

My heart rate quickened. My breath caught on ~~a~~ the lump in my throat. My hand trembled as it brushed away a tear. I was consumed by grief like a ~~bunny rabbit~~ is consumed by a Hydra. Hydra would consume a bunny rabbit.

I stayed in this state of numbness for a while, but then I felt pure anger. I was angry at Ad Ariadne. I was angry at Theseus. I was angry at King Minos. I was angry at Pasiphaë for letting this all happen. How dare King Minos steal my son and turn him into a monster. How dare he shame my sister and tell the ~~what~~ everyone how this "hideous beast" was hers. How dare he deny me my son. Anger tore through my heart. Fire burned away the numbness.

He would pay.

Rushing to my storeroom, I darted through cedars and elms with the pace of a hare ~~running~~ fleeing an arrow. Looking around at the beauty that ~~en~~ hugged me close, my anger subsided slightly and I stopped for a minute to take it all in for like I had several times ~~a~~ every day of my exile. A bird chirped above me while a butterfly fluttered away from a rabbit's clumsy paw.