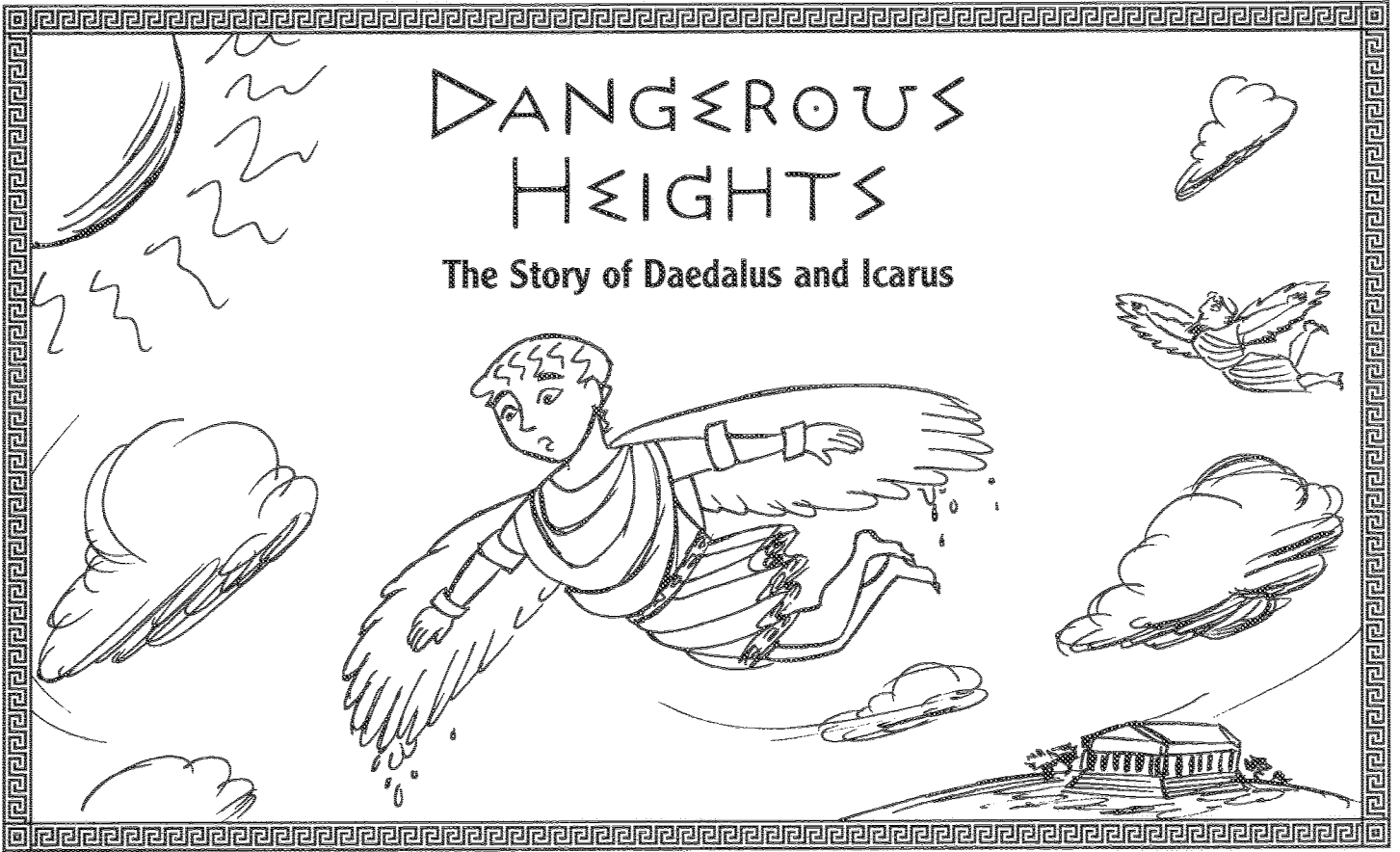


DANGEROUS HEIGHTS

The Story of Daedalus and Icarus



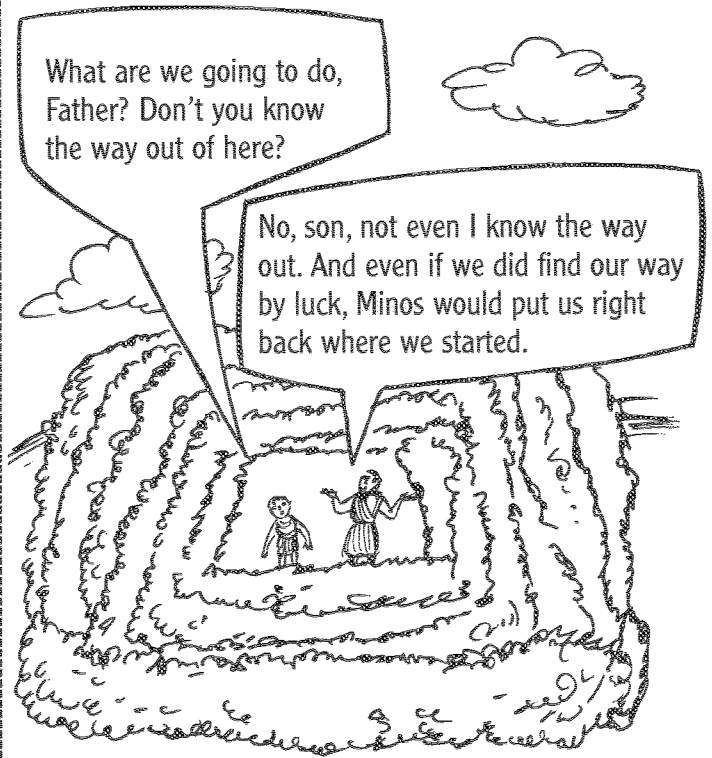
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That night, Daedalus and his son Icarus were led to the center