

# Theseus

by Jim Gold

Theseus grabbed Ariadne's thread and headed towards the labyrinth. Stars shone red that night, and the walls of distant turrets percolated under the hot, luminescent Cretan sun.

"It's much better underground," he cried. "Labyrinth walls protect me from sunstroke. But no walls can protect me from the paws of the Minotaur. If I can dance the syrtos, will his savage mind be soothed? I cannot be sure. I have never met this creature. He may like Egyptian dances or horas from the Getae of not-yet Romania.

Perhaps though, he isn't as bad as others make him out to be. Minotaurs have problems of their own. You can't tell what living in a labyrinth all your life will do to you. Perhaps this one needs someone to talk to, a consciousness-raising group, maybe some peaches from Rhodes. I shouldn't prejudge him, even if he does have horns."

Theseus held onto Ariadne's thread as he danced syrtos into the labyrinth.

Fours days later, he met the Minotaur at a bend in the tunnel. "I love hasapicos!" roared the Minotaur. "And you know something? I want to retire in Constantinople sometime in the next three thousand years."

Theseus and the Minotaur argued about hasapicos versus syrtos and the importance of dancing the Miserlou in Pittsburgh.

After two days of dance competition, Theseus finally shouted: "Hasapicos fans do not deserve to live!"

He piled syrtos upon hasapicos, slew the Minotaur, and threaded his way back to Ariadne.

from Carlos the Cloud

Available on Amazon and BN.com, or visit [www.jimgold.com](http://www.jimgold.com)