

Children of the Labyrinth

A Lego Story

Cora Beth Fraser

The background features a repeating pattern of stylized sunbursts and geometric shapes. The sunbursts are composed of a semi-circle at the bottom with radiating lines extending upwards, some of which are thicker and form a central, pointed shape. The pattern is rendered in yellow and blue lines on a dark blue background. The sunbursts are arranged in a grid-like fashion, with smaller diamond shapes interspersed between them.

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Once upon a time

there was an untold story
Hidden in myths of monsters and glory.
The secret was kept at Athena's command
Till the time came for Myth to leave Reason's land.



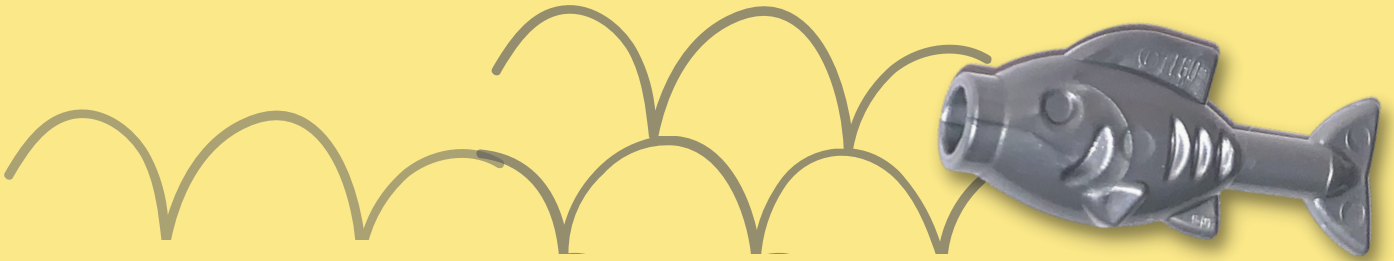
The story begins with not one boy but three,
All different, outsiders, extraordinary.



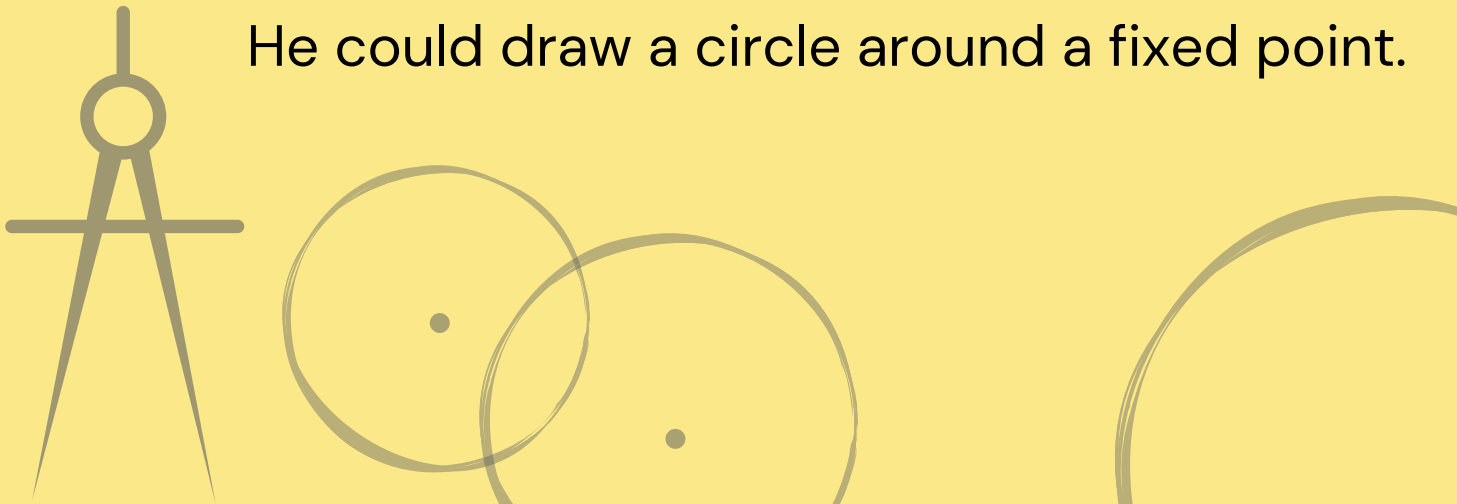
The eldest, named Perdix, for years had been known
For his brilliant mind, long before he was grown.
His Uncle Daedalus took him under his wing -
But as we will see, that was not a great thing.



