

Perseus

Long ago, when fortune-tellers told the truth, there lived a very frightened man. Like any father, King Acrisius of Argos loved his daughter, Danae, and her baby, who was called Perseus. But one day he made the mistake of visiting a fortune-teller.

“You will be killed by Danae’s son,” said the fortune-teller to the king. At once Acrisius gave orders for a wooden chest to be carried to the beach and set down by the water’s edge.

“A chest, sire?” said his servants.

“Yes, a chest – with a lid and a big padlock. And hurry!”

Down on the beach, rough soldiers squeezed Danae into the chest, and tossed her baby in on top of her before slamming shut the lid. As the chest floated out to sea, King Acrisius stood and waved it goodbye. “They’re bound to drown,” he was thinking. “But I didn’t kill them did I? Nobody can say I killed them.”

Instead of sinking, the chest floated. For days it floated across the sea until it was caught in the nets of a young fisherman near the shore of a faraway kingdom.

The fisherman, whose name was Dictys, took Danae to the little wooden shack where he lived, and showed her and baby Perseus great kindness. Unfortunately, the king of that country was not as good a man as Dictys. King Polydectes liked to collect wives, as other people collect pictures. And as soon as he heard about Danae, he wanted to add her to his collection. Danae politely said ‘no’ when King Polydectes proposed to her. And she went on saying ‘no’ for seventeen years.



By this time the king was furious.

“Enough of asking nicely! Guards, go and seize Danae and fetch her here to be married right away!”

He had forgotten that after seventeen years her son, Perseus, had grown into a fine, strong young man. Perseus beat the guards soundly and sent them back to Polydectes all battered and bruised.

“That Perseus is an amazing young man, sire!” they panted. “He swears his mother shan’t marry anyone unless she wants to. He says he’ll protect her day and night.”

King Polydectes ground his teeth. “I see I must get rid of this wretched boy.” So Polydectes challenged Perseus to a dare – the hardest he could imagine.

“I dare you to fetch me the head of the Gorgon Medusa,” he said.

Medusa was once a beautiful but vain girl, who had made the mistake of boasting – in the gods’ hearing – that no one, not even a goddess, was more beautiful than she. For her punishment, she was changed into a gorgon – a monster with glaring eyes and snakes for hair. Whoever looked at her was turned into stone.

Perseus fell right into the king's trap. "I leave at once!" he cried.

"Bravo!" cheered the courtiers. "Well said, Perseus!"

"Bravo!" thought King Polydectes. "He'll die of course."

"Bravo!" cried the gods, looking down from Mount Olympus. "What a brave boy that Perseus is. He deserves our help."

"I'll lend him my feathered shoes," said Hermes.

"I'll lend him my bright shield," said the goddess Athene.

"I'll lend him my helmet of invisibility," said Pluto, "and a thick bag to put Medusa's head in."

"I shall watch, but not help," said Zeus. "Perseus must match his brave words with brave deeds."

A few days later, having kissed his mother, Danae, goodbye, Perseus set off. He was carrying nothing more than a sword, but soon he came across a helmet lying in the road. He put it on, thinking it might be useful if he had to fight a monster. He stared down at his feet. But they had disappeared. He had no feet! Nor hands! Nor clothes, nor body! Even the helmet itself was invisible when Perseus had it on his head.

Perseus went a little further and found a shield lying in the road. Its metal was polished mirror-bright. He slung the shield over his back, thinking it might be useful if he had to fight a monster, and continued on his way.

A little further on, he found a pair of winged sandals. He buckled them on and – "Wo-wo-woah!" – found himself walking on air! Up, up, up and over the treetops the flying shoes carried him. Such sandals could not fail to be useful if he had to fight a monster. He looked up to heaven and thanked the gods for their presents, before continuing on his way to look for Medusa.

From The Orchard Book of Greek Myths retold by Geraldine McCaughrean