GRROWLLLL!

--HUFF--
--HUFF--

HAVE TO
GET AWAY...

HAVE TO
WARN THEM!
HAVE TO--

MINLINE!
GASP!

Percy, you're going to be late!
Be right there!

It's about time, Rip Van Winkle. I thought you'd be more excited.
Only one more day. You've almost made it!

Lots of kids manage to go a whole year without getting expelled from school, Mom.

Only in this house is it a cause for celebration.

All the same, I am proud of you.

But if you don't feel like celebrating, then I guess after school I won't take you to that skateboard store you like.

The skate shop? All right!
About that...
I got a message from Chiron last night.

What? How could it not be safe?
I'm a Half-Blood! Camp is, like, the only safe place on Earth for me!

Wait...
I thought after school we were going to pack me up for camp.

He said it might not be safe for you to come to camp just yet.

I can't explain it all now. I'm not even sure I understand everything Chiron told me.

All I know for sure is he thinks we should postpone your summer session.

Postpone? For how long?

He didn't say. I'm sorry, Percy, but we have to do what Chiron thinks is best.

Does this have anything to do with Grover? I had this dream...

I'll try to find out more, I promise. We can talk about it later.

Now you'd better hurry, or you'll miss your train. And Percy--
"--TRY TO ENJOY YOUR LAST DAY."

WHO IS THAT?

MUST BE YOUR COUSIN, BECAUSE THERE'S NO WAY A HOTTIE LIKE THAT WOULD BE YOUR GIRLFRIEND.

HEY! GIVE BACK MY PHOTO!

I WANTED YOU TO MEET MY NEW BUDDIES. THEY'LL ALL BE TRANSFERRING HERE FOR EIGHTH GRADE.

I ALREADY CAN'T WAIT FOR NEXT YEAR TO START.
YOU LEAVE PERCY ALONE!

AH! LET GO!

TYSON! PUT HIM DOWN!

WH--?

YOU'RE SUCH A LOSER, JACKSON. YOU MIGHT ACTUALLY HAVE FRIENDS IF YOU DIDN'T HANG OUT WITH THIS RETARD.

HE'S NOT RETARDED!

FORGET ABOUT WAITING TILL NEXT YEAR. NEXT PERIOD IN P.E.---

YOU ARE A "SNIFF"- GOOD FRIEND, PERCY.---

--YOU'RE BOTH DEAD.

C'MON, BIG GUY. LET'S GET TO CLASS.
SMACK!

Hey! The game hasn't even started yet!

My bad.

Coach, can we start the game?

Hmm?

Oh, sure. You boys play nice, now.

Mother always said we should play with our food.

Huh? What do you mean--

--F-F-food?
TAKE THAT, BULLY!

You may have dispatched my brothers, but I'm happy to feast on you, clone, son of the sea god!

I'll save you!

THOOM

Ugh!

Woosh!

You're out!

Gak!

TAKE THAT, BULLY!

Tyson?

Jump!

Swhiffs

SHOOM

Ka-boom
TYSON!

YOU LOSE, PERSEUS JACKSON.

~HRK~

Ah, no...
Annabeth?

How did you...? Where did you...?

And you'd better bring your friend, too.

The cops will probably be here any second.

Meet me outside.

Game over, class.

The pretty girl can disappear?

Everyone help clean--

Big guy! You're okay?

Annabeth is right. We need to go.
WHERE'D YOU FIND THAT THING?

TYSON? I KNOW HIM FROM SCHOOL.
YOU COULD BE NICE TO HIM. HE SAVED MY LIFE Back THERE.

LAISTRY-GONIANS.
THEY'RE CANNIBAL GIANTS FROM THE NORTH. I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM AS FAR SOUTH AS NEW YORK. SOMETHING IS DEFINITELY UP.

ANNABETH... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHAT DO YOU THINK, SEAWEED BRAIN? I'VE HAD MONSTERS ON MY TAIL EVER SINCE I LEFT VIRGINIA.
I'M TRYING TO GET TO CAMP, AND I FIGURED YOU'D BE HEADING THAT WAY, TOO.

YOU KNOW, BECAUSE OF THE DREAMS.

THE DREAMS ABOUT GROVER?

GROVER? WHAT'S WRONG WITH GROVER?

I BET. I'M SURPRISED THE LAISTRY-GONIANS HAD THE GUTS TO ATTACK YOU WITH HIM AROUND.

I'M NOT SURE YET. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DREAMING ABOUT?

CAMP. BIG TROUBLE AT CAMP. I DON'T KNOW WHAT EXACTLY, BUT I KNOW THEY NEED OUR HELP.

I COULDN'T SWORN I HAD ONE DRACHMA LEFT.
Okay, listen: you ever hear those stories about the Greek gods? Zeus, Poseidon, Athena...?

Bully in the gym called Percy something... "Son of the Sea God?"

Oh, uh, right.

GOT IT!

STETHI, O HARMA DIABOLES!

Well, those gods are still alive, and sometimes they have kids with regular people. Kids called half-bloods.

My dad is Poseidon, the sea god.

But if you are son of the Sea God, then that means--

SKRCH
THREE TO CAMP HALF-BLOOD.

LONG ISLAND! OUT-OF-METRO FARE BONUS!

JUST KEEP THE EYE ON THE ROAD, WASP!

FIRST YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE IT TO ME, ANGER!

BUCKLE UP!

DON'T WORRY!

THE GRAY SISTERS KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING.

GIVE HER THE EYE? ANNABETH, DID YOU HAIL A TAXI WITH A BLIND DRIVER?

NOT COMPLETELY.

THE SISTERS HAVE AN EYE THAT HELPS THEM SEE.

ONLY PROBLEM IS... THEY DON'T LIKE TO SHARE IT.

VROOM!

THEY'RE VERY WISE.

YES, WISE! WE KNOW THINGS!

EVERY STREET IN MANHATTAN!

THE CAPITAL OF NEPAL!

THE LOCATION YOU SEEK.
AN-Na-Beth!

LEFT!
TURN LEFT!

GROSS!

THE EYE!
I'VE LOST THE EYE!

I CAN'T SEE!
YOU...uh...want your eye? Then tell me about "the location." What location?

I don't...feel so good.

NO! Don't tell!

Remember what happened last time we told? Horrible!

Percy, are you crazy?! If they can't see, they'll keep speeding up until we fly apart.

Not until they tell us the location!

Give them the eye!

30, 31, 75, 12! That's all we can say!

Now give us the eye!

Brake!!!

Squish

Skrch!
All right, now tell me what those numbers mean.

No time. We're here, Percy.

Look.
BORDER PATROL, TO ME!

HOLD THE LINE!

RETREAT!