of the Labyrinth. The guard carried candles to light the way. Since the guard had a son about the same age as Icarus, he took pity on them and left some candles behind.

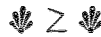
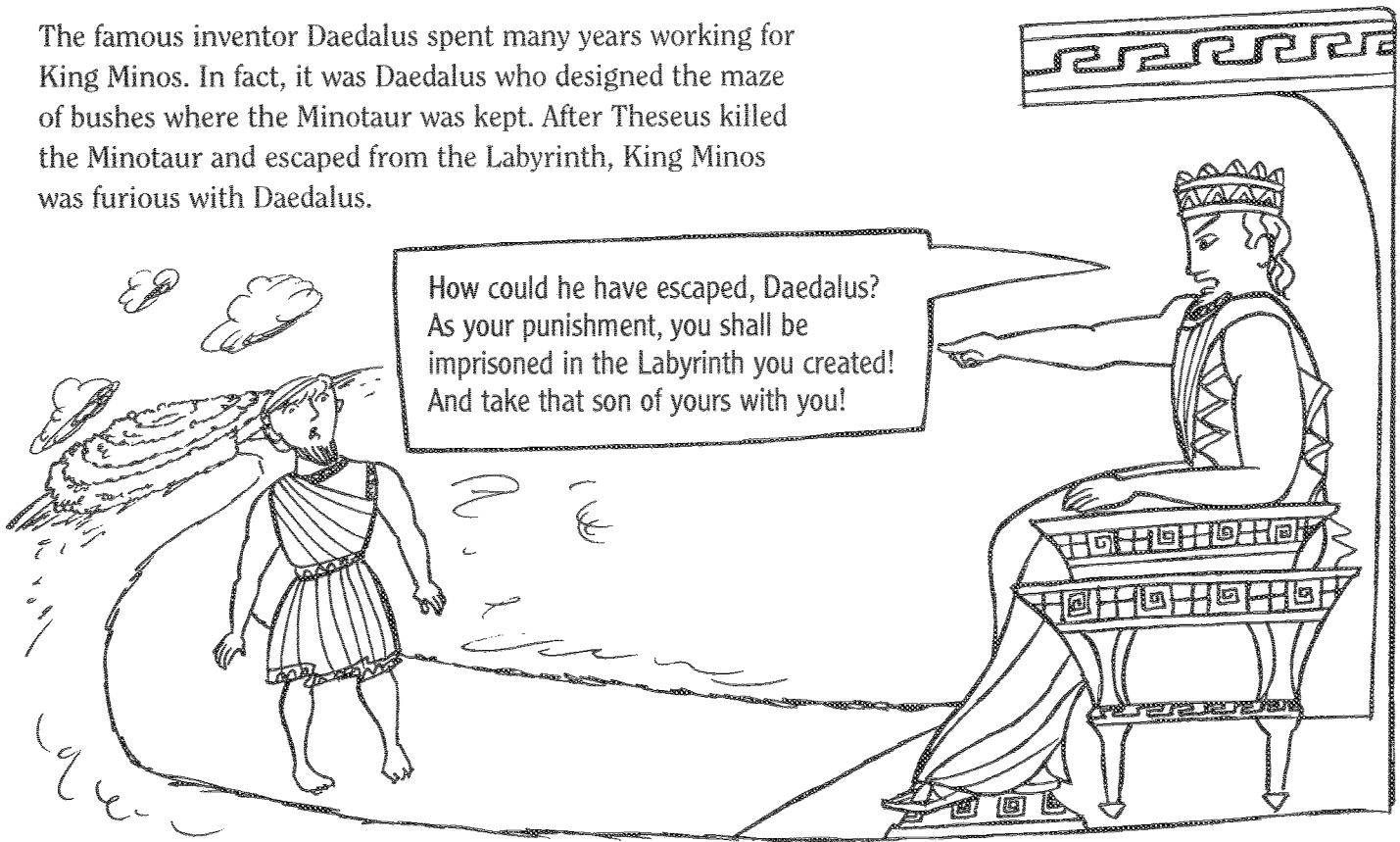


