Heroes of olympus house of hades read online

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Hades can you get to olympus. What order should i read the heroes of olympus. Heroes of olympus house of hades summary. Hades review
There are worse places to take your girlfriend on a date than Tartarus. And wait a moment. No, there is none. Tartarus has poisonous air, liquid fiery lakes and earthly masses of teeming monsters, giants and titans. Overall, Percy Jackson wants he and Annabeth Chase to fall into another pit. But at least they're together. And alive. . . . Now. Their
chances of survival increase exponentially when they encounter a giant with a memory loss in a guard uniform. Bob, that's what his name tag says, although Percy knows that his real name is iapetus, because. . . Well, he caused Bob to lose memories. . But his enthusiasm lagged a little when they say that they have to go to the gate of death and close
it quickly. Even now the evil creatures from Tartar flow through these open doors to the ground. You join the unstoppable because if the door is not sealed, the monsters cannot die. The door is in the worst part of Tartar. Getting there requires to
avoid monsters, many of which landed in Tartar after killing them Percy, Annabeth and other Greek. Arachne, a giant spider, three vampire cheerleaders Empous, the goddess of misery - would like to take revenge. Just another day in the life of heroes trying to save the world from total destruction. Meanwhile, Jason Grace, Hazel Level, and Frank
Zhang - three Roman demigods - and Piper Mclean, Leo Valdez and Nico di Angelo - three greenery - desperately seek to follow their promise they gave Percy and Annabeth to arrive at their gate. Death If they get there in time, they can open the door, save their friends and save the world. But her bond with Percy and Annabeth is missing. . . And for
them the end of the game. Unfortunately, their death door is in Had's house, which is somewhere in Epir in Greece. To get there, you will face a lot of ancient and evil mythical creatures, including monsters throwing stones, giant sea turtles and a bandit sniper with really disgusting legs, most of which decided to stand on the side of Gaie before
embarking on. Olympians. Suffers a blow when Leo disappears for a few days butThere are far worse places than Tartarus. Wait a minute. No it is not. Tartarus has poisonous air, liquid lakes of fire, and fallen down some other hole
But at least they are together. And alive. . . Now. Their chances of survival increase when they encounter an amnesiac giant in a janitor's uniform. Bob, as his badge says, even though Percy knows his real name is Japet because... . He is the reason why Bob lost his memories. (A long story about Hades, the sword, and the river Lethe.) Bob knows
Tartarus and is happy to help Percy and Annabeth find their way. However, his enthusiasm is somewhat dampened when he is told that he must quickly get to the door of death and close it. Even now the evil beings of Tartarus flow through this open gate into the land above. They join the unstoppable army of the primeval land of Gaia to help her
destroy the world. They are unstoppable because unless the door is sealed the monsters cannot die. The gate is in the worst part of Tartarus. Getting there means avoiding monsters, many of which ended up in Tartarus after being killed by Percy, Annabeth, and other Greek demigods. The giant spider Arachne, the three vampire cheerleaders, the
goddess of misfortune - they want nothing more than to get revenge on this duo. Another day in the life of heroes trying to save the world from total destruction. Meanwhile, Jason Grace, Hazel Levesque and Frank Zhang - three Roman demigods - and Piper McLean, Leo Valdes and Nico di Angelo - three Greek demigods - are desperate to fulfill their
promise to Percy and Annabeth in order to achieve their goal. On the side of death's door. If they get there in time, they can open their doors, save their friends and save the world. But I miss their relationship with Percy and Annabeth . . . and it's game over for them. Unfortunately, their Door of Death is in the House of Hades, located somewhere in
Epirus, Greece. Getting there means crossing paths with a lot of ancient and angry mythical creatures - rock-throwing monsters, giant sea turtles and a sniper bandit with really nasty legs, and more, most of whom have decided to side with Gaia against the Olympians. They get a blow when Leo disappears for a few days, but It reappears when they
need it most. Meanwhile, they get the help of several gods, but only after they turned out to be worthy. Because trying to save the world is not sufficient evidence. The clock turns. Perry and Annabet die. Six other half -soda tries to follow his promise. Will they again overcome opportunities and succeed, or will the unpleasant monsters still be asked
for Tartare to help Gee's overthrow the world? At the end of Athen's Annabet and Perry sign, they fall down directly to the underground world. The remaining five half -soda must leave repentance and follow the Percy Guide to find the deadly side of the death door. If they can fight through the GAEA forces, and Perry and Annabeth can survive the
Hades House, seven will be able to seal the door on both sides and prevent the giant grow Gaea. But Leo thinks the door is sealed like Perry and Annabeth will be able to escape? They have no choice. If half-soda fails, the armies will never die. They don't have time. In about a month, the Romans walk in a partially Sang camp. Rates are higher than
ever in this adventure, which is submerged at the depth of the tartare. Hohperion books for Olympus, four Hades House (Olympus heroes, The Fourth Book) legends, myths, Fable / Greece and Roman, Fantasy and Magic, Action and Adventure / General General Forcy Jackson Fanów, last year went from Kliffinger to Athena. 2012). Now Riordan
increases history and moves it to a satisfactory conclusion, and the main body of heroes has restored and prepared for the final duel with Gaea. Throughout the book, Perry and Annabet cross the underground world to death doors. Meanwhile, Hazel, Leo, Frank, Piper, Jason, Nico and Reyna endure their danger to the outcome of history. In addition to
rapid growth, several semi -soda takes important measures to understand their powers, adopt their feelings, trust themselves, and be responsible for management. Adventure fans will appreciate the following different people when
they enter the scene, which is usually dramatic, often mentally and sometimes surprising. Satisfactory and penultimate entryHeroes of Olympus Ser., Heroes of Olympus Want more? Advanced information, examples and help! At the end of the House
of Hades (Heroes of Olympus No. The remaining five years must put aside their regrets and follow the super company to find the deadly side of the door on both sides and prevent the giant GAEA. But, the
lion is forming lines, or the doors are sealed, how can Perry and Annabeth be able to escape? They have no choice. If the halfflat camp. In this adventure, the stakes are higher than ever, plunging into the depths of the Tatarus. During
the third attack, Hazel almost ate a boulder. She wondered in the mist, thinking how hard it was to fly to one stupid mountain range when the boat alarms were sounding. It's hard to move! Nico shouted from the flying the top of the ship. Returning to the wheel, Leo damaged the wheel. The Argo II veered to the left, its air oars cutting through the
clouds like rows of knives. Haz el made a mistake when looking at the rail. The dark spherical shape rushed towards it. She thought: why was the moon coming towards us? Then she screamed and hit the deck. The huge rock came so close that she blew her hair out of her face. Crack! Feadast collapsed the sail, the spoon and Niko who crashed on the
ship. The Boulder, more or less the size of a van, dropped into the fog as if it had important business elsewhere. Niko! Hazel approached him as the lion brought the ship level. Okay, Nico muttered, kicking the canvas wrinkles from his legs. She helped him and met the arc. This time, Hazelo looked closer. The clouds parted long enough to reveal the
top of the mountain below: black rock in a dark blue jutting out from the mossy green slopes. At the top stood the god of one of the Numa Montanum mountains, Jason called them. Or ours, in Greek. Whatever you called them the skin. He is
about twenty feet tall and extremely muscular, with a flowing white beard, shaggy hair, and the wild-eyed look of a mad hermit. He pleaded that there had been a misunderstanding, but was clearly not welcoming. With his bare hands, he asked for another piece of rock from his mountain and began to shape it into a ball. The scene faded into mist, but
when the Mountain God shouted again, other Numbani answered in the distance, their voices echoing across the valleys. Silly Rock Gods! Cream Leo de la Barre. This is the third time I've had to replace this stem! Do you think they grow on trees? Nico frowned. Scales are made of trees. There is an open hatch on the bridge a few meters away. Rose
Sky Bronze Barrel. Hazel barely had time to cover her ears before she was launched into the sky, spraying a dozen metal spheres that drew in green light. The spheres pushed points into the air like helicopter blades and flew into the mountains, followed by angry roars from the mountain
gods. Ha! Mask. Unfortunately, Hazel guessed, Judging by the last two matches, Leo's brand new weapon was a boring Numina. To their right, another rock whizzed through the air. Nico yelled leading us out of here! - whispered unpleasant comments about Numina, but he turned the corner. Engines are built. The Magic device was heavily concealed
and the ship anchored in the harbor. The Argo II picked up speed, retreating to the mountains. The fog cleared. Below them, morning sunlight illuminates Italy's Green Mountains and Golden Fields, not too dissimilar to Northern California. Hazel could almost
imagine going home to Camp Jupiter. The thought weighed heavily on his chest. Camp Jupiter only lasted nine months as Nico sent him back to Hell. But she spent her berth in the barracks of the fifth group. She spent dinner in the mess and
the sound of the wind whipping through the air and the legionnaires about war games. She wanted to roam on the streets of new Rome, clapping her hands with Frank Jang. She wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all, she wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all, she wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all, she wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all, she wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all, she wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all, she wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all, she wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all, she wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all, she wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all, she wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all, she wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all, she wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all, she wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all, she wanted to feel a simple girl with a real nice caring quy. First of all the real nice caring quy.
Niko collected fragments of the stalk from the hand and closed the ship's console. "Well, it was gas," Leo said. - Should I wake others? Hazel was tempted to say yes, but other crew members worked for a night shift and deserved to rest. They were exhausted in defending the ship. The Roman monster seemed to decide every few hours that Argo II
looks like a delicious delicacy. A few weeks ago, Hazel would not have believed that someone could fall asleep during a numbered attack, but now she imagined that her friends were still ashamed below the deck. As soon as she had the opportunity to fall, she was asleep as a coma patient. "You need to relax," she said. We have to find another way. He
looked as if he had just lost a train wrestling game with torn jobs for t -shirts and fat -sliced jeans. Since her friends, Persis and Anabeta fell to tartar, Leo worked almost continuously. It was worse and even motivated than usual. Heizel was worried about him. However, some of them were facilitated by changes. When Leo smiled and joked, he looked
too much like Sammy, his big grandfather ... The first guy in the hazel in 1942. Ugh, why should her life be so complicated? "In another way," Leo muttered. You see one? The Italian map glowed on his monitor. The Apenine Mountains stretched in the middle of the country. On the west side of the range, the green point of Argo II flashed., hundreds of
miles north of Rome. Their path should be light. They had to go into a place called Epira in Greece, and the ancient temple called House (or Pluto, as Romans called; Or how Hazel loved him to glue: the worst father of the world). To reach the epirus, they simply had to go east through the Apenines and through the Adriatic Sea. However, it
failed. Every time they tried to cross the Italian spine, they attacked the mountains of the mountains of the mountains of the mountains. For the last two days, they drove north, hoping to find a safe way, but unsuccessfully. Fell on Montanum were sons Gaea, the most unpopular Hazel goddess. This made them highly determined enemies. Argo II could not fly high enough to avoid
attacks; And even with complete protection, the ship could not be controlled without being torn into pieces. "It's our fault," said Hazel. "Nice and Mein's. Discharge can feel us. "She looked at half of her brother. As they rescued him from the giants, he began to regain his strength, but he was still a painful plan. His black shirts and jeans hung on a
skeleton shape. Long dark hair framed sinking eyes. His olive face turned into an abnormally greenish white color, just like a wooden resin color. He was just fourteen, just a year older than Hazel, but he didn't say it. Like Hazel, Nico di Angelo was demigod from another time. It radiated a certain old energy, a melancholy that came from the news
that it did not belong to the modern world. Hazel didn't know her for a long time, but she understood his sadness and even shared them. Hadeso (Pluto - Any) rarely had a happy life for children. And to appreciate what Nica told her the previous night, the biggest challenge that was still facing when they reached the Hades House, the challenge he
fascinated to keep her mystery in front of others. Niko tied his string of iron sword. "The spirit of the Earth does not like underground children. Right. We literally come under your skin. But I think he could still feel this ship. We wear the Athens partenos. The thing is like a magic lighthouse. "Hazel was washing when he thought of a huge statue that
took most of the cargo. They sacrificed so much to hold their cave in front of Rum; But they didn't even suspect what to do with it. So far, it seemed good to pay more monsters for their presence. During the Italian map, Leo killed his finger. So, cross the mountains. The thing is, they are wide on both sides. "We could go by sea," said Hazel. "Wash
around the southern end of Italy." "It's a long way," Niko said. - And we don't ... - his voice overturned. "You already know ... Our Marine Expert Perry." The word is hung in the air as a threatening storm. Perry Jackson, son of Poseidon ... Probably half -moon, most admired hazelnuts. He so often saved her life on a trip to Alaska; But when he needed
help in Rome Hasel, she lowered her. She watched helplessnessAnd Annabeth fell into that hole. Hazel took a deep breath. Percy and Annabeth were still alive. She knew it in her heart. She could get into Hades' house if she survived the challenge Nico warned her about. "How about going north?" - she asked. - Man, the
mountains need to take a break or something. Her mouth went dry every time Hazel looked at the item. She was afraid that Leo might tap the ball wrong and accidentally flip the entire deck, blow the ship up, or turn the Argo II into a giant toaster. Fortunately, they were lucky. The Orb zoomed in on the camera lens and projected a blurry 3D image
over the console. "I do not know." Leo scanned the hologram. "I don't see any good passage to the north. But I like the idea better than going south. I'm done with Rome." No one objected to him. Rome was not a good experience. "Whatever we do," Nico said, "we must hurry." Every day that Annabeth and Percy were in Tartarus... ...it didn't have to
end. They had to hope that Percy and Annabeth would survive long enough to find the Tartarus side of the door of death. Then, if the Argo II could reach the House of Hades, they could be reborn in the mortal world. Yes... nothing could go
wrong with that plan. Nico looked at the Italian landscape between them. - ŽVIELLICHEN We should wake up the others. This the decision affects us all. "No," said Hazel. "We can find a solution." She wasn't sure why it was so important to her, but since she'd left Rome, the crew had begun to lose unity. They learned to work as a team. Then Bam.
their two v the most important members went to Tartarus. Percy was her backbone. He gave them confidence by sailing across the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. As for Annabeth, she was the search. She recovered alone to Athena Parthenos. She was the smartest of the seven answers. If Hazel drilled the rest of the crew every
time they had a problem, they'd just start arguing again and feel more and more desperate. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her. She had to go and do itI am proud of her.
said. Another way to exceed these mountains or hide from the number. Niko sighed. If I were one, I could travel. But it won't work for the whole ship. And to be honest, I'm not sure if I will have enough power to even transport. In clouds. It didn't sound particularly enthusiastic. Hazel looked at the sliding agricultural land and wondered what was
hiding under her father, underground. She met Pluto only once and did not even understand who he was. She certainly never waited for help when she lived for the first time, and not when she was underground, and not from Niko turned her to life in the world. The servant of her father, the god of death, suggested that the platoon could do good for
Hezel, ignoring her. After all, she didn't have to live. If he notices the platoon, he may have to return it to the dead. This meant that calling Pluto would be a very bad idea. And yet, please, my father was a prayer. I have to find a way to your temple in Greece in Hades House. If you fall, show me what to do. On the edge of the horizon, she perceived
something like a small and beige movement, which ran around the field at an amazing speed, leaving a trail of steam like a plane. Heizel couldn't believe it. Hope did not dare, but it had to be Arion. When the dust cloud was approaching, Leo shouted happy. This is her horse, man! You miss the whole part. We haven't seen him since Kansas! Heizel
laughed for the first time when he laughed in recent days. It was so good to see her old friend. About a kilometer north of Góra, a small beige point circled and stopped. It was difficult to distinguish him, but when the horse was treated and moaned, he brought Argo II sound. Heizel had no doubt that it was Arion. "We have to meet him," she said. He is
here to help. But we talked about the failure of the shipMore, do you remember? You know, along with Gaea, who want to destroy us and all that. I think Arion means something to me. Hazel had never felt so happy. Well, except for the victory night at Camp Jupiter when she kissed Frank for the first time, but that was a close second. As soon as she
reached the ground, she ran to Arion and hugged him. I missed you! She buried her face in the horse is hot neck, which smelled of sea salt and apples. where have you been Hazel wished she could talk about the horse like Percy could, but she had an idea in common. Arion seemed impatient, as if to say there was no time to feel, girl! To leave! "Do you
want me to accept myself?" Arion shook his head, instead of Lynx. His dark brown eyes shone urgently. Hazel still couldn't helieve he was actually here. He could cross any surface, even the sea; But she was afraid to follow them into the ancient lands. The Mediterranean was too dangerous for the demigods and their allies. He wouldn't have come if
Heisel wasn't needed. And he seemed so excited. | Anything that could make a fearless horse serving in a frightened hazelnut. Instead, she felt about as useful as ballast. She was happy to return to solid ground, even if it was traffic police territory. She was ready to go.
Hazel! Nico called the ship. What is going on? It improved to control its stamina. Gems almost never spawned around randomly, and shooting gold from the ground was easy. She fed her favorite cozy snow. Then she smiled at Leo and Nico who looked up at her from the top of the scale a hundred feet up. "Arion wants to take me somewhere. The boys
exchanged nervous looks. "Um" pointed north. Please tell me he won't lead you to that? A mile away on the top of the next hill, the storm gathered on the old stone ruins - perhaps the remains of a Roman temple or fortress. A cloud of raids is flowing towards the mountain like a black finger. Hazel mouthlike blood She looked at Arion. "Would you like
to go there?" Arion hissed, as if to say, "Ugh! Well... Hazel asked for help. Was that her father's answer? She expected it, but she sensed that something other than Pluto was at work in that storm—something dark, powerful, and not necessarily friendly. After all, this was her chance to help her friends—to lead, not to follow. She tightened the straps of
her Imperial Golden Riding Sword and climbed onto Arion's back. "I'm OK!" she called out to Nico and Leo. "Leave and wait for me.†â€œWait how long?†asked Nico. "What if you don't come back?" "Don't worry, I will," she promised, hoping it was true. She gave Arion a boost and they shot across the landscape straight into the growing
tornado. THE STORM ENGAGES THE HILLS in a swirling cone of black steam. Arion charged right at him. Hazel ended up on top, but it felt like another dimension. The world has lost its color. The walls of the storm surrounded the hill in gray and black. The sky turned gray. The crumbling ruins were bleached so white they almost glowed. Even
Arion went from caramel brown to a dark shade of ash. The weather was still in the eye of the storm. Hazel's skin tingled cold, as if it had been rubbed with alcohol. Ahead, an arched gate led through mossy walls into some kind of enclosure. Hazel couldn't see much in the dark, but she felt a presence inside her like a piece of iron next to a large
magnet. His pull was irresistible, pulling her forward. Still, she hesitated. She tugged at Arion's reins as he thrashed impatiently, the ground cracking under his hooves. Wherever he walked, grass, earth, and stones turned white as frost. Hazel remembered the Hubbard Glacier in Alaska, how the surface cracked beneath her feet. She remembered
how the floor of that terrible cave in Rome had crumbled into dust and Percy and Annabeth had fallen into Tartarus. She hoped the black and white cloak wouldn't melt beneath her, but decided it was best to keep going. "Then let's go, kid. Her voice was muffled, like she was talking to a pillow. Arion stomped through the stone archway. The
demolished walls lined a square courtyard the size of a tennis court. Three more gates, one in the middle of each wall, led to the north, east, and west. In the middle of the yard, two paved paths crossed, forming a cross. There was fog in the air - lines of fogIt's wrinkled and wavy, as if they were alive. No fog, Haisle realized. Fog. Throughout her life
she had heard of the fog, a supernatural veil that had eclipsed the world of myth in mortal eyes. It can mislead people, even half-life and monsters, to consider harmless animals or gods as ordinary people. Heisel never thought of it as real smoke, but as she watched Arion's legs freeze floating through the archway of the ruined courtyard, the hairs on
his arms appeared. Somehow she knew that white material was pure magic. In the distance, dog mask. Arion was generally fearless, but he moved nervously. "Everything's good." Hazel caressed her neck. We are together. I'll be there, okay? She slid up to Arion from behind. He immediately turned around and ran away. "Arion, wait, but he's already
gone, as he did. So many that we are together. Another roar pierced the air, closer this time. Hazel walked towards the center of the courtyard. The mist clings to it like an icy mist. "Good morning?" she called. "Hello," said the voice. The figure of a pale woman appeared at the north door. No, wait - she was standing at the entrance in the morning.
No, Western. Three smoky images of the same woman moved toward the center of the ruins. His form was blurry, made of mist, dragged by two small pieces of smoke flying at his heels like animals. A few pets? He reached the center of the courtyard and his three forms merged into one. She solidified into a young woman with a dark sleeveless dress,
Her golden hair was tied back in a high ponytail, an ancient Greek style. Her dress was so silky, it looked like it was curling up, as if the fabric was over her shoulders. She didn't look more than twenty, but Heisel knew that meant nothing. "Hazel Levesque," the woman said. She was beautiful, but pale as death. One day in New Orleans, Hazel was
forced to attend to a deceased classmate. She remembered the body of a dead young girl in an open coffin. Her face was beautifully defined, as if resting, which seemed frightening to Heisel. This woman, Hazel, looked like a girl, except the woman's eyes were open and completely black. When she nodded, she seemed to split into three different
people again - blurry images merged, like a photograph where something was moving too fast to capture. alias, you? His fingers ended up on the guard of his sword. I my goddess? - Hasel was safe. This woman radiated with power. Everywhere around them a swirling fog, a monochromatic storm, the dark glow of the ruins because of its present. Ah.
