

## The Boy Who Flew Too High | Texto Completo

The underground paths housing the Minotaur beneath the isle of Crete were created by the dangerous and intelligent mind of Daedalus, an artist of design and construction. Daedalus was so brilliant that King Minos of Crete kept him as a prisoner. Daedalus lived with his son Icarus in a tower of the palace, and King Minos made him build tremendous weapons of war. Although Daedalus and Icarus had a very comfortable life in the tower of the palace, the father wished to return home to Athens. His son hardly remembered Athens, but he dreamed of running and playing in the open.

Daedalus looked at the waves of the Mediterranean Sea, and realized that even if they could manage to escape from the tower and find a little boat, they wouldn't get very far before they were caught by one of the ships of King Minos' navy. He thought for a long time about the best way to escape and finally, he came up with a plan. He told King Minos that he needed feathers and wax for a new project. After Daedalus received the feathers, he took them to the roof of the tower, and placed the feathers into four lines. He organized the feathers from shortest to longest until the feathers formed gentle half-moon shapes. Then, Daedalus stuck the feathers together with string in the middle and wax at the base.

While Daedalus worked, Icarus played with the wax, making it flat between his fingers, and he chased feathers that floated on the wind. Daedalus showed Icarus how he had made the feathers into two pair of wings. He put the larger pair onto his arms, and began to quickly move them up and down until his feet took off from the floor, and he seemed to stand in the sky. Icarus laughed and could not wait to try out the smaller pair of wings.

Over the next few days, father and son both exercised the wings until little Icarus was almost as good at flying as his father. Then one morning Daedalus said: now son, we are ready to leave this island for good. We shall fly home to Athens. Flying is beautiful, but it can be very dangerous. Listen to my instructions and be sure to obey them perfectly. At all times, follow me. Do not take a different flight path, or you will soon be lost.

Do not fly too low or your wings will get wet from the waves, become too heavy, and drown you. Nor should you fly too high, or the sun will melt the wax, and your wings will fall apart. Have you understood all that I have said? Little Icarus nodded his understanding. Then Daedalus took his son to the highest walls of the tower and jumped into the sky, flapping his wings. Icarus followed soon after. If a fisherman had looked up just then, he would have thought that he saw two Ancient Spirits with the arms of birds.

Over the seas, they moved through the sky, and at first Icarus felt afraid, for he had never gone very far in his practice flights, but soon he found that flying was the most fun you could ever have. He began to follow the sea birds, dancing up and down above the ocean. His father turned around and called, "Icarus, take care!", and for a while Icarus flew carefully, like his father. But then his wings caught a warm air current, and he found that he could move easily above and beyond with little effort. This was the life!

He was flying so high that the ships down below looked like tiny insects. His father called up to him, "Icarus, remember what I told you. Come down right now!" Icarus could not hear him, however, and his father could not reach him. Icarus was far too close to the sun, and soon the wax that held the feathers together began to melt. Gradually his wings began to lose their shape, and some of the feathers even fell off. Icarus quickly moved his arms with worry and frenzy, but it was too late. He had lost the power of flight, and down he fell with force into the sea.