

Reading for Meaning

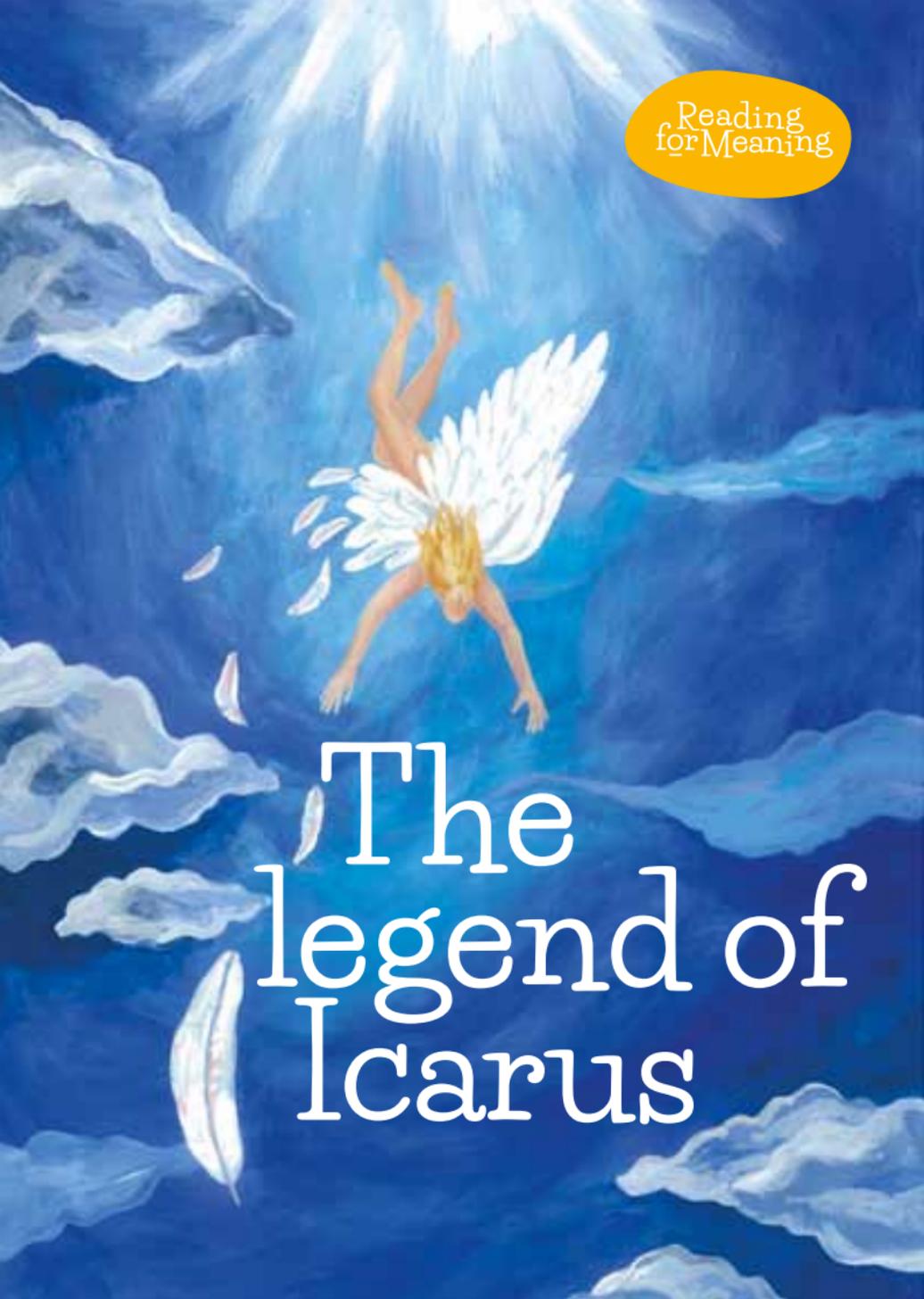
Welcome, story supporter!

**We hope that you and your child
have fun with this story.**

**Nurturing and supporting
your child is important for
their physical, emotional and
academic development.**

**ZERO
DROP/OUT**

**Part of the Zero Dropout campaign working towards
halving the rate of school dropout by 2030.**



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The legend of Icarus

Once, a long long time ago, there was a king called Minos who ruled over the island of Crete. King Minos was a strange man. He had many secrets and he liked keeping things hidden away.