Belette maybe? The woman smiles sincerely. I'm hécate, "she said. The goddess of magic. We have a lot to chat when you have to live tonight. Hazel wanted to run, but his feet seemed to be glued to the white, painted earth. Sprouts from the earth as a plant stem. Hécate repaired her flashlights on her and then slowly turned in a circle around Hasel
and spoke of her, as if you were a partner of a terrible dance. Black dog and weasel followed her. You are like your mother, decisive hécate. Hazel's neck cleaned up. Did you know her? "Marie was a good adventure. She took care of the attraction and curses and gray gray. I am the goddess of magic. These pure black eyes shot hazel as if they are
trying to extract his soul. During his first life in New Orleans Hazel was tortured by his mother, St., the school children of Agnès. They treated Marie Levesque de Sorcière. What would you do with this goddess? "Many fear me," said Hecate, as if she read in her thoughts Magic is neither good nor bad. It is a tool, like a knife. Is that bad? Only? Only?
Only? Only? Only? Only? Only? Only? If the child is back end. In the back in the back in the back in the back. In the back in the back. In the back in the back in the back in the back. In the back in the back in the back. In the back in the back in the back in the back. In the back in the back in the back in the back. In the back in the back. In the back in the ba
witch's weasel? "In fact, it's a ferret," Hekate said. "But yes ... Gale was once an ugly human witch." She had terrible personal hygiene and serious ... um, digestive problems. Hekate waved his hand in front of her nose. "It did my other followers a bad name." "Good." Hazel tried not to look at it. She really did not want to know about the problems with
the intestinal rodent. "Anyway," said hekate, "I turned it into a ferret." Like a ferret it is much better. "Hazel swallowed. She looked at the black dog, lovingly stroking the hand of the goddess. "And your labrador ...?" "Oh, that's Hecuba, the former queen of Troy," Hekate said, as if it were obvious. The dog laughed. "You're right, Hecuba," the goddess.
said. "We don't have time for long conversations. The point is, Hazel Level, your mother could say she didn't believe it, but she had a real charm. She finally understood. When she was looking for magic to induce God Pluto, I helped her find him. - You...? - Yes. Hekate continued to circle around Hazel. "I saw the potential in your mother." I see more
potential in you. Hazel felt a dizziness. She remembered her mother's confession before her death: how she summoned Pluto, how God fell in love with her, and how her daughter Hazel was born with a curse for her lively desire. Hazel could summon wealth from the ground, but anyone who uses them will suffer and die. Now this goddess said she
kind of help? she asked. Hekate raised pale hands. The three gates, which came out - northern, eastern and western - began to whirl with fog. The stream of black and white paintings shone and shimmering like old silent films that were sometimes screened in cinemas when Hazel was small. At the western doors, the Roman and the Greek semi -armor
fought against each other on the hill below Velká Borovice. The grass was dotted with wounded and dying. Hazel saw Argo II Earth in the sky over the Apennins. His performance burned in fire. A guarter of the bridge was struck by a
rock. Another struck housing. The ship exploded like a rotten pumpkin, and the engine exploded. Images in the northern doors were even worse. Heisel saw an unconscious or dead lion who fell through the clouds. She saw Frank with a delay in a dark tunnel suspended with her hand, and the shirt was saturated with blood. And Heisel was seen in a
huge cave filled with light strands, like a brilliant network. It was difficult for her to explode, and in the distance Persis and Anabeth were lying and still moved to two black metal doors. "Choice," Hekat said. "You are standing at the crossroads, Hazel Leezk." And I am the goddess of the intersection. The earth fell at the foot of the hazelnuts. She
looked down and saw the sparkle of silver pieces - thousands of old Roman denons broke the surface around her, as if the entire upper part of the hill was boiled. She was so excited by the vision of the door that she probably attracted every piece of money in the surrounding village. "The past is close to the surface of this place," Hekate said. Two
large Roman roads gathered here. There was an exchange for news. There were markets. Friends met, and the enemies fought. The whole army had to choose a direction. Carrefows should always make a decision. "How" as Janus. "Heisel remembers the Janus the sanctuary in Temple Hill in the Jupiter camp. The half-bograts went there to make
she trusted the New Orleans. The goddess of magic. Chuchuta. Ajan and his doors. He would like you to believe that all the options are black or white, and or no, come in or go out. Four, if you calculate it back. You are now in such a intersection, thesis. Heisel again looked at All door wounds: war of demolition, destruction of Argo II, catastrophe for
Test in the West. "Go back to America with her victim Athena Parthenos. Her fellow homes, Greeks and Romans are on the threshold of war. Go now, or you will save a lot. "But Gaea is said to wake up in Greece. The giants gather there. "" Correctly. The Gaea was founded on August 1, the Spes Hope Festival to enter power. When he wakes up on
Hope Day, he intends to destroy all hopes forever. Even if you get to Greece, can you stop it? I don't know. Hekate stroked his finger on the tips of the mountains, but Gaea will do its best to prevent you from crossing Italy. She raised the gods of her mountains against you. "" We have noticed this,
"Hazel said." Any attempt to cross apanina will mean the destruction of your ship. Ironically, but it can be the safest choice for your crew. I predict that everyone will survive an explosion. You can find gaea and prevent them from climbing. Until then both semi -profit camp will be
destroyed. You wouldn't be home to which you could return to. Hecate smiled. "More likely to be released in the mountain The end of the search, but in the coming days it would save your friends a lot of pain and suffering. The war with giants will have to be won or lost without you. "He won or lost without us. A small, known wine conscious part of
the hazel seemed attractive. She wanted to be a normal girl. She no longer wanted or her friends. They had already survived so much. She looked at Hekate at the Middle Gate. She saw Percy and Annabethhelpless towards these black and silver doors. A huge, dark shape, reminiscent of a man -shaped man, now he polished them with a raised leg, as
if he wanted to crush Percy. - What happens to them? Hazel asked in a breaking voice. - Percy and Annabeth? Hekate shrugged. "West, east or south, die." "There is no such option," Hazel said. "Then you only have one path, although it is the most dangerous." Hekate fingers cut the miniature apNs, leaving a bright white line in red flames. "Here in
the north there is a secret passage, a place that I can control, through which Hannibal once went through when he marched against Rome." The goddess fell off a wide loop, to the end of Italy, then east to the sea, then along the west coast of Greece. "After crossing the pass, you headed north to Bologna and then to Venice. From there, you will sail
the Adriatic to the destination, here: Epir in Greece. Hazel didn't know much about geography. She had no idea what the Adriatic was. She never heard about Bologna, and Venice knew only vague stories about channels and gondolas. But one thing was clear. "It's a long way." "So Gaja doesn't expect you to follow this path," said Hekate. "I can
overshadow your progress a little, but your travel success will depend on you, Hazel Levesque. You must learn to deal with fog. " "I?" Hazel's heart was pounding like a hammer in his chest. "How to use fog? Hekate erased her map of Italy. She waved Hekuba's black dog. The fog gathered around Labrador until it was completely surrounded by a
white cocoon. The fog was dispelled with a audible gust! Where the dog stood, he was furious, black kitty with golden eyes. "Miau," she complained. "I am the goddess of fog," hekate explained. "I am responsible for the curtain that separates the world of mortals. My children learn to use fog in their favor, create illusions or
influence the minds of mortals. Other demigods can do it too. You should, too, Hazel, if you want to help your friends. "But," Hazel looked at the cat. She knew it was actually Hekuba, a black laboratory, but she wasn't sure. The cat looked at the cat. She knew it was actually Hekuba, a black laboratory, but she wasn't sure. The cat looked so truly. "I can't." "Your mother had talent," said Hekate. - Do you have more. As a child of Pluto, who returned
from the dead, you better understand the veil between the worldsmore often. You can control the fog. If she doesn't do that ... Her brother Nico had already warned her. Spirits whispered and told him about their future. When you reach Aida's house, meet an impressive enemy. This cannot be overcome by force or a sword. You can defeat them alone
and you will need magic. Hazel's legs felt trembling. She remembered Nico's dark expression, her fingers dug in her hand. You can't say the others. Not yet. Your courage is already extended to the border. Who breaks Hazel. "Who is this enemy?" I will not give your name, "said Hekata. This will draw your attention to his presence before wanting to
face it. Go north, Heisel. Practice fog. If you can call. Bologna arrives, search two dwarfs. You will conduct them to treasures that can help you survive Aida. I don't understand. "Moult", a kitten. Yes, yes, hekube. The goddess pressed her hand again and the cat has disappeared. The black Labrador returned home. "You will understand, Funuts,"
promised the goddess. From time to time, I will send Gale to verify his progress. The sewn fate, his light red eyes, full of anger. "Great," Marmonna Hasel. "Before reaching Epius, you should be ready," said Hekata. If you succeed, we can again see each other again for the last battle of us Ffen. The last battle, thought Hazel. Oh joy. Hazel thought that
 if she Could prevent the revelations that she saw in the fog - Leo fell into the sky. Frank Troubucha on the dark, only and seriously injured; Percy and Annabeth delivered a dark giant. She started to despise the intersection. "Why did you help me?" asked Hazel. In Jupiter's camp, they said they
had divided the Titans during the last war. The dark eyes shine. Because I am the daughter of Titan Persian and Asteria. Long before the arrival of the Olympians in power, I ruled the fog. Nevertheless, in the first war of the Titan, I did Zeus against Kronos there are millennia. I was not blind to the cruelty of Kronos. I hoped that Zeus would be the
best king. "She was a bit, laughing bitterly. When Demeter lost his Pershone daughter, who was removed by his father, I led to the darkest evening with his plywood and helped her dig. And when the giants increased for the darkest evening with his plywood and helped her dig. And when the giants increased for the darkest evening with his plywood and helped her dig. And when the giants increased for the first time, I got up with the gods again. I fought with the enemy of the arcMade to absorb and defeat all its magic. Clips. Hazel
never heard the name Clai-Tius, but when she uttered this name, her limbs were heavy. She looked at the paintings in the northern door, the massive dark figure approached Percy and Annabeth. Does it threaten Aida House? Oh, he's waiting for you, "Hecate said. But first you have to defeat the witch. If nothing can be done, she captured her fingers
and all the gate darkened. The fog was scattered, the images disappeared images disappeared images disappeared images disappeared. "We all have a choice," the goddess said. When Krones was resurrected a second time, I was wrong. I supported him. I am tired of such the main gods. Despite my faithful years, they did not trust me, they refused me in their hall - the ferret mumbled angrily. It doesn't matter
more. The goddess sighed. I reconciled with Olympus again. Even now that they are defeated, when their Greek and Roman personalities are fighting each other, I will help them. Greek or Roman, I have always been just hecata. I will help them their Greek and Roman personalities are fighting each other, I will help them. Greek or Roman, I have always been just hecata. I will help them their Greek and Roman personalities are fighting each other, I will help them. Greek or Roman, I have always been just hecata. I will help them their Greek and Roman personalities are fighting each other, I will help them their Greek and Roman personalities are fighting each other, I will help them their Greek and Roman personalities are fighting each other.
because the Olympians did too much? Blood was buzzing in Hazel's ears. Could she trust this dark goddess who gave her mother the magic that destroyed her life? Soorry, no. She did not like Hecate Dog and its gas recommendation. But she also knew that he did not allow Percy and Annabeth to die. "I'm going north," she said. "We will take your
secret passage through the mountains. Hecata nodded, her face reflected the satisfaction of the light. They chose correctly, though the world of your death. The goddess took two flashlights from her stands. Prepare, Pluto's
daughter. If you are lucky before the witch, we will meet again. "She will surrender to me," Hazel promised. And hecate? I do not choose any of your way. I do my own. The goddess curled her eyebrows. Her ferret saw herself and the dog exclaimed. "We will find a way to stop Gaia," Hazel said. We are going to save our friends from Tartar. Together
we will go to the crew and ship, and we are going to interfere with Jupiter camp and half flat camp to start the war. We will do that The storm howled, the black walls of the funnel cloud swirling faster. Interesting, said Hecate, as if Hazel were the unexpected result of a scientific experiment. It would be magic to see. A wave of darkness swept across
the world. When the hazel gaze returned, the storm, the goddess and her minions were gone. Hazel stood on the hill in the morning sun, alone in the ruins except for Arion, who hovered beside her, eagerly destroying. I agree, said Hazel to the horse. Let's get out of here. Hazel's hands were still shaking from talking to the goddess. She glanced at the
railing and saw the dust from Arion's wake trailing over the Italian hills. She hoped her boyfriend would stay, but he couldn't blame her for wanting to leave this place as soon as possible. The landscape shimmered as the summer sun hit the morning dew. On the hill, the old ruins stood white and silent - no sign of ancient roads, goddesses or weasels
However, she told them about the secret northern passage through the mountains and the detour described by Hecate that could take them to Epirus. When she was finished, Nico took her hand. His eyes were full of worry. Hazel, you met Hecate at the crossroads. It's something many demigods won't survive. And those who survive are never the
same. You're sure it's okay, she insisted. But she didn't know. remembering how brave and evil she felt, she told the goddess that she will find her own way and that everything would be fine for her. Now his indulgence seemed ridiculous. Her courage left her. What if Hecate deceived us? Leo asked. This route can be a trap. Hazel shook her head. I
don't have. A kind of treasure that helps us in our search. I think it's just treasures, but this is our best solution. Niko helped Hasel on his feet. We must collect lost time and travel as soon as possible. Percy and Annabeth Life can depend on it. Laughed quickly. I can do it quickly. He hurried to the console and began to slip. Niko took Hazel's hand and
pulled it out of her ear. What else is said? Everything I can't cut. The photos she saw almost shocked her: Perry and Annabeth helplessly on that black metal door, the dark giant that threatens her stuck Hasel in the bright maze and couldn't help it. You must win the witch, Hecate was told. You can defeat him alone. If they don't fail, Hazel thought. All
targets are closed. All waits have been removed. Niko warned him. He contacted the dead and heard them whisper about their future. Two underground children enter the house of Hades. You look out from an impossible enemy. Only one of them will make it to death. Hazel couldn't hit her brother's eyes. I'll tell you later, promised her and tried to
make her voice tremble. For now, we should rest as long as possible. Tonight we cross the Apennines. As she fell, Annabeta thought of Hesiod, the old Greek poet, who suggested that it would take nine days from earth to Tatarus. She hoped Hesiod was wrong. She lost track of how long she and Perry have been falling for hours? Day? It felt like an
eternity. Since they fell into Shasa, they held their hands. Now Perry pulled her close and hugged him as they fell into absolute darkness. The wind whistles in Annabeth's ears. The air became hot and oppressive, as if it had fallen hard into the neck of a massive kite. Her recently shattered ankle was stopped, though she couldn't tell if it was still
wrapped up for spider week. He cursed the monster Arame. Although Mrs. Spder was caught in her thong, destroyed by the machine and entered the tartare. Somehow her silk caught up with Annabeth's legs and pulled herThe side of the pit with red... Anabeta couldn't imagine Arachne still living somewhere below them, in the dark. She didn't wanted the tartare.
to face that monster again when they hit the ground. On the good side, assuming there is a bottom, anabeth and persis are likely to come from the effects, so the giant spiders were the least of their worries about them. She wrapped her hands in Persian and tried not to use it. She never expected her life to be easy. Most of the demigods died young
from terrible monsters. It has been since ancient times. The Greeks are in trouble. They knew that the greatest heroes would not have happy endings. However, page 5 was wrong. She went through so much to restore this statue of Athena. When she had succeeded, when things had settled and resumed with Persis, they dived to their deaths. Even the
gods could not come up with such a complicated fate. But gay was not like other gods. Mother Earth was older, tougher, bloodthirsty. Anabeta could imagine how she laughed as they fell into the depths. Anabeta pressed his lips to the Persian ear. "I love you". She wasn't sure if he would hear her, but when they died, she wanted those to be her last
words. She desperately tried to develop a plan to save her. She was the daughter of Athena. She proved herself in the tunnels under Rome and overcame many trials using only her wits. However, she could not think of a way to reverse or even slow her fall. None of them could fly, not like Jason, who could control the wind, or Frank, who could
transform into a winged beast. If they were destined to hit the bottom at top speed, she knew enough scientific knowledge to know that it was final. She seriously considered making a parachute out of her shirt, as desperate as it was, when something around her changed. The darkness took on a gray-red tint. She hugged him and realized she was
seeing Persian hair. The ringing in my ears turned into a roar. The air became unbearably hot and filled with rotten eggs. Suddenly, the chute through which they fell turned into a mile below, Anabeta saw land. For a moment she was too stunned to think. The whole island of Manhattan could fit in this cave, and she
couldn't even see the whole area. Red clouds hangThe air is like evaporated blood. Landscape - at least what she could see from it - consisted of black rocky levels crossed with rocky mountains and fiery chasms. On the left, the Annabeth floor collapsed into a number of rocks, such as colossal steps leading deep into the abyss. Sulfur clogging
them. Maybe he could somehow alleviate her fall. Of course, Annabeth heard terrifying stories about the rivers of the underground world. You can take memories with you or burn your body and soul to ash. However, she decided not to think about it. It was her only chance. The river flowed towards them. Percy shouted defiantly in the last second
Water exploded in a great geyser and absorbed it completely. The exposure did not kill her, but it almost did it. Ice water threw air out of her lungs. Her limbs stiffened and Percy lost her by the handle. It began to sink. Strange, pathetic sounds filled their ears - millions of votes of a broken heart, as if the river was distilled sadness. The voices were
worse than cold. They pushed them and fucked them. What is the meaning of the fight? You told her. You will never leave this place. It can sink and fall to the bottom and can be kidnapped by the river. It would be easier. She could just close her eyes ... Percy took her hand and recalled her to reality. She didn't see him in cloudy
water, but suddenly she didn't want to die anymore. Together they approached and broke through the surface. Annabeth barely caught air, grateful for the air, no matter how much sulfur contained. Water swirled around her and realized that Percy created a vortex to find her. Although she didn't want to die anymore. Together they approached and broke through the surface. Annabeth barely caught air, grateful for the air, no matter how much sulfur contained. Water swirled around her and realized that Percy created a vortex to find her. Although she didn't want to die anymore. Together they approached and broke through the surface.
rivers had banks. Earth, cursed. € ZGehen. He was usually enlivened by water, but not that water, but not that water, but not that water. The check had to be worth all his strength. The strudel began to dissolve. Annabeth covered herself with the hip and crossed the stream. The river acted to his disadvantage.
fought, trying to keep both of them alive. Another Gaea space joke for laughs: Annabeth thought. She hugged Percy tighter and kissed her. Tell me about the new Rome she asked. What were your projects for us? They said we had a future! Tell me! Annabeth
wanted the blood camp never left. It was the only real house he ever knew. But a few days ago, Percy had on Argo II. In their hometown of new Rome, the veterans of the Legion could safely settle down, go to university, get married and even have children. Architecture, Marmonna P ercy. The fog began to clear with his eyes. I thought you liked the
houses, the parks. There's a street with all these beautiful fountains. Annabeth began to evolve against the tide. The members looked like wet sandbags, but Percy was helping now. She could see the dark line of the shore almost at the stone's throw. College, she stops. "Can we go together?" What would you study, Percy? Marine Sciences, she
suggested. Oceanography? Surfing? - he asked. She laughed and the sound sent a shockwave into the water. A scream melted into background. She and Percy fired up hit the ground shaking and breathless and collapsed on the black
sand Annabeth wanted to snuggle up next to Percy and go to bed wanted to close her eyes hoping it was just a bad dream and woke up on the Argo II, safe with her friends (well, kinda likeIt can never be). But no. They were really in Tartar. The Cocytus river rises at his feet, a stream of liquid misery. Annabeth lungs and sulfur -like air piloted. When
she looked at her arms, she saw that she was already covered with a furious rash. She tried to put on and endured pain. The beach was not sandy. They sat in the field of jagged black glass chips, some of which were now in the palm of Annabeth. So the air was furious. The water was terrible. The floor was a broken glass. Everything here was created
to hurt and kill. Annabeth took racist breath and wondered if the voices of the Kocyta were right. Maybe there was no point in fighting for survival. You would be dead in an hour. Percy agreed next to her. This place smells like my stepfather. Annabeth smiled poorly. She never hit the present, but she heard enough stories. She liked Percy because she
tried to improve his mood. If she fell alone into Tartar, Annabeth thought she was lost. After all, she was under Rome and found Athena Partenos, it was just too much. She developed and cried until she became another ghost and connected with Cocytus. But she wasn't alone. She had Percy. And that meant he couldn't give up. She forced herself to
act. His foot was still wrapped in an uncertain cast of films and aerial films, still wrapped in spider. But when she moved her, it didn't hurt. Ambrosia, which she ate in tunnels under Rome, finally had to pack her bones. Her backpack was lost in the fall or could be kidnapped by the river. She hated to lose Dedal's laptop with all his fantastic programs
and data, but she had worse problems. Her dagger from the heavenly bronze lacked a weapon she wore from the age of seven. She almost broke her relationship, but you couldn't think. Mourn time later. What else do you have? Without food, no water ... basically without stocks. Yes. Promising beginning. Annabeth glanced at Percy. He looked quite
bad. His black hair was combed on the forehead, and the shirt torn to shreds. His fingers were lifted Raw to cling to this edge before falling. He was the most disturbing and his lips were blue. "We have to move or get hypothermia," Annabeth said. Can you get up. He nodded. They both fought on their feet. Her hand hugged her waist, though she
wasn't sure who was supporting her. She searched her surroundings. Upstairs she didn't even see that only blood-red clouds floated in the misty gray air. It was like looking like the liquid mixture of tomato soup and cement. The black glass strand stretched about fifty meters deep into the sushi
before breaking off the cliff's edge. From where she was standing, Annabeth couldn't see what was below, but the ledge glowed with red light as if illuminated by giant lights. The distant memory that led her to something about Tatarus and fire. Before she could think about it too much, Perry took a sharp breath. View. He pointed downstream. A
familiar blue Italian machine crashed into the sand. It was like a decree that broke Arachna and sent it down a hole. Annabeth hoped she was wrong, but how many Italian sports cars could Tatarus do? Part of her didn't even want to approach it, but she had to find out. She grabbed Perry's hand and they walked to the rubble. One of the car's tires fell
off and swam onto Cocytus' back. Fiat windows, for example, were broken, e.g. B. flashed on a dark beach. Beneath a torn hood lay the divided glowing remains of a giant silk cocoon that Annabeth lured Arachna into weaving. It was exactly empty. The cuts in the sand left a mark during recessions, when something heavy on multiple legs was
surrounded by darkness. She lives. Annabeth was so scared, so outraged by the injustice of everything that was happening, that she had to fight the urge to hurry. "That's Tatarus," said Percy, household yard of monsters. Maybe they can't be killed here. On page 6, he gave Annabeth an awkward look, as if realizing he hadn't contributed to the team's
moral spirit. Or maybe she is badly injured and dies. Perry was still shaking. Despite the hot sticky air, Annabeth didn't get any warmer either. Glass cuts on her hands were still bleeding, which was unusual for her. She usually recovered quickly. Her breathing got worse and worse. This place is killing us, she said. I think this will literally kill us if not
Tatars. Fire. That distant memory was in focus. She looked againstRock lit by flames below. It was a completely crazy idea. But it can be their only chance. Except what? Percy called. You have an excellent plan, and you plan, Marmonna Anabeta use sure
they had signed a death sentence. The rock fell to eighty feet. Below, the nightmare version of the Grand Canyon has stretched: the fire of the rock. Even the heat from the top of the canyon was high. The cold of the Cocytus river
did not leave the anabeta bones, but now his face was green and burned by the sun. Each inhalation requires more efforts, as if his chest was full of mousse polystyrene peanuts. The cries on his hands bleed more than less. Almost heal Anabeta's foot as went. She had released a temporary gypsum, but now she regrets it. Each step forced him to jump.
