Lost at Sea

Introduction

The day started off no differently. Percy was woken abruptly by another spine-tingling dream involving the dreaded Mrs Dodds, who no one had admitted was real yet. Percy dragged his aching body out of his stuffy room and made his way down towards the kitchen. The kitchen was small and dainty, but it was home for Percy and his mother and now unfortunately smelly Gabe. The kitchen used to be full of mouth-watering smells such as: home-made pancakes with chocolate chips; crispy bacon sandwiches smothered with tomato ketchup; and hard-boiled eggs with their soldiers at the ready. All the room smelt of now was Gabe's foul body odour and his vile breath. Percy shuddered at the thought. Despite that fact his home had now been invaded by an ogre, the sight of Percy's Mum flipping pancakes at the stove instantly made him feel safe and warm. Percy's mother had a glow that could brighten anyone's spirts, her kind and thoughtful nature was the only thing that enabled Percy to endure living with ghastly Gabe (his new nickname for the man), which he felt suited him perfectly.

"Are you hungry love?" Mum called, still flipping the pancakes.

"Always," Percy replied with a smirk.

Mum returned the smile.

Percy sat down on the rickety old chair opposite ghastly Gabe, who began to pick his nose curiously. "Erm, can you not?" Percy stated, disgust evident in his tone of voice. Gabe just huffed and continued. Percy contemplated asking his mother to tell Gabe to stop being so revolting for once in his life, but knew that his mother hated being involved in the ongoing dispute between them. Percy lowered his head so Gabe's nose picking adventure was out of sight and took a sip of the orange juice in front of him. Mmmm delicious, he thought to himself.

Build up

PING! PING! PING! "Get the phone will you Sally!" Gabe bellowed, "but make it quick, I'm hungry". "What a surprise," Percy muttered under his breath, desperate not be heard.

"What did you say boy?" Gabe questioned, leaning closer towards Percy.

"Nothing," Percy replied, his head still lowered towards the table.

Seconds later, his mother, who now looked pale and worried, returned to the kitchen. "Percy, pack your bags now, we need to leave." You could hear the urgency and desperation in my mother's voice. I was confused but immediately did as I was told. "What about my breakfast Sally?" cried ghastly Gabe, you could see his face begin to turn red with frustration and anger.

"I'm sorry dear but your pancakes are going to have to wait, Percy car now," my mother begged, I could see she was desperately trying to avoid Gabe's gaze. You see, when he wanted too Gabe could be aggressive, I had never seen him hurt my Mum but I had heard him shout at her and there was no way I was going to let him speak to her like that ever again. "You know what Gabe…" I began, I could feel the adrenaline rushing through my body, this was my chance to stand up to Gabe and get him out of our lives once and for all. Before I had the chance, my mother swiftly grabbed my arm and began to drag me down the old, rickety staircase. "He's not worth it Percy," she whispered gently into my ear. I sighed. I knew she was right (she always was) but it didn't change the fact I wanted to give that man a piece of mind.

"Where are we going Mum?" I questioned, we had been driving for at least an hour now.

"Half-Blood summer camp," she replied quietly. I could see tears beginning to form in her crystal blue eyes. I didn't question her further, I could see that this was a decision that she had not taken lightly. Thousands of questions began to circulate my mind. Who had contacted her? Why the rush? Where is half-blood summer camp? What is half-blood summer camp? I tried to control the thoughts, which were causing my head to pound rapidly, but I was unable too.

Finally, we arrived at half-blood summer camp. I got out the car cautiously, unsure of how I should be acting or feeling. I looked over to the driver's side, my mother, who now had tears rolling down her blushed cheeks, was still in the car. "Mum?" I whispered gently, I could feel the tears begin to well in my own eyes now. "Go Percy," she ordered. She couldn't even look me in the eye. I nodded obediently before making my way towards the cabin in the distance. I looked back, but my mother had already sped off.

"Percy," a deep voice said from behind me, "we have been expecting you." I turned round to greet this stranger, only it wasn't a stranger, it was Grover. However, it didn't look like Grover. He could clearly see that I was stunned by his appearance and sighed deeply. "I will explain later," he stated, "We need to go and see Chiron now." Before I had the opportunity to ask any questions, Grover whisked me towards the cabin. As he opened the large, wooden doors, which were decorated with unique patterns, I saw a

familiar face standing before me. "Mr Brunner!" I cried with delight. "Hello Percy," he replied, a grin spread widely across his face. However, as I approached him that grin vanished. I finally plucked up the courage to ask the question that had been haunting me since we had left home hours ago, "What's going on?" I questioned quietly. Mr Brunner took a deep breath and Grover shifted uncomfortably. Whatever it was, I could tell it wasn't good. "Your father Percy, he is alive". I felt my whole body give way and then all of a sudden, everything was black.