The Maze

The damp air filled my lungs as I jolted myself awake. Everything was dark and I didn't recognise were I was. Though after sitting up, I notoiced that I was in a dingy hallway. Both ends of this hallway faded into inky darkness, and the walls looked like a Greek marble. The floor was just dirt, but it was firm, likely from being walked all over for a very, very long time.

My head felt like it would pop off, and float to the ceiling as the blood rushed to my brain. The pins-and-neadles in my legs, felt like fire ants were biting and crawling under my skin. As I brought up the courage to venture into the darkness, hand on my bronze dagger's sheath, my ears picked up on an ungodly, bellowing roar coming from somewhere close in the labourynth. I picked up the pace, knowing that I would much rather me find it, than it find me.

After sprinting, crawling and stumbling down hallways, around scary traps and pools of scalding hot lava, I felt that my energy had depleted completely and I fell to the ground on my hands and knees. The third, throaty roar sounded closer than usual, as if the thing knew I was here, that or it was just expecting it's dinner from King Minor. Either way, I had to find a way out of here, if one existed. King Minor had this maze built for his own, pure entertainmen. 20 other young men and women were stuck down here with me, just waiting in horror as we were stalked by the fabled Minotor.

Suddenly, like a bolder smacking me in the head, I realised something. I was lost. King Minor had made the greatest Greek inventor of all time create this shifting maze, and I was going to die down here.

But... not if I could find Adrianet's string. My friend knew her before King Minor threw him in here with the others.

My pace quickened and the shifting maze's walls rushed past me, shifting from marble, to wood, and the occasional, long dead skeleton wizzed past too. *Find the string. Find the string.* The thought echoed in my head like a voice in an empty cavern.

The fourth throaty roar sounded, but this time was different. Dust and dirt rained from the ceiling as I felt the ground beneath me shake. The narrow hallway I was in opened into a huge, circle, marble room.

The fact that the room was circular, and had marble walls was the least of my problems. Towering tall and mighty, stood the Minotor. Fear snatched me up into a choke-hold. The marble walls closed in. Don't panic, if you panic you are an easy target.

For those who dont know, the Minotor is an Anchient Greek monster, with the body of an enourmous man, and the head of a bull. The Minotor has a all the sences of a bull, but they are all razor sharp. It was thrown into the Labourynth to kill all the prisoners that King Minor threw in here with it, but sometimes The King just threw random people in here for his own amusment.

I sliped my dagger out of the shieth even though I knew that if it came to close combat, I would almost certanly be doomed.

"Come at me."