Assuming they could go down into the fiery river, which she doubted, her plan obviously seemed crazy. - Persis explored the cliff. He pointed out a small slit passing diagonally from the edge at the bottom. We can try this shelf. You may be able to go down. He didn't say he wouldn't go crazy. He managed to seem full of hope. Anabeth was grateful, but
also feared that it takes him to fate. Of course, if they stayed here, they would always die. When the air has entered to form on the hands. The whole environment was healthy as a nuclear explosion area. Persis went first. The shelf was barely wide enough to have space. Their hands were looking for a glass rock.
Whenever Anabeth pressed her bad foot, she wanted to shout. She demolishes the sleeves of the shirt and wrapped her bloody fabric hands, but her fingers were always slippery and weak. A few steps below her persis mumped when she reached another handle. So what is this Fire river? Phlegon, she said. You should focus on landing. Â a fhlegon?
Brilliant along the shelf. They landed about a third of the rock, which is still large enough to fall. It looks like a marathon for coniferous hawks. PleaseMake me laugh, she said. I'm just trying to make things easy. Thanks, moaned and almost overlooked the bad shelf on her leg. "I have a smile on my face as I fall to death. They continued step by step.
Annabeth saw sweat in her eyes. The arms were shaking. Fever in her skin. She appeared on her face with red bracts, so she looked like a smallpox victim. Her own vision was blurred. Her throat was like a blister and stomach clutched her like a fist. We have to hurry, thought. Percy and tried to suppress panic. Outside his voice. We can do it. They
moved on the smooth glass of the cornices, around massive boulders, dodging stalagmites that would knock them with the only dump of their leg Until they were on their knees on the banks of the river. Plegethon. We have to drink, Annabeth said. Percy staggered with his eyes closed. It took him three hours to answer three lessons. Annabeth could
hardly speak. The throat was closed with heat and acidic air. The river is used to punish the wicked in one piece so that they can endure torment in the field of punishment. I think it can be an underground equivalent
of Ambrosia and nectar. Percy jerked when Cinders jumped out of the river and turned around his face. But it's a fire. How can we do it. Annabeth threw her hands into the river and turned around his face. But it's a fire. How can we do it. Annabeth threw her hands into the river and turned around his face. But it's a fire. How can we do it. Annabeth threw her hands into the river. Stupid? Yes, but she was convinced that they had no choice. If they were still waiting, fainted and died. It's better to try something stupid and hope it works. After the first
contact, the fire was not painful. It was cold, which probably meant it was so hot that Annabeth was nervous. Before she could think about it, she squeezed the fiery liquid into her palms and brought her to her lips. She expected it to taste like gasoline. It was much worse. Once in a restaurant in San Francisco, she made the mistake of trying to spice
up the spirit of Indian food. Afterbiting into it she thought her respiratory system was about to explode. Drinking from Phlegethon was like swallowing a chili ghost smoothie. Her sinuses filled with liquid fire. Her lips felt like they were fried. A boiling tear flowed from her eyes and every pore on her face burst. She fell gasping and vomiting, her whole
body shaking violently. "Annabeth!" Percy grabbed her arms and barely managed to keep her from falling into the river. The contractions are gone. She took a deep breath and managed to sit up. She felt terribly weak and nauseous, but the next breath was easier. The blisters on her hands began to fade. "It worked," she croaked. - Percy, you need to
drink. "I..." His eyes rolled back and leaned against her. Desperate, she took more fire in her hands. Ignoring the pain, she poured the liquid into Percy's mouth. He didn't answer. She tried again, pouring a handful down his throat. This time he spat and coughed. Annabeth held him as he shivered, magical fire piercing his body. His fever was gone.
His boil is gone. He managed to sit up and lick his lips. "Oh," he said. "Spicy, but disgusting," Annabeth laughed weakly. She relaxed so much that she felt a little dizzy. "Yeah. That pretty much sums it up." "You saved us." "Right now," she said. "The problem is we're still in Tartarus." Percy blinked. "Hero. I never thought... well, I'm not sure what I
thought. Maybe this Tartarus was an empty place, a bottomless pit. But this is a real place." Annabeth remembered the scenery she had seen as they fell, a series of mesa falling into darkness "We haven't seen everything," she warned. "It can only be the first small chasm, like the steps before the entrance. "Welcome to the mat," Percy muttered. They
both looked at the blood-red clouds swirling in the gray mist. This cliff, even if they wanted to. There are only two ways now., as it goes: down or up the banks of Phlegethon." "We'll find a way out," Percy said. "The Gate of Death." Annabeth shuddered. Percy said before they fell into Tartarus. He made Nico di Angelo promise to guide the Argo II to
Epirus, to the deadly side of the Door of Death. we will see youPersian said. This idea seemed even crazier than drinking fire. How could both of them cross the Tartar and find the door of death? They could barely run a hundred yards in this poisonous place without dying. "We have to do this," Persie said. Not only us. For everything we love. The
doors must be closed on both sides, otherwise the monsters will just walk through. GAEA forces will cross the globe. Annabet knew she was right. However, when she tried to imagine a plan that could succeed, the logistics took over. They had no way of finding the door. They did not know how long it lasted, and even time or time lasted at the same
speed in Tatar. How could they sync a meeting with friends? And Niko mentioned the strongest Monster Legion Gaay that protects the door on the side of Tartarus. Annabeth and Persie couldn't launch a frontal attack directly. She chose not to mention any of it. They both knew the odds were bad. Also, after swimming in the Kocita River, Annabet
heard enough roaming to last a lifetime. She promised herself she would never complain again. "Okay. She took a deep breath, grateful at least that her lungs hadn't collapsed. If we stay near the river, we have a way to heal. The descent of the stream happened so quickly that Annabet would be dead if one had such a thing behind her. Annabet spun
around as a massive dark figure lunged at her roaring horrible drop with hot wedges and gleaming eyes. She had time to think: Arahne. But she was stiff with the terror of the well-known Perry Pen Pen. that turned into a sword. Its blade slid overhead in a glowing brown circle. The canyon echoed horribly. Annabeth stood stunned as the remnants of
Arahnes rained yellow dust like tree pollen around him. Perry studied the rocks and boulders, pointing to other monsters, but nothing else came up. Gold dust obsidian stones sat on his friend. Annabet howed at her friend. Thick, hot air. She would kill me, Annabet, Annabet stutters. Persie digs dust in the stones, Gloomy and dissatisfied. She died too
easily considering the torture she underwent. She deserved worse. Annabeth couldn't disagree, but the rough edge in Percy's voice made her hesitate. She had never seen anyone get so angry or take revenge on her. She was almost pleased that Aramn had died so quickly, how fast you moved Percy shrugged. You have to take care of yourself, right?
You said now, "Annabeth nodded, still dazed. The yellow dust scattered over the rocky shore and turned into steam. At least now they knew that monsters could be killed in Tartarus... though she had no idea how long Aramn would stay dead. Annabeth didn't plan on staying long enough to find out. Yes, she made it downstream. If the river originates
from the upper levels of the Underworld, it must flow deeper into Tartarus to lead into more dangerous territory," Percy finished. This is probably the door. Fortunately, we are. They had only gone a few hundred yards when Annabeth heard voices. Annabeth joined in, half dazed, trying to come up with a plan. Being the daughter of Athena, she must
have been her specialty; But with her growling stomach and throat it was hard to come up with a strategy. Phlegethon's fiery water may have healed her and given her strength, but it did not quench her hunger or thirst. Annabeth guessed the river wasn't what was good for you. It only made you leave so you could suffer even more excruciating pain.
Her head began to spin with exhaustion. Then she heard their female voices arguing and was immediately alert. She whispered, "Percy, down!" Pulling him to the nearest boulder, she climbed so close to the river and the cliffs, voices growled,
growing louder. Annabeth tried to hold her breath. The voices sounded vaguely human, but that meant nothing. She assumed that Tartarus was her enemy. She didn't know why the monsters couldn't see her anymore. Moreover, the monsters felt especially strong, like Percy, the son of Poseidon. Annabeth questioned the utility of hiding behind a
boulder when the monsters picked up their scent. However, when the monsters approached, their voice, as if they were going to Flegemon. "

SO MY God!" He said a different voice. It sounded much younger and
more humanly, like a deadly teenager poisoned by friends in a shopping center. For some reason, she knew Annabeth by the wrist. He looked at her surprised, as if he also recognized the voice of the girl from the shopping center. There was a choir of murmurs and
murmurs. Creatures - maybe half a dozen, as Annabeth estimated - stopped on the demigods had fallen in Tartar, or whether other fragrances were so strong that they masked the aura of a demigod. "Ask me," said the third voice,
sharp and old as the first, "so you don't know the way, boy. From the shopping center. "When was the last time you escaped from the world of mortals? I was there a few years ago. I know the way, boy. From the shopping center. "When was the last time you escaped from the world of mortals? I was there a few years ago. I know the way, boy. From the shopping center. "When was the last time you escaped from the world of mortals? I was there a few years ago. I know the way, boy. From the shopping center. "When was the last time you escaped from the world of mortals? I was there a few years ago. I know the way, boy. From the shopping center. "When was the last time you escaped from the way, boy. From the shopping center."
wild moans - like big street cats. Finally Serhone called: "Enough!" "For now, we'll follow him," said Serhone. "God, if you don't do anything good to us, if we find out that you lied about the call of Gäaa - Eh Louge! "Believe me, I have good reasons to jump into this fight. I have several enemies to fire and satisfying the blood of the characters. Just
leave a special bite for me - one named Percy Jackson. Annabeth herself suppressed the snarl. She forgot about her fear. She wanted to jump over the rock and cut the monsters to rub with a knife ... But she didn't have it anymore. "Trust me," said the girl from the shopping center, "Gaea called us and we will have a great time. Before this war is over.
the mortals will tremble at the sound of my name ... Kella! Annabeth almost shouted. She looked at Percy. Even in the red light of the Phlegetonian, his face looked awake. Empousai, she created. Vampires. He nodded his head. She remembered Kelly. Two years ago, during Percys freshman orientation, he and his friend Rachelle Dare Von Empousai.
attacked as cheerleaders. One of them was Kelli. She had later attacked them in Daedalus' workshop. Annabeth crawled to the edge of the rock Broken and risked a look. Indeed, five women fell left right right right right was made of
fire, her skin as white as her bones. Most of them wore old Grecian shred dresses, except for the head Kelli, who wore a burnt and torn blouse with a short cheerleader outfit. Annabeth gritted her teeth, they had a strong
ability to manipulate fog. They were able to change form and charm and make mortals drop their guard. Men were especially sensitive. The Pit's favorite tactic was to fall in love with a guy, then drink the blood and wrap around the flesh. Not a great first date. Kelly almost killed Perry. She had manipulated Annabeth's ex-boyfriend, Luke, and enlisted
him to do darker and darker things on behalf of Kronos. Annabeth really wished she had the dagger. Perry Rose. "They're making a door of death," he whispered. "Do you know what that means?" Annabeth didn't want to think about it, but unfortunately, this group of female carnivorous horrors might be the closest the women would get to getting a
grip if they entered the tartar. "Yes," she said. We must follow them. Leo spent the night fighting the forty-foot Athena. Ever since they brought the statue aboard, Leo had been the way it worked. He was convinced that he had prime time powers. Must have a secret switch or pressure plate or something. He should be sleeping, but he just couldn't. He
spent hours crawling towards the statue, which registered most of the lower bridge. Athena's feet were in sick bay, so they had to walk past their ivory toes if they wanted to be smooth. His body was the length of the port corridor, an outstretched arm that extended beyond the engine room and offered a life-size Nike that took placeLike here to win!
Aten's silent face took up most of the rear Pegastall, which was thankfully free. If Leo was a magical horse, he wouldn't have wanted to live in a stable watched over by a great goddess of wisdom. The statue was firmly wedged in the hallway, so Leo had to climb on top and search for levers and buttons under her limbs. As usual, he found nothing. He
did some research on the statue. He knew it consisted of a hollow wooden frame covered with ivory and gold, which explained why it was so simple. It was in pretty good shape considering it's over two thousand years old, having been selected in Athens, transported to Rome, and kept secret in a spider's burrow for nearly the last two millennia. Leo
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realized that it took magic to keep him intact, along with really good craftsmanship. Annabeth said...well, he tried not to think about Annabeth said...well, he tried not to think about Annabeth said...well, he tried not to think about Annabeth. He still felt guilty because she and Perry had fallen into Tatarus. Leo knew it was his fault. Before he could begin attaching the statue, he had to be safely brought aboard the Argo II. He had to admit that the
bottom of the cave was unstable. Regardless, Perry and Annabeth didn't hide. He should have focused on solving problems that he could solve. However, Annabeth said that the statue was the key to defeating the GAEA. It could heal the rift between the Greek and Roman demigods. Leo understood that there must be more than just symbolism here.
Athena's eyes could shoot a laser, or the snake behind her shield could spit venom. Or maybe the smaller Nike figure came to life and showed off some ninja moves. Leo remembered all sorts of interesting things the statue could do if he had, but the more he looked into it, the more frustrated he became. Athena Partenos radiated magic. Even he could
feel it. But it seemed to do nothing but look impressive. The ship turned to the side and took evasive maneuvers. Leo resisted the urge to run to the wheel. Jason, Piper, and Frank were now on duty at Hazel. They could handle what happened. Hazel also insisted on taking the tax and leading her through the secret passage the magical goddess had
told her about. Leo hoped Hazel was right with a long detour to the north. He didn't trust this lady from Hekate. He didn't trust magic at all. That's why he had so muchWith Athena Parthena. He had no mobile parts. Whatever he does, he was obviously working on a
pure witch ... And Leo did not appreciate that. He wanted it to make sense, like a car. In the end, he was too exhausted to think properly. In the briefing room, he enveloped in a blanket and listened to the soothing buzzing of generators. Buford mechanical office was seated in sleep mode in a corner and let out a smoking growl: PSST, PFF, PST, PFT.
Leo loved his cabin, but he felt more safe here in the center of the ship, a room filled with machines he knew how to control. In addition, perhaps that if he spent more time near Athena Parthenos, he would end up absorbing his secrets. "It's you or me, a great lady," he mumbled, pulling the blanket to his chin. "You will eventually work together." He
closed his eyes and fell asleep. Unfortunately, this meant dreams. He ran for life near his old mother's workshop, where she died in a fire when Leo was eight years old. He was not sure of what was pursuing him, but he assumed that it happened quickly - something big, dark and full of hatred. He crashed out of the settlement, overturned tools of
tools and stumbles on electric cables. He spotted the east and ran towards him, but in front of him was a silhouette - a woman dressed in a whipping clay dress with a face covered with a veil of dust. Where are you going, a little hero? asked Gaia. Stay and meet my favorite son. Leo went to the left, but the laughter of the campaign goddess followed
him. I warned you the night when your mother died. I said fate would not let me kill you. But now you have chosen your way. Your death is close, Leo Valdezi. He struck the drawings of a lion with pencils. He sobbed and turned around, but the thing that pursued him was
now held on his way - the colossal was hidden in the shadows, his shape was vaguely humanoid, his head almost scraping the ceiling twenty feet above his fire. Léo grabbed the tool belt. The pockets were sewn. He tried to speak - to say anything that
could save his life, but he couldn't even emit a voice, as if she had been stolen in her lungs. My son will not authorize the fires this evening, Gaea said at the bottom of the warehouse. It is the void that absorbs all magic, the cold which absorbs all magic, the cold which absorbs everythingThe lion wanted to shout: and I'm the guy who will get out of
everything here! His voice didn't work, so he used his legs. He ran to the right, ducked under the shadow giant's arms, and burst through the other door. Suddenly he found himself in the camp half green, except that the camp half g
into a heap of white debris, and the great house burned, its windows shining like demon eyes. The lion continued and the shadow giant was still behind him. He wanted to help them. But somehow he knew that time was running out. He ran a group of
Romans into a volleyball pit with the only living people he saw. The two centurions casually leaned on their spears and talked to a tall, thin blond boy in a purple toga. Leo stumbled. It was that damn Octavian Augur from Camp Jupiter who always cried after a war. Octavian turned to him, but he seemed to be in a trance. His features were vacant, his
eyes closed. When he spoke it was Gaea's voice: it cannot be avoided. The Romans move east from New York. They move through their warehouse and nothing can slow them down. Leo tried to punch Octavian in the face. Instead, he ran away. He climbed half the mountain. A giant pine tree at the summit was struck by lightning. He stood still. The
end of the hill retreated. And the whole world is gone. The lion could only see the clouds far away under the entrance of a cave crowned with tree roots. The woman was not Gaia. She looked more like a bustling Athena
parthena., with su su su Same golden dress and plain ivory. Leo almost fell off the edge of the world as he climbed. His face was regularly handsome, with high cheekbones, large dark eyes, and braided sleek hair that was piled up. Dressed in a chic Greek hairstyle and with an emerald spiral and diamonds, Leo resembled a Christmas tree. His
expression shone with hatred. . His lips curled up his nose. I'm not a threat, but I can handle it, my revenge has to start somewhere. Just crawling in my own skinHe didn't know what to do between the Queen of Hate and the giant chasing him. He will be here," the woman warned. My dark friend will not give you the luxury of your choice. It's a rock
or a cave, boy! Suddenly Leo realized what was on his mind. He was stuck. He could have jumped off the cliff, but it was suicide. Even if the earth were under these clouds, it would die in the fall, or perhaps fall forever. But the cave - he looked at the dark opening between the tree roots. He smelled of rot and death. He could hear bodies moving
inside, whispering in the shadows. The cave was the house of the dead. If he went there, he would never come back. Yes, the woman said. Around his neck hung a strange bronze and Emery pendant, like a circular labyrinth. His eyes were so angry that Leo finally understood why crazy meant crazy. This lady was motivated by hate. Hado's house
awaits. You will be the first rodent in my maze in my maze in my maze. You only have one chance to escape, Leo Valdez. To take. She woke up towards the cliff. "You are the craziest, he made it. That was not the right thing to say. She grabs his wrist. "Perhaps I should kill you now, before my dark friend arrives? The giant came, shrouded in shadows, huge and
heavy and bent on murder. Have you heard of death in a dream, boy? It is possible, witch's hands! Leo's hand began to smoke. The women the touch was sour. He tried to break free of it, but his grip was like steel. He opened his mouth to scream. Above it is a huge giant form covered in black smoke. The giant raised his first and a voice interrupted the
dream. To the lion! Jason shook his shoulder. Hey, why are you hugging Nike? His hands pressed the human-provided statue into Athena's hand. He had to shake off his sleep. He clung to the goddess of victory like a pillow when he had nightmares as a child. (Man, it was so uncomfortable in a nursing home.) He swelled up and sat up, rubbing his
face. "Nothing," he mumbled. A We hugged. Hmm, what's going on? "Jason didn't move out of him. That's one thing Leo liked about his girlfriend. Jason's ice blue eyes were smooth and from serious. A small scar on his mouth twitched like always when he had bad knowledge"We crossed the mountains," he said. Almost in Bologna. You should join us
in the waste. Nico has new information. Leo designed the hall walls to show scenes from the hero camp in real time. At first, he thought it was a pretty good idea. He was not so sure now. The scenes of the Sing-Along camp of Back Home, Dinners in the Pavilion, the volleyball matches in front of the big house seemed to attack his friends. The more
they moved away from Long Island, the more the worst. The time zones have constantly changed, so Leo could feel the distance every time he looked at the walls. The sun has just occurred in Italy. There was the middle of the night in the hero's camp. The torches were shaking the door of the cabin. The moonlight waves on the waves of the Strait of
Long Island. The beach was covered with steps, as if a large crowd had just left. Leo realized with horror that last night, whatever the fourth July. They missed their annual event at the hero camp beach with a spectacular fireworks organized by Leo brothers and sisters in cabin No. 9. He decided not to mention this crew, but he hoped that their
friends At home have fun. They also needed something that would support them. He remembered the paintings he had seen in a dream, representing a ruined camp, strewn with body; Oktawian is held on the volleyball court, casually in Gaia's voice. He looked at the eggs and the bacon. He regretted not being able to deactivate the video walls. "Jason
said," Now when we are sitting here by default at the top of the table. "Since they lost Annabeth, Jason has done everything in her power to play the role of the group leader. After Pretor returned to the Jupiter camp, he probably got used to this; but Leo saw that his Friend was stressed. His eyes were more sunk than usual. His blond hair was unusual.