Perdix invented the first handsaw
By observing some fishbones he found on the floor.



With two pieces of iron attached at a joint
He could draw a circle around a fixed point.





He was changing the world before he was thirteen,
But the people around him didn't seem keen.
His speech was as blunt as his thinking was smart,
So people drew back and set Perdix apart.



The second, Asterion, fearsome to see,
Was unable to speak, in the slightest degree.
A regular boy with the head of a bull,
He learned very fast that the world could be cruel.





Asterion's head on the inside was full
Of beauty unique to this child of a bull.
The thoughts in his mind became paint on the walls,
Making other art look like children's scrawls.

He painted the movements he wanted to keep,
The dolphins mid-swim and the dancers mid-leap.
Bulls too he painted, so that he'd fit in,
But Minos' palace had no place for him.





People came flocking from all over Crete
To gaze at Asterion's latest feat.
The paintings they loved; the painter they feared,
So little by little he disappeared.

The youngest was Icarus – youngest and scared.
He saw all the things that to others were blurred.
The noises around him all clashed in his brain
And the touch of his clothing brought physical pain.



Icarus felt all the feelings around him,
They came just like colours, in waves that could drown him.
He knew what they thought, all the people who smiled,
They called him weird, a broken child.



They met on the walkway on top of the wall,
As their families feasted inside the Great Hall.
The Minotaur watching the sun as it set,
Was thinking of hiding but not ready yet.





The boys made a noise; Asterion turned,
Braced for them screaming as if they'd been burned.
But the screams didn't come; their eyes connected
And each saw themselves in the others reflected.