GET BACK IN FORMATION, ALL OF YOU!
CURSE YOU, JACkSON! THIS IS MY FIGHT!

WATCH OUT!

NICE TO SEE YOU, TOO, CLARISSE.

HEY, ELsIE! OVER HERE!

CRUNCH
PERCY! RUN!

PERCY NEEDS HELP!
BIG GUY?

I thought you got lucky surviving the giants, but that bull torched you.

YOU MEAN YOU NEVER NOTICED?

NO WONDER you got ambushed in the gym. You still haven't learned how to see through the mist.

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT TYSON. He's not a kid--

---HE'S A CYCLOPS.
SONNY:

He's just a baby, by the looks of him.

PROBABLY ONE OF THE HOMELESS ORPHANS.

ONE OF WHAT?

THEM MISTAKES.

CHILDREN OF NATURE SPIRITS AND GODS.

WELL, USUALLY ONE GOD IN PARTICULAR...

OUT IN THE REAL WORLD, MIST MADE HIM LOOK LIKE ANY OTHER KID. JUST, YOU KNOW, BIGGER. BUT THE MIST DISSIPATED ONCE HE GOT TO CAMP.

ANYWAY, THAT'S HOW HE DEFEATED THE GIANTS AND THE BULLS. CYCLOPS ARE IMMUNE TO FIRE. THEY WORK THE FORGES OF THE GODS, SO IT'S KIND OF A PREREQUISITE.

I GUESS THAT explains your "A" in shop class, hm?

DON'T YOU EVER INTERFERE WITH ONE OF MY BATTLE PLANS AGAIN.

BATTLE PLAN?

NEXT TIME YOU USE MONSTERS FOR PRACTICE, CLARISE. TRY SUMMONING ONES YOU CAN ACTUALLY BEAT.

THAT WASN'T PRACTICE, PUNK. AND I DIDN'T SUMMON THEM.

THEY CROSSED THE CAMP'S BORDER ALL ON THEIR OWN.
NICE TRY, CLARISSE, BUT WE KNOW BETTER.

THE MAGIC FROM THALIA'S TREE KEEPS THE MONSTERS OUT.

YOU'VE BEEN AWAY FROM CAMP TOO LONG, MISS PRINCESS. YOU NEED TO CATCH UP ON CURRENT EVENTS.

SOMEONE POISONED IT.

OH, NO...

IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S... DYING.

I WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT IF I WERE YOU. IT'LL BURN RIGHT THROUGH YOUR SKIN.

NOW HELP ME GET THESE WOUNDED BACK TO THE BIG HOUSE.

CHIRON. RIGHT.

ALL RIGHT. WE NEED TO TALK TO CHIRON ANYWAY.

MAYBE YOU CAN CATCH HIM BEFORE HE LEAVES.

LEAVES?
My dear young cyclops!
I am a centaur.

Chiron!

Pony!

It is good to see you, Annabeth.

And Percy, my goodness. How the time does fly.

Chiron. What's happening? Clarisse said you were... leaving?

"Fired" would be a more accurate term, child.

Lord Zeus was most upset when he learned the tree created from the spirit of his daughter had been poisoned. Someone had to be punished.
But this is crazy! You couldn't have had anything to do with that.

Nevertheless, some in Olympus do not trust me now.

The poison is something from the Underworld. Some venom even I have never seen.

Then it's obvious who's to blame.

Doesn't anyone in Olympus remember that last summer Kronos tried to start a civil war between the gods? This has to be his doing.

Perhaps, but I fear I am being held responsible because I did not prevent it, and I cannot cure it.

The tree only has a few weeks left to live.

Unless.

Unless what?

No. A foolish thought. Only one source of magic would be strong enough to reverse the poison, but it was lost centuries ago.

What is it? We'll go find it!

If the tree dies, Camp will be overrun by monsters. We can't let that happen!

You must not be baited into hasty action, Percy.

Or have you forgotten that last summer the Titan lord tried to take your life?

I did not want you to come here at all this summer, but now that you are here, stay here. Train. Learn to fight. But do not leave.
ANNABETH, I CHARGE YOU WITH KEEPING PERCY FROM HARM. REMEMBER THE PROPHECY.

I’LL LOOK AFTER HIM, CHIRON. I PROMISE.

RIGHT. THE SUPER-DANGEROUS PROPHECY THAT HAS ME IN IT, BUT THAT NO ONE WILL TELL ME ABOUT.

HOW COULD I FORGET THAT.

THERE IS NOTHING MORE TO SAY. PERHAPS MY NAME WILL BE CLEARED, AND I SHALL RETURN.

UNTIL THEN, I WILL VISIT WITH MY WILD KINSMEN IN THE EVERGLADES.

IT IS POSSIBLE THEY KNOW OF AN ANTIDOTE FOR THE POISON THAT I HAVE FORGOTTEN.

FAREWELL, CHILDREN.

REMEMBER MY WORDS, AND HEED THEM WELL.

COME ON. IT’S ALMOST TIME FOR DINNER.

LET’S GO FIND OUT WHO CHIRON’S REPLACEMENT IS.
Well, my millennium is complete, if it isn't Peter Johnson, and guest.

Percy Jackson, sir. Whatever. You need to watch this boy. He's Poseidon's child.

I see... I am Tantalus, on special assignment--

Trouble? Your camp already had trouble. Or didn't you notice the bulls with bad breath who almost torched this place today?

--as the new activities director until my lord Dionysus decides otherwise. I expect you to refrain from causing any trouble at my camp, Perseus Jackson.

Yes, almost. And what a tragedy that would've been.
Blasted food!

Ah, well.

Believe me, old chap, working at this camp will be torturous enough to make even you lose your appetite.

I remember now... you're from one of Chiron's stories.

You stole ambrosia and nectar from the gods to try and figure out the recipe.

I'll be watching you, Percy Jackson.

Now go to your table while we decide what to do with this... thing you brought with you.

I guess the gods don't like people on the menu because they sent you to the fields of punishment and cursed you to never eat or drink again.

When they banned you from Olympus, you boiled up your own kid and tried to feed him to them.

How many centuries ago was that, anyway?

When they banned you from Olympus, you boiled up your own kid and tried to feed him to them.
Attention, everyone. There is an unfortunate bit of housekeeping that needs tending to.

Percy Jackson and Annabeth Chase have seen fit to bring this here.

Normally, I'd release this beast into the woods and let you hunt it down with torches and pointed sticks, but perhaps we should give it a chance to prove itself worthy of living.

Are there any suggestions as to which cabin the beast should sleep in?

A cage and food dish will be provided, of course.

Come, now. The monster doesn't seem all bad. It may even be capable of doing menial chores. Surely someone—

Oh! I see. It appears the matter has already resolved itself.

