

tie, despite his massive strength and cool a million times that they weren't doing enough to described and couldn't find him, though how you miss Sloan flew fifteen feet and got tangled in the little kids' hands. "Take it back, Sloan!" I shouted. Sloan just snee le's just..." I tried to think of the right thing to say, but I h two or three, but today he had like, half a dozen more carnage. He pronounced that we'd understood Lord peanut butter sandwich at lunch to e trembled. I realized he didn't know if he'd be ing s" Tyson gave me such a grateful look I f something explode. Tyson was my lab partn trash can. After Mrs. Tesla evacuated the lab and ca glad the morning went fast, because it kept me from thi le feeling that Grover was in danger. In social studies, w and a denim jacket over her orange Camp Half-Blood T d personally designed the place. See, Annabeth wants to y once in a while I'd look at it just to remind myself she v smarter than me, even if she was annoying sometimes. ide. "No way, Jackson. Who is that? She is not your—" " n visiting, because they were all wearing those stupid H ATER, and JOE BOB. No human beings had names like t retarded." I had to try really, really hard not to punch Slo erize them, but I was under strict orders from Chiron neve really was... The bell rang. As Tyson and I were leav ing my name. Before I had time to consider whether or n ball game, and Matt Sloan had promised to kill me. The b bunch of boot-camp hippie children. I changed as quick e weight room door, clutching his gym clothes. "Will you felt kind of awkward doing this, but he asked me to most t that if people teased Tyson while he was dressing out, t a million years old, with bifocals and no teeth and r billowed green smoke. Well, at least not that e of the picking. He made me the other t ailer the computer geek, Raj Mandat tors on Sloan's team were funny?" Bec ause I wonder elled something in Urdu, probably i ball slammed into my gut. I sat down hard in the middle Percy, duck!" I rolled as another dodgeball whistled past y, he looked a lot bigger now...even taller than Tyson. His ds...and enemies. What had Tyson said? They smell fun and Valentine hearts. ecy. It streaked past Raj Mandali j Bob got wled at me. He had a tattoo on n the center line—but these balls appeared o . Nunley looked u air vision, so mortals tend to see only e have been the first time. ) At any rate ater threw his ball. I dove aside as mates. "The oth er exit!" They ra y teammate es scattered as it b cker room door was sea e. My tie-dyed T e jumped in front oke playground ze sphere th d to t our s'! roared we de ad. e wa y on e M rom issi the k ed when eed Tyson punch S ght Tyson square in th e alive, but he only lo ough meat to bring ng. Ripptide had to be d. "My lunch approach been, his T-shirt ir ppe oug h f rom behin d. H e d scratched. She had a rag ged back osts. Matt Sloan, who'd bee n sta nding punched him in the nose and knocked h e glass windows of the exit doors, I could se e sheathed her bronze knife. "I've been tryin no time to explain!" She snapped, though s "She pointed to Tyson, who was still sitting ap, which was a magic gift from her mom, an Jackson?" Mr. Bonsai said. "What...how..." di d it, Mr. Bonsai! He set the whole building o is name. "Eh? Yeah. Mm-hmm." The other adults through the gaping hole in the side of the buildin ut as a fire truck screamed past, heading for Me We'd made our peace last su id I'd just bee n attacked by cannibal g old her. "Is he hom eless?" "What does th dmitted. "You are pretty." "Ah! Gross!" Annabe corched by the flaming dodge balls, but they I belief. "Your hands aren't even burned." "Of inated by Annabeth's blond hair. He tried sters in the gym. They're a race of gian can't even say that. What would you call