What are we going to do, Father? Don't you know the way out of here?

No, son, not even I know the way out. And even if we did find our way by luck, Minos would put us right back where we started.

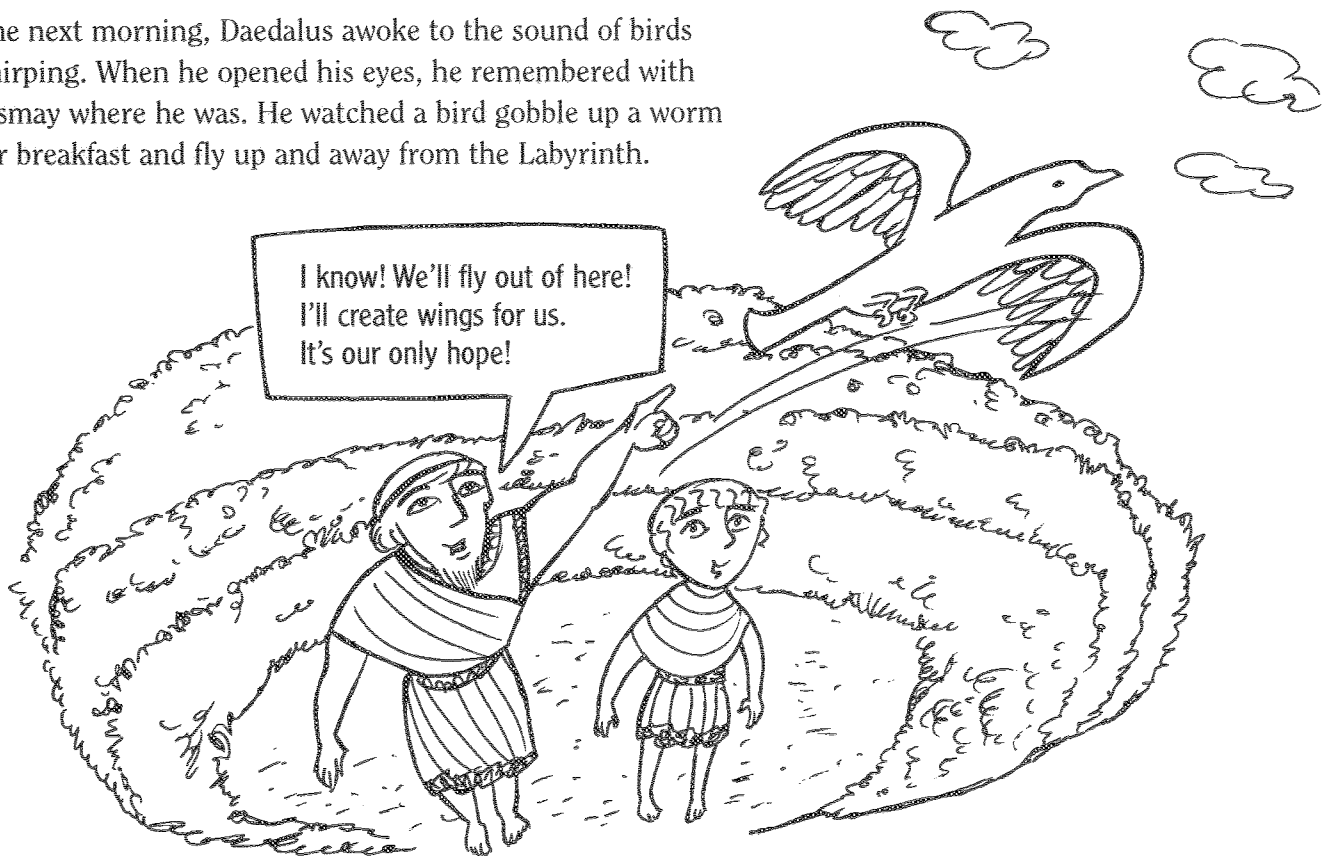


The famous inventor Daedalus spent many years working for King Minos. In fact, it was Daedalus who designed the maze of bushes where the Minotaur was kept. After Theseus