And a fine resolution it is.

The answer should've been apparent all along, I suppose—

—given the family resemblance.
PERCY IS MY BROTHER!
PERCY IS MY BROTHER!

WOO-HOO!

AW, BIG GUY. IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE.

PERCY IS MY BROTHER! PERCY IS MY BROTHER!

NEVER MIND. LET'S JUST GO TO SLEEP.

CLICK

OKAY, MY BROTHER. —HEE HEE!—

PERCY IS MY BROTHER! PERCY IS MY BROTHER!
CAN YOU HEAR ME? PERCY?

I DON'T HAVE THE STRENGTH TO PROJECT ANY BETTER. YOU HAVE TO HEAR ME!

HONEY PIE! HAS IT BEEN TWO WEEKS YET?

N-NO, DEAREST. ONLY FIVE DAYS. THAT LEAVES TWELVE MORE TO GO.

PERCY, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, COME HELP! I'M STUCK IN SOME CAVE ON AN ISLAND.

IT'S A TRAP, PERCY. IT'S THE REASON NO SATYR HAS EVER RETURNED FROM THE SEARCH.

I DONT KNOW WHERE EXACTLY. I WENT TO FLORIDA AND I TURNED LEFT.

IT'S NATURE MAGIC IS SO STRONG. IT SMELLS JUST LIKE THE GREAT GOD PAN. THE SATYRS COME HERE THINKING THEY'VE FOUND PAN, AND THEY GET CAPTURED AND EATEN BY POLYPHEMUS!

THIS DISGUISE IS THE ONLY THING KEEPING ME ALIVE. HE'S HALF BLIND FROM SOMEONE POCKING HIM IN HIS EYE, SO HE THINKS I' M A LADY CYCLOPS... AND HE, UH, WANTS TO MARRY ME!

I SAID I COULDN'T MARRY HIM UNTIL MY BRIDAL TRAIN WAS FINISHED, BUT SOON HE'LL REALIZE WHAT I AM-- I JUST KNOW IT. YOU HAVE TO HURRY!

OH, AND, UH, PERCY? THIS EMPATHY LINK WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD THINK TO CONTACT YOU. IT MEANS OUR EMOTIONS ARE LINKED NOW, SO IF I DIE...

WELL, YOU MIGHT LIVE FOR YEARS IN A VEGETATIVE STATE. BUT, UH, IT'D BE A LOT BETTER IF YOU RESCUED ME BEFORE THAT HAPPENS.

I HAVE TO GO!

I SAID I COULDN'T MARRY HIM UNTIL MY BRIDAL TRAIN WAS FINISHED, BUT SOON HE'LL REALIZE WHAT I AM-- I JUST KNOW IT. YOU HAVE TO HURRY!

SWEET DREAMS, PERCY. DON'T LET ME DIE!
It's a new day, campers, the first full day of my tenure as activities director. I suppose I could ease the transition, but let's just rip the bandage off quickly, shall we?

Now, I realize that these races were discontinued some years ago due to, ah, technical problems--

But I know you will all join me in welcoming the return of this camp tradition.

There are going to be many changes around here over the summer, but to commemorate the start of this year's session, I have decided to reinstate the chariot races.

I've had the old chariots brought out from storage.

Each cabin will field a team consisting of a driver and a fighter.

Weapons are allowed, and dirty tricks are expected.

But any killing will result in harsh punishment: no s'mores at the campfire for a week!

You have five minutes to choose your teams and report to the starting line.
Hey, Jackson! Make sure you keep your eye on the track.

Oh, I'm sorry. *Snickers* I meant eyes.

You are mad because I am a monster.

It is okay. I will be a good monster. Then you will not have to be mad.

I'm not mad at you. I'm mad at Poseidon.

I feel like he's trying to embarrass me--like he's trying to compare us or something--and I don't understand why.

Plus, I'm worried about Camp and my friend Grover...

Charioteers! To the starting line!

Let's just go.
ON YOUR MARK!

GET SET!

GO!

KEEP THE OTHER CHARIOTS AWAY SO I CAN CONCENTRATE ON DRIVING!

CRASH!

OHMYGOD!

OHMYGOD...
RELEASE!

READY THE CHAINS!

FWING

WHACK!

WAY TO GO, BIG GUY!

BIG GUY?

B-B-B-
BIRDS!!!

SCREEEEECH

LOOK OUT!

TAKE COVER!
AH!

SHOO, BIRDIE!

HANG ON! WE HAVE TO HELP THE OTHERS!

WHOA!

FOOMP
THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!
SQUAWK! SQUAWK!

Hercules scared them off with big brass bells, but I didn’t see any of those lying around.

Ground and air assaults? Thalia’s tree is getting weaker by the day...

BRAVO, CAMPERS!

A remarkable demonstration of skill indeed!

LET US ALL CONGRATULATE CLARISSE FOR WINNING THE INAUGURAL CHARIOT RACE!

THE CHARIOT RACE?

We just got dive-bombed by demon pigeons, and you’re talking about the chariot race?

Caution, little girl.

Or would you like to see what happened to the last child who tested me?
The camp's borders are failing. If we don't do something to heal Thalia's tree, we're all done for.

> Don't be absurd.

Nature magic...

Annabeth! Remember the dream I had about Grover? Well, I had another one last night.

This one was different, though. It was like he was talking to me.

He said it was an "empathy link." He was wearing a wedding dress, too, but that's beside the point.

What is the point?

Curing the poison would require a source of nature magic that is not easily come by.

It can't be... Percy, what else did he tell you? Think!

Just that he's being held prisoner by someone named polyurethane.

No, that's not right. Was it polynomial? Poly-something. Poly...

The point is, he said he was trapped on an island somewhere...

That there was some source of nature magic so strong, he'd mistaken it for Pan.

That's it! There's only one source of nature magic strong enough to be confused with Pan. The golden fleece!

Polyphemus must have it on his island in the sea of monsters. We need a quest!

The sea of monsters? That's hardly an exact location.

You wouldn't even know where to look.

Polyphemus?

Bingo!
30, 31, 75, 12.

O.K. Thanks for sharing those meaningless numbers.

They're not meaningless. The Gray Sisters said they knew the location of the thing I seek.

The numbers are sailing coordinates: 30 degrees, 31 minutes north, 75 degrees, 12 minutes west.

That's somewhere off the coast of Florida.

I'm impressed.

What can I say? The ocean is in my blood.

Listen, everyone. The golden fleece strengthens nature. It revitalizes any land where it's placed, and it'll heal Thalia's tree.

It's our only hope, and it sounds like Grover has found it. We need a quest.

