

Icarus and Daedalus

Sunlight rippled over the water's surface, glittering like droplets on a spiderweb. The fiery orb swam lazily through the clouds, illuminating the sky.

Daedalus glided through the winds, his son soared behind him, adventure sparkling in his eyes. Daedalus chuckled, relishing the cool breeze tickling his face.

'Father, this is amazing!' Icarus cried, wings of gilded feathers spread afar. Daedalus nodded, proud of his invention. A smile curved his lips as he glimpsed Minos trembling in fury. *So long, old man! Not even wealth and royalty like yours can keep my genius bound.*

He glanced up, smirking at the heavens. The temptation to call out his goddess was astronomical. *Hah! How do you like that, Athena! I make my own rules! I'm way past believing in you! I've come so far from those times.*

Daedalus grinned. *So this is what it feels like to be a god.*

Daedalus hunched over his worktable, beads of shimmering sweat sliding down his brow. He tinkered with bits of bronze and metal, swiftly fusing them together in one motion. A creak sounded from the doorway.

Perdix.

'Uncle!' The young boy squealed, happiness glowing in his round eyes.

'Yes, Perdix?' He questioned briskly, frowning hard, distaste clouding his demeanour.

'I invented something!'

'What's that?' He turned around to face his nephew, face set in stone.

'This!' Perdix thrust something towards him. Daedalus tilted his head to turn his gaze upon it. A strange object lay before him. It had a small wooden handle, chips of red paint made out a small name carved into it. **"Perdix"** The many edged triangle of steel glinted in sunlight. *Perfect for sawing.*

Daedalus gritted his teeth as an unexpected emotion overcame him. Jealousy. He growled in annoyance, but suppressed it.

‘Well done, Perdix.’ He forced a smile through his teeth. ‘One more thing. Next time, don’t carve your name in.’

The young boy’s face fell. Disappointment swarmed his face like bees. ‘Oh.’

Daedalus sniffed, then beckoned for Perdix to come closer.

‘Did you finish the puzzles I set for you?’

‘Yes, uncle! They were easy!’ Perdix grinned contently. ‘King Minos said I might be even better than you one day!’

‘Oh did he, now?’ *So when I die you can take my place...!*

Fury swam in his eyes, he clenched and unclenched his fists, his crusty nails digging into his palms.

‘Can I fix your isinglass over there? Are your joints aching too much again?’

‘No, I’m fine.’ He again found irritation gnawing at him. ‘*Run along now.*’

‘You know, uncle, I was thinking-’

‘Perdix!’ *That’s it! I’ve had enough!*

Grabbing his nephew’s small wrist, he led him to the window.

‘Perdix! My joints are swelling up, would you mind fetching that bronze ladybug model over there?’ He pointed to the rusty model lying on the ledge of the window.

Perdix shrugged. ‘Of course, uncle!’

The boy leant over to get it, squeezing himself through the narrow window.

‘I’ve nearly got it!’

‘Have you now....’ Daedalus whispered to himself, his eyes flickering over Perdix. He stepped forward, till he was a whisker away from him. He stretched out his hands and grabbed Perdix’s shoulders.

‘Uncle? What are you doing-’

‘Farewell, Perdix.’ The inventor’s eyes were red with loathing. ‘Fly, little bird.’ Perdix’s eyes were wide with horror. He tried to wrench himself out of Daedalus’s grip, but failed and slipped out of his grasp, into the sharp, jagged rocks below. He waited for an agonising, ear pitching scream, but heard none.

The sky seemed to tear apart, rain and lightning beat down against the rocks, dark clouds made a dome over the city and deafening whispers rained upon him, all echoing one sentence.

You will pay for that, Daedalus. The boy had my blessing.

That could only mean one thing. Athena.

‘Father, how long till we reach?’ Icarus’s voice jerked Daedalus from his deep thoughts.

‘Just a few minutes more, son.’ Daedalus glanced over to his son, while doing so, he noticed how agitated he was.

‘Icarus, you must not fiddle!’ He scolded, frowning. ‘If you fiddle, the feathers will come loose, and remember-’

‘If you fly too close to the *water*, the feathers will get wet and that’ll weigh you down *but* if you fly too close to the *sun* the wax will melt.’ Icarus raised an eyebrow. ‘You’ve been through it about a million times..’

‘I know but-’

‘You must be careful.’ Finished Icarus, again.

Daedalus sighed, his worry peaking.

‘Should we race, father? I’ll give you a headstart!’ Childish excitement nipped away at Icarus’s usual, cool tone. Before giving Daedalus a chance to reply, he rose higher and higher, soon he was a tiny, brown dot in the sky.

‘*ICARUS! COME BACK!*’ Dread clawed at Daedalus, sending shivers down his spine. *No...Can I still save him?! The wax would’ve melted by now..!*

‘*ICARUS!*’ He howled at the skies, tears sliding down his face. Suddenly, a tiny, speckled grey feather drifted down and onto his forehead. His eyes widening, he saw another beautiful, speckled feather, then another, then another and another. ‘*NO! ICARUS, WHERE ARE YOU?!*’ His cries were soon answered. Icarus came tumbling down, feathers stripped away, what was left were bits of boiling wax, all pooling over his now- burnt shoulders. He could hear his son screaming in pain as the wax burnt him.

‘*EXTEND YOUR WINGS AND GLIDE! ICARUS, EXTEND YOUR WINGS!*’ Daedalus bellowed, panic showering over him as he watched the young boy fall. Daedalus tried going faster, but it was useless. All he could do was watch his son fall to his death. This was all his fault. No. It was *her* fault. *Athena’s fault.* ‘Curse, you, Athena.’ He spat into the heavens. He jerked as he agonisingly fell unconscious.

‘You brought this upon yourself, Daedalus. Do you fly away now? To a world that abhors you? All that awaits you is sombre morrow no matter where the winds blow you.’

Gasping, Daedalus regained consciousness . He was falling fast. Into the blue pits below. To join his son. *No, I will not. I will not give that cursed goddess the satisfaction.*

Using every last bit of his energy, he pulled himself up to the black skies and flew forward, to a world where “sombre morrow” awaited him.

