

The imprisonment of the Minotaur

Amongst the darkness lies what some call a mindless beast but this creature was and always has been more than a monster.

Within the blackness, dullness and absence of light it lies. What it is can not be said. If it's corrupted, wicked or of the devil is unknown. If it is of virtue, righteousness and dignity is shrouded within much mystery. But one thing is certain, he had been locked away from the motherly, comfortable, loving embrace of the light of day. And so is the reason for such a miserable, depressing and down-hearted beginning to such an unbearable, melancholy and dejected tale. Filled within such an unwanted tale is a villain which is seen as a hero, a gentle creature who is framed for doing horrible things to children and this gentle giant receiving a terrible end. But it seems as though the world will never be able to discover integrity amongst those who are different.

This tale begins with a solemn start as the mighty sea god Poseiden gives Minos a sacrificial bull. It was to be that this majestic, august and sublime bull was to be sacrificed to the almighty sea God himself but Minos was a selfish and ignorant man and kept the bull for himself. Infuriate, the great God himself, with his almighty powers, cursed Minos' wife: Pasiphae. She was to fall definitively, truly and madly in love with the sacrificial bull itself. Soon after she gave birth to our feeble protagonist of our fable. The Minotaur within his petite, scaled-down and miniscule form. Of course Minos was still as ignorant as ever and got his master builder, Daedalus, to build the imprisoning, claustrophobic and torturing labyrinth. And so ends our solemn start and begins our tragic tale.

Minos man handheld the Minotaur into his colossal, imposing prison. His unjust and discriminatory punishment sooned turned the child into an eternally depressed void of a person. Surrounded by encircling concrete that mocked him for his loneliness. He spent years locked away from society and civilisation. With walls that seemed to be his masters, pitch black darkness that seemed to swallow him up every day and every night and stone cold floors that made his feet turn to ice. Of course once every year the doors would groan as they opened themselves up and let the dark swallow them too.

As the petrified and colour drained children entered The Minotaur's prison they all imagined impending dooms some of being brutally ripped apart by what they called a beast, others of being mercilessly eaten piece by blood-filled, meaty and boney piece by what some thought was a monster and the rest believe the were to be grinded in cold blood by what they knew was a weird creature. They rambled through the stark cold passages with nothing but each other to keep warm and with no other light they found their way using the stone cold walls through the bewildering and perplexing puzzle known as the labyrinth.

In this place, passages without dead ends were as common as breakable diamonds. It was designed to keep Hippocrates, Diogenes and Plato befuddled. Every step made these children feel as though they were discovering the insides of darkness itself. Any original colour had been swallowed and digested by this eternal and continuous void of shadowiness. Horror-stricken by the bellowing snoring by our misunderstood protagonist, they almost stood still thinking he was right behind their almost invisible backs. Most of them had given up to wait for Hades' cold touch of death but a few persevered through the

hardships of tyranny and pushed through to find our imprisoned, punished, tortured, humiliated, bullied and depressed Minotaur who seemed to rather be killed than fight.

Shrieking in horror, the children ran like headless chickens that had jumped from the top of the barn. They screamed in absolute trepidation whilst not even having an idea of what was about to happen. They ran so quick they warped and teleported all over the bounded place. But then, all of a sudden they stopped. They saw the Minotaur's crystal tears as they flooded the room. The same tears from when he first was consumed by eternal darkness. The children sat. Watching his glistening tears form a river of sadness. They saw his sorrow in the most poetic way. They felt as if... they were the villains. They took great pity on the trapped creature who had been plagiarised by loneliness and depression. But his pity was to end quickly as the cold touch of death infected his body indefinitely. The monster hunter known as Prince Theseus of Athens. He swooped the children on his back and ran for freedom.

It had been years since the Minotaur had taken his journey to the underworld. He spent each day and night thinking of the prince of Athens. His tears now turned to dust every time he cried. He once went to the king of the underworld to plead that he may go to kill Theseus and exact his revenge and Hades gave his answer in the form of a riddle. "You must stay alive and a slash of any blade you must survive and if your target is already dead you shall become the undead" And with those words his soul re-entered his body, the blade as strong as Zeus' lightning bolt. He destroyed his chains, obliterated all walls in his path and massacred all guards in his path he spent all day and night stomping his way through the towns and cities. Finally, he made it to Athens. He saw Theseus on the king's throne. His eyes turned to fire, his horns turned to swords, his body turned to steel and his mind became nothing but two words "Successful REVENGE!"

His conscience was decaying by the second with his mind branded leaving a mark of chaos on his brain. He had lost all redemption of his sanity and it left nothing but an unfilled black hole of memories. He had lost all control over his body. He was now merely a puppet being pulled by his blackened heart strings as told the tale of anger and vengeance. He tore every last thing to shreds leaving his fiery anger in his wake. His body morphing into the one of a savage barbarian. Not even the sword of Theseus could match his titanium hatred for him. Every second he stood in his presence made the lust for his vengeance stronger and more powerful than ever. He had a great grasp upon his neck as harsh as an iron maiden but it was of his lust for the King's death that meant he couldn't kill him. From the moment he was dead, the Minotaur would be whisked back to Hades' kingdom. He let go of the man to fight him fairly another day.

He was ready to kill Theseus, his conscience clear of any bad thing that was to happen. This was a fight of dignity, of honour and of tribute to the gods. His body was ready to face Theseus, Toe to Toe. Of course once more he had been ruined once more. He had heard that Theseus was dead. Cast into the unforgiving seas indefinitely. Time had once again slipped through his hands. His own time wasted on preparation. The swirls of dark clouds came from up above. They revealed Hades with his Persephone on a large platinum chariot pulled by blazing, bone horses. He knew what was coming and accepted his fate but his fate had been rigged by the gods once more. Hades told him he was not good enough for death and left at the labyrinth which was renewed. His chains binded by gold, the labyrinth even more bewildering than ever but the worst part of his punishment of all was Hades had plagued him with immortality. At least before death

was lurking around the corner. Every night he begged for his immortality to be removed and many gods took pity but no matter what Hades' curse was as immortal as the Minotaur's suffering. But then a miracle was finally given to him. Zeus proclaimed he was to be lifted to the night sky in which he would serve his sentence of immortality. Hades roared in anger but despite his pitiful efforts, the Minotaur glistened in the night sky as Hades fell from the blanket of clouds he clambered up and fell back down in anger that his plan had been completely unnecessary and never succeeded to keep The minotaur as his never-ending prisoner . And finally The Minotaur's torture finally ended. At the night the same children who had once cried as they were dragged from the labyrinth looked up to see his eternal reward. And as they smiled at the sky the Minotaur let his stars fall to each child. The children of the stars. The Minotaur's loving friends who every night would make sure that their newly found friend would fly above the night sky.

**And so long lives the star sign
Taurus: The stars of the great
Minotaur.**