Fine! You brats want me to assign a quest? Then I shall authorize a champion to retrieve the golden fleece and bring it back to camp.

I can think of none better than the one who has proven herself courageous both in the chariot race and in the battle of the bulls.

Clarisse!

Clarisse!

Percy?

Clarisse shall consult the oracle.

I accept!
I haven't sat down in ages.

Uh, sure...

Your hospitality does you credit, rarely am I afforded a moment of true peace and--

Yeah?

Listen, I don't care if he is chained to a rock with vultures pecking out his liver. If he doesn't have a tracking number, we can't locate his package. A gift to humankind... neat. You know how many of those we deliver? I gotta go.
SORRY, THE OVERNIGHT EXPRESS BUSINESS IS JUST BOOMING.

UM...WHO EXACTLY ARE YOU?

HAVE YOU NOT GUESSED? PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP.

ORIGINAL FORM, PLEASE.

DOES THE CADUCEUS RING ANY BELLS?

"LUKE'S FATHER." NORMALLY, THAT'S NOT THE FIRST WAY PEOPLE DESCRIBE ME.

"GOD OF THIEVES," YES. "GOD OF MESSENGERS AND TRAVELERS," IF THEY WISH TO BE KIND.

WHY ARE YOU HERE?

I'VE BROUGHT GIFTS TO AID YOU ON YOUR QUEST.

GEORGE AND MARTHA? IF YOU PLEASE.

YOU'RE LUKE'S FATHER. HERMES.

THE GUEST WASN'T ASSIGNED TO ME. I DON'T HAVE PERMISSION TO GO.

WHY ARE YOU HERE?

FINALLY. I HAVEN'T BEEN FULL-SIZE IN YEARS.

YOU JUST LEAVE TO SHOW OFF.

OH, RULES AIN'T GOING TO STOP YOU, ARE THEY?

NOT WHEN THERE'S SO MUCH AT STAKE.
THE THERMOS contains the winds from the four corners of the earth. They'll help speed you on your way.

AS FOR the multivitamins... they're very potent. Take one only if you really need it. They'll make you feel like yourself again.

I FEEL TIRED ALREADY.

WHAT ARE you confusing about mine was bigger.

I feel terrific already.

GOOD OLD ARES. FORGIVE MY BROTHER PERCY—HE STILL hasn't realized that death isn't a very funny punch line.

I ASSURE YOU, these gifts come with no tricks attached.

LET'S JUST SAY that I hope your quest will save... more than your friend grover.

IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT LUKE, YOU CAN forget it.

even if I could find him, I don't think he can be saved. He's betrayed everyone he knows. He hates you especially.

OKAY...BUT WHY are you helping me? The last time a god brought me a gift, it almost got me killed.

my dear young cousin, if there's one thing I've learned over the eons, it's that you can't give up on family, no matter how tempting it may be.

I TOOK the liberty of packing for you and your companions. They will be arriving any moment now.

IF YOU ASK nicely, your father should be able to help you reach the ship.

SHIP?

WHOOSH
Percy!

Tantalus enlisted the cleaning harpies to enforce camp rules and regulations. You don't want to be caught out here all by yourself.

Special delivery from Hermes.

What's with this stuff?

Apparently, he thinks I should be the one to go after the fleece.

The search begins with that cruise liner on the horizon.

Percy, we have to take this quest.

I promised I'd keep you safe from danger.

We? What about your promise to Chiron?

I can do that only by coming with you, right?

Me, too!

Hang on a minute. Where we're going isn't the best place for a cyclops.

You can stay behind and tell the others—Tyson can come if he wants to.

Want to!

It's settled, then.

You guys wait here.
Um, Dad? How's it going?

We need to get to that ship. Think you can...help us out?

Now that's what I call a ride.
GOOD AFTERNOON, PASSENGERS. WE’LL BE AT SEA ALL DAY TODAY.

EXCELLENT WEATHER FOR THE POOLSIDE MAMBO PARTY. DON’T FORGET MILLION-DOLLAR BINGO IN THE KRAKEN LOUNGE, AND FOR OUR SPECIAL GUESTS, DISEMBOWELING PRACTICE ON THE PROMENADE.

DID WE JUST SAY "DISEMBOWELING PRACTICE"?

WE ARE ON A CRUISE. WE ARE HAVING FUN.
WE ARE ON A CRUISE.
WE ARE HAVING FUN.

WE ARE ON A CRUISE.
WE ARE HAVING FUN.

THIS IS WEIRD...
THEY'RE ALL IN SOME KIND OF TRANCE.
P-PUPPY?

PERCY, IS THAT...?
LUKE!
HIDE!

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME. DON'T PUSH ME, AGRIUS!

I'M NOT PUSHING YOU. I'M JUST SAYING, IF THE GAMBLE DOESN'T PAY OFF--

THEY'LL TAKE THE BAIT. DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.

LET'S GET TO THE ADMIRALTY SUITE AND CHECK ON THE CASKET.

LEAVE NOW?

NOT UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHAT LUKE IS UP TO.
"You really think the Old Horseman is done for good?"

"They can't trust him. Not with the skeletons in his closet. The poisoning of the tree was the final straw."

"How're you doing, Tyson? You sound just like Jake."

"Shhh! Tyson, what else are they saying?"

"Quiet!" "Are you sure?"
WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY TWO FAVORITE COUSINS.

MY NEW PAD IS A BIT NICER THAN CABIN ELEVEN, DON'T YOU THINK?

I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE US LETTING YOU SURVIVE FOR ANOTHER YEAR, PERCY. HOW'S YOUR MOM? HOW'S SCHOOL?

---RUN?

I UNDERSTAND YOU WANT TO DESTROY THE CAMP, BUT HOW COULD YOU?

THALIA SAVED OUR LIVES. YOUR LIFE!

YOU POISONED THALIA'S TREE.

SURE, I POISONED THE TREE. SO WHAT? IF YOU KNEW WHAT WAS COMING, YOU'D UNDERSTAND.

THE GODS HAVE BLINDED YOU, ANNabeth. YOU CAN'T EVEN IMAGINE A WORLD WITHOUT THEM.

HALF-BLOOD HILL WILL BE OVERRUN WITH MONSTERS WITHIN A MONTH. THE HEROES WHO SURVIVE WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO JOIN US OR BE HUNTED TO EXTINCTION.

THE WEST IS ROTTEN TO THE CORE. IT HAS TO BE DESTROYED.

YOUR HOPELESS QUEST TO FIND THE FLEECE WON'T CHANGE A THING.
DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED. I KNOW
ALL ABOUT YOUR PLANS. I STILL HAVE
FRIENDS AT CAMP WHO KEEP ME POSTED.