ruffled, as if he had forgotten to comb them. Leo looked at the others around the table. Hazel was also an apple in his head, but Of course, she directed a boat in the mountains all night. Its curly and cinnamon color was attached to the back in a scarf, which gave her an order, which Leo found hot and immediately felt guilty. Next to her was her
boyfriend Frank Zhang, dressed in black training pants and a Roman tourist shirt, even if he was half-godThe Argo II Jupiters camp now included 1-7 states of the enemies. His gloomy facial expression only contributed to his unfortunate similarity to Sumo wrestler. Then
there was a Hasel Half brother Nico di Angelo. After the hell, this boy gave Leo delicious delicacies. He sat in his leather aviation jacket, black t-shirts and jeans, a bad silver skull ring on his finger and sideways. His black hair tufts were torn as a baby's bat wings. His eyes were sad and completely empty, as if he had looked at the depths of his
Tartarar. The only non -participating semi -demist was Piper, who took over a fee with a coach hedge, his satirical companion. Leo Wünscht, Piper would be here. She had a way to calm things with her aphrodite charm. After his dreams, the lion could calm down last night. On the other hand, it was probably good that she accompanied her companion
on the deck. Now that they were in the old countries, they had to be constantly on the hat. The lion nervously allowed the coaching hedge to fly alone. Satire was a bit happy and the steering wheel had many bright, dangerous buttons that Jason was
still talking. "Hadesh's house," he said. No one? Nico sat forward. »I contacted the dead last night. He just threw out this line as if he wanted to say he got an SMS from a friend. "I could learn more about what would come," Nico continued. "In ancient times, Hades House was the main city of Greece's pilgrimage. They came to talk to the dead and to
honor their ancestors. The lion screamed. »Sounds like dé de los muerta. My aunts rose took these things seriously. "He recalled that she pulled him to the local cemetery in Houston, where she cleaned her relatives' graves and offered lemonade, biscuits and fresh Marigs flowers. Aunt Rose forced Leo to stay a picnic as if his appetite was good to
spend time with dead. Murmur Frank. "This is the case with the cult of Chinese - ancestral, a funeral broom in the spring." He looked at the lion. "Zdeine Aunt Roza Hätte understood you with my grandmother. The lion was a terrible sight whose aunt Rose and the old Chinese Wrestler outfit, which threw each other with sticks. "Yes," said Leo. - Zich
believe will be the best buddy.he cleared his throat. Many cultures have seasonal traditions to honor the dead, but the House of Hades was open year-round. Pilgrims could indeed talk to spirits. In Greek, this place was called necromanteion, oracle of death. You make your way through different levels of tunnels, making offerings and drinking special
potions, Leo muttered. Yummy. Jason looked at him, look man, that's enough. "Nico, keep talking. If they were happy with your victims, they would answer your questions, maybe even tell you about the future. Frank tapped his cup of hot chocolate. "And if the spirits were satisfied?" Page 9 - some pilgrims found nothing, Nico said. Some went mad or
died after leaving the temple. Others got lost in the tunnels and were never seen again. "The thing is, Jason was quick to say, 'Nico found information that could help us. Nico didn't seem too thrilled. The ghost I spoke to last night was a former priest of Hecate. He confirmed what the goddess had said to Hazel yesterday at the crossroads. In the first
war against the giants, Hecate fought on the side of the gods. One of the huge ones that was supposed to be a counterbalance. A guy named Clitius. Dark guy, Leo guessed. â\text{\textit{e}}" wrapped in shadows. Hazel turned to him, golden eyes narrowing. Leo, how did you know? "I had a dream. No one looked surprised. Most demigods had vivid nightmares
about what was going on in the world. His friends listened attentively as Leo explained. He tried not to look at the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on Half-Blood on the wall as he described the place in He told them about the dark giant and the strange woman on t
the giant is Clythee. I think he's waiting for us, guarding the door of death. Frank knocked over one of the pancakes and started nibbling on them. so that death doesn't stand in the way of a hearty breakfast. And the woman in Leo's dream?" That's my problem. Hazel slipped a diamond between her fingers. "Hekate mentioned a powerful enemy in the
house of Hades, a witch who cannot be defeated by magic except for me. You know on magic?- Not yet. "Ah," he tried to think of something soothing to say, but he remembered the angry woman's eyes, the way her skin shriveled from the steel grip. "Do you have any idea who he is?" Hazel shook her head. "It's just...." She looked at Niko and there was
a silent argument between them. Leo had a feeling that the two were having private conversations about the House of Hades and weren't sharing all the details. "Only she won't be easily defeated Clytia in the first war. She set his hair on fire with her
torches. He burned alive. In other words, fire is her weakness. They all looked at Leo. "Oh," he said. "Okay ." Jason nodded encouragingly as if this was great news - as if he expected Leo to walk towards the towering mass of darkness, shoot fireballs and solve all their problems. Leo didn't want to knock him down, but he could still hear Gaia's voice: it
was the void that swallowed all magic, the cold that swallowed all fire, the silence that swallowed all words. Leo was pretty sure it would take more than a few matches to ignite this giant. "That's a good clue," Jason insisted. "At least we know how to kill a giant. And the witch...well, if Hekate believes Hazel can beat her, so do I. Hazel looked down.
we just have to get to the house of Hades, fight our way through Gaia's powers... " "No more ghosts," Nico added darkly. "The ghosts in this temple might not be friendly." "And to find the Gate of pancake. "We can do it. We
have to." Leo admired the big guy's optimism. He wanted him to share it. "So with this detour," Leo said, "I'm waiting four or five days to get to Epirus, assuming there's no lag from monster attacks and stuff. Jason smiled wryly. "Yeah. That'll never happen." Leo looked at Hazel. "Theoretically, we have plenty of time left. It's only the fifth of July. We
should be able to close the Gates of Death, then find the giants' headquarters and stop them from awakening Gaia soonerFirst. "Theoretically," Hazel agreed. "Shit, I'd like to know how we're going to get through the house of Hades without going inside or dying. Frank put his pancake roll down like it suddenly didn't taste so good." "It's the fifth of
July. Oh man, I didn't think of that before... ... "Hey man, that's cool," Leo said. "You're Canadian, right? I didn't expect you to give me an Independence Day present or anything... unless you wanted to." "No. My grandmother... always told me that seven is a bad luck line. It was a spiritual number. I don't like it when I told her that our expedition would
include seven demigods. And July is the seventh month." "Yes, but..." Leo taped his fingers nervously on the table. He realized that he had created the morse code for "I love you" just like he had done with his mother, which would have been quite confusing if his friends understood morse code. â € Rib, which is just a coincidence, right? - Frank's
expression did not diminish him. "Back in China," said Frank, "in the past, people called the Seventh Moon the Spirit Moon. At that time, the spirit Moon the Spirit Moon the gate of death." No one spoke. Leo
wanted to believe that the old Chinese faith could have nothing to do with the Romans and Greeks. Totally different, right? But Frank's existence was proof that cultures were connected. Zhang's family returned to ancient Greece. She found her way through Rome and China and finally to Canada. Besides, Leo was still thinking about his encounter
with the Rachegoden Nemesis in the Große Salzsee. Nemesis called the seventh wheel, the strange man he was looking for. She didn't mean the seventh as ghosts, did she? Jason pressed his hands against the backs of his chairs. Let's focus on the things we can handle. We're getting close Bologna Maybe we'll get more answers once we find these
dwarves, hekate... « The ship jerked as if it had collided with an iceberg. Leo's breakfast plates were sliding across the table. Nico fell off his chair and hit his head on his side. He collapsed to the floor and a dozen magic guys and slabs fell on him. "Nico!" Hazel ran to his aid. "What...?" Frank tried to get up butfocused on the other side. He stumbled
to the table and went first to Leo's plate of eggs. See! Jason drew attention to the walls. The half-blooded images of the camp blinked and shifted. Impossible, Leo murmured. These spells could show nothing but scenes from the camp blinked and shifted. Impossible, Leo murmured. These spells could show nothing but scenes from the camp blinked and shifted. Impossible, Leo murmured. These spells could show nothing but scenes from the camp blinked and shifted. Impossible, Leo murmured. These spells could show nothing but scenes from the camp blinked and shifted. Impossible, Leo murmured. These spells could show nothing but scenes from the camp blinked and shifted. Impossible, Leo murmured. These spells could show nothing but scenes from the camp blinked and shifted. Impossible and shifted impossib
beard, warty nose, and two unmatched eyes, one much larger and bigger than each other. The face seemed to be trying to get into space. Other walls flashed, showing scenes from the upper deck. Paper was behind the wheel, but something was wrong. She was wrapped with duct tape from her shoulders, her mouth stopped, and her legs were tied to
the control panel. In the main mass, the trainer hedge was similarly tied and clothed, and an odd-looking creature danced around it, some sort of midget/chimpanzee combination with a faint fashion sense. Groups. On the harbor wall, a huge ugly face pulled back for Leo to see, another chimpanzee pig, more crazy clothes. It jumped across the deck
and stuffed things into a crude canvas pouch into the Piper Dagger, Leo Wii Controller. Then he pushed the Archimedes sphere out of the command console. NO! Leo screamed. I think it's a midget. Steal my stuff! Leo screamed and ran down
the stairs. Leo recognized Heizel's call: Go! I'll take care of Niko! As if Leo would return. Of course he hoped Di Angelo was okay, but his head hurt. Leo went up the stairs, followed by Jason and Frank. The situation on board was worse than he feared. Coach Hedge and Piper fought duct tape connections while one of the demon monkeys danced on
the deck, collecting anything that wasn't tied and placing it in her purse. He was maybe four feet tall, even shorter than a trainer hedge, with bent legs and scolding feet. His clothes were so loud that Leo made Vertigo dizzy. His green pants wore with bracelets and bright red braces over the striped pink and black woman's blouses. On each hand he
had half a dozen gold watches and a zebra cowboy hat with a price tag on it. His skin was covered with red fur, with at least ninety percent of hair focused on wonderful eyebrows. Does Leo raise the idea of where the second dwarf is? When he heard a click behind him and realized he had trained his friends in the trap. "Duck!" He hit the bridge when
the explosion exploded his drums. Be careful about yourself, I think Leo Groggy. Do not leave the magic pomegranate box in which the gnomes can reach them. At least he lived. Leo experienced all kinds of weapons based on the Archimedes ball he regained in Rome. He built a grenade that is able to throw acid, fire, shell explosions or fresh butter
popcorn. (Hey, we never knew when we were hungry in the battle.) Judging by Leo's ears, the dwarf exploded a flash grenade filled with Leo gave the impression that only a drop in the stomach. He tried to get up. Its members were useless. Has anyone shot the waist, maybe a
friend trying to help him? NO. His friends did not smell very fragrant monkeys. He managed to change His vision was blurry and stained with a brown fur was still dressed than his friend, with a green melon hat like an elf, hanging
diamond earrings and white and black judge's shirt. He showed the price he just flew - Leo's toolbar - then danced. Leo tried to catch it, but his fingers were numb. Gambad Dwarf to the nearest ballistom his red friend was about to throw. Red Surred on the coach hedge. He gave the satira hit the cheek and then the lens on the railing. He leaned on
Leo, removing the cowboy zebra hat and made a back dangerous jump to the side. Leo managed to get up. Jason was already standing, stumbling and colliding with dwarf nuns?), But the grenade flash touched him. He was stretched on the
ship hanging on his tongue and his gorilla's eye rebellious. "Pipers!" Jason came to the bar and carefully withdrew her Gaga.Don't waste your time on me! - she said. - Follow them! At the mast, Coach Hedge muttered, "H-hmmm-hmmm!" Leo understood what it meant: KILL THEM! the sentences contained the word kill. Leo looked at the control
panel. His Archimedean sphere was gone. He put his hand on his waist where his tool belt should have been. My mind began to clear, and indignation bubbled up inside me. These dwarves attacked his ship. They stole his most valuable belongings. Beneath him lay Bologna, a patchwork of red-tiled houses in a valley surrounded by green hills. Unless
Leo finds dwarves somewhere in this maze of streets... No. Failure was not an option. None of them expected their friends to recover. He turned to Jason. "Do you feel good enough to control the winds?" I need a lift. Jason frowned. "Sure, but..." "Okay," Leo said. "We need to catch some monkey guys." Jason and Leo landed in a large plaza surrounded
by white marble government buildings and outdoor cafes. Bicycles and scooters filled the surrounding streets, but the plaza itself was empty except for pigeons and a few old men sipping espresso. None of the locals seemed to notice the huge Greek warship hovering over the square, or the fact that Jason and Leo had just flown down, Jason was
holding a golden sword, and Leo...well, Leo was practically empty-handed. - Where? Jason asked. The lion looked at him. -- Well, I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me get the gnome-tracking GPS out of my toolbar... Oh, wait! I don't know. Let me 
pointed to the plaza. "I think the ballista fired at the first dwarf in that direction. they went. They crossed pigeon lake, then maneuvered through an alley lined with clothing stores and ice cream parlors. The sidewalks were decorated with white columns covered in graffiti. Several beggars begged for a change ((Leo didn't speak Italian, but he
understood it clearly and clearly.) He continued to stroke his waist, hoping his tool belt would magically reappear. This is wrong. He tried not to go crazy, but almost everything depended on that belt. He felt as if one of his arms had been stolen. "We'll find him," Jason promised. Leo was usually calm. Jason could keep his cool in critical situations and
saved Leo from a lot of trouble.scratches. Today, however, all Leo could think about was the stupid fortune cookie he had opened in Rome. The enemy of the goddess promised him help, and he got it: the code to activate Archimedes' sphere. At this point, Leo had no choice but to use it if he wanted to save his friends, but Nemesis warned that her help
came at a price. Leo wondered if that price would ever be paid. Percy and Annabeth weren't there. The ship had drifted hundreds of miles off course, heading for an impossible challenge. The lion's friends hoped that he
regretted not noticing where they were until Jason grabbed his arm. Look at that. The lion looked up. They reached a small square. When they got up, they saw a huge bronze statue holding a pin. Yes, Jesus. Leo caught his eye. He really didn't need to see the god's groin so early in the morning. The god of the sea was standing on a large marble
column in the middle of a non-functioning fountain (which seemed a bit ironic). On either side of Neptune himself (avoiding weaknesses) tossed his mace aside with an Elvis Presley move. He gripped the trident loosely in his right hand and extended his left hand as if blessing the lion, or
perhaps trying to levitate it. any understanding? The lion thought. Jason frowned. Maybe maybe not. There are statues of gods all over Italy. I feel better if we go past Jupiter. Or Minerva. None other than Neptune actually. Leo climbed into the dry fountain. He placed his hand on the pedestal of the statue and the prints ran over his fingertips. He
places at once. A red dwarf in a cowboy hat sat about thirty feet from the nearest cafe table, sipping an espresso held up by monkey legs. A brown heating dwarf in a green bowler hat was placed on a marble plinth at Neptune's feet, just above Leo's head.we had a secret lair, Redfur said, "I'd like a pillar of fire." — And a water slide! said Brunfur
pulling random tools from Leo. belt, discarding wrenches, hammers and clamps. - Stop it! Leo tried to grab the dwarf's legs, but he couldn't reach the top of the pedestal. - Too short? Brownbeard sympathized. "Do you call me short?" Leo looked around for something to throw, but there was nothing but pigeons, and he doubted he would be able to
catch them. "Give me the belt, fool", "Now, now!" said Brownfur. We didn't even introduce ourselves. I am Akmon. And my brother is great! The red dwarf took an espresso. Judging by his wide eyes and maniacal grin, he doesn't need caffeine anymore. Trap! A songstress! Coffee shop! The thief of shiny things! - You are very welcome! cried his
brother Akmon. "I'm a much better thief than you," Paslos hissed. "Maybe he stole the dream!" He pulled out a knife—Piper's knife—and began cutting his teeth with it. - Hi! Jason shouted. "This is my friend's knife—in the pulled out a knife—and began cutting his teeth with it. - Hi! Jason shouted. "This is my friend's knife!" He lunged at Paslos, but the red-haired dwarf was too fast. He jumped off the chair, bounced off Jason's head, rolled over and landed
pants. - Give me - stupid - lightning! Leo grunted as he tried to move his fist and pull his pants up at the same time. "Eh, not shiny enough." Passalos straightened and suddenly sat down on the statue's pedestal next to his brother. "Tell me I'm not moving," Passalos boasted. "Okay," Akmon said. - You
don't have any movements. - Bah! Passalos said. "Give me the tool belt. I want to see. - No!" Akmon stopped with his elbow. "You have a knife and a shiny ball is good." Passalos took off his cowboy hat. Like a magician making a rabbit, he pulled out an Archimedes ball and set to work on the antique bronze dials. "Stop it!" Leo
shouted. "it's fineJason switched to him and looked at the dwarves. "Who are you? "Keropami!" Akmon cramped at Jason. "I bet you are Jupiter's son, huh? I can always say that. "" Also Black Bottom, "Passalos agreed. "Black butt?" Leo resisted the urge to jump the dwarfs again to the feet. Passalos would destroy Archimedes' ball at any moment. "Yes
you know." Akmon smiled. Hercules. We called him a black bottom because he walked without a dress. He was so tanned that his buttocks, well ... at least he had a sense of humor! Passalos said. "He wanted to kill us when we robbed him, but let us go because he liked our jokes. Not like you two. grumpy! "Okay! I'm sure I'll keep it! Thank you, the
blue bottom! Blue bottom? The lion looked down. The pants slipped around his ankles again and revealed blue shorts. "He's a spectacular dwarf. His hands began to download over the square. He grunted. "Oh, terrible! Akmon shouted. Yes, Passalos accepted. "If we had a
secret place where we could hide." "Unfortunately, this statue is not an entrance to the secret lair," Akmon said. "Has a different purpose." Leo felt his stomach tightening. The lights in his hands went out and he realized that something was very bad. Shouted "Trap!" and jumped from the fountain. Unfortunately, Jason was too busy creating a storm
Leo rolled on his back when five gold strings set out from the sculpture of the statue of Neptune. One of them was missing Leo's legs. The rest focused on Jason, wrapped him like a rodeo calf and knocked him down. The lightning struck Neptune's trident and sent the electric arches up and down the statue, but the Kerkopes were gone. "Way to which!
