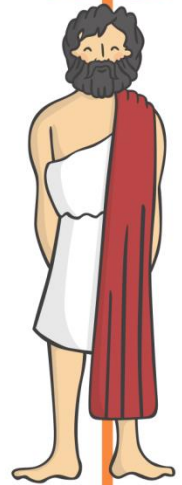


Peering back towards the others, Theseus, whose mouth was trembling with fear, tied the string to the door. Slowly, Theseus crept through the confusing maze. It seemed never ending. CRUNCH! What was that? Could it be the bones of his ancestors? Now, more than ever, Theseus wished he was back home but the urge to save his fellow Athenians was stronger than his fear. His heart was pounding, thudding in his chest. Dripping with sweat, Theseus found his way to the centre of the Labyrinth. A huge, monstrous shadow covered the moss-drenched walls. Was it The Minotaur? Could this be the end? Carefully, our hero glanced over to see it. There it was.....! Theseus cowered in fear at the sight of the hideous monster. Before him, the horrible creature loomed in the murkiness. "Show yourself", called Theseus. Slowly, the Minotaur lumbered out into the light. The horrifying half-bull, half-man with a bull's head tattoo on its chest, snorted angrily with its scarred nose. It had curved, pointed horns to butt with, and carried a pole with a spear on one end and a spiked square on the other. Rapidly, it menacingly swung its curved tail at Theseus and hurled the perilous weapon at him. Theseus took out his sword and hit the Minotaur's arm, breaking the bindings wrapped around it. Theseus sliced off the giant bull head. It was finished. The Athenians were free.



By Olivia Farrell