killed the Minotaur and escaped from the Labyrinth, King Minos was furious with Daedalus.



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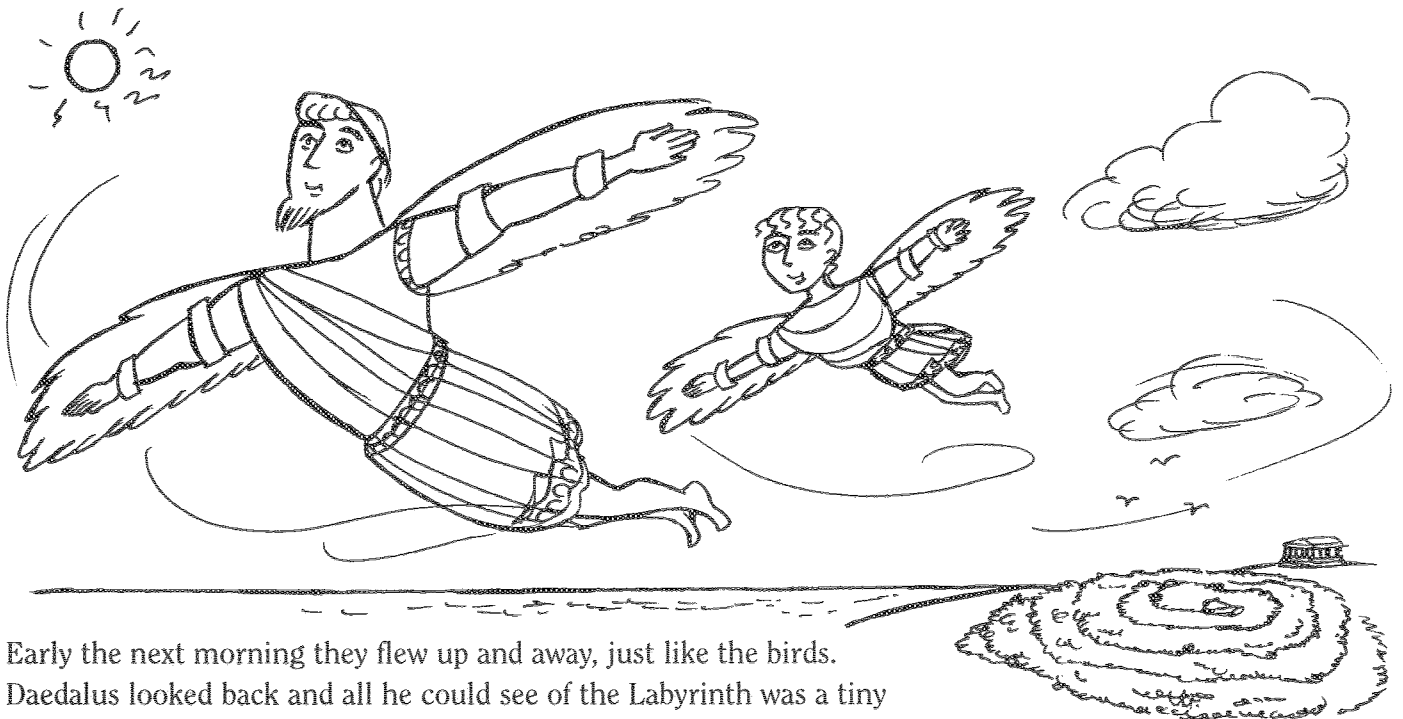
The next morning, Daedalus awoke to the sound of birds chirping. When he opened his eyes, he remembered with dismay where he was. He watched a bird gobble up a worm for breakfast and fly up and away from the Labyrinth.