There was a very clever man living in Crete called Daedalus. King Minos said to Daedalus: "I want you to build me a palace. It must have lots of secret rooms and passages. But do not tell anyone about these secret places."

So Daedalus obeyed his king. He planned and built the palace. Now King Minos had everything he could want.

But the King was afraid. He thought "I don't want anyone to know about what is inside my palace. I can't let Daedalus talk to anyone else!"

So King Minos summoned Daedalus and said "I have decided that you and your son Icarus will live alone in a hut at the other end of the island. The hut is on the edge of a cliff so there is no

escape. You must hunt for your food, and you may not speak to anyone.”

King Minos’s soldiers took Daedalus and Icarus straight to the hut. They were prisoners! They could not escape from the island.

Daedalus was unhappy, and Icarus was lonely. He missed his friends.

Father and son spent hours thinking about how they could get away from the island and go across the sea to Greece.

One day, Daedalus thought of a plan to escape.

His idea came as they looked for food. Every day, Daedalus and Icarus hunted birds to roast on the fire. Sometimes Icarus went looking for bees, for their honey. Daedalus started keeping the birds’ feathers and the beeswax from the honey.

At night, when the guards were asleep, Daedalus started doing something very interesting. He

started making two pairs of wings from the wax and the feathers. He used strong reeds and leather straps to make a frame. Then he covered the frame in beeswax and finally he stuck the feathers into the beeswax, in rows, so that they looked just like the wings of a large bird.

After a few weeks, the wings were ready.

One night Daedalus said softly to his son: "Icarus, early tomorrow morning we will take these wings up to the top of the cliff. I will tie one pair onto you. Then you must be very brave and jump off the cliff."

"If you spread your wings, the air will hold you up," said his father. "I also have made a pair of wings for myself. Together, we will fly to Greece."

So, the next morning, Daedalus and Icarus climbed up to the cliff's edge, and tied the wings onto their shoulders.

Then Daedalus said: "My son, do not fly too

low, because the sea will wet your wings and pull you down. And whatever you do, do not fly too high, because the sun will melt the wax and then the wings will break apart. Now be brave – follow me, and jump!”

Daedalus jumped off the cliff first; he spread his wings and started to fly.

Icarus followed him. And - it was easy! The wings worked well. Far below him, Icarus could see little boats moving on the sea, with tiny fishermen in them. Icarus turned round and could see the island getting smaller and smaller behind him.

In front of him he could see his father with his wings spread wide and his white hair blowing in the wind. Far away, he could see Greece.

Flying was so easy, and so exciting! He wanted to go even higher!

Icarus flapped his wings and flew up up up,

higher and higher. Far below, he could see the little boats get smaller and smaller.

But suddenly, he felt hot wax running down his back. "Oh no!" he thought "No, no, no! This is what my father warned me about!"

He began to panic. He tried to fly lower, but it was already too late. Feathers were falling out as the wings broke up. He was falling! He screamed: "Father! Father!"

Daedalus turned around when he heard his son scream. He saw Icarus falling and called out, crying: "Icarus, my son, my son!"

But Icarus fell down through the air, faster and faster, down, down into the dark sea. There was nothing Daedalus could do.

Daedalus wept bitterly, knowing that he now had his freedom, but he had lost his son.

The story tells us that Daedalus flew all the way to Sicily, which also is an island, and here

he built a temple for his son. (A temple is a holy place, like a mosque, church or synagogue.)

This story has a very sad ending.

EXTEND THE STORY...

Let's get
drawing!



ARTS &
CRAFTS

WHAT TO USE

Pen or pencil, paint, and a blank sheet of paper

WHAT TO DO

- Ask your child close their eyes and use their imagination to picture what happened in the story.
- Now ask them to draw a picture of their favourite part of the story, like when Icarus is flying with his father.
- If they don't feel like drawing, ask them

if they want to make their own wings!
Challenge them to be creative and look for things around the home that they can use to build wings. Some good materials would be sticks, empty cereal boxes, plastic bags or pieces of fabric.

Enjoy!

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