**THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR**

Fuelled with determination, Theseus entered the vast labyrinth. It was just as he had imagined: dark and eerie. Gripping his sword, he took a deep breath and prepared himself for the daunting challenge ahead. Cautiously, the prince ventured down the narrow, winding pathways until he reached the centre. The stench of rotten flesh, of death and decay, overpowered him.

A terrifying, inhuman roar echoed off the walls of the maze, causing the ground to shake vigorously. Theseus froze. Had the Minotaur sensed his presence? Heavy footsteps came nearer… and nearer. With each thud, Theseus’s heart raced. Suddenly, he heard it snort and then, with an almighty bellow, it appeared. The towering beast’s eyes burned red like two hot coals. With another thundering roar, it lowered its horns and charged. The young prince frantically swung his sword as the monster thrashed his muscular arms. Although Theseus tried his best to duck, it was no use. He was thrown to the ground with a force so strong, it felt like his bones would break.

For a few moments he lay there; his breathing was rapid, his vision was blurry and his legs were weak. Courageously, Theseus pulled himself up and thrust his sword forward, slicing through the creature’s tough flesh. Wounded, the beast howled with rage and charged furiously at him.

This was his last chance; if he didn’t kill it now, it would kill him. Using all of his remaining strength, Theseus lunged and plunged his weapon into the monster’s chest. A horrific cry broke the silence, as the beast fell backwards, clawing the air. Then, with a final gurgling moan, it thudded to the ground. Blood-soaked and exhausted, Theseus collapsed. It was over. The Minotaur was dead.