Akmon applauded from the table in a nearby café. "You make a beautiful piñata, son of Jupiter!" "Yes!" Passalos received. "You know, Hercules once hung us down." Oh, revenge is sweet! Leo summoned a fiery ball. Threw it on Passalos, who tried to juggle with two pigeons and Sphere of Archimedes. Page 11 "Eek!" The dwarf jumped out of the blast,
dropping the ball and sending the doves flying. "Time to go!" decided Akmon. He tipped his bowler hat and jumped back, jumping from table to table. Passalos did a backflip and ran after his brother. Leo picked up the
Archimedes sphere and ran to Jason, who was still hanging upside down, fully bound except for his sword hand. He tried to cut the cords with his golden blade, but to no avail. "But..." "Don't lose her!" Leo didn't want a moment of
solitude with the monkey dwarfs, but the Kerkops were already disappearing around the corner of the square. Leo dropped Jason and ran after them. The dwarves didn't try very hard to lose him, which made Leo suspicious. They stayed at the edge of his field of vision, running across red-thatched rooftops, knocking over flower boxes, shrieking and
yelling, leaving a trail of screws and nails on Leo's tool belt - almost as if they wanted Leo to follow them. . He ran after them and cursed every time his pants fell off. He turned a corner and saw two ancient stone towers, soaring side by side into the sky, much higher than anything else in the area - perhaps medieval watchtowers? They leaned in
different directions, like the shifter of a racing car. The Kerkops climbed the tower on the right. When they got to the top, they climbed out from behind and disappeared. Did they go in? Leo could see small windows covered with metal bars above; but he doubted the dwarves would stop him. He watched for a minute, but the kerkope did not reappear
Which meant Leo had to go in and look for them. "Great," he murmured. There is no flying friend to pick it up. The ship was too far away to call for help. He might have locked an Archimedean sphere in some craft, but only if he'd had a tool belt - which he didn't. He looked around and tried to think. Half a block away, double glass doors opened and
an old lady hobbled out with plastic bags. Grocery store? Hmm... Leo patted his pockets. To his surprise, he still had a few euro bills in his pockets as his unzipped pants would allow. The lion searched the alleys looking for things he could use. He didn't know
the Italian for "Hello, where are your hazardous chemicals?" But that was probably just as well. He did not want to go to an Italian prison. Fortunately, he didn't have to read labels. By lifting the tube, the toothpaste could detect the presence of potassium nitrate. He found coal. He found sugar and baking soda. The store sold games, bug spray and
aluminum foil. Pretty much everything he needed, plus a clothesline he could use as a belt. He added Italian junk food to the cart to hide the most suspicious purchases, then dropped the items into the ducked into the
doorway where he could follow the towers. He set to work urging the fire to dry out a little and cook, which would otherwise take several days. From time to time he glanced furtively at the tower, but there was no sign of the dwarves. Leo could only hope they were still there. It only took him minutes to build his Arsenal - he was that good - but he
thought it was hours. Jason didn't show up. Maybe he was still tangled up in Neptune's Fountain or searching the streets for Leo. No one else came to the rescue. It can take them a long time to get all the pink elasticity out of the bus hedge hair. This meant that it was just Leo himself, his bag of junk food and a very improvised weapon made of sugar
and toothpaste. And Archimedes' sphere. It was somewhat important. He hoped not to destroy it by filling it with chemical powder. He ran to the tower and found the entrance. He started up the winding stairs, only to be stopped by a guard who screamed at him in Italian. "Seriously?" - asked Leo. "Look, man, you've got gnomes on your shelf. I'm an
exterminator. He held up a can of bug spray. See? Fighter Molto Buono. Gray, burst. Ahhh!. The guy was just talking about money." Damn it. Man," Leo muttered, "I just spent all my money on homemade explosives and stuff." in his bag of food. ânefu think you would accept ... uh ... and ... whatever it is? Leo picked up a yellow-pink bag of junk food
called Fonzies. He thought they were some tokens. To his surprise, the manager shrugged and took the bag. âavanti! In Italy they were probably better than cash. The stairs went on and on. The entire tower seemed to be just an excuse to build the stairs. He stopped in the rest area and collapsed on the narrow barred window, struggling to catch his
breath. He was sweating like a fool and his heart was pounding against his ribs. Stupid kercops. Leo decided that once he reached the top, he would jump out before he could use his weapons; But he had to try. He was still lifting. In the end, his legs were like boiled noodles reaching the top. The room was probably like a cell on a broomstick, with
barred windows on all four walls. Treasure bags were stuck in the corners, shiny goodies spilled across the floor. Leo spotted Piperina knives, old leather-bound books, some interesting mechanical devices, and gold for Hazel's horse to wound his belly. At first he thought the dwarves had left. Then he looked up. Akmon and Passalos hung their heads
from beams by the chimpanzee's legs and played anti-gravity poker. When they saw Lea, they threw their cards like confetti and burst into applause. I was going to do it! Akmon shouted with joy. Passalos shrugged, picked up one of his gold watches and handed it to his brother. You played. I didn't think he was that stupid. "They both fell to the floor.
Akmon wore Le's Belt with tools - it was so close that Leo had to resist the urge to throw himself. Passalos straightened his cowboy hat and kicked the bars on the nearest window. "What should we climb into it, brother?" Dome of San Luca? Leo wanted to suffocate the dwarves, but forced himself to smile. "Oh, that sounds like fun! But you forgot
something shiny before you left. "" It is not possible! Akmon frowned. "We were very thorough." "Are you sure?" The lion picked up the grocery bag. The dwarves were approaching. As Leo expected, their curiosity was so strong that they couldn't resist. "Look." Leo pulled out his first weapon, a disposable container of dried chemicals wrapped in
aluminum foil, and lit his hand on fire. Knew enough to turn away when it exploded, but dwarves diddirectly to it. The toothpaste, sugar, and insects weren't as good as Apollo's music, but they created a pretty decent flare. The rfters groaned, digging into their eyes. They stumbled into the window, but Leo released his house firefighters, beat them
around the gnomes, barefoot to keep their balance. Leo then rotated his Archimedes sphere, which released a dirty jet of white mist that filled the room. Leo didn't care. Being immune to fire, was breathed by a tough dragon, and cleaned burning rifts many times. While the gnomes were defeated and sown, he grabbed his
tool belt of stone, calmly called rubber ropes, and tied the gnomes. "My eyes!" The stone coughed. Tool belt! "No, it's shining! It doesn't even shine! He picked up Piper Dagcis, some of his prototype grenades, and a dozen other perspectives and finishes that the dwarves took from the Argo II. "Welcome!" The stone exclaimed. "Don't take our glitters!"
"We agree with you!" Passalos are offered. "We'll let you out ten percent if you let us go!" "I'm not afraid," Leo muttered. "Now it's all mine." "Twenty percent!" It was at that time that the thunder broke overhead. Lightning has fallen, and the nearest window grille explodes into twisting melted iron strands. Jason arrived as Peter Penn, his golden
sword flashing and smoking around him. Leo greeted gratefully. "Dude, you just missed a great entry." Jason frowned. He noticed a tied boar. "What is it," Leo said. I'm special about it. How did you find me? "Oh smoke," Jason directed. "And I heard a noise. Did you fight here? "Something like that". Leo tossed Piper Dagcis to him, then continued to
dig into the shiny dwarf sacks. He remembered what he had said to Hazel about the treasure hunt to help them look, but he wasn't sure what he was looking for. There were coins, gold nuggets, jewelry, clips, foil wrapping, cufflinks. He kept coming back to some things that didn't seem to belong. One of them was an old bronze navigation device that
looked like an astrolabia from a ship. It was seriously damaged and seemed to be missing some parts, butAlways exciting. - Take it suggested by Passalos raised. "I did it when I was an old man on iThace. One of his last inventions and we stole him!
How does it work? Leo asked. "Oh, it's not," Akmon said. "I should have taken a crystal." He turned to his brother for help. "My biggest thing if," Passalos shrugged. "I have no idea what he meant. But your shine! We can go now? Leo didn't
know why he needed astrolab. It was obviously broken and did not feel that hekate wanted them to find it. But he inserted it into one of the pockets of the belt with magic tools. He turned his attention to another strange prey, a book bound in the skin. Its name was printed in a gold foil in a language that Leo did not understand, but nothing else in the
book looked shiny. He did not count on the Kerkop for heavy readers. Page 12 - What is it? He threatened them against the dwarves whose eyes were still tearful from smoke. - Nothing! Akmon said. - It's just a book. He had a nice gold cover, so we took him. - He? Leo asked. Akmon and Passalos exchanged nervous glances. "Younger God," Passalos
said. "To Venise. In fact, it's nonsense. "Venice. Jason frowned on Lea. The wagon did not realize how important it was, but if the book was stolen to the next god in Venice - another place that the hecat people told them to visit - then it must have been what they were looking for. "Where do we find this lower God?" with leo. - No! Akmon shouted. You
can't return it! If he finds out we have stolen ... "" He destroys you, "Jason suggested. The hairy throat. - Okay, well! Schedule.I begged. - It's totally wrong! - Who is he? Jason asked. - Which God? "I...can't say." I can't say it! Tre... three... it's too hard!
"That's true," Akmon said. "Troh... too many syllables!" They both burst into tears. Leo didn't know if the kerkops had been told the truth, but it was hard to get mad at the weeping dwarves, no matter how annoying and badly dressed they were. Jason lowered his sword. - What do you want to do with them, Leo? Send them to Tatar? - Please do not!
Akmon screamed. - We may need weeks to get back. - If we assume that Gay will let us! Passalos sobbed. - He controls the gates of death now. She will be very angry with us. Leo looked at the gnomes. He'd fought a lot of monsters before and never felt bad about them breaking up, but this was something else. He had to admit that he admired these
little people. They wanted cool and they liked shiny things. Leo could tell. Besides, Percy and Annabeth were now in Tatar, hopefully still alive, and had gone through the door of death. The idea of sending those twins there to face the same nightmare problem... well, it seemed out of place. He imagined the gays laughing at his weakness - a demigod
too gentle to kill monsters. He remembered the dream about the ruined camp of demigods, the bodies of Greeks and Romans lying in the fields. He remembered Octavian saying in the voice of the earth goddess, "The Romans are moving east from New York. They are coming to your camp and nothing can stop them. Nothing can stop them, Leo
thought. - interesting... - what? Jason asked. Leo looked at the gnomes. - I'll make a deal with you. Akmon's eyes lit up. - Thirty percent? "We'll leave you all your treasures," Leo said, "besides, they're ours, the Astrolabe, and this book we've—"But he'll destroy us!" Passalos yelled. "We won't say where we got it from," Leo promised. "And we won't kill
you." We will free you. - Uh, Leo? Jason asked nervously. Akmon screamed in delight. "I knew you were as smart as Hercules!" I'll Call You Black Bottom, Continue! "Yes, no, thank you," Leo said. "But in exchange for letting us spare your life, you must do something for us." I'll send you somewhere to rob youPeople oppress them, make them live in
every possible way. You must carefully follow my advice. You have to swear! "He said. The curve of people is our specialty! I love harassment! Akmon agreed. Where are we going to smile. Have you ever heard about New York? Percy took his girlfriend for romantic walks. It was not one of them. They walked along The Fleeton
rivers stumbling against the glass black terrain, jumping over cracks and hiding behind the stones whenever vampires were released. It was difficult to stay far enough to avoid detection, but close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid detection are also as a supplication of the close enough to avoid
When they needed to drink, the best they could do was to swallow the refreshing liquid fire. Yes. Persia definitely knew how to deliver a lot of pleasure. At least, at least burst out. Her various cuts and scratches disappeared. She tied her blond hair back with a jeans belt, away from the leg, and her gray
eyes flickered And in the fiery light of the river. Despite the fact that she was defeated, smoked and dressed like homeless, Percy she looked great. And if they were in Tataria? What if
looked like he walked through a hurricane of broken glass. He wanted to drink, he was hungry and scared to his death (although Annabeth did not say this), but his desperate cold of the Kotzite River was shaking. And no matter how unpleasant the fireworks tasted, he seemed to retain him. Time was impossible to evaluate. They crossed the river,
crossing the unprocessed landscape. Fortunately, the emphases were just walking. They pulled out their motley brown-blue legs, whistling and struggling with each other, apparently he was in no hurry to get to the Death door. Once the demons strengthened their excitement and filled something like a corpse on the river bank. Persia could not say
who was the fallen monster? Any animal? Empus attacked him in the river. While the demons left, Persia and Annabeth arrived and found nothing but a few cracks. And shiny spots dry in the heat of the river. Percy did not doubt that the Pocoui would devour the half-gods with the same enthusiasm. Leave. He gently led Annabeth away from the scene
We don't want to lose it. As they left, Percy thought back to the first time he had fought Empous Kelly Goode during the orientation of first -year students when he and Rachel risked being trapped in the gang room. At the time, the situation seemed to be desperate. Now he gives everything to have such a simple problem. At least he was in the world of
mortals. There was nowhere to flee. Wow. When he started to consider war with Kronos as the good old days, it was sad. He continued to hope that he and Annabeth would be better, but their lives became more and more dangerous, as if the three destinies were up there cutting their future with barbed wire instead of thread to see how two half half
gods could bear. After a few more kilometers, Empousi disappeared on the ridge. When Percy and Annabeth catch them, they were on the brink of another massive cliff. The Phlégethon river gushed on the ridge. When Percy and Annabeth catch them, they were on the brink of another massive cliff. The Phlégethon river gushed on the ridge. When Percy and Annabeth catch them, they were on the brink of another massive cliff.
sank in his throat. Even if he and Annabeth arrived alive at the bottom of the cliff, they would not have much to wait. The landscape below them was sorry, flat, flat, black trees like insect hair. The soil was puffy. From time to time, a bubble swells and bursts, releasing a monster resembling a larva of the egg. Suddenly, Percy was no longer hungry. All the soil was puffy.
the newly created monsters have crouched and rushed in a direction towards a black fog knot that swallowed up the horizon like a storm front. The phlégethon sank in the same direction until almost mid-height of the plain, where he met another black water river-perhaps the cocytus? The two waves united in a smoking and bubbling cataract and
sank like a against black mist. Plus Percy looked at this storm of darkness, the less he wanted to go. He could hide anything - an ocean, an abyss, an army of monsters. But if the door of death was that one, it was her only chance to go home. He looked over the edge of the cliff. "I would like us to fly," he whispered. Annabeth rubbed his hands.
Remember LucasShoes? I wonder if they are still elsewhere. Perry remembers. These shoes were cursed to attract the user on tartar. They almost picked up their best friend Grover. I give myself a hanging hanger. It may not be a good idea. Annabeth emphasized. Above them winged spiral shapes and cloudy blood. Rage? Perry wondered. Or any
other type of demon, Annabeth said. There are thousands of people in Tatar, including those who eat gliders, guessed Percy. Okay, so we climb. He could no longer see under them. They disappeared behind one of the ridges, but it didn't matter. It was clear to him where he and Annabet had to go. Like all monsters, the lines that crawl on the Tartan them.
plains should go to the dark horizon. Perry was just passionate. When they started the rock, Perry focused on the challenges: the basics, avoiding the rocks that warned their presence, and of course, ensuring that he and Annabet would not fall to death. Annabeth said around the abyss in the middle of the abyss, "Stop, just a quick break. His legs
stopped so much, Perry cursed that he wasn't resting. They sat together on the shelf next to the screaming fervent waterfall. exhaustion. He didn't have much better. His stomach seemed to drop by the size of the gums. At least he had Annabet. They would find a way to get out of Tartare. They had to do. He did not think about fate and prophecy, but
he believed in one thing: Annabeth And he needed to be together. They hadn't survived so much to commit suicide now. Things can be worse, Annabeth has used the opportunity. "Yes? Perry didn't see how, but he tried to seem optimistic. The loss 13 hugged him. His hair smelled like smoke, and if he closed his eyes, he could almost imagine they were
in the semester camp near the fire. "We could fall into the Lethe River," she said. He lost all our memories to put her between Roman feed. Perry fell in Jupiter's camp without indexwas or where he came
from. And a few years ago he fought against Lethe Bank near Palais de Hadès. Titan exploded with water from this river and wiped his memory completely. Yes, Lethe, murmured. It's not my favorite. What was his name Titan? Annabeth asked. "Uh ... iahapetus. He said it meant impalers or something. He wondered what happened to Iavetus after he
left him in the palace Hades when he was still happy to be Bob, friendly, happy and disturbed. Percy hoped, but it seemed that the underworld brought the worst monsters, heroes and gods of the individual. He looked through the ashes. Other titaniums should be in Tartarus, who can be connected in chains or aimlessly hike or are hidden in some of
these dark slots. Percy and its allies destroyed the worst titanium, Kronos, but also its remains could be somewhere billions of angry titanium particles that float through the clouds of dissolved blood or hide in this dark fog. Percy decided not to think about it. Kissed Annabeth's front. "We should move on." Would you like to drink more fire? I will
come. They fought on their feet. The rest of the cliff seemed impossible to take nothing more than to take the intersection of small edges, but continued with an automatic driver. His fingers grew. He felt bubbles appear on his ankles. He was hungry. He wondered if they died of famine or whether the fire would
continue. He remembered the punishment of Tantalo, which was permanently stuck in the pond under the fruit tree, but could not reach food or drink. Herrgott, Percy hadn't thought of Tantalo, which was permanently stuck in the area of punishment. Percy never apologized about idiots before
but now he began to sympathize. He could imagine what it would be, swallowed and hunger for eternity, but never eaten. He went on and said. Cheeseburger responded to the belly. Stop the flap, he thought. His stomach complained chips. A billion years later, with a dozen new bubbles on their feet, percyfloor. He helped Annabeth off and they
collapsed to the floor. Before them stretched miles of desert, teeming with monstrous grubs and huge trees covered with insect fur. To their right, the fliton split into branches that carved out the plane and expanded into a delta of smoke and fire. To the north, along the main stretch of the river, the land was riddled with cave entrances. Stone arrows
stood here and there like exclamation marks. The ground under Percy's hand was incredibly hot and slippery. He tried to control himself, but then he realized that under the thin layer of dirt and debris, the floor was just a huge membrane... skin-like. He nearly vomited, but he didn't force himself to. There was nothing in the stomach but fire. He
wasn't talking to Annabeth, but he got the impression that something was watching her, something huge and evil. He couldn't focus on it because the presence was all around them. Hours is also not the right word. It included the eyes, and this thing just knew it. The projections above them now looked less like footprints and more like rows of massive
lightbulb flickered on the ground. A monster crept in... a shiny telchin with smooth fur, a body like a seal, and Rabugri - human limbs. He managed to crawl a few meters before something emerged from the next cave, so fast that Percy could only make out the dark green reptilian head. The monster seized the Telchin in its mouth and dragged it into
darkness. Respawns in tartare for two seconds, only to be eaten. Percy wondered if this Telchin would reappear somewhere else in Tartarus and how long it would take to recover. He swallowed the bitter taste of the fire water. - Oh yeah. It will be fun. Annabeth helped him up. He took one last look at the rocks, but there was no going back. He would
                            olden dragons because Frank Zhang was with him at the moment... that good old Frank who always seemed to be there when needed and could turn into an eagle or a dragon to take them through this stupid fly to bring the desert. They went, trying to avoid the entrances to the cave and keeping close. On the banks of
the river. They just circled over one of the towers, when Perry switched to himself-something rushed back and forth between the stones. Does the monster haunt you? Or maybe it was just a random villain heading for the death door. He suddenly remembered why they went along this route, and froze. "To the Empus." He grabbed Annabeth by the
hand. "Where are you?" Annabeth and three hundred and sixty, her gray eyes warn. Perhaps the words of the demons were caught by this reptile in the cave. If Empusai was still ahead of them, they should have been visible somewhere at the level. If only they do not hide ... Perry bored a sword too late. Empusai appeared from the rocks surrounding
them - five of them formed a ring. An ideal trap. Kelly moved forward on her inappropriate legs. Her fiery hair fell on her shoulders, like a small waterfall of phlegar. Her spoiled costume of the support group was strewn with rust and brown spots, and Perry was almost sure that it was not a ketchup. She stopped bright red eyes on him and opened the
fans. "Perry Jackson," she cooed. "How great! I don't even need to return to the world of mortals to destroy you!" Perry remembered how dangerous Kelly was when they last fought in the Labyrinth. Despite these different legs, she could move quickly if she wanted. ... She split her sword with thieves and would eat her face if Annabeth had not hit her
with a knife in the back. Now there were four friends with her. "And your friend Annabeth is with you!" I missed Kelly with a laugh. "Oh yes, I remember her exactly. Kelly touched her sternum, where the knife came out when Annabeth hit her in the back." What is happening, the daughter of Athena? Do you have my own weapon? This is a shame. I
use it to kill you "Perry tried to think. He and Annabeth stood his shoulder, as they did many times before. But none of them was in good shape for the fight. Annabeth knew nothing. There was nowhere to run. Perry thought for a short while about that to call his girlfriend-Ad. Mrs. Oalery, who could travel in the shade. Even when she
hears him, can she get to the Tatarus? Monsters went here or return them to the natural state of the wild monster. No ... He could not do this with his dog. So no help. Fightinglong shot. That left Annabeth with her favorite tactics: trick, talk, delay. "So..." he began, "you must be wondering what we're doing
in Tartarus. Kelly giggled. "Not really. I just want to kill you. That would have been it, but Annabeth interjected. "Too bad," she just growled, slipping out of Percy's sword's reach. "We know enough," Kelli said. "Gaia spoke." "You're headed for a big failure." Annabeth sounded so
confident that even Percy was impressed. She looked at the other empouse one by one, then pointed reproachfully at Kelli. "This one says he'll lead you to victory. She is a liar. When she was the last to the mortal world, Kelli was responsible" for keeping my friend Luke Castellano loyal to Kronos. In the end, Luke rejected him. He gave his life to
exorcise Kronos. The Titans lost because Kelli failed. Now Kelli wants to lead you to another disaster The other empousai grunted and shifted uneasily. Enough! Kelli's fingernails grew into long black claws. She looked at Annabeth as if she imagined she was being cut into little pieces. Percy was pretty sure Kelli had feelings for Luke Castellano.