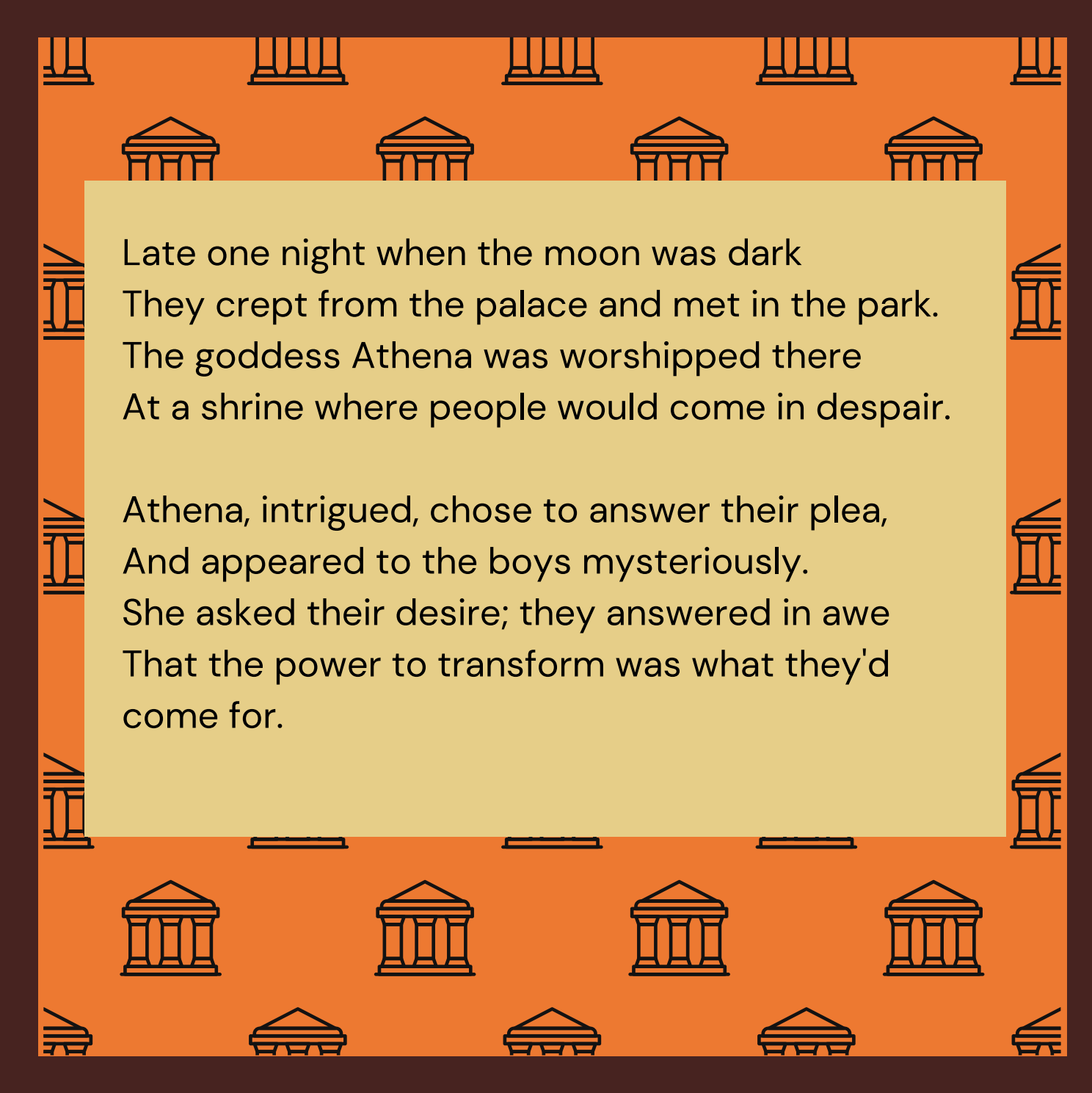


From that day they were friends, without thought or design;
Perdix made a machine so Asterion could sign.
They could talk or not talk, and they played every day,
Without fear or alarm, in their own special way.

But Icarus figured out what was to come,
He could feel the emotions and know the outcome.
He saw tragedy forming before it began.
The boys listened, and thought, and came up with a plan.







Late one night when the moon was dark
They crept from the palace and met in the park.
The goddess Athena was worshipped there
At a shrine where people would come in despair.

Athena, intrigued, chose to answer their plea,
And appeared to the boys mysteriously.
She asked their desire; they answered in awe
That the power to transform was what they'd
come for.



She asked them what creatures they
wanted to be:

A dragon, perhaps, to fly over the sea?

A monstrous rhinoceros, crushing their foes,

A powerful eagle no-one could oppose?





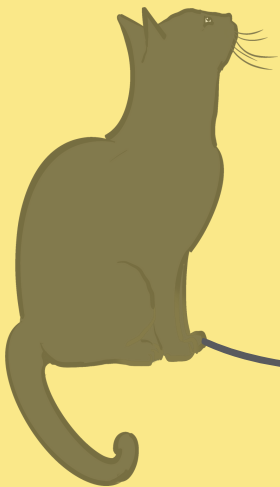






The boys shook their heads, for they'd known all
along

That safe would be better than scary or strong.
Perdix said 'Bird'; his cousin said 'Bat';
and Asterion signed his word for 'Cat'.









Grey-eyed Athena laughed at the scheme,
Predicting the chaos to come from their dream.
But though mischief was excellent, she wanted
more.

This too the boys in their wisdom foresaw.

In exchange for her help, they pledged their intent
To give her their lives without lament,
And hidden in darkness away from mankind
To use in her service their talented minds.





Perdix was first to meet *his* tragic fate
When the envy of Daedalus turned into hate.
He couldn't accept that his nephew was smarter
So he pushed from the window his apprentice-turned-
partner.

As the boy hurtled down to the rocks far beneath
He summoned his power by the skin of his teeth.
The moment before he could crash to the ground
He swooped and flew off where he couldn't be found.





Asterion next found himself in some bother,
Locked up underground by his monstrous father.
As the Minotaur now, the feared Monster of Crete,
He'd a maze to contain him and captives to eat.





They sent to his maze fourteen Greek girls and boys
Who roamed through his home with considerable
noise.

His sculptures and models gave them quite a scare;
There was running and panic and screams
everywhere.









