

There was no word in English or Greek that could describe how insufferably bored I was.

How many days had it been again? I'd lost count. All this because my father helped a man out of the Labyrinth. It was his Labyrinth anyways, he should've been able to help or not help anyone as he pleased. But still, it was thinking like that (according to my father) that got us trapped up here in the first place.

There's only so many things you can do while trapped inside a tower with your father. I'd counted each stone on the walls hundreds of times, and there wasn't much else I could do.

"We have to get out of here..." I leaned on the windowsill, watching the sunlight dance across the rolling waves of the sea.

"I know Icarus, but you must have patience," Father thought he was so wise, being such a legendary inventor. But I didn't think he appreciated the fine things in life, a cool breeze whistling through your hair, the mist of the sea sprinkled on your cheek, the feeling of the sun on your skin. All things I could never experience while trapped in this tower above Crete.

"Patience is a virtue I cannot afford to have. Look out there Father," I said, beckoning him to join me at the window. "Past the horizon line is a world yet to be explored, you think too small. Once we leave, we can explore it together. But we have to escape first."

Father turned from the windowsill, returning to his workbench. I leaned out of the window, reaching out and letting the rays of sun touch my fingertips. The light danced on my now pale skin greeting me like an old friend. Momentarily I forgot about where I was. But, I couldn't stay reaching out forever, I had to withdraw eventually.

The cool of the shade hit my arm like ice, reminding me of my prison. I looked around at the white and gray room, desaturated in comparison to the rest of the bright world beyond the

window. I flopped back onto the rough hay bed that had slowly become my new best friend over the last few months.

Over the next few days my father began doing very strange things. Every morning when we were served a portion of stale bread he would leave crumbs on the windowsill. Sometimes even large chunks of his slice. This bread would attract birds, which he would catch, kill, pluck, then toss back out into the sea. What he was doing with the feathers I had no clue. And I had no desire to ask. We also, very strangely, kept running out of candles very quickly. Father said that some candles burned quickly, but some nights I could swear I saw him melting them down. By the end of the week my leather sandals seemed to have gone missing, but I didn't mind.

I continued my own rituals and in fact began praying to the gods for their help. I needed to escape, I felt like a bird trapped inside a cage. Wings clipped, no ability to fly. Each day I'd reach out and feel the sun's rays, it was one of the only solaces I could find in that tower. I didn't bother asking what my Father had decided to build up this time. No doubt that it was something to try and impress King Minos into letting us out. It wouldn't work, it never did.

My Father woke me just after the sun crested over the horizon line. He woke me with urgent speed. His new creation has just been finished, two pairs of wings made of feathers and glued together with wax.

"How..." I muttered, marveling at the craftsmanship. "Do they work?"

"They should. But not for long. You cannot fly too close to the sea or else the feathers will get wet, and not too close to the sun or else the wax will melt and your wings will fall apart."

I nodded as my father strapped the wings across my back.

“Ready?” He asked, moving to the windowsill. I nodded and we dove.

Immediately my senses overtook me. The smell of the sea, the light spray of saltwater against my face.

“Icarus, my boy! Further up!” My father yelled.

I glided back upwards. The sun illuminating my skin. And I just kept flying upward, forgetting about all my Father’s advice to me. It didn’t matter, I could feel the sun again.