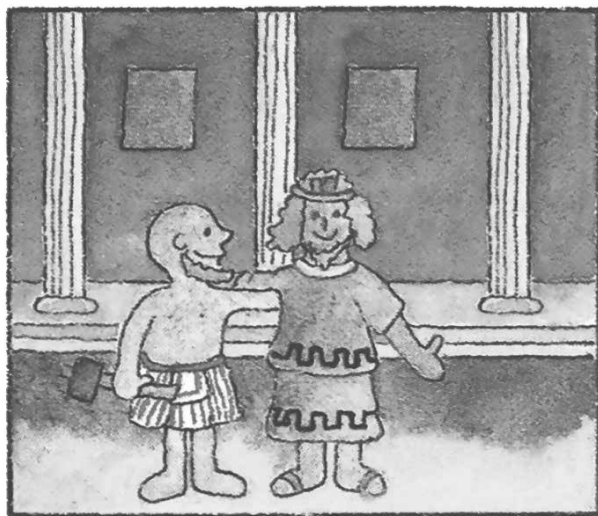


# Daedalus and Icarus



# Chapter One

## The King's Craftsman



Many years ago in Ancient Greece, a brilliant architect, inventor and craftsman, named Daedalus, worked for the King of Athens.

The temples he built were the most divine



ever seen, the chairs he made were the most comfortable ever sat on, and his statues looked so real that people believed they could talk. Daedalus was famous throughout all of Greece and was very proud of his work.

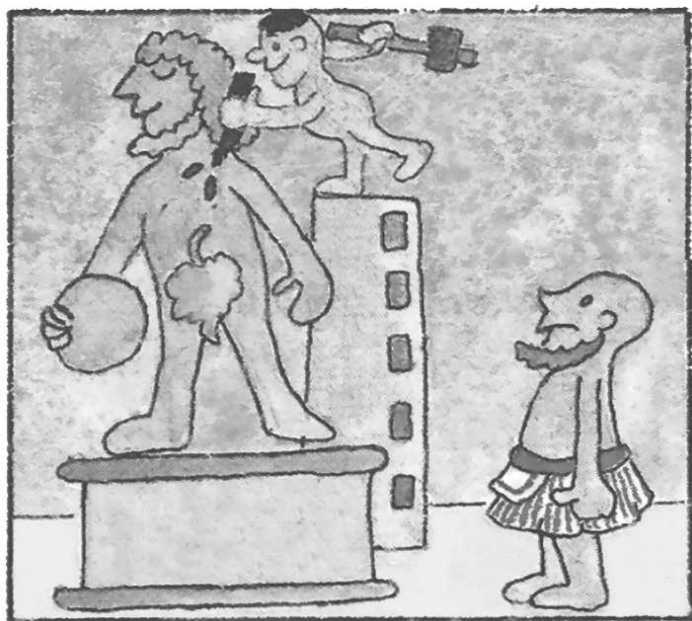
“I’m a genius,” he would remark to his wife  
... several times a day.



“Yes, dear, so you tell me,” she would reply.

Daedalus had a young nephew, Talos, who was his apprentice. Talos was a very clever boy. Some said he was as clever as his uncle. Others said he was cleverer than his uncle, for he was already coming up with his own inventions.

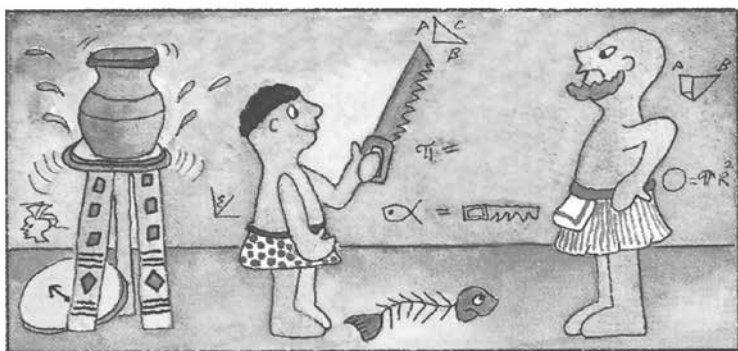
“Look, Uncle!” said Talos after inventing



the potter's wheel. "You slap your clay down on the wheel, spin it between your hands, and hey presto – a pot!"

"I suppose it's not bad for a beginner," conceded Daedalus, grudgingly.

But when Talos invented the compass, Daedalus flew into a fit of jealous rage.



“I think you need a compass Talos, for you are getting a little above yourself,” he warned.

Yet true genius cannot be contained and Talos continued creating his wonders – so much so, that the King of Athens began to ask who this talented young designer was.