Daedalus and Icarus spent the next few days gathering all the feathers they could find. Then Daedalus fashioned two sets of wings by gluing the feathers together with hot candle wax.



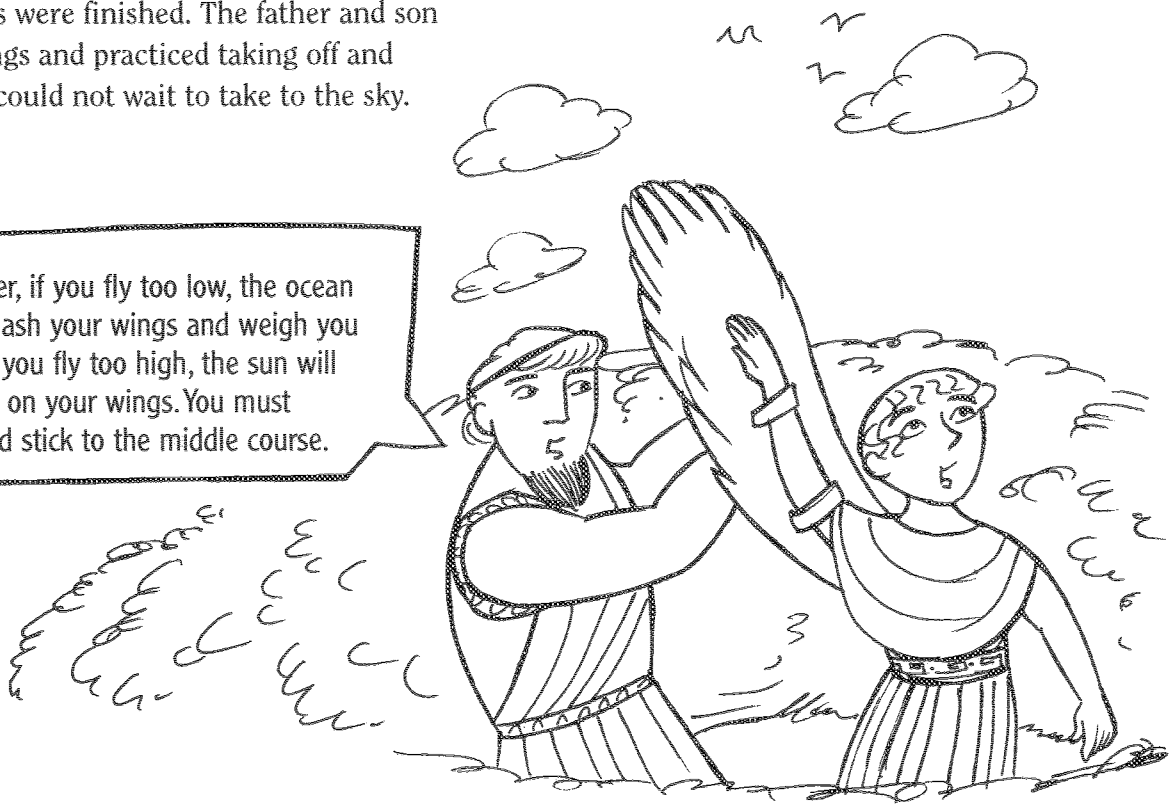
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Early the next morning they flew up and away, just like the birds. Daedalus looked back and all he could see of the Labyrinth was a tiny spot of green, getting smaller and smaller until it was gone. The sky was bright and beautiful, the air was cool, and the sun shone pleasantly on him. He began to relax and his eyelids grew heavy.

