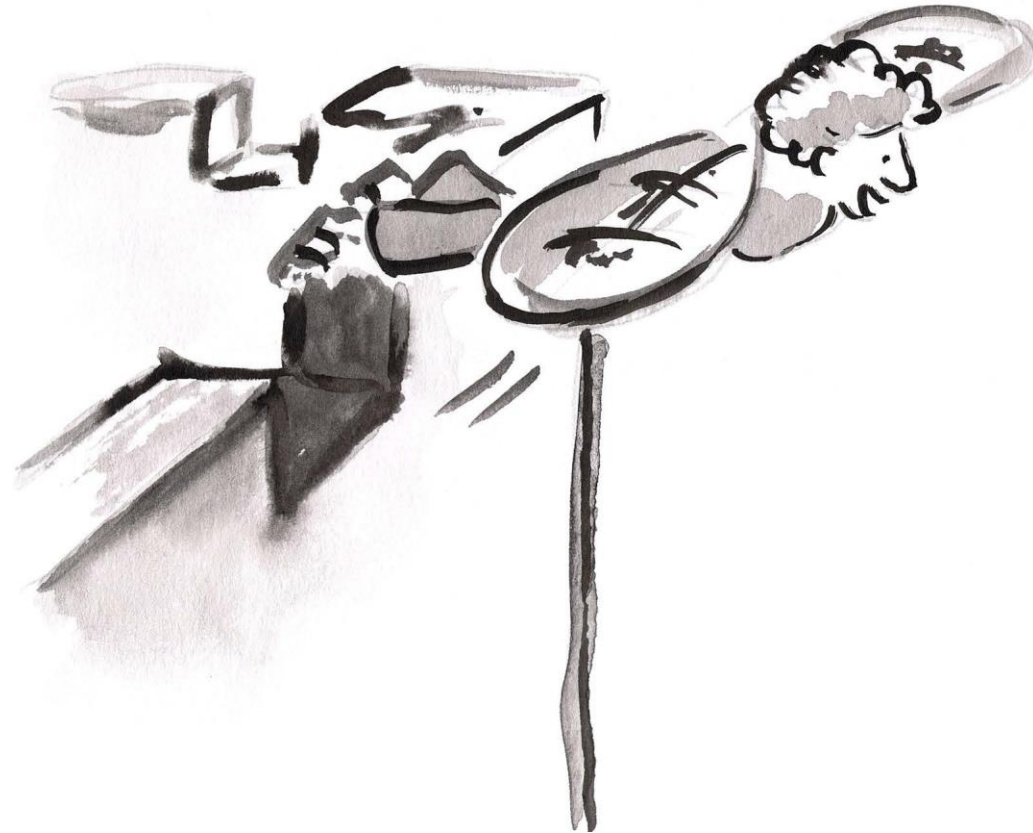


Then Daedalus led his son up onto the
battlements of the tower, and he jumped
into the air and flapped his wings.
He was flying!



Icarus stood at the top of the tower and shut his eyes! He jumped into the air, and began to flap his wings, slowly at first, and then faster and faster...

He was flying!



Over the seas they flew. At first, Icarus felt frightened because he had never gone very far when he was practising. But soon he found that he was really good at flying. In fact, it was the most wonderful fun!



Icarus began to swoop up and down with
the sea gulls. Wow! It was amazing!
His father saw him and called,
“Icarus! Take Care!”



For a while after that, Icarus obeyed his father and flapped along behind him. But then his wings caught a warm air current, and he found that he could soar along and upwards.



Icarus was so happy. He soared higher
and higher. He did not pause to listen
to his father shouting from below.
“Icarus, remember what I told you.
Come down right now!”



Icarus was far too close to the sun.
Soon the wax that held the feathers
together began to melt.



Gradually his wings began to lose their shape.
Then some of the feathers began to fall off.
Icarus flapped his arms frantically, but it was
too late. He had lost the power of flight.



Icarus flapped his arms, but nothing could help him now. He fell, down, down, down, plunging into the shimmering sea below.



Daedalus gazed in horror at the rippling sea below. Then he flapped his wings sadly and flew on to Athens.



Daedalus went on inventing amazing things – mostly toys and playthings for children. But he never forgave himself for losing his son.



