

## **Theseus and the Minotaur**

Theseus lived in 1000 BC

His mates all called him Thes,

He was handsome, strong and brave,

A real hero of Ancient Greece!

Thes was a Prince of Athens,

His father, Aegeus, was king,

They lived in a mighty palace,

With gold and jewels and all that bling,

But a shadow darkened Athens,

As once every seven years,

A tribute was paid to Crete,

And the streets were washed with tears.

Seven men and seven women,

Were taken away to Crete,

Loaded onto a ship with a coal black sail,

Their faces as white as a sheet.

A labyrinth awaited them:  
A maze that would twist and bend.  
A beast lurked in the shadows,  
And the Athenians' lives would end.

This beast was known as the Minotaur,  
A monster: half man, half bull.  
His eyes were red as fire;  
His pelt was black and dull.

His horns were sharp as razors;  
His fur felt like wire mesh.  
His favourite meat was humans',  
And he'd feast upon their flesh!

But Theseus had had enough!  
"Stop this madness!" he cried.  
"I will save the Athenians,  
They'll no longer be eaten alive!"

The next ship that sailed for Crete,  
Had young Theseus on board.  
His mind was full of cunning schemes,  
And his hands grasped a deadly sword.

On arrival he was thrown in the labyrinth.  
His eyes peered through the gloom.  
Where was this deadly creature?  
Would the Minotaur meet his doom?

His hand clutched a ball of wool.  
Gently he let it unwind.  
It would track his way through the maze,  
So the exit he could find.

His footsteps echoed from slimy walls.  
He could taste his fear on his tongue.  
A sickening stench filled his nostrils.  
The tunnels were damp and long.

Skulls and bones were crunched underfoot

(Remains from the Minotaur's meals).

He found some rusting armour,

Broken swords and dented shields.

What was that noise?

Over there, to the right?

Was something moving?

In the dark, out of sight?

With a snort and a bellow, the Minotaur charged,

His hoof beats punching the floor,

Then drew his sword, prepared for the fight,

And yelled a blood-curdling ROAR!

The Minotaur's horns slashed at his face;

His rotten breath clouded the air.

Theseus dodged and darted around,

Moving as close as he dared!

Suddenly the beast stumbled!  
Theseus took his chance,  
Raising his sword above his head,  
Our hero began to advance.

SLASH! WHAM! THUMP! SLAM!  
The bull's head rolled on the ground.  
Blood was splattered across the wall,  
Then..... silence was the only sound!

The Minotaur had met his fate!  
There'd be no more human feast.  
The people of Athens were finally free,  
From the threat of this mythical beast.

And Theseus? He cleaned his sword,  
He took up that ball of wool,  
And followed the thread to the exit,  
Having slaughtered that man-eating bull.

He soon returned to Athens,  
To his life of wealth and bling,  
And poets will remember him,  
Of his heroic deeds they'll sing!

And maybe....just maybe....  
When 3000 years have gone  
People will still tell his story.  
The Minotaur legend lives on...