Luke had such an effect on girls— even to donkey-legged vampires—and to Percy, he wasn't sure mentioning his name was such a good idea. "The girl's lying," Kelli said. "So the Titans lost. Losing weight! It was part of the plan to wake up Gaia! Now Mother Earth and her giants will destroy the mortal world and we will feast on the demigods in our
hearts!" The other vampires gritted their teeth in excitement. Percy was in the middle of a school of sharks as the water turned blood. It wasn't nearly as scary as he was preparing to attack. , but how many could he send before defeating him? It wouldn't be enough. "The demigods have united!" Annabeth exclaimed, "You better think twice before
attacking us. The Romans and Greeks will fight you together. You don't stand a chance!" Empuzaj backed away nervously and hissed, "Roma. Percy guessing they're Roma." Percy exposed his forearm and showed them the badge he'd
earned at Camp Jupiter - the SPQR badge with Neptune's trident. Mix Greek and Roman and you know what you get? You get BAM! "He shook his foot and the improvement became normal again." A brave conversation, "said
Kelly," two The crescent moon lost in Tarta's. Select the sword, Jacksons, and I'll kill her soon. Believe me, there are worst opportunities to die. "Wait!" Anabeth tried again. "Don't you see Hekat's servants?" Lippenkelly. "So? Hekata is now on our side," said Anabeth. Uji has a warehouse. Some of her children's size are my friends. If she struggles
with us, she will be angry. 14 pages of Persis wanted to hug anabeth, she was so wonderful. One. The other EMPs collapsed. "Is that true, Kelly?" Did our lover shape the world with Olympus? - "Hold the flap, silip!" - Kelly exclaimed. "God, you are annoying!" Dark ladies go out, "said Anabeth." Jumas will be better followed by Siphon. "She is
older and smarter." Yes! called the silip. "Follow me!" - Kelly struck so quickly that Persis had no chance Fortunately, she did not attack him. Kelly stood over a bunch of dust when he won. Her nails hung in the torn remains of the Srefeff dress.
Are there any other problems? - Sister Kell y. âhekate - the goddess of the fog! Your paths are mysterious. Who knows which side she really agrees with? It is also the crossbow of the intersection and hopes that we will choose it. I choose a path that brings us the semi -vascular blood! I choose Gaea! "Her friends whispered. Anabeth looked at Persian
and he saw that she wasn't enough ideas. She did what she could do. Kelly had this removed from her. Now there is nothing to fight." I have two years In the empty thing, "said Kelly." You know how to be completely angry to be a couple, Annabeth Chase? "You are slowly shaped, completely aware. Do you have the burning of months and years when
your body grows, Then they finally violate this hellish space and return to the light of the day? Everything because a girl put a knife in the back? Anabeth looked at their dark eyes. "It is interesting what will happen when the Tatars for six months be killed. IThis has never happened before. Let's find out. Persis fell with a huge bow, screaming to roll.
He cut one of the demons in two, but Kelli escaped and attacked Anabeth. The other two Empasians founded Percy. One grabbed the hand of the sword. Her friend jumped on her back. Persis tried to ignore them and sighed towards Anabeth, determined to come down, to defend him if necessary; But Anabeth did very well. She fell sideways, avoiding
Kelli's fingernails, and came in with the stone in her hand, hitting her knees on the nose. Some cried, Anabeta took the gravel and threw it into the Empuze, Meanwhile, Persis broke from side to side trying to lose the isolated hitchhike, but his nails deepened into his arms. The second attack held his hand, preventing him from using the answer. At the
edge of his eye, he saw Kelli attack, nails digging into Anabeth's palm. Anabeta screamed and fell down. Stay in his direction. The vampire on his back dug his teeth into his neck. Painful pain overtook the body. His paths were torn. Skip, he told him. You have to beat them. Then another vampire bites the sword hand and the river stumbles to the
ground. That was all. His success finally ended. Kelli looked at Anabeth, enjoying his moment of triumph. The other two empouses turned the mouths of Persian slaves ready for another taste. Then a shadow fell on Persian thought they were
hallucinating. It is impossible for a huge silver silhouette to fall from the sky and hit Kelli, rub her in the dust of the monster. But that's exactly what happened. Titan had Einstein hair ten feet tall and Einstein hair
screamed and tried to break, but the giant court was not interested. He turned to the other two empouses who were standing over the Persian. One was stupid enough to attack. She attacked tiger speed but never had any luck. A lance snapped off the end of Bob Bob. In a killing blow, it cuts through it in the dust. The last vampire tried to run away.
Bob released the broomstick like a massive boomerang (or was there such a thingHe went through the vampire and back to the Bob's hand. "Sweep! Titan smiled happy and showed the winning dance. "Sweep, sweep! Perry couldn't talk. He couldn't believe something was really good. Annabet looked just as shocked. "H like...?" stamped.
"Perry called me!" The janitor said fun. "Yes, he did. Annabeth crawled a little further. His hands were bleeding heavily." He called you? He is waiting. You bobs? Bob? The guardy frowned when Annabet jerked when he kneels next to her." That's fine, "Perry said, still suppressing the pain." He is nice. He remembered the first
time he met Bob. The titanium cured the ugly injury of Perry's shoulder simply by touching. The jamitor, of course, touched Annabeta on the forearm, and she immediately fixed. Bob laughed, then jumped until Percy and cured their neck and arms. Titanium hands were surprisingly warm and gentle. "Everything is going better! Bob and his special
He grabbed Perry's hand and lifted her to his feet." It's surprising, "Perry said." But how are you ... "Oh, it's time to talk later." Bob's expression was serious. "We have to get there before they find you." They came. Yes, indeed. - They? Annabeth asked. Perry looked around the horizon. He did not see that no monsters were approaching, nothing but a
gray desert. "Yes," Bob agreed. "But Bob knows the way." Come on, friends! We will have fun! Frank wakes up like a python that was confused from animal before. He was quite convinced that he did not fall asleep like a snake. He usually slept like
a dog. It wasThat he did much better at night when he collapsed in the form of a bulldog on his bunk. For some reason his nightmares did not bother him so much. The constant shouting in my head almost disappeared. He had no idea why the python would be mesh, but it explained his dream slowly to swallow a cow. The jaw still hurt. He laid down
and went to human form. His separated headache immediately returned with the voices. Fight with the would soundtrack of battle sounds, assault rifles
and roaring jet engines as a subwoofer behind Frank's eyes. He was sitting on the bench of the defendants and filming his pain. Like every morning, he took a deep breath and stared at the lamp on his table, a tiny flame that burned on day and night, heated by magic olive oil from the reservoir. Fire is the greatest fear. He was afraid to keep an open
fire in his room, but it also helped him concentrate. The noise in his head disappeared in the background and allowed him to think. He improved, but was almost worthless for several days. As soon as the fighting for the camp on Jupiter broke out, two war voices began to scream continuously. Since then, Frank has stumbled and barely could work. He
acted like a fool and was sure his friends thought he had lost his husband. He couldn't tell them what was going on. There was nothing to do and Frank was quite sure that they had no problem with their godparents screaming in their ears. Only Frank's happiness, but he had to put it together. His friends needed him especially now, away with
Annabeth. Annabeth treated him friendly. Although he was so distracted that he acted like a fool, Annabeth was patient and helpful. While Ares shouted that Athens children could not be known and that Mars was determined to kill all the rivers, Annabeth respected Frank. Now that they were without them, Frank was the best of the group after the
military strategist. You will need it on the upcoming journey. He stood up and dressed. Fortunately, he managed to buy new clothes for Xie a few days ago and change Leov to open picture. (Long history.) He pulled out fabrics from Levi and the Army, then reached for his favorite sweater before he remembered that he didn't need him. The weather
was too hot. More importantly, he no longer needed a pocket to protect magic wood that controlled his life. Hazel believed more than he did. The awareness that she protects his great weakness made him feel better as if he
fastened the seat belt before haunting at high speed. He softened the bow and shuddered on his shoulder. They immediately turned into a regular backpack. Franek loved it. He never knows the power of the camouflage with which Leo came to him. Lion! Mars was raging. He must die! Stew him! Ares was crying. It suffocates everything! What are we
talking about? They both started screaming again, because of the sound of a bomb exploding in the Frank's skull. He resisted the war with the Jupiter camp, burning ballistics on the forum. Of course he was obsessed; But Mars always demanded revenge. Leo
hindered the constant teasing Frank, and Ares demanded revenge from Frank for every insult. Frank kept his votes on a distance, but it wasn't easy. On the way through the Atlantic Leo said something that Frank was still on his mind. When they found out that Gaja, the evil goddess of the Earth, set the award for her head, Leo wanted to know how
much. I understand that I will not be as expensive as Jason or Percy said, but am I worth these two or three francs? near the house. At Argo II, Frank certainly felt the least valuable LVP player. Of course, he could change into animals. So what? His greatest claims to their utility turned into a weasel, which escaped from the underground workshop,
and even it was Leo's idea. Frank was best known for his fiasted gigantic zander in Atlanta, and yesterday he turned into a gorilla at its expense. But it was only a matter of time. Kill him! Torture it! So kill him! TwoIt seemed that the god
of the war hollows and beat Frank's head and uses his cavities as a gaming carpet. Blood! Pistols! Rome! War! Calm down, ordered Frank. Surprisingly, the voices obeyed. Well, thought Frank. Surprisingly, the voices obeyed. Well, thought Frank. Surprisingly, the voices obeyed. Well as a gaming carpet. Blood! Pistols! Rome! War! Calm down, ordered Frank. Surprisingly, the voices obeyed. Well as a gaming carpet. Blood! Pistols! Rome! War! Calm down, ordered Frank. Surprisingly, the voices obeyed. Well as a gaming carpet. Blood! Pistols! Rome! War! Calm down, ordered Frank. Surprisingly, the voices obeyed. Well as a gaming carpet. Blood! Pistols! Rome! War! Calm down, ordered Frank. Surprisingly, the voices obeyed. Well as a gaming carpet. Blood! Pistols! Rome! War! Calm down, ordered Frank. Surprisingly, the voices obeyed. Well as a gaming carpet. Blood! Pistols! Rome! War! Calm down, ordered Frank. Surprisingly, the voices obeyed. Well as a gaming carpet. Blood! Pistols! Rome! War! Calm down, ordered Frank. Surprisingly as a gaming carpet. Blood! Pistols! Rome! War! Calm down, ordered Frank. Surprisingly as a gaming carpet. Blood! Pistols! Rome! War! Calm down, ordered Frank. Surprisingly as a gaming carpet. Blood! Pistols! Pis
Hazel. Argo II was anchored in a animated berth. On the one hand, the canal was about half a kilometer. On the other hand, there is the city of Venice - roofs with red bags, metallic church domes, towers with towers and dried buildings in the sun in all the hearts of the Valentine's Day In color - red, white, ocher, pink and orange. There were statues
of lions everywhere - on pedestals above the door, on the portals of the largest buildings. There was so much that Frank decided that the lion should be a mascot in the city. Where the streets were full of tourists who shopping
with a kioscope with T -shirts, crowded with stores and slept through hectares of exterior cafes, like sea lions. Frank thought Rome was full tourists. This place was crazy. However, Hazel and his other friends did not pay attention to it. They gathered at the barriers of the painting to look at a dozen strange hairy monsters that have been pushed. Each
monster was like a large cow, with a curved back like a broken horse, a gray hair failure, lean legs and black nails. The creature's head seemed too heavy in the neck. Their long snouts, like Anin, were subordinate to the ground. Their invaded gray manes completely covered their eyes. Frank looked at one of the creature's rushing after the walk, sniff
and lick the sidewalk with his long tongue. Tourists were divorced around him. Some have even caressed him. Frank wondered how mortals could be so calm. Then the appearance of the monster flashed. For a while, he turned into an old fat. Jason moans. "Mortals believe that they are stray dogs." "Or wandering pets," said Piper. Dad made a film in
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Venice. I remember telling myself that there were dogs everywhere. Venetians love dogs. "Frank frowned. He has always forgotten that Piper's father is Tristan Mclain, the movie star A. There are many. For a kid raised in Hollywood, she seemed pretty down to earth. That suited Frank. The last thing they needed on this search was for the paparazzi to
snap photos of Frank's epic failures. "But what is it?" he asked, repeating Hazel's question. "They look like . . . hungry, unkempt cows with shepherd hair." He waited for someone to enlighten him. No one volunteered any information. "Maybe they're harmless," Leo suggested. "They ignore mortals. - Harmless! laughs Gleason Hedge. The satire
featured the usual gym shorts, a gym shirt, and a coach's whistle. His expression was rougher than ever, but his hair was still sporting a pink scrunchie from Bologna. Frank was afraid to tell her about it. "Valdez, how many harmless monsters have we encountered?" We should just send in the ballistae and see what happens! "Uh,
no," Leo said. This time Frank Leo agreed. There were too many monsters. It would be impossible to attack any of them without causing collateral damage to the crowds of tourists. Also, if these creatures were freaking out... "We'll have to go through them and hope they're peaceful," said Frank, who already hated the idea. "It's the
only way to find the owner of this book." Leo pulled a leather-bound manual from under his arm. On the envelope he stuck a sticker with the address given to him by the dwarves of Bologna. "La Casa Nera," he read. — Frezzeria Street. "The Black House", translates Nico di Angelo. "Calle Frezzeria is a street." Frank tried not to flinch when he realized
Nico was standing on his shoulder. The guy was so calm and thoughtful that he seemed to dematerialize when he wasn't speaking. Hazel may have been the one who rose from the dead, but Niko looked more like a ghost. - Do you speak Italian? asked Frank. Niko gave him a warning look, something like, "Look at the questions." He spoke calmly,
though. "Frank is right. We need to find this address. The only way to do that is to walk around town. Venice is a maze of clear summer skies. They had survived several thunderstorms the night before. Frank thought they were over, but now he wasn't sure. The air was thick and warm, like steam from a sauna. Jason frowned at the horizon. "Maybe later they had survived several thunderstorms the night before. Frank thought they were over, but now he wasn't sure."
should stay on board. There were many vents in last night's storm. If they decide to attackHe didn't have to end again. Everyone had experience with angry wind speakers. Jason was only lucky to fight them. The coach Hedge gripped. Well, too. If the fine cakes walk around Venice without condemning these hairy animals on their heads, forget about
it. I don't like boring expeditions. That's good, coach. Leo smiled. We still have to fix the foundation. Frank didn't like the shine in the lion's eye. Since Leo discovered Archimed's sphere, he has tried many new settings. Well, Piper moved his feet. Anyone who goes
must treat animals decent. I admit I am not good for cows. Frank realized that this comment was the story, but he decided not to ask. I will go, he said. He wasn't sure why he had voluntarily applied, perhaps because he wanted to be useful for change. Or maybe he didn't want anyone to overtake him. Animals? Frank can turn into animals! Send him!
Leo patted him on his shoulder and handed him a book tied in his skin. âzasné. If you miss the hardware store, could you get me four by four and gallons of resin? Leo, Hazel, this is not shopping, I go with Frank, suggested Niko. Frank's eye began to twitch. The voices of the gods of war rose in his head: Kill him! Noble bastard! No! I love charming
dirt! - Do you have a good relationship with animals? he asked. Niko smiled sadly. In fact, most animals hate me. They can taste death. But there is something in this city. His expression grumbled. â a lot of death. Restless spirits. When I leave, I can keep them. Also, as you could notice, I speak Italian. Leo scratched his head. A lot of death, right?
Personally, I try to avoid frequent deaths, but you have fun! Frank did not know what scared him more: the chundela cow monsters, hordes of restless spirits, or go somewhere alone with Nico di Angelo. I'll go too. Hazel ran his hand after Frank. "Three is the best number for the dedication Quest, right?" Frank tried not to look too relaxed. He didn't
want to offend Nika. But he looked at Hazel and told her in his eyes, thank you. Niko looked at the channels wonder which new and interesting forms of evil spirits could lurk there. So very good. We find the owner of this book. Frank could like Venice if the summer and tourist season did not exist and unless the city was exceeded by large
hairy creatures. The sidewalks were too narrow between the old lines of houses and channels than the crowds could start and stop photographing. The monsters worsened everything. They mixed with their heads running, collapsed with mortals and sniffed on the sidewalks. He seemed to have found something he liked on the edge of the channel. He
gave and licked on the gap between the stones until a greenish root chose. They are herbivores, Frank said. These are good news. Hazel let her hand slip into his hand, crowd and warmth and madmen didner did not have a so happy that he held his hand, crowd and warmth and madmen did not have a so happy that he held his hand, crowd and warmth and madmen did not have a so happy that he held his hand, crowd and warmth and madmen did not have a so happy that he held his hand, crowd and warmth and madmen did not have a so happy that he held his hand, crowd and warmth and madmen did not have a so happy that he held his hand, crowd and warmth and madmen did not have a so happy that he held his hand, crowd and warmth and madmen did not have a so happy that he held his hand, crowd and warmth and madmen did not have a so happy that he held his hand, crowd and warmth and madmen did not have a so happy that he held his hand, crowd and warmth and madmen did not have a so happy that he held his hand, crowd and warmth and madmen did not have a so happy that he held his hand, crowd and warmth and madmen did not have a so happy that he held his hand, crowd and warmth and madmen did not have a so happy that he held his hand.
not seem so bad." He felt needed. Not that Hazel needs his protection. Anyone who saw Arion attacked an arion with a dropped sword, knew he could take care of himself. But Frank would like to turn into a rhinoceros and push them down the
channel. Could he make rhinos? Frank had never tried it before. Nico stopped. there are was extremely abandoned, as if mortals felt it wasn't certain. In the middle of the paving pavement courtyard, a dozen shaped cow
creatures were treated on the moss base of the old stone fountain. "Many cows in one place," Frank said. Yes, but look, Nico said. Around this sheet. Nico's eyes had to be better than her. Frank moved his face. At the end of the square, a stone arch led the lions into a narrow alley. Just behind the arch, one of the city houses was painted with a black
the only black building that Frank had seen in Venice. "La Casa Nera, he suspected. Hadvels reached around his fingers. I don't like this place. It was. "Frank wasn't sure what he meant." He was still sweating like a fool. But Nico nodded. Studied the windows of the city, most of which were With wooden lids. You are right, hazel. This neighborhood is
full of lemurs. Lemurai? "I think you don't mean fluffy little people from Madagascar?" Said angry ghosts, Nico said. "Lemurs returns to Roman times. He hangs in many Italian cities, but I never felt so much in one place. My mom told me - he was hesitant. "She told me stories about the spirit of Venice. He caught a hazelnut brown eye. Come on, it
seemed like he said. Nico has to practice talking to people. The noise of attacks and atomic bombs is increasingly louder in the head of Frank. Mars and Ares tried to play with each other with Dixie and the national anthem of the Republic. Frank did everything possible to delay. "Nico, your mother was Italian?" He suspected. "Was she from Venice?"
Nico reluctantly nodded. In the 1960s, she met Hades. As World War II approached, she fled to the United States with her sister and I. I mean Bianca, my other sister. I can no longer remember Italy, but I can still speak language. Frank tried to find the answer. It seemed nice to be nice. He hung not only with one, but with two semi -downs, which
were pulled out of time. Both were technically about seventy years older than him. "said Frank," said Frank," said Frank, I think we will do everything we like. Hazel has confirmed his hand. Nico stared at pebbles. "Yes, he said hotly. "I think we will do everything we like. Hazel has confirmed his hand. Nico stared at pebbles."
love for someone except a potential hazel. But Frank decided he decided to dare so far. So Lemure 'oh spo swallowed up. "How will we avoid you? Hazel Hazel cleaned her lips. Let's go. The seven big gray beast turned around. A glowing green eye under his mane and a wave of nausea washed over him instantly, the way he felt when he ate too much
cheese or ice cream. The creatures emitted deep, pulsating noises from their throats like angry mists. "Nice cows," Frank murmured. He sat between his friends and the monsters. Guys, I think we should get out of here. I'm such a fool, Hazel whispered. Sorry. It's not your fault," Nice said. Look at your feet. Frank looked down and sighed. Under her
boots, plant stones pushed plant threads out of the crevices. Nico stepped back. The roots were moving tokened, giving off steaming green fumes that smelled of boiled cabbage. "Those roots seem to like demigods," Frank pointed out. Hazel's hands went to the sword pistol. And cow creatures like roots.
