The story of Icarus

A long time ago there was a man named Daedalus. He lived on the island of Crete with his son, Icarus.
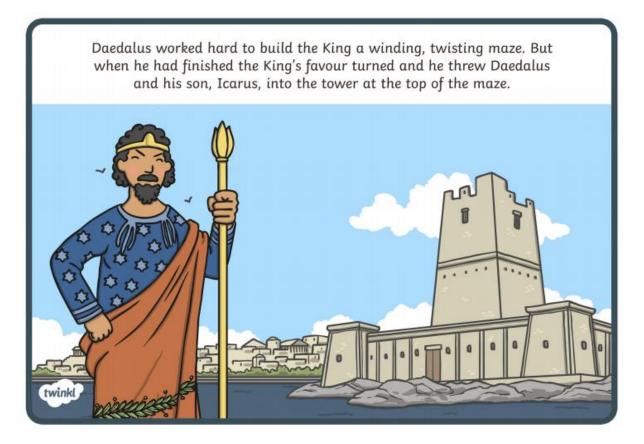
Daedalus was a very clever craftsman who invented all sorts of things. One day the King asked Daedalus to invent a maze from which no one could escape.

Daedalus worked hard to build the King a winding, twisting maze. But when he had finished the King's favour turned and he threw Daedalus and his son, Icarus, into the tower at the top of the maze.

"Let's get on one of those boats!" shouted Icarus, pointing towards the sea. "No," replied Daedalus, "that's too dangerous. The King's men guard every ship that leaves the island." Icarus looked at the walls surrounding them on top of the tower. "We'll never get out of here," he sighed.

But Daedalus was looking up at the sky, watching the seagulls fly through the air. Swoop, swoop, swoop, they went, all around the tower then off into the distance. "I've got it!" Daedalus leapt up, pointing his finger towards the birds. "We will fly out of here!"

Icarus and his Father set about gathering feathers. "Here's one!" exclaimed Icarus. "Bring it over here," Daedalus instructed his son, as he sat moulding the feathers together. Eventually their work was done and Daedalus held up two pairs of beautiful, feather wings.

Daedalus fitted the wings to his own shoulders then gave a pair to Icarus. They moved around, slowly at first, until they could wave their arms up and down, up and down, like birds. "Remember," said Daedalus to his son, "never fly too high. The blaze of the sun will melt your feathers if you go too near it."

But Icarus wasn't listening. He was too excited. He was about to fly for the first time! He watched as his Father took to the sky. Then he lifted his arms and began flapping. Up, up, up he went. He could see the island of Crete disappearing below his feet.

Icarus looked around, he could no longer see his Father. The air grew warmer and warmer. His arms seemed heavy and tired. The light, feather wings that had carried him into the clouds were beginning to fall away.

Then he remembered the words of his Father, Daedalus. "Don't fly too high."
He looked up, the sun was beating down on his back. His wings were melting!

Suddenly he was falling down, down, down towards the sea. "Father!'
he shouted. Daedalus watched with sadness from the sky as his son hit
the water with a heavy splash.