

## 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 spirits, 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 to.

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.

## **Problem**

When I finally came back round, I was no longer in the company of just Grover and Mr Brunner, there were now 2 new faces surrounding me. One was a girl. She had long blonde hair, that flowed gracefully below her shoulders and piercing blue eyes which were as bright as the ocean. The man had a face like thunder. He had jet black, shaggy hair which covered his forehead and ruby red eyes. "Take it slow, Percy," Mr Brunner stated. I began to lift my limp body from the ground, stumbling slightly when I was finally back on my feet. The intimidating, unfamiliar man spoke, "Sort yourself out Perseus Jackson, you need to be leaving soon". I stared at him with a puzzled look spread across my face. "Leaving?" I questioned.

"Yes," the man replied impatiently, "Anabelle and Grover, go and get your things ready, oh and get Percy's ready, we haven't got all day". Grover and the girl (who I now assumed was named Anabelle) scurried quickly out of the doors. "Where are we going?" I murmured. "To locate your...", Mr Brunner began, before being rudely interrupted by the impatient man. "You are going to find something very precious that has been taken from me, I need it back."

"What was taken?" I asked inquisitively.

"My thunderbolt!" the man roared, stomping his feet aggressively.

I decided not to ask anymore questions, hopefully Grover and Annabelle could help me to make sense of this man's ludicrous behaviour and request. Suddenly, Annabelle and Grover appeared, carrying 3 camping bags. "Off you go then," the man ordered. I looked at Mr Brunner for help, he gave me a reassuring nod and ushered me out of the room. "Stay safe Percy," he whispered, a look of sorrow spread across his face. "Wait, Mr Brunner, where are we going?" I yelled, as Grover and Annabelle sprinted ahead. Mr Brunner replied but I was unable to hear him. "Planet Pandora", a voice whispered from behind. I turned to see a wide grin spread across Annabelle's mischievous face. "Brace yourself Percy Jackson, this is going to be an adventure you will never forget".

It took us 3 days to locate Planet Pandora, this was obviously a place that didn't want to be found. Myself and Grover were exhausted, but Anabelle was like a ball of endless energy. "Come on!" she ordered. Myself and Grover began to quicken our pace to keep up with her. Moments later, a flash of blinding light appeared before us. "We're here!" Anabelle cried, jumping up and down with excitement. I couldn't understand what she was so excited about, I couldn't see anything but trees and dirt. "Wow," I replied sarcastically. Anabelle picked up on my tone and ordered me to rub my eyes. Once I had, I saw what all the fuss was about. Before me lay a breath-taking forest. There were trees dancing gently in the wind, luminous flowers slowly growing and a tranquil lake, within which I could see my reflection clearly. This place was incredible. I didn't understand why Mr Brunner was so worried, this place didn't look daunting or arduous, it looked peaceful and pleasant.

Once we had taken in our mesmerising surroundings, we began to venture into the forest. Before we had the chance to take another step, a ear-piercing shrill cry came from above. I looked up and witnessed a majestic creature gliding gracefully through the blue sky. All of a sudden, everything changed. The forest didn't seem so mesmerising anymore, the sky turned dull and dark, the creatures began to circle us, the flowers disappeared and the trees stopped moving. "What's going on?" Grover yelled, fear evident in his voice. "I don't know," Anabelle replied nervously. Seconds later, the ground beneath us gave way, we were being sucked into a dark abyss. It felt like we were plummeting to our death. Our bodies hit the ground with a thump. It was pitch black. "Grover, Anabelle, you okay?" I cried. No reply. I called out to them again. Nothing. I was beginning to panic, I could feel my breathing quicken and my heart begin to pound. Everything was silent, but not for long. I could hear footsteps in the distance, they were gradually getting closer and closer. "Perseus Jackson, I have been expecting you," an eerie voice whispered....

## **Resolution**

"Who are you?" I cried angrily.

"Wouldn't you like you to know," the voice replied.

"Where are Anabelle and Grover?" I questioned.

"Don't worry, your friends are fine, you can see them again, but only once you have given me what I want."

"What do you want?" I asked, frightened of what the response was going to be.

"The Thunderbolt," the voice whispered.

I was confused. "I don't have it, we were sent here to retrieve the Thunderbolt!" I cried.

"Don't test me boy!" the voice thundered.

"I'm not! I swear!" I cried, you could hear the panic in my voice, "Mr Brunner sent me here to get the Thunderbolt!"

All went silent.

The voice finally moved out of the shadows. I couldn't believe my eyes. This man was half human, half sea creature. He had long, curly grey hair and bright blue piercing eyes. In his left hand, he carried a sharp trident. "Your...your Poseidon," I managed.

"Well done boy, it's good to hear that you can see," the God replied sarcastically. "Did you say Brunner sent you?"

"Yes sir," I replied, my voice still shaking with fear.

Poseidon paused. You could see he was deep in thought. Moments later, Grover and Anabelle appeared. I quickly ran over to them and squeezed them tightly. "Thank god you are okay!" I yelled.

"No time for that now children, we need to return to camp half-blood," Poseidon ordered.

"What for?" questioned Anabelle curiously.

"I think Brunner has the Thunderbolt," Poseidon replied.

There was no time to ask questions. We were quickly whisked back to the half-blood summer camp, Poseidon and his followers by our side. I didn't know what was going to happen but I was anxious to find out.

## **Conclusion**

Only hours later and we were back at half-blood summer camp. I had spent the entire journey trying to block out questions from my mind: Are Greek gods real? Why did Mr Brunner tell me my father was alive? What did Poseidon have to do with my father? Could Poseidon be my father? The more I thought about it, the more I began to believe he could be. All those unusual incidences where I had managed to make water appear, could they be because I am son of the God Poseidon? I decided that was a stupid idea.

"Percy, Anabelle, Grover, I trust you have what I asked you to retrieve," Mr Brunner questioned, a smile spread across his face. "Actually Brunner, I believe you already have it," Poseidon answered, bursting through the large, wooden doors. Mr Brunner jumped with shock. "Poseidon! What are you doing here?" he cried.

"I think you know, Brunner. Now hand it over!" he bellowed angrily.

Mr Brunner paused. A sly, wicked grin spread across his face. "I see you found your father then Percy, not too much of disappointment I hope," he whispered.

"WHAT?" I cried helplessly. Poseidon turned to face me.

"I'm sorry," he whispered gently. Before I had the chance to reply, he had taken his trident and pinned Mr Brunner against the wall. You could see Mr Brunner was struggling to breath. "I suggest you hand it over, I am beginning to lose my patience," Poseidon threatened.

"Not a chance," Brunner managed, taking a breath between each word. "The only way you are getting that Thunderbolt is if that boy is gone". To my surprise Mr Brunner was pointing towards me. "This was all part of my plan!" he cried. "Send the naïve children on a venture to retrieve a Thunderbolt I had all along, I knew they would find you and manage to bring you back here. I mean I would have got rid of Percy myself, but imagine how much more interesting it will be for his father to do it! You want that Thunderbolt, Percy needs to go."

I stared at my father with disbelief and grief. Surely he wouldn't do this, I was his son. I could see Poseidon battling with his own thoughts, however I couldn't tell which one was winning. He lowered Brunner abruptly, slamming him to the ground and began to walk towards me...