The whole herd looked their way now, growling at the mists and stamping their hooves. Frank understood animal behavior well enough to understand: they like our food. This makes you enemies. Frank tried to think. Too many monsters, something in her eyes, hidden under her shaggy mane, was sick from one look. He had a bad feeling that M. If he
made direct eye contact, it would be much worse than nausea. "Don't look them in the eye," Frank warned. I will distract them. You two back to that black house. The creatures tensed, ready to be grabbed. "Never," said Frank. Escape! As it turned out, Frank could not turn into a rhino and wasted precious time. Nico and Hazel ran down a side street
Frank stood in front of the monsters, hoping to get their attention. He screamed, imagining himself as a scary rhino, but Ares and Mars screaming in his head couldn't concentrate. He was just plain old Frank. Two cow monsters emerged from the herd to chase Nico and Hazel. "No!" Frank shouted after them. Me! I'm a rhino! The rest of the pack
surrounded Frank. They grunted as emerald gas flowed from their nostrils. Frank stepped back to avoid things, but the stench almost knocked him out. Okay, so no rhinos. Something else Frank knew he was seconds ahead of the monsters or poisoned him, but he couldn't think. He couldn't help himselfPhoto of each animal long enough to change the
shape. Then he looked at one of the balconies of the tenement house and saw stone sculptures, the symbol of Venice. The next moment Frank turned into an adult lion. He exclaimed the challenge, then jumped out of the herd of monsters and landed on an old stone well eight meters away. The monsters growled in response. Three of them jumped at
the same time, but Frank was ready. His lion reflexes was designed for speed in combat. He cut his claws with the first two monsters, then sank the fangs in the throat of the time. He growled at the monsters and
went back. They surpassed him numerically, yes. But Frank was a first -class predator. Stad monsters knew this. You also saw how he sent three of his friends to Tartar. He used it and jumped to the well, still exposing his fangs. The herd withdrew. If only he could maneuver around her, and then turn around and run after his friends ... He did
everything well until he took his first step back to the bow. One of the cows, the bravest or stupidest, considered it a sign of weakness. He chased and shot Frank in the face with green gas. He turned the monster into gunpowder, but the injuries have already been caused. He forced himself not to breathe. He felt, however, that the fur on his mouth
was burning. His eyes were burning. He staggered back, half -blind and stunned, vaguely aware that Niko calls him by name. - Frank! Honest! He tried to concentrate. He returned to human form, vomited and stunned, vaguely aware that Niko calls him by name. - Frank! Honest! He tried to concentrate. He returned to human form, vomited and stunned, vaguely aware that Niko calls him by name. - Frank! Honest! He tried to concentrate. He returned to human form, vomited and stunned, vaguely aware that Niko calls him by name. - Frank! Honest! He tried to concentrate. He returned to human form, vomited and stunned, vaguely aware that Niko calls him by name. - Frank! Honest! He tried to concentrate. He returned to human form, vomited and stunned has been supported by the stage of the human form.
suspiciously, probably wondering if Frank has any aces up his sleeve. He looked back. Under the stone arch, Nico Di Angelo held his black styling iron sword and nodded to Frank to hurry up. Two dark puddles appeared on the sidewalk at the foot of Niko, undoubtedly the remains of cow monsters they hunted. And Hazel ... she leaned against the wall
behind her brother. She didn't move. Frank ran towards them, forgetting about the herd of monsters. He ran next to Nico and grabbed Hazel by the shoulders. Her head fell on her chest. "They shot her in the face with green gas," Niko said miserably. - I ... I wasn't fast enough. HonestTell me if she breathes. Anger and despair fought in him. He was
always afraid of Nico. Now he wanted to throw his son Hades into the next channel. Maybe it wasn't fair, but Frank didn't care. The gods of the war did not scream in his head either. We have to bring them back to the ship, said Frank. A herd of cow monsters was carefully located directly in front of the archway. She screamed her crushed shouts
Other monsters answered from the surrounding streets. The reinforcements were soon surrounded by demigods. "We will never do that on foot," said Nico. Frank, turn into a huge eagle. Do not worry about me. Bring him back to Argo II! With a burning face and screeching voices in his head, Frank was not sure whether he could turn; But he was
about to try a voice behind them; your friends can't help you. You don't know how to heal. Frank during friendly smile, although Frank doubted that he was friendly. He was probably not even a person. At the moment Frank didn't care. "Can you
heal him?" - He asked. Of course, the man said. But you should better hurry. I think you have pissed off every CatoBlp in Venice. They hardly came in. As soon as her master dropped the bar, the cow monsters ran through and slam against the door, which led to the fishing. Oh, they don't come in, the man promised in the jeans. Now you are sure!
Hasel dies! Her owner frowned as if he didn't appreciate Frank what ruined his good mood. Yes, Prank wore Hazel when they continued to follow the man into the building. Nico offered his help, but Frank wore Hazel when they continued to follow the man into the building. Nico offered his help, but Frank wore Hazel when they continued to follow the man into the building. Nico offered his help, but Frank wore Hazel when they continued to follow the man into the building. Nico offered his help, but Frank wore Hazel when they continued to follow the man into the building.
at least he knew that she was alive; But her skin was cold. Were your lips greenish or was it just a blurry vision of Frank? His eyes were still burned by the monster's breath. His lungs felt like he was inhaling a burning cabbage. He didn't know why the gas influenced him less than Hazel. Maybe she got more of it in her lungs. He would give
everything to change space if it meant saving it. The voices of Mars and Ares screamed in his head and urged him to kill him, Nico and the man in the jeans and every other he could find, but Frank did itThe house in the hall was a kind of greenhouse. The walls were lined with plant pallets after daily bulbs. The air smelled of a solution of fertilizers
Maybe Venetians inside the garden because they had water, not around them? Frank wasn't sure, but he didn't spend much time in charge. The rear room looked at the left wall and their screen fighters were fighters on the plowers and tractors. There was
one bed, an unpleasant table and an open wardrobe filled with other denim and lots of agricultural equipment such as forks and rakes. The rear wall was a huge garage door. In addition, there was a red wheelchair with an open trolley and one axis, as well as the wheelchairs that Frank went to Jupiter's camp. Huge feathered wings appeared on the
side of the driver's box. The python python, wrapped on the left edge of the wheel, whistled loudly. Frank didn't know that Pythons could snore. He hoped he didn't do it in the form of Python last night. "Sit here for your friend," said a man dressed in denim. Frank gently laid Heizel on the bed. He removed her sword and tried to pay comfortably for
her, but was light as a bird. Her skin certainly had a greenish shade. Were things the cows? They did with them and did, their owner said. Unita: Catobleps. In English it means down. It is called because - page 17 - always look down. Niko hit his forehead. A Rotary. I remember how I read about them. Frank looked at him. Remember how Nico hangs
as low as Catobleps. When I was younger. Mitomagnic. Catobleps was one of the maps maps. Frank blinked his eyes. I play Mythmagic. I've never seen this card. The development package was "Africanus Extreme". "You've already finished, oh, fun, as they say?" "Right, I'm sorry," Nico murmured. In any case, Catobleps was one of the maps maps. Frank blinked his eyes. I play Mythmagic. I've never seen this card. The development package was "Africanus Extreme". "You've already finished, oh, fun, as they say?" "Right, I'm sorry," Nico murmured. In any case, Catobleps was one of the maps maps. Frank blinked his eyes. I play Mythmagic. I've never seen this card. The development package was "Africanus Extreme".
a poisonous look. I thought they only live in Africa. »The man shrugged with denim shoulders. This is the country of their family. They were randomly brought to Venice hundreds ago. Did you hear about the Holy Sign? Frank wanted to scream from frustration. Did not see how things happened But if their owner could get Heisel back, Frank decided it
might not be better to be angry with him. - Saints? They are not part of Greek mythology. The man in the jeans smiled. - No, but St. Mark is the patron saint of this city. He died in Egypt, oh, long ago. When the Venetians decided to steal
St. Tag and take them to your big church in San Marco. They smuggle his body into a barrel of pickled pork parts. "It's ... disgusting," Frank said. "Yes," he agreed with a smile. -Fact is that you can't do something like that and have no consequences. The Venetians accidentally took something else from Egypt-Cathoblepones. They came here on this
ship and since then they have been breeding like rats. They love the magical poisonous roots that grow here - swamp, fertile plants that crawl out of canals. This makes their breath poisonous! Normally, monsters ignore mortals, but demigods... especially demigods who stand in their way... "I see," Frank said. - Can you cure her? The man shrugged.
Maybe it is. - Maybe? - Frank had to use all his will not to condemn the boy. Put Hazel's hand in for him to breathe. He couldn't feel her breathing. "Nico, please tell me he's going to go into DeS Trance like you're in a bronze vessel," Nico smiled. "I don't know if Hazel can do it." Formally, her father is Pluto, not Hades, so ... - Hades! - screamed their
master. He pulled away and gave Nico a disgusted look. "That's what I feel." Children of the Underworld? If I knew, I would never let you go! Frank Rose. - Heisel is a good person. You promised to help her! "I didn't like it," Niko waited with his sword. "He is my sister," he whispered. "I don't know who you are, but if you can cure this, you have to do
it or help me with River Styx..." - Oh, blah, blah! The man waved his hand. Suddenly, as Nico Dee Angelo stood, a plant appeared in a pot about five feet tall, with drooping green leaves, bundles of silk, and half a dozen ripe yellow ears. "Here," whispered the man, threateningly pointing his finger at the corn. - Echo's children cannot control me! You
should talk less and listen more. Now you at least have your ears. Frank hit the bed. "What did you do ... why?"raised eyebrow. Frank made a beeping sound that wasn't very brave. He was so focused on Hazel that he forgot Leo told them about the man they were looking for. "You are God," he remembered. "Triptol. The man bowed." My friends call
me trip so don't call me that. And if you're another child of Aida, "Mars!" Frank said quickly. "Baby Mars!" Tripolmus sobbed. "Either well.".. not much better. But maybe you deserve to be someone better than a corn plant. Sorghum? Sorghum? Sorghum? Sorghum? Sorghum? Sorghum? I'm plant. Sorghum? Sor
into his backpack very slowly and pulled out a leather-bound book. "Do you own it?" "My Almanac!" Tripolmus smiled and grabbed the book. He spilled the pages and started jumping on the table. "Oh, that's amazing! Where did you find that 'Uh, Bologna'. There were these gnomes ... Frank remembered that he shouldn't mention gnomes ... terrible
monsters. We risked our lives, but we knew that you is important. So you can't, you know, you know, turn Nico back to normal and cure Hazel?" "Huh? Tripa broke out of the book. He read the lines with glee, something something something something and cure Hazel?" "Huh? Tripa broke out of the book. He read the lines with glee, something something
"Oh, cure them? Tripolmus smirked disapprovingly. "Of course, I am grateful for the book. I can certainly fire you, son of Mars. But I have a lingering problem with help. In the end, I owe my divine powers to Demeter! Frank strained his brain, but it was difficult because of the voices screaming in his head and the dizziness from the Catolpe poison.
"Uh, Demeter," he said, "goddess of plants. She ... she didn't like Aida because ... suddenly he remembered the old story he heard in Jupiter's camp. "Her daughter Proserpin." "Persephone," the journey corrected. - I prefer the Greek, if you don't mind, "Kill him!" Mars yelled. I love this guy!" Ares yelled back. Kill him though! Frank decided not to be
offended. He didn't want to be turned into a sorghum plant. "Okay. Hades kidnapped Persephone was your girlfriend?" The journey grew "Then I was only a mortal prince. Persephone was your girlfriend?" The journey grew "Then I was only a mortal prince. Persephone would not have noticed me. But when his mother, Demeter, went to find her, traveling all overCan help him. Hekate
illuminated her way at night with torches. And I ... Well, when Demeter came to my part of Greece, I gave him a place to live. I comforted it, nourished and offered my help. I did not know that she was a goddess at the time, but my good deed borne fruit. La DEMETER later rewarded me, making me a god of agriculture! "Wow," said Franck.
"Agriculture. Congratulations. - I know! Fairly cool, right? In any case, Demeter never gets along with Hades. So you know, of course, I should be on the side of my boss. The children of Hades - Forget That! Indeed! not of them is one of them that this Scythe king named Lincos? When I tried to teach his compatriots how to cultivate the earth
he killed my good Python! "Your ... the good python?" Trip approached his winged chariot and jumped to him. He started to applaud. The spotted python on the left wheel remained in its place, so that it pulled on Tourpol Hold around, around, around its axis as a spring. The tank left with a roar, but the right Wheel remained in its place, so that it pulled on Tourpol Hold around, around, around its axis as a spring. The tank left with a roar, but the right Wheel remained in its place, so that it pulled on Tourpol Hold around, around, around its axis as a spring.
the tank hit its wings and jumped from top to bottom An unwanted carousel. "See?" He said, turning away. "It's not good! Since I lost my good python, I have to take advantage of online lessons. Spinning. Python stopped and snoring again. The trip ran into the
computer queue. He hit the keyboard and the screens they woke up, displaying a website in Bourgogne gold with a photo of a happy farmer in a John Deere manufacturer and hat, standing with a Scythe bronze on the field of wheat . "University of agriculture y tripptolus!" He announced with pride. "In just six weeks, you can get a baccalaureate title
in an exciting and exciting and exciting career of the future - agriculture!" Frank felt a drop of sweat flowing on his cheek. He didn't care - we brought you almanacs. And my friends are very good. They are not like the other children of Hades you have met. So if there is a means ... - Oh! Trip broke his fingers. "I see where you're going!" Eee ... do you understand?
"Completely right! IfStart up your girlfriend Hazel and bring in another one, Nicholas... "Nico." "You will stay with me in exchange and start in farming!" Child in March as a student? Perfect! What kind of representative are you? We can turn swords into plow socks and have some fun! "Actually..." Frank desperately tried the plan. Ares and Mars were
screaming in their heads, swords! Weapon! Massive canisters! or other commercial culture. If this was the only way to save Hazel, then of course he could accept travel requests and become a farmer. But that couldn't be the only way to save Hazel, then of course he could accept travel requests and become a farmer. But that couldn't be the only way.
cultural turnips. Frank's eyes wandered in the direction of the broken car. "I have the best offer," he said. "I can fix it." The ride's smile faded. Repair... my tank? "What did he think? It wasn't Leo. He couldn't fix the magic
tank! But something told him This was his only chance. This car was the only thing he could really want. "I find a way to fix the tank," he said. When he. Look, you're getting paid for Nico and Hazel. Let's go in peace. And... and give us all the help you can to defeat Gaius' power. Triptolem laughed. - What makes you think that I can help you? - told us
what Hekat said. "She sent us here." She... decided that Hazel was one of her favorites. The color dissipated down the road down the road. "Hecate were friends from Demeter, that might convince the trip to help him. "The goddess led us to your almanac in
Bologna," Frank said, "She wanted us to return it to you because... well, she must have known that you had the knowledge to help us cross Hades' house in Epirus." Ride nodded slowly. Yes indeed. I understand "I know why Hekat sent you to me. Very well, son of Mars. Go find a way to fix my tank. If you succeed, I'll do whatever you ask. Otherwise..."
I know, Frank growled. "My friends are dying. "Yes," Trip said happily. "You will doSorga patch! Frank came across a black house. Behind him the door closed, and he collided with a wall covered with a defect. Fortunately, Catoblepi was cleaned or could just sit down and let them trip. He did not deserve anything better. He left Heizel inside, dead
and without defense, for the mercy of a crazy farmer. Kill farmers! Ares screams in his head. Return to the Legion and fight the Greeks! Mars said. What are we doing here? Killing farmers! Ares exclaimed. Frank shouted loudly. AB! Ars has passed several old women with shopping bags. They looked strange to Frank, murmured something in Italian
and continued. Frank looked at the sword of the cavalry of Hizela, who was lying at his feet at his backpack. He could go back to Argo II and take Leo. Maybe Leo could organize transport was not thoroughly broken. There were
no mechanical problems. The snake was missing. Frank could turn into Python. When he woke up this morning as a gigantic snake, maybe it was a sign of the gods. He did not want to spend the rest of his life, changing the peasant's corner, but if it meant lezing rescue, no. There must be another way. Snakes, Frank thought. Mars. Is his father's
relationship with a snake? The holy animal of Mars was a boar, not a snake. However, Frank was convinced that he had heard something. He came up with only one person to ask. He reluctantly opened the idea of God's voices, I need a snake, told them. How? Ha, cha! Ares screams. Yes, snake! Like this shameless cow, Mars said. We punished him
death of a dragon, Ares turned cadmium into a snake. "So you can turn your enemies into snakes," said Frank. Atai, what I need. I have to evaluate him again to a snake. "So you think I would do it for you? - Ramen Ares. You haven't proved your value! Only the biggest hero can askBlessings, said Mars. Heroes like
Romulus! Too Roman! Ares shouted. Diomedes! Never! cried Mars. He succumbed to Heracles! Horatius, designed by Ares. close March. Frank felt the involuntary approval. "Horarius," Frank said. well. If need be, I can prove I'm as good as Horatius. Uh... what did he do? He saw a lone warrior standing on a stone bridge, face to face with the entire
army gathered across the Tiber. Frank remembered the legend. Horatius, the Roman general, repelled the attacking horde and sacrificed himself on the bridge to prevent the barbarians from crossing the Tiber. By giving his comrades time to complete the defense, he saved the Republic. Venice is flooded, says Mars, like Rome. Clean! Destroy them
all! Ares said. Put them in the sword! Frank pushed the voices to the back of his mind. He looked at his hands and wondered that they weren't shaking. For the first time in days, his thoughts were clear. He knew exactly what he had to try. Hazelin's life depended on him.
               estones, uncovering a large tangle of sharp roots. The tendrils grew and released their stinking green fumes as they crawled with Frank's feet. In the distance, the air filled with the moan of Cathobleps. Others joined from all sides. Frank wasn't sure how the monsters knew they were gathering their favorite food - maybe they just had an
excellent sense of smell. Now he had to go fast. He cut the long bunch of vine and caught it with one of his belt ties, trying to ignore the burning and itching in his hands. Soon he had a stinky, shiny lasso of poisonous weeds. Hooray. The first Kathoblpones clung together and shouted in anger. Green eyes shone under his mane. Their long snouts blewning and itching in his hands.
flock was almost there. More were reloaded in the yard in the opposite direction. Frank turned into a lion. It roared and leapt towards the prow, right over the head of the second pack. The two catoblepons struck each other, but recovered quickly and ran after him. Frank wasn't sure if the roots still smelled when she changed shape. Usually his
clothes and wealth melted away in the form of his pet, but apparently he always smelled of a delicious dinner full of poison. Every time he scrolled through the chat, he screamed resentment and joined Kill Frank! Parade. He turned onto a larger street and shoved the tourists through the crowd. What did mortals see, he couldn't even imagine a cat
found an empty seat in the crowd and turned to the man. He never got the spathos of Hasel he was delighted with the extra achievement. He disarmed the golden knife, destroying the first cat and allowing the others to gather before him. He
tried to avoid their eyes, but he could feel their burning eyes on him. He realized that if all those monsters were to die instantly, their combination of poisonous clouds would be enough to dissolve him into dust. The monsters overflowed and crashed into each other. Frank exclaimed: do you want my poisonous roots? Come and get them! He turned
When he reached the nearest gondola dock, Frank turned back to the manHe killed several other catoblons for being angry and exhausted. So it went. After a moment, Frank went numb. He has attracted more monsters, scattered more crowds of tourists, and has now directed his great catoblon disciples through the winding streets of the old city
Whenever he needed to get away quickly, he plunged into the channel like a dolphin or turned into an eagle and took off overhead, but never went very far ahead of his pursuers. Whenever he felt the monsters might get lost, he stopped on the roof and drew his bow, clearing a few katobbon in the center of the herd. He swayed a lasso of toxic vines
He spotted a few bridges, but they didn't look good. One was increased and completely covered; In no way did he make the monsters go through it. The other was too crowded with tourists. Even if the monsters were unaware of mortals, this noxious gas could not be good to breathe. The larger the monster herd, the more mortals it spreads,
overthrows or dept. Finally, Frank saw something that would work. Opposite to the right, in front of a large square, a wooden bridge was covered by one of the widest canals. The bridge itself was an arch, but made of wood, like old-fashioned American slides, about fifty meters long. From above, in eagle form, Frank couldn't see any monsters on the
other side. All of Venice's catobrapes seemed to have joined the pack and pushed the streets after him as the tourists screamed and dispersed, perhaps thinking they had taken themselves in the middle a stone and turned to human form. He ran in the middle a stone and turned to human form. He ran in the middle a stone and turned to human form.
of the bridge of natural suffocation and threw the toxic roots of the bait behind him. When the front herd of Cathobbleps reached the base of the bridge, Frank drew a Hazel Golden Scat. let's go! He realized he wasn't just yelling at the monsters. It attracted weeks of fear, rage
and resentment. The voices of the march and Ares screamedMonsters attacked. Frank's eyes have changed red. Later he did not carefully remember the details. He crossed the monsters until they were in the ankle yellow dust. Whenever he was shocked and the gas clouds began to choke, he changed his shape - he became an elephant, a dragon, a
lion - and each transformation seemed to purify his lungs, giving him a new thrust. His shaping became so variable that he could start attacking with a sword in human form and looked straight against the franc with poisonous eyes
He had to die. He needed to be a springboard. But in one way or another he stayed on his feet, intact and caused a hurricane of violence. It did not bring him joy, but he did not hesitate. He stabbed the monster and cut his head against each other. He turned into a dragon and bites the Katleps in two parts, then turned into an elephant and trima three
at a time. His eyes were still colorful in red and realized that his eyes were not playing it. He actually shone - surrounded by pink aura. He did not understand why, but he fought until one monster was left. Frank stood in front of him with the sword withdrew. He was a breath, sweated and covered with terrible dust, but nothing happened to him.