SPIES, YOU MEAN.

LUKE,
LISTEN TO ME.
YOUR FATHER
SENT US.

HE TOLD ME HE WON'T GIVE
UP ON YOU, NO MATTER
HOW ANGRY YOU ARE.

GIVE UP ON ME?
HE ABANDONED ME!

I WANT
OLYMPUS DESTROYED!
YOU TELL HERMES
IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN,
TOO.

GO TO
HADES.

YOU FIRST.

ORIEUS, HAVE SECURITY TAKE
OUR STOWAWAYS BELOWDECKS
TO MEET THE AETHIOPIAN
DRAKON. I BELIEVE IT'S
FEEDING TIME.

AGRIUS, YOU STAY HERE
WITH ME. WE HAVE IMPORTANT
MATTERS TO DISCUSS.

LITTLE BY
LITTLE, WE'RE CALLING HIS
LIFE FORCE OUT OF THE PIT.
WITH EVERY NEW RECRUIT,
ANOTHER SMALL PIECE
APPEARS...
TYSON! NOW!

GO AWAY!

Grooo~
THE ALARM!

GET TO THE LIFEBOAT!
WHAT'S TAKING SO LONG?!

IT'S STUCK! I CAN'T LAUNCH IT!

HOLD ON TO SOMETHING!
LATER.

WE SURE GOT OUT OF THERE IN A HURRY. OF COURSE, NOW WE HAVE NO IDEA WHERE WE ARE...

WHOA. HOW DID I KNOW THAT?

BECAUSE OF YOUR DAD. WHEN YOU'RE AT SEA, YOU HAVE PERFECT BEARINGS. THAT IS SO COOL.

36 DEGREES, 44 MINUTES NORTH, 76 DEGREES, 2 MINUTES WEST. JUST OFF THE COAST OF VIRGINIA BEACH.

HEY. I'M SORRY ABOUT, YOU KNOW...SEEING LUKE.

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. HE MADE HIS DECISION.

BUT I'M WORRIED OUR ESCAPE WAS A LITTLE TOO EASY. HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A "GAMBLE" AND "THEY'LL TAKE THE BAIT." HE COULDN'T BE TALKING ABOUT US.

WHAT'S THE BAIT? GROVER, OR THE FLEECE?

MAYBE HE WANTS THE FLEECE FOR HIMSELF.

MAYBE HE'S HOPING WE'LL DO THE HARD WORK, AND THEN HE CAN STEAL IT FROM US.
OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS--

QUIET! I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING.

CHUG CHUG CHUG

YOU THREE ARE IN BIG TROUBLE.
CAPTAIN, BRING THESE LOSERS ABOARD.
Tantalus expelled you for eternity.

Mr. D. said if any of you show your face at Camp again, he'll turn you into squirrels and run you over with his jeep.

More like they didn't want to help you.

Tantalus is using you. He'd love to see the camp destroyed. He's setting you up to fail.

You three are my guests for now, but you can just as easily be my prisoners. So I suggest you stay here until told otherwise.

Sleep tight, losers. Make sure the bedbugs bite.

The spirits on the losing side of every war owe a tribute to Ares. I prayed to my dad for a naval transport, and here it is.

The crew will do anything I tell them.

Where are your cabin mates? There are supposed to be three heroes to a quest.

Shut up, prissy! This is my quest. Finally I get to be the hero, and you two won't steal my glory.
NEED MORE TIME!

HONEY PIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

JUST WEAVING MY BRIDAL TRAIN, DEAREST!

TOO MANY DELAYS! ALMOST DONE?

FIVE DAYS!

SEVEN, THEN, IF YOU INSIST.

T-TEN MORE DAYS, DEAREST.

SEVEN IS LESS THAN FIVE?

OH, YES, CERTAINLY!

HMPH.

HURRY, PERCY.

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE!
ALL HANDS ON DECK!
ALL HANDS ON DECK!

WE'VE REACHED THE ENTRANCE TO THE SEA OF MONSTERS!

GROVER... HE'S RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

FULL STEAM AHEAD, CAPTAIN.

AYE, M'LADY.

WE'RE HERE ALREADY? HOW'D WE SAIL SO FAST?

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, THIS ISN'T A TYPICAL SHIP.

IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?

ARE YOU NUTS?

Sylla and her sister, Charybdis.

YOU'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THEM! WHY DON'T YOU JUST SAIL AROUND?
Thy'd just appear in my path again.

Scylla is too high up for the cannons, but Charybdis just sits in the middle of that whirlwind. We're going to steam right at her and blow her to Tartarus!

Ready the cannons, captain. Full barrage on my order!

If you want passage into the Sea of Monsters, you have to sail through them.

This isn't going to work. Think you can control the water and guide us through?

Against something like that? No way.

Too much strain on the pistons. Not meant for deep water.

Flooosh!

What's happening?!
WE'RE NOT REVERSING?! THIS IS BAD!

WE'RE IN THE VORTEX! FULL REVERSE!

BOILER ROOM OVERHEATING, M'LUDDY! SHE'S GOING TO BLOW!

I CAN FIX IT!

TYSON, NO! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!

GUNS IN RANGE, M'LUDDY!

FIRE!
CLINK
TINK

RELOAD!

GUNS ARE INEFFECTUAL, M’LADY! PREPARE TO DIE.

INEFFECTUAL, EH? LOOKS TO ME LIKE WE SCARED HER OFF.
Swoosh

She's pushing us toward Scylla!
All ahead full! Stay away from those cliffs!
CLANG

ERRRCH

WE HAVE TO ABANDON SHIP, M’LADY. SHE’S TEARING APART!

THE BOILER CAN’T--

EVERYONE, GET BELOW!
AAH!

LET ME GO!

HISSS
KA-BOOM!

THUNK

SPLASH!
Go easy. You took a hard knock on the head.

Tyson...

Percy, I'm so sorry.

Maybe he survived the explosion. I mean... fire can't kill him.

What is this place?

I sailed us here in one of the Birmingham's lifeboats. It's some kind of island resort or something.
OH, GOOD. YOU'VE AWAKENED.

NOW WE CAN BEGIN YOUR MAKEOVERS.

OF COURSE. HERE AT C.C.'S RESORT AND SPA, WE HELP OUR CLIENTS REALIZE THEIR FULL POTENTIAL.

MAKEOVERS?

DON'T YOU WANT TO MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR TALENTS?

EXCELLENT! HYLLA, GIVE ANNABETH THE V.I.P. TOUR.

UM...

PERCY IS GOING TO REQUIRE MY PERSONAL ATTENTION.

RIGHT THIS WAY, DEAR.

