

## Theseus and the Minotaur

King Minos of Crete was feared by rulers of nearby lands. If he demanded goods or men for his armies, they obeyed without question.

Minos had a magnificent palace with a vast labyrinth inside. At its centre lurked the Minotaur—a monstrous creature, half man and half bull. It was strong, savage, and fed on humans trapped inside by Minos. Every year, Minos ordered King Aegeus of Athens to send seven young men and seven young women to be sacrificed.

“If we refuse, Minos will attack, and we cannot win,” King Aegeus said sorrowfully. His son, Theseus, was furious.

“Next time, I will go,” he vowed, “and I will end this terror.”

When the ship arrived in Crete, King Minos came to inspect the prisoners.

“Is this all your King has to offer?” he sneered. “Such feeble creatures! Choose the first to enter the Minotaur’s den.”

At once, Theseus stepped forward. Watching from behind Minos was his daughter, Ariadne. The moment she saw Theseus, she fell in love.

As he entered the labyrinth, she whispered urgently, “Theseus, take this. Even if you defeat the Minotaur, you will never find your way out.”

She threw him a large ball of red thread. He tied one end to the entrance, smiled gratefully, and ventured into the maze, letting the thread unwind behind him.

Through dark, twisting passages, Theseus crept, his heart pounding. The air was thick with the stench of the beast. Suddenly, the Minotaur charged, lifting him high on its mighty horns before hurling him onto the cold stone floor. Winded and in agony, Theseus lay still. Should he surrender or fight?

But Theseus was no ordinary man. He was a prince—brave and determined. Summoning all his strength, he leapt up and seized the Minotaur’s horns, twisting its head with all his might. The beast roared in rage, but Theseus held on, twisting harder. The creature weakened, and with one final effort, he wrenched its neck until it snapped. The Minotaur collapsed with an earth-shaking thud. It was over.

Now, he just needed to escape. Following the red thread, Theseus retraced his steps. At last, he emerged from the labyrinth and ran into Ariadne’s waiting arms. He had won.

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