

MANIA DOUKA

The Little Griffin in the Acropolis Museum



Illustration:
Ino Karella

The Little Griffin
in the Acropolis
Museum



The Little Griffin in the Acropolis Museum

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MANIA DOUKA

**The Little Griffin
in the Acropolis
Museum**



Illustrated by Ino Karella

For Stefanos





Once upon a time there lived a little griffin with blue wings. He dwelled high above the Acropolis, his home. Every evening, the little griffin waited impatiently for the sun to go down.

Then he would open his blue wings and fly free above the Holy Rock.

He would first fly to the Parthenon where he would meet the horsemen and their horses carved all around the temple. Then, inside the museum, he would wake up the statues and bring the beautiful paintings on the pottery urns to life. The little griffin would spend his time laughing, teasing and causing all kinds of mischief: that is, until the statues and urns were moved to the new Acropolis Museum and he had to bid goodbye to all his friends.



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Without them, he was lonely and bored. One afternoon, he grew so upset that he began to cry, sobbing painfully.

The lion, perched high upon the roof of the holy temple, heard him and turned to ask:

“What’s the matter, little griffin? Why do you cry?”

“My friends are gone...”

“But you can find your friends at the new Acropolis Museum.”



“Oh?” said the little griffin. “Why didn’t I think of that?”

He brushed his tears away hastily, waved goodbye to the lion and, opening his blue wings, flew to the new Acropolis Museum.

It was that time of day when the rays of the sun fall sideways onto the great glass window of the museum and give it a magical orange and golden hue. The little griffin slipped carefully through the closed doors and landed on the glass floor. Two clay statues of Nike stood at the entrance.

“What are you doing in the museum at this time of day, little griffin?” they asked.

“I’ve come to find my friends.”

Both women whispered something between them and then said:

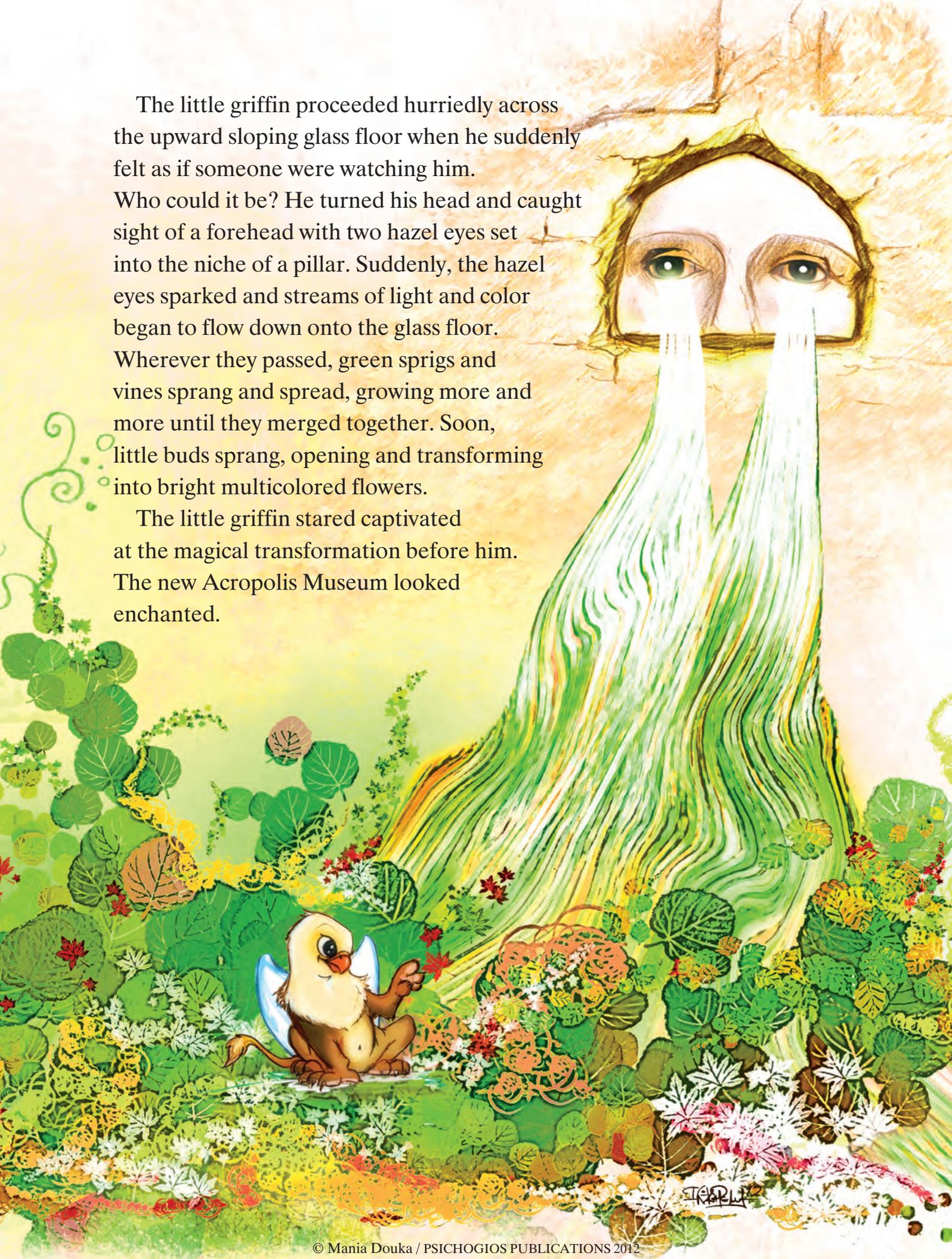
“You may enter. Good luck!”



The little griffin proceeded hurriedly across the upward sloping glass floor when he suddenly felt as if someone were watching him.

Who could it be? He turned his head and caught sight of a forehead with two hazel eyes set into the niche of a pillar. Suddenly, the hazel eyes sparkled and streams of light and color began to flow down onto the glass floor. Wherever they passed, green sprigs and vines sprang and spread, growing more and more until they merged together. Soon, little buds sprang, opening and transforming into bright multicolored flowers.

The little griffin stared captivated at the magical transformation before him. The new Acropolis Museum looked enchanted.





A beautiful dancer
began to sing, and
the gallery filled with
exquisite melodies.

“Come here, little
griffin,” she called to him
in her musical voice.
“Come and dance with me.”

The little griffin and
the dancer swirled and
twirled when suddenly,
a loud gushing noise
was heard.



Waves swelled, foamed, grew tall and then crashed onto the glass stairs. In the water, fighting with a man, was a sea creature. It was half-human and had a scaly fish tale.

Once upon a time there lived a little griffin with blue wings. He lived high up on the Acropolis, his home. Every evening, he opened his wings and flew above the Holy Rock. He flew to the Parthenon and met with the riders on their horses. Next he flew to the museum and woke the statues and the drawings on the pottery urns. The little griffin spent his time laughing, teasing and causing all kinds of mischief. That is, until the statues and urns moved to the new Acropolis Museum...

Come join the little griffin on a fantastic walk through the new Acropolis Museum and get to know some of the most beautiful works of Ancient Greek art.

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