I'M AFRAID YOU NEED SERIOUS HELP, PERCY. BUT THE FIRST STEP IS ADMITTING YOU'RE NOT HAPPY THE WAY YOU ARE.

--JEEZ--

LOOKS LIKE YOU HAVE SOME ACNE AROUND YOUR NOSE... A CROOKED TOOTH OR TWO.

AND YOUR HAIR? IT'S TOO UNKempt, AND I DON'T MEAN INTENTIONALLY SO.

STEP CLOSER.
PERHAPS THIS WOULD BE MORE TO YOUR LIKING?

WOW. THAT'S... AMAZING. CAN YOU REALLY--?

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, REALLY.

JUST ONE OF OUR PATENTED SHAKEOVERS, SUBSTITUTED FOR A REGULAR MEAL.

I GUARANTEE YOU'LL SEE RESULTS IMMEDIATELY.

HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

WHY QUESTION A GOOD THING?

 Percy, the hardest part about a makeover is giving up control. You have to decide whose judgment you'd rather trust: YOURS OR MINE.

EXCELLENT CHOICE.

GRAT--

CRASH!
MISS C.C.? PERCY?

Ah, Annabeth! What did you think of the grounds?

Knock Knock

I helped him realize his true form, but never mind him. Strong women like us don't need men.

Where's Percy?

Like us? You mean...you know who I am?

Of course. I know a daughter of Athena when I see one.

We are not so different, you and I. We both seek knowledge. We both admire greatness.

And like me, you have the makings of a sorceress.

Sorceress? You're...C.C.... Circe!

That's right. My dear. My mother is Hecate, the goddess of magic. Stay with me, and I will teach you the ways of sorcery.

For women, magic is the only way to achieve power.

As for your friend...

He will be well cared for on the mainland. There is always a kindergarten looking for a new class pet.

So, what is your answer?
THIS!

REALLY? A KNIFE AGAINST MY MAGIC? IS THAT WISE?

PERHAPS YOU'LL LEARN SOME MANNERS AFTER I'VE TURNED YOU INTO A SHREW!

CRACKLE

IMPOSSIBLE... HOW...?

SHAKE SHAKE
CURSE HERMES AND HIS MULTIVITAMINS! THEY'LL ONLY PROTECT YOU FOR A LITTLE WHILE; YOU'LL SEE.

A LITTLE WHILE IS ALL THE TIME I NEED.

REEE!

POOF!

nibble

nibble

nibble

Pirates attack!
AAAAAA!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE WHILE CIRCE'S DISTRACTED!

TO ARMS, LADS! AAARGH!

WHOA...

WHICH SHIP SHOULD WE TAKE?

THIS ONE? ARE YOU CRAZY?

TRUST ME!
Seaweed brain, we'd need a crew of, like, a bazillion to get this ship under way!

Mizenmast!

Mizenwhat?!

Whrrr

How did you...?

Do you really need to ask?
IS IT TOO MUCH TO ASK THAT I HAVE A NORMAL DREAM FOR ONCE?

THIS ONE WAS ABOUT SOME SPIKEY-HAIRED GIRL WHO WANTED ME TO OPEN KRONOS’S COFFIN. WHATEVER THAT MEANS.

ANNABETH? HELLO-O.

“JEEZ.” NO BIG DEAL. I’LL JUST HAVE THE SHIP SAIL AROUND IT.

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS STAY OUT OF EARSHOT, RIGHT?

WE’RE APPROACHING THE ISLAND OF THE SIRENS.

NO. YOU’RE GOING TO TIE ME UP AND SAIL STRAIGHT FOR IT.

I WANT TO HEAR THEM SING.

YOU WHAT?!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THE STORIES? YOU KNOW, THE ONES WHERE THE SIRENS ENCHANT SAILORS AND LURE THEM TO THEIR DEATHS?

PERCY, THEY SAY THE SIRENS SING ABOUT YOUR DESIRES. THEY SHOW YOU THINGS ABOUT YOURSELF THAT EVEN YOU DON’T KNOW. THAT’S WHAT’S SO ENCHANTING.

IF YOU SURVIVE... YOU BECOME WISER. I DON’T WANT TO MISS THAT CHANCE.

PLEASE?

THIS IS NUTS...

NO MATTER HOW MUCH I BEG, DON’T UNTIE ME. I’LL GO STRAIGHT OVERBOARD AND DROWN MYSELF.

AND DON’T FORGET TO PLUG YOUR EARS.
"CANDLE WAX WORKS BEST."
I didn't realize how powerful the temptation would be, how much I'd want what the sirens were singing about to be true.

The sirens showed me the world the way I would make it. All the things I'd change to make it better.

Was it worth it? Do you feel wiser?

I learned what my fatal flaw is: hubris.

Thinking I can do things better than everyone else, even the gods.

Sometimes I just see the bad stuff, you know? War, homelessness, broken families... and I start to think, just for a second, the way Luke does—that maybe we should tear it all down and redo it better.

Haven't you ever felt that way?

Me? Rebuilding the world? Sounds like a nightmare.

Then hubris isn't your fatal flaw.

Every hero has one, though, so you'd better find out what yours is and learn to control it. If you don't...

Well, they don't call it "fatal" for nothing.

I hope it doesn't pop up any time soon. For Grover's sake.

What do you mean?

30 degrees, 31 minutes north, 75 degrees, 12 minutes west.
"WE MADE IT TO POLYPHEMUS'S ISLAND."

CLATTER

MY BAD.

I'M GLAD TO HELP.
"Whoa?"

"Ohh!!"

GARRR!

 MOVE ALONG, LITTLE SHEEPIES!
 ATTABOY, BELTBUSTER... THERE YOU GO, TAMMANY...
THE BOTTOM BRANCH OF THAT TREE. LOOK.

IT'S THE FLEECE. YOU THINK WE CAN SWIPE IT WHILE POLYPHEMUS IS GRAZING HIS SHEEP?

MAYBE, BUT WE NEED TO RESCUE GROVER FIRST.

COME ON. LET'S GO OPEN THE CAVE.

LATER.

MUCH LATER.

WE NEED A NEW PLAN.

AND I HAVE JUST THE IDEA.

TELL ME, HOW MUCH DO YOU LIKE SHEEP?
OY, HASENPFEFFER!
OY, EINSTEIN!

EH THERE, WIDGET? WHOA, GIRL!

PUTTING ON SOME EXTRA MUTTON, ARE YOU? HEH HEH!

GO ON, FATTY! SOON I WILL EAT YOU FOR BREAKFAST!

BAA!

GROVER! YOU IN HERE?

HEY THERE, UGLY!
WHO SAID THAT?

NOMDBY!

I'M THE ONE WHO POKED YOUR EYE OUT. REMEMBER ME?