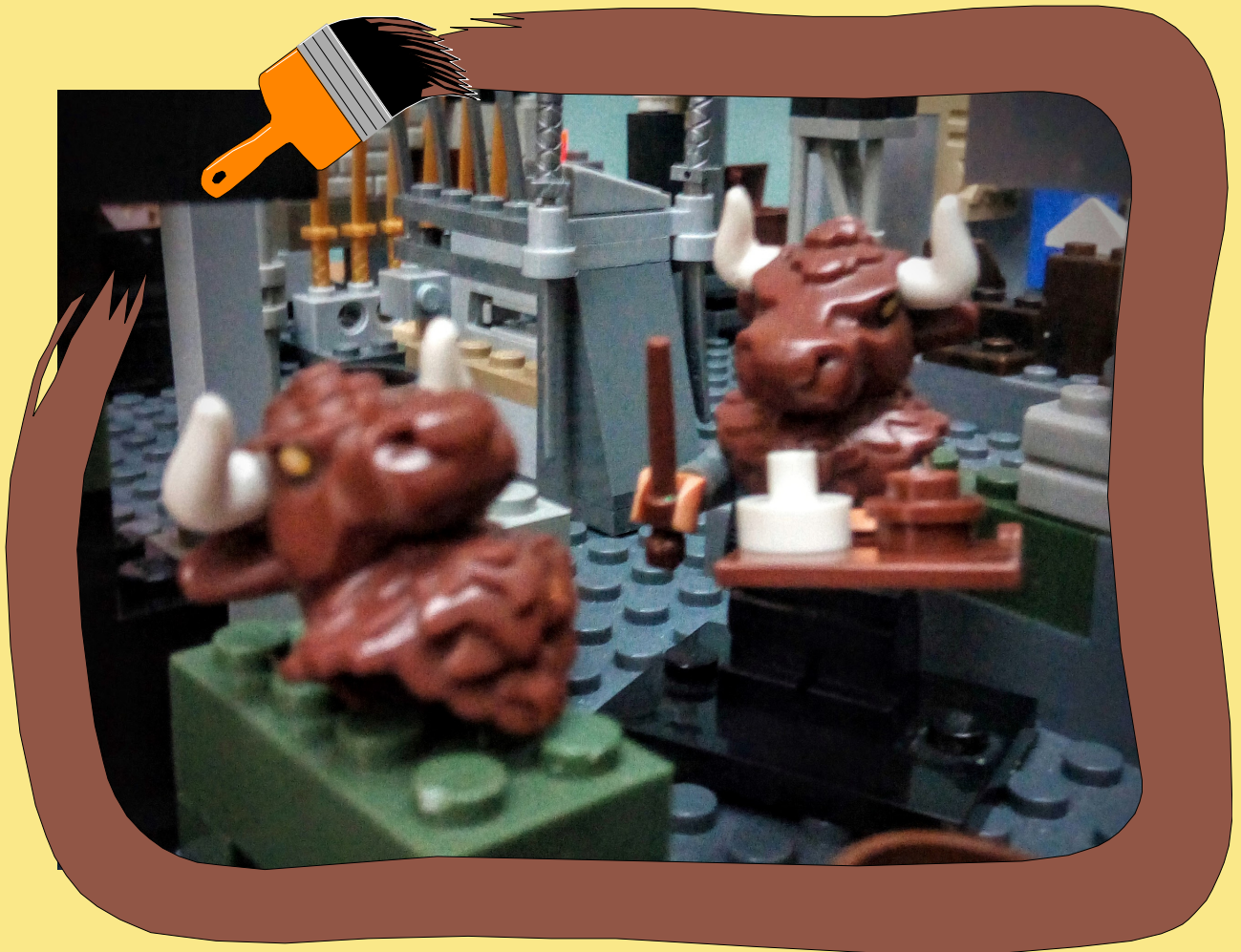




Hidden amongst them was Theseus, Prince,
A hero so daring he made people wince.
Hunting the Minotaur to prove his worth,
He stalked through the tunnels deep under the
earth.



When Theseus came to the monster's lair,
He found a bull's head, but no monster there.
Shrugging, he took it and strode away
Telling tales of heroically saving the day.





A cat and a bird both watched him depart,
Relieved at the triumph of Genius and Art.
Their new life was close enough to see;
Just one more to rescue, and then they'd be three.



Icarus soon swapped his human form too,
When his father made wings and away they both flew.
As they took off, a cat looked up from the walls,
And a bird followed, anxiously watching for falls.

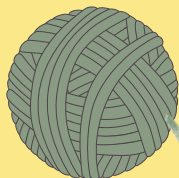




The wings fell apart; the feathers splashed down;
Wing joints and debris were strewn all around;
Daedalus cried out in utter dejection
While a bat flapped away in the other direction.



Back in the Labyrinth, hidden from view,
The boys kept their vow, and nobody knew;
As heroes arose and princesses cried,
Thrones were toppled and kings and queens died.





In their world far below, the boys found space to dream
And play and create and say just what they mean.

And in all the worlds of gods and men,
No-one will be quite so happy again.







*The
End.*