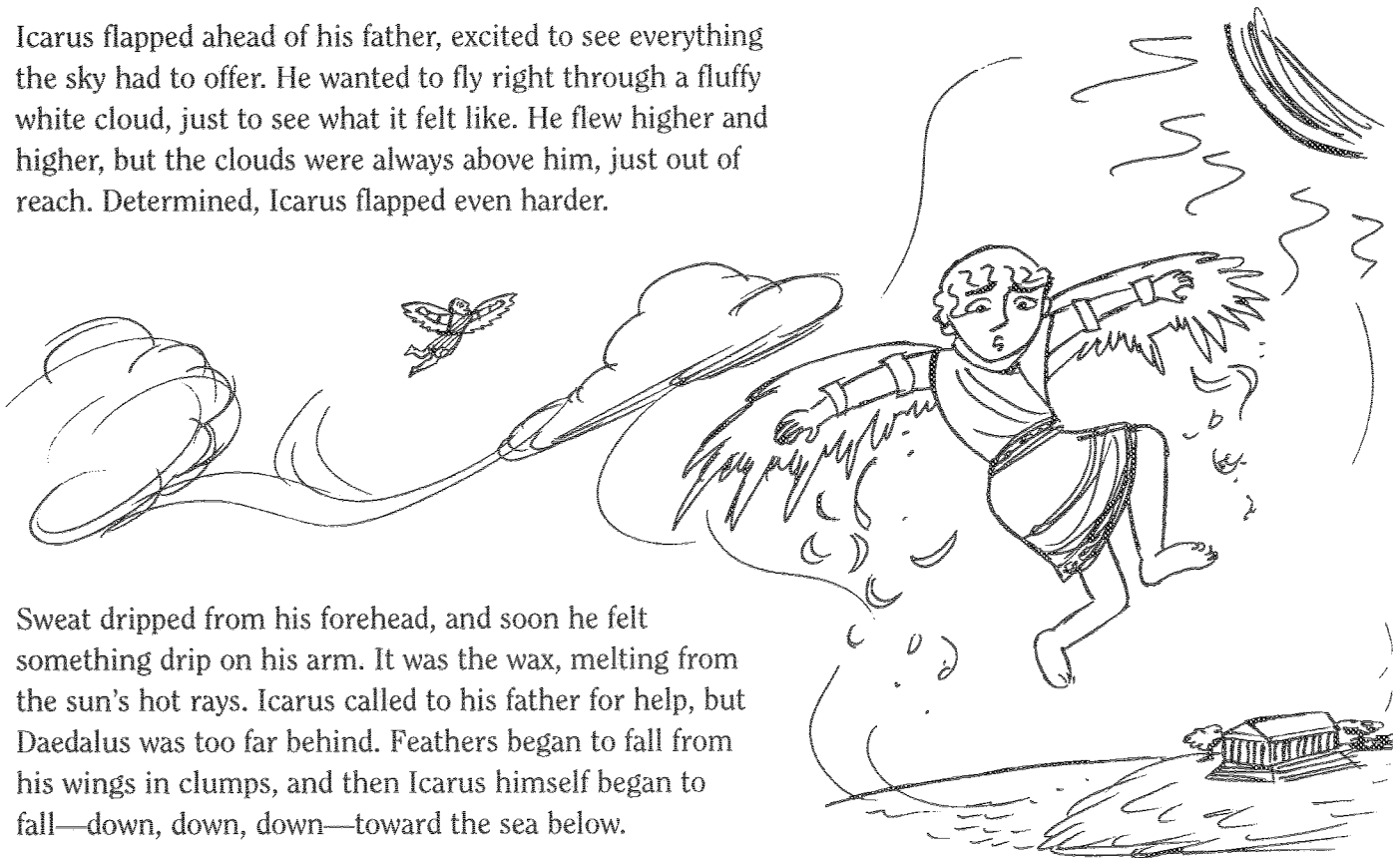
At last the wings were finished. The father and son put on their wings and practiced taking off and landing. Icarus could not wait to take to the sky.

Just remember, if you fly too low, the ocean water will splash your wings and weigh you down. And if you fly too high, the sun will melt the wax on your wings. You must follow me and stick to the middle course.



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Icarus flapped ahead of his father, excited to see everything the sky had to offer. He wanted to fly right through a fluffy white cloud, just to see what it felt like. He flew higher and higher, but the clouds were always above him, just out of reach. Determined, Icarus flapped even harder.



Sweat dripped from his forehead, and soon he felt something drip on his arm. It was the wax, melting from the sun's hot rays. Icarus called to his father for help, but Daedalus was too far behind. Feathers began to fall from his wings in clumps, and then Icarus himself began to fall—down, down, down—toward the sea below.