ROAR!

CRUMBLE

OF COURSE YOU DON'T. YOU'RE TOO STUPID TO REMEMBER ANYBODY. MUCH LESS NOBODY! HA-HA!

HA-HA! MISSED ME!

I'LL KILL NOBODY!

TRY AND FIND ME, YOU BIG OAF!
PERCY! I KNEW THE EMPATHY LINK WENT THROUGH!

GROVER, WE NEED TO-- CLARIGSE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

THIS IS MY QUEST, PUNK. I ROWED ONE OF THE BIRMINGHAM’S LIFEOATS HERE SO I COULD FINISH THE JOB.

THAT’S WHEN I DISCOVERED HORNHEAD GETTING READY FOR HIS CYCLOPS WEDDING.

I HAD POLYPHEMUS CONVINCED I WAS A LADY CYCLOPS, BUT YOU BLEW MY COVER.

HAPPH, I DID YOU A FAVOR, IF YOU ASK ME, NOW HE ONLY WANTS TO EAT YOU.

IT’S ME THAT HE WANTS TO MARRY.

WHAT ABOUT TYSON? WAS ANYONE ELSE ON BOARD YOUR LIFEBOAT?

JUST ME. EVERYONE ELSE... WELL, I DIDN’T EVEN KNOW YOU MADE IT OUT.

GUYS? MAYBE WE SHOULD GET REACQUAINTED AFTER WE’VE LEFT THE ISLAND...?
HELP!

I CAUGHT NOBODY!

PUT HER DOWN, YOU SMELLY BUCKET OF NOSE DROOL!

PUT ME DOWN!

ANNABETH!

FOR PAN!
GROVER, GET ANNABETH! HEAD FOR THE BRIDGE!

GARRR!

SLASH

SWAT

FALL BACK TO THE BRIDGE! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
FAILED! NOWHERE FOR NOBODY TO RUN NOW!
SMACK

SNAP!

GET BACK!

SWISH

GARRR!
HA! POLYPHEMUS WINS!

TONIGHT IS GOING TO BE A BIG WEDDING FEAST! BUT FIRST I WILL HAVE A SNACK!

HA!

RAAAAAA!
BAD POLYPHEMUS!

YOU'RE ALIVE! HOW?

FISH PONIES FOUND ME. WE'VE BEEN SWIMMING AROUND LOOKING FOR YOU. WHEN I SMELLED LOTS OF SHEEP, I CAME HERE.

NOT ALL CYCLOPES ARE AS NICE AS WE LOOK!

GUYS... ANNABETH'S HURT...

I DON'T THINK SHE'S GOING TO MAKE IT.
She needs a doctor. Fast.

How? We're in the middle of the Bermuda Triangle.

The fleece!

Tyson, bring it here. Hurry!

Come on, please.
WHAT HAPPENED?

WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT, SEAWEED BRAIN?

BECAUSE I'M GLAD YOU'RE NOT DEAD.

HOW DO YOU FEEL? CAN YOU MOVE?

RARRRRRR

WATCH ME.
TYSON, WHICH WAY TO THE FISH PONIES?
FOLLOW ME!

RARRRRR!

OH, RAINBOW!
HI, RAINBOW. YOU MISS ME?

NOT NOW, TYSON!

I’LL GET YOU, NOBODY!

TAKE US TO THE MAINLAND, FAST AS YOU CAN!

SPLASH

THE ISLAND... WHAT’S HAPPENING TO IT?

WITHOUT THE FLEECE’S MAGIC, IT’S REVERTING TO ITS NATURAL STATE.

I JUST HOPE THE MAGIC IS STRONG ENOUGH TO SAVE CAMP...
MIAMI BEACH.

JUNE 13TH! WE'VE BEEN GONE FROM CAMP TEN DAYS.
THALIA'S TREE MUST BE ALMOST DEAD.
WE HAVE TO GET THE FLEECE BACK TONIGHT.

Yeah, right. We're hundreds of miles away, and we don't have a ride. This is just like the Oracle said.

CLARISSE... WHAT EXACTLY DID THE ORACLE TELL YOU?

You shall sail the Iron Ship with Warriors ofNone, you shall find what you seek and make it your own...

-- But despair for your life entombed within stone, and fall without friends, to fly home alone.

OUCH...

NO, WAIT... I THINK I'VE GOT IT.
EVERYBODY POOL THEIR CASH TOGETHER.

No cash. All I have is this green paper.
DID YOU ROB A BANK WHEN I WASN'T LOOKING?

IT WAS IN MY YELLOW DUFFEL BAG. I THOUGHT IT WAS A TREAT FOR RAINBOW.

CLARISSE, TAKE THE MONEY AND THE FLEECES. YOU'RE GOING TO THE AIRPORT.

YOU'D LET ME--?

YEAH, YOU'D LET HER?

IT'S YOUR QUEST, AND WE ONLY HAVE ENOUGH MONEY FOR ONE FLIGHT. THAT'S WHAT THE ORACLE'S PROPHECY MEANT: YOU WOULDN'T GET THE FLEECES WITHOUT OUR HELP, BUT YOU'D HAVE TO FLY HOME ALONE.

NOT FAILING WOULD BE GOOD.

YOU REALIZE YOU'RE BETTING THE LIVES OF EVERYONE AT CAMP THAT CLARISSE WILL GET THE FLEECES BACK IN TIME.

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME. I WON'T FAIL.

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF A BUNCH OF HEROES BUTTED IN ON YOUR QUEST AND SHOWED YOU UP?

SHE DESERVES A CHANCE.

NOW COME ON, LET'S FIND ANOTHER WAY--

HEY, CUZ. WELCOME BACK TO THE STATES.

--HOME?
Welcome aboard, twerps.

The fleece, where is it?

You've been toying with us all along. You let us escape last time so we'd do all the hard work and get the fleece for you.

I'm not all bad, Percy. I was going to let you have the fleece once I was done with it.

Done healing Kronos, you mean. Too bad we already sent the fleece back to camp. Looks like you messed up. How's your boss going to like that?

So, you sent Clarisse ahead with the fleece. I didn't expect that.

It's true, the fleece's magic would speed up Kronos's Healing by tenfold.

But make no mistake—he is still healing. You haven't stopped us. You've only slowed us down a little.

It's time I formally introduced you to Backbiter, half celestial bronze and half steel, the blade works on mortals and immortals.

And you've given me an excuse to kill you. You're an unreliable weapon, Percy, and you need to be replaced.

Since you're a little bit of both, that means I get to kill you twice.
YOU AND ME, LUKE. ONE ON ONE.

YOU READ MY MIND. I'LL KILL YOU QUICKLY, THOUGH. THEN I'M GOING TO CHASE DOWN CLARISSA.

WHAT, NO SHIELD? ISK-ISK.

YOU REALLY SHOULD'VE COME MORE PREPARED!

CLANG

MY, PERCY. YOU'RE OUT OF PRACTICE.

SLICE
I WANT YOU TO SEE SOMETHING BEFORE YOU DIE, PERCY.

ORENUS, YOU CAN EAT YOUR MEAL NOW. BON APPETIT.

[Sound effect: SCHKT]

THUNK
CHARGE!

WHOOP!
GET SOME!

LET'S KICK SOME BUTT!
ATTACK, YOU FOOLS!

WHUMP

POP

POP

POP

BRETHREN, RETRIEVE THE CAMPERS!
QUICKLY, CHILD! LUKES FORCES WON'T BE DISORIENTED FOR LONG!

DUDE! DO THE WORDS "LOW-CARB DIET" MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
I suppose now I shall have to reinstate Chiron as activities director. Oh, how I've missed our tedious card games.

Bully for you.

The camp is no longer in need of your services, Tantalus. You may return to the underworld now.

So, as you can see, Chiron didn't have anything to do with poisoning Thalia's tree. Luke did it so he could bring his ship here and attack camp.

Bravo, Peter Johnson.

I-I got it! After all these millennia, I got it!
WHAT? BUT, NO--

EAT THAT, JERK!

WOO-HOO!

ALL RIGHT!

MR. D., perhaps now would be a good time to have the fleece brought to the tree? The sooner the healing process begins...

Very well, Clarisse, you may have the honors.

Should anyone need me, I'll be at the big house, reminiscing over how close I was to being rid of this blasted camp forever.
WHY THE LONG FACE, CHIRON? WE BROUGHT THE FLEECE BACK, SO THE CAMP’S BORDERS WILL BE RESTORED.

WE WON, RIGHT?

I’M AFRAID TODAY WAS SOMETHING OF A DRAW. WE DIDN’T HAVE THE NUMBERS TO TAKE THAT SHIP, AND LUKE WASN’T ORGANIZED ENOUGH TO PURSUE US.

BUT WITH KRONOS’S HELP, HE WILL GET ORGANIZED. AND BOTH SIDES WILL UNDOUBTEDLY CROSS SWORDS AGAIN.

IT HAS ALL BEEN FORETOLD.

WHEN I FIRST LEARNED OF THALIA, I ASSUMED SHE WAS THE CHILD THE ORACLE SPOKE OF. THAT IS WHY I TRIED SO DESPERATELY TO HAVE HER BROUGHT SAFELY TO CAMP.

FORETOLD?

INDEED. I WAS WARNED ABOUT A HALF-BLOOD CHILD SIRED BY ONE OF THE BIG THREE—ZEUS, POSEIDON, OR HADES. THE NEXT OF THEIR CHILDREN WHO REACHES THE AGE OF SIXTEEN WILL BE A DANGEROUS WEAPON.

YOU’VE BEEN GIVEN A PROPHECY FROM THE ORACLE?

HE OR SHE WILL MAKE A DECISION THAT EITHER SAVES THE WEST, OR DESTROYS IT.

WHEN SHE DIED, I HAD NO IDEA WHAT TO THINK. THEN YOU ARRIVED...

THIS CHILD OF THE BIG THREE... COULDN’T IT BE, LIKE, A CYCLOPS OR SOMETHING?

THE PROPHECY WAS VERY SPECIFIC. IT SAID "HALF-BLOOD," THAT REFERS ONLY TO A CHILD OF HUMAN AND DIVINE LINEAGE.
I wish I knew. You will not be sixteen for three more years, though, and three years can be an eternity for a half-blood. For now we must simply train you as best we can, and leave the future to the fates.

I'm just a kid, Chiron. What good is one lousy hero against something like Kronos?

I...I don't know.

"What good is one lousy hero?" Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain said that to me just before he changed the course of the American Civil War.

You are part human, part god. You live in both worlds, Percy, and you can affect both. That is what makes half-bloods so special. You carry the hopes of humanity into the realm of the eternal. Do you understand?

You talk like you know him.

I do know him.

Remember your study of mythology. What is my connection to the Titan Lord?
YOU... UH... OWE HIM A FAVOR OR SOMETHING?

NO, PERCY. KRONOS IS MY FATHER.

ENOUGH TALK OF DARK THINGS. THE FLEECE IS SETTING ABOUT ITS WORK.

THE CLOUDS HAVE PARTED. THE STRAWBERRIES ARE BLOOMING.

LET US ENJOY THIS HAPPY TIME.

CHIRON! PERCY!
ANNABETH... ON THE HILL...

SHE'S JUST... LYING THERE.
ALL OF A SUDDEN... THER SHE WAS.

ANNABETH? WHO WAS THERE?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT'S GOING ON?

HE'S TRICKED US AGAIN. GIVEN HIMSELF ANOTHER CHANCE TO CONTROL THE PROPHECY.

I SAID I KNOW THE TITAN LORD, BUT APPARENTLY I DO NOT KNOW HIM WELL ENOUGH, TODAY HE HAS TRULY EARNED HIS REPUTATION AS THE CROOKED ONE.

THE FLEECE HEALED THE TREE, AND POISON IS NOT THE ONLY THING IT PURGED.

YOU, I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE.

WHO ARE YOU...?
I AM THALIA. DAUGHTER OF ZEUS.

END OF BOOK 2.
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ATILIA FUTAKI is the New York Times best-selling illustrator of The Lightning Thief: The Graphic Novel. He also illustrated and colored Conan the Barbarian (written by Victor Gischler) and Severed (written by Scott Snyder and Scott Tuft), as well as Spiral and The Strange Folks. Attila studied at the International School of Comics in Florence, Italy. He lives in Budapest, Hungary. Visit AttilaFutaki.blogspot.com.

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The heroes return.

SEVENTH GRADE HAS BEEN SURPRISINGLY QUIET FOR PERCY; not a single monster has set foot on his New York prep-school campus. But when an innocent game of dodgeball among Percy and his classmates turns into a death match against an ugly gang of cannibal giants, things get . . . well, ugly. And the unexpected arrival of Percy’s friend Annabeth brings more bad news: the magical borders that protect Camp Half-Blood have been poisoned by a mysterious enemy, and unless a cure is found, the only safe haven for demigods will be destroyed.

In the follow-up to the wildly popular *The Lightning Thief: The Graphic Novel*, Percy and his friends must journey into the Sea of Monsters to save their camp. But first, Percy will discover a stunning new secret about his family—one that makes him question whether being claimed as Poseidon’s son is an honor . . . or simply a cruel joke.

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