Catoblets will. It was not the smartest monster. Despite the fact that hundreds of his brothers have just died, he did not resign. - March! Called Frank. "I have proven myself. Now I need a snake! Frank doubted whether someone was screaming these words. It was a slightly strange request. He did not receive an answer from the sky. For the first time
the voices in the head are turned off. Katplep has lost patience. He fell opposite Frank and did not leave him a choice. He cut. As soon as his blade hit the monster, the Katumba disappeared into the lightning of red blood light. When Frank found his eyesight, the spotted Burma python rolled at his feet. "A good job," a well -known voice said. His father
Mars stood a few meters away, dressed in a red beret and olive -uniform with special Italian power markings with an outdated attack rifle over the shoulder. Her face was solid and angular and her eyes were covered with dark glasses. "Father," said Frank. He couldn't believe what he had just done. The terror began to catch him. He felt likeBut he
didn't think it was a good idea against Mars. "It's natural to feel fear." The voice of the god of war was surprisingly warm and full of pride. "All great warriors are afraid. There are only fools and illusions. But you faced your fear, my son. You did what you had to, like Horace. It was your bridge and you defended it. "I" Frank did not know what to say. "I
just needed a snake." A small smile appeared on Mars's lips. Yes. And now you have one. Your courage united my forms, Greek and Roman, even for a moment. Go to save your friends. But listen to me, Franek. Your biggest attempt will only come. When you face Gaia's armies in Epir, your command - suddenly God takes control. His character
flickered. His workpiece turned into a toga, then into a motorcycle jacket and jeans. His rifle turned into a sword, and then into a motorcycle jacket and jeans. His rifle turned into a sword, and then into a motorcycle jacket and jeans. His rifle turned into a word, and then into a motorcycle jacket and jeans. His rifle turned into a sword, and then into a motorcycle jacket and jeans. His rifle turned into a word, and then into a motorcycle jacket and jeans. His rifle turned into a word, and then into a motorcycle jacket and jeans. His rifle turned into a word, and then into a word, and the word, a
looked back, a small mushroom fired from the inside of the bridge, fire rings fired outside, and a pair of votes, Mars and Ares, called: "Nooo!" Frank wasn't there. It was clear what just happened, but he didn't have time to think about it. He flew over the city - now completely devoid of monsters - and headed to the Triptolemus' house. "You found one!
The god of agriculture shouted. Franek ignored him. He fell like a storm to La Casa Nera, pulled the python by the tail how strange Santa's bag and dropped him by the bed. He knelt next to Hazel. She was still alive - green and shaking, barely breathable, but alive. Nico was still a corn planter. "Heal her," Frank said. "Now," Triptolemos crossed his
arms. "How do I know that the snake is working?" Frank clenched his teeth. The explosion on the bridge silenced the voices of the god of war in his head, but he still felt the growing anger in them. He felt physically different. Has triptolus shortened? "The snake is a gift from Mars," Frank growled. "It will work."His wings flow. Do you see said Franek
Now heal my friends! Triptolemos touched the chin. Ok, thanks for the snake, but I'm not sure if I like your tone, Demigod. Maybe I will turn you into a franc, which was faster. He threw himself at the trip and hit him on the wall, his fingers wrapped around God's neck. Think of his next words, Frank warned, with dead calmness. Or instead of
hammering my sword in a blade, I stick it into your head. Infusion of Triptolemus. You know I'm singing to your friends. In the Triptolemus area, he touched his throat, as if he wanted to make sure that he was still there. He smiled nervously at Frank, turned and ran to the corridor. Just collecting herbs! Frank watched God collecting leaves and roots
and crushes them in a mortar. He curled up a ball of the pill and ran towards Hazel. He put a ball of Masia under the language of Hazel. She trembled and sat down with cough immediately. Her eyes have expanded. The green shade disappeared from her skin. She looked around confused until she saw Frank. Franek hugged him. Everything will be
fine, he said furiously. Everything is fine. But ... Hazel grabbed her shoulders and looked at him in amazement. Franek, what he meant. Triptol did not go back. Frank was higher. His intestines have shrunk. His chest seemed more spacious. Frank had a sharp
growth. He once woke up two inches higher than when he went to sleep. But it was crazy. It was as if part of the dragon and lion remained with him when he turned his face to man. â uhâ | I can't fix it. Hazel laughed happily. Why? You look awesome! What should I do? A â I thought you were pretty! But you look older, higher and so wonderful. Triptol
sighed dramatically. Yes, apparently some blessing from Mars. Congratulations, blah, blah. Now, when we do it here, Frank gave him a look. Dumb. Sing Nico pointed to corn and boom! Nico di Angelo appeared in an explosion of corn silk. Nico looked scared. I had the strangest nightmare with Popcorn. He frownedFranc. After you are higher?
Triptolem was going to tell us how to survive in Aida's house. Aren't you dragging? Alby said the trip is closed. You know it's filled with deadly poison. Hazel shivered. "So you're saying we shouldn't drink it." "No!" The trip said. You have to drink it,
otherwise you can never pass through the temple. Poison connects you to the dead world, allows you to move to lower levels. The secret of survival - his eyes twinkled - barley. Frank looked at him. Love. I take some of my special barley. Do it in cupcakes. Eat them before entering Aida's house. Barley will absorb the worst part of the poison, so they
will affect you, but not kill you. "Hikat sent us halfway to Italy so you could feed us barley? Aun, Frank Jin, I forgive you! You are touched. If you ever change your mind, my offer is open. I would like to see the diploma in agriculture! idinis. The snake wheels turned. The wings were shaking. The garage door opened at the back of the room. Make sure
you are mobile again! There are many ignorant lands that need my knowledge. I will teach them about soil treatment, irrigation and fertilizers! "The stroller got up and went out of the house, shoulder. Are you okay? You have changed our
life. What made Triptol? Frank tried to keep it together. It fell on him that he felt so weak. He could meet the monster army, but as soon as Heisel showed him kindness, he wanted to break down and cry. "Those cow monsters - Kata Lamponus, who poisoned you - I had to destroy them." "It was daring," Nico said. There were definitely six or sevenin
this herd. - NO. Frank cleared. "All. I killed them all in the city. "Nico and Hazel stared at him in stunned silence. Frank was afraid that they believed him. They were the underworld children. Perhaps they sensed the
death and massacre they caused. Hazel kissed him on his face. She had to stand on the tip to do it now. Her eyes were incredibly sad as if she realized that something on Frank changed - something more important than physical height. Frank knew it too. Never be as before. He wasn't just sure if it was right. "atmosphere, it is not a treacherous than physical height."
landscape of pit, cliffs and jagged rocks. No. She is likely to die of a strangeness that causes the explosion of her brain RT, she and Percy had to drink the fire to survive. Then the vampire group led by Annabeth, the cheerleader that was killed two years ago. He finally saved them Bob, a titanic caretaker with Einstein's hair, silver eyes and evil skills
on a broom. Clear. Why not? Bob's desert followed and watched Plegethon's journey as they approached the dark front of the storm. Here and there he
looked up and smiled or shook her hand. He had to be as frightened and unhappy as she was, and she loved him for trying to feel better. "Bob knows what he is doing," Percy promised. "Yes thank you!" The big guy had good ears. Annabeth certainly
sweeping the castle. Follow me! We are almost at rest. Annabeth couldn't imagine what the words in Stone Tartar meant. She remembered all the times she, Luke, and Thalia had relied on highway rest stops when they were homeless and trying to survive. Wherever Bob was leading them, she hoped there would be clean toilets and drinks. She stifled
a laugh. Yes, she definitely lost it. Annabeth stumbled and tried to ignore her stomach. She looked at Bob's back as he led them towards the wall of darkness, now only a few hundred meters away. His blue overalls were torn between his shoulder blades as if someone was trying to stab him. His pocket clung to the cleaning cloths. The syringe flew out
of the belt and the blue liquid was hypnotic. Annabeth remembered Perry's story about meeting the Titan. Thalia Grace, Nico Di Angelo, and Percy teamed up to defeat Bob on the shores of Lethe. After removing his memory, they didn't have the heart to kill him. He became so delicate, nice and cooperative that they left him in the castle where the
Person promised to take care of him. The King and Queen of the Underworld obviously thought that "taking care of someone" meant giving them a broom and letting them a broom and letting them sweep up the mess. Annabeth wondered how Hades could be so soulless. I've never felt sorry for a Titan before, but she had no right to take in a brainwashed immortal and make
her an unpaid home. She reminded you that she is not your friend. She was afraid that Bob suddenly remembered. Tartar was a place where monsters came to regenerate. What if he cures his memory? If IAPet stayed again ... well, Annabeth saw how he dealt with Empousai. Annabeth didn't have a gun. She and Perry were unable to fight the titan.
She looked nervously at Bob's broom and wondered how much time she had hidden Jaud's advice for it to come out and point it out. The Tatars followed Bob was a crazy risk. Unfortunately, she didn't think of a better plan. They picked their way through the desert ash like red lightning in their poisonous clouds overhead. Another beautiful day in
creature prison. Annabeth couldn't see far in the misty air, but the longer they walked, the more certain the entire landscape was a falling curve. Sir, the oppositionFrom Tatar. It was described as the far side of the sky - a huge, hollow
inverted dome of stone. It seemed the most accurate, though Annabeth suggested that if Tartar was a dome, it would be like the sky - no real bottom, but made up of several layers, each darker and less hospitable than the last. And it wasn't even the whole, terrible truth. They passed a blister in the ground - swirling translucent bubbles the size of a
minibus. The dragon's body curled inward. Bob punctured the blister without hesitation. It erupted in a geyser of burning yellow slime and the dragon turned into nothing. Sometimes she wished she had such a good imagination because now she was sure
they were looking for a living being. This whole curved landscape—dome, pit, or whatever you call it—was the body of the Tartar god—the earliest incarnation of evil. As Gaya inhabited the surface of the Earth, Tartarus inhabited the abyss. If God noticed it walking on his skin like fleas on a dog...enough. No more thoughts. "Here," said Bob. They
stopped at the top of a ridge. Below them, in a sheltered depression similar to a lunar crater, stood a ring of broken black marble columns surrounding a dark stone altar. "Herm's shrine," Bob explained. Percy frowned. - Sanctuary of Hermes in Tatar? Bob laughed happily. - Yes. He fell somewhere for a long time. Maybe a mortal world. Maybe
Olympus. Anyway monsters stay away. Mainly. - How did you find out he was here? Annabeth asked. Bob's smile disappeared. There was a blank expression in his eyes. - I do not remember. "Okay," Percy said quickly. Annabeth wanted to punch herself in the leg. Before Bob was Bob, Yape was Titan. Like all his brothers, he was imprisoned in Tatar for
centuries. Of course he knew the way. If he remembered that temple, he might begin to remember more details from his old prison and former life. It would not be good. They climbed into the crater and entered the circle of pillars. Annabeth collapsed onto the broken marble slab, too exhausted to take another step. Percy stood over her, defending
Annabeth said. "So?" Bob swept the broom around the base of the altar, occasionally chewing to examine the ground as if searching for something. - Follow, yes. They know you're here. Giants and giants has Percy fought over the years? Each of them
seemed like an impossible challenge. If everyone was here in Tartarus and if they were being actively hunted by Percy and Annabeth looked at Percy and sent seemed like an impossible challenge. If everyone was here in Tartarus and if they were being actively hunted by Percy and Sent seemed like an impossible challenge. If everyone was here in Tartarus and if they were being actively hunted by Percy and Sent seemed like an impossible challenge. If everyone was here in Tartarus and if they were being actively hunted by Percy and Sent seemed like an impossible challenge. If everyone was here in Tartarus and if they were being actively hunted by Percy and Sent seemed like an impossible challenge. If everyone was here in Tartarus and if they were being actively hunted by Percy and Sent seemed like an impossible challenge. If everyone was here in Tartarus and if they were being actively hunted by Percy and Sent seemed like an impossible challenge.
him a calm message, uh, no. Being with Titan was pretty bad. Going to sleep while the Titan watches over you... She didn't have to be Athena's daughter to know she was 100% stupid. "Better," Percy said. "I'll keep the first patrol with Bob." Bob agreed. - Well. When you wake up, the food should be here! Annabeth's stomach turned at the mention of
food. She didn't understand how Bob could summon food in the middle of Tartarus. Maybe he was also a cook and a guard. She didn't want to sleep, but her body betrayed her. Eyelids turned to her example. "Percy, promise me to the next patrol." Don't be a hero. He gave her a smile that she loved. "Who am I?" He kissed her, lips dry and feverishly
warm. "Sleep". Annabeth felt like she was back in Hypno's cottage at the camp, half asleep. She collapsed onto the hard ground and closed her eyes. Later, she made a decision: never rush Tartar. The dreams of the painters were always bad. Even safely behind her bunk bed in Tábor, she had terrible nightmares. They were more pronounced in the
tartare. First, she was a little girl who tried to climb a hill in a half-spread. Lukas Castellan held his hand and pulled him behind. Grover Underwood, their satire leader, jumped up and down nervously and shouted, "Hurry up!" Hurry up! Thalia Grace stood behind them and held back the hellhound army with her impressive Aegis shield. DownHe saw
the camp in the valley below - warm cabin lights, shelters. She tripped and twisted her ankle, and Luke picked her up and carried her. When they looked back, the monsters were a few feet away - dozens of them surrounded the Thalia. "Come on!" Thalia shouted. "I will stop them." She swung the spear and the forked lightning cut through the ranks of
the monsters; But when hell collapsed, others took their place. "We have to run!" Grover shouted. He drove to the camp. Luke followed him, Annabeth was older and climbed to the top of Hero Hill. The tall pine now stood
in a place where Thalia had recently stood. A storm raged above them. The Thunder shook the valley. Lightning pulled out a tree with roots and opened a smoking wound. In the darkness below Reyna, the pretty one from New Rome, stood. His coat was fresh blood from his veins. His golden armor shone. Looking up, with the face regal and distant,
she spoke directly from Annabeth's spirit. You did well, Reyna said, but the voice belonged to Athena. The rest of my trip must take place on the wings of Rome. Pretor's dark eyes turned gray like storm clouds. I have to stand here, Reyna told him. The Novel must bring me. The hill trembled. The wavy earth when the grass turned into folds of silk -
the dress of the great goddess. Gaja lifted above the hero camp - his sleeping face was as tall as the top. The hills of hell were full of hills. The Giants, six-circuit earthlings and wild cyclops fell from the beach, destroyed the catering pavilion and burned down the houses and a large house. Hurry up, said Athena's voice. The message must be sent. The
earth creaked under Annabeth's feet and plunged into darkness. His eyes widened. She screamed and grabbed Percy's arms. She was still in Tartar, in the sanctuary of Hermes. "It's okay," Percy promised. "Bad dreams?" His body shook with terror. "Is it my turn?" "No no. We're good. I'll let you sleep." "Percy!" "Hey, it's okay. Besides, I was too
excited to sleep. Watch." Titan Bob sat cross-legged at the altar, happily chewing on a piece of pizza. Annabeth rubbed her eyes, wondering if he was still dreaming. - Is it... Pepperoni? "Cairy," Percy said. "Victims for Hermes of the mortal world, and They appeared in a puff of smoke. We've got half a hot dog, grapes, a bowl of roast beef, and a bag of
peanut M&Ms. "M&M's for Bob!" said Bob happily. - How are you doing? Annabeth didn't mind. Percy brought her a plate of roast beef and she ate it. She has never tasted anything better. The brisket was still warm, with the same tangy-sweet glaze as it had at the Camp Half-Blood BBQ. "I know," Percy said, reading her expression. "I think it's from
Camp Half-Blood. The thought made Annabeth dizzy with homesickness. At each meal, the campers would burn some of their pious parents. Smoke should please the gods, but Annabeth never thought about where the food went when it was burned. Perhaps the offerings reappeared on the altars of the gods on Mount Olympus,
or even here, in the heart of Tartarus. "M&M's with peanuts," Annabeth said. "Connor Stoll used to burn a pack for his father at dinner. She thought about sitting in the dining pavilion and watching the sun set over Long Island Sound. It was the first place she and Percy had kissed. His eyes sparkled. Percy put a hand on her shoulder. "Hey, that's
 good. Real food from home, right? She nodded. They finished eating in silence. Bob ate the last of the M&Ms. "I gotta go. They'll be here in a few minutes? Annabeth reached for the dagger, but then remembered she didn't have one. "Yes...well, for a few minutes? Annabeth reached his gray hair. "It's hard in Tartarus. Not the
same. Percy slid down to the rim of the crater. He looked where they came from. "I don't see anything, but it doesn't mean much. Bob, what giants are we talking about? What are the Titans? Bob growled. - I'm not sure about the names. Six, maybe seven, I can feel them. "Six or seven?" Annabeth wasn't sure if her barbecue wouldn't come off. "And
they can smell you?" " I don't know. Bob smiled. "Bob is different!" But they smell demigods, yes. You two smell very strong. Good strong. Like... hmm. Like bread and butter! "Bread and butter!" Bread an
at Annabeth like she had an answer." Percy, I don't know, traveling through Tartarus, fighting monsters here... that's outrageous, maybeCould he help us kill the giant? Perhaps a titan would think of himself as a god? I just don't know." "Yes," Percy said. "OK Good." She saw the concern in his eyes. He had relied on her answers for years. Now when
he needed her most, she couldn't help him. She hated being so useless, but nothing she learned at camp had prepared her for Tartarus. She was only sure of one thing: they had to move. They couldn't be captured by six or seven enemy immortals. She was only sure of one thing: they had to move. They couldn't help him. She hated being so useless, but nothing she learned at camp had prepared her for Tartarus. She was only sure of one thing: they had to move. They couldn't be captured by six or seven enemy immortals.
a heap and using a syringe to wipe down the altar. "Where now?" asked Annabeth, Percy pointed to the stormy wall of darkness. "Bob says so. Apparently Death's Door is..." "Did you tell him?" Annabeth, Bob can help. We need a guide."
"Bob's helping!" Bob agreed. "To the dark lands. Death's door... hmm, going straight for it would be wrong. Too many monsters have gathered there. Not even Bob could sweep out that many. Percy and Annabeth will be killed in about two seconds.†The Titan frowned. "I thought for a moment. Times are tough in Tartarus." "Exactly," Annabeth
grumbled. "Then is there another way?" "Hide," said Bob. "The Death Mist of Death, he can hide you. If we can escape the night The lady is very close to Night. It's bad." "Lady,"
Percy repeated. "Yes." Bob gestured at the pitch-black situation ahead. "We should go." Percy looked at Annabeth, obviously hoping for advice, but she didn't have it. She thought of it the tree of her nightmare, Thalia's tree, which was shattered by lightning, and Gaea, who scaled the hill and unleashed her monsters on Camp Half-Blood. "All right,"
said Percy. "I think we'll be one "Wait," Annabeth said, her mind spinning. She thought about her dream of Luke and Thalia. She remembered the stories Luke had told her about her father, Hermes, god of travelers, guide of dead spirits, guide of
heap and pulled out a reasonably clean piece of paperShe remembered her vision of the Rhine, standing in a smoking crack under the size of the pine ruins and the voice of Athens: I should stand here. The novel must take me. Press. The message must be sent. "Bob," she says, "this altar appears on the deadly world, right?" Bob was afraid of the front
as if it were not ready for control. - Yes? -So what happens if I burn something here on the altar? "Uh ..." "everything is fine," said Annabet. In the region - You don't know. No one knows because it has never been done. She thought there was a chance, the most important possibility that the offer on this altar could appear in a semi-aide camp. It's
questionable, but if it works ... - Annabeth? Perry asked again. -You plan something. In the area, your eyebrows are moved, your lips are compressed and ... - Do you have a pen? She asked him. - Are you kidding, right? He came out anaclusmos. - Yes, but can you
really write them? "I ... I don't know," he admitted. "He never tried," he removed the handle cap. As usual, it turned into a full sword. Annabeth looked a hundred times as he did. Usually, when he fought, Perry simply dropped the cap. He has always appeared in his pocket later if necessary. While touching the cap with the tip of the sword, he turned
into a ballpoint again. - What if you touch the cover at another end of the sword? Annabeth asked. - For example, where you insert the cap if you are going to really write with a pen. "Uh ..." Perry looked at him doubtless, but still touched the blanket with the handle of the sword. In the Anacluzmos, once again, turned into a ball pen, but now the end of
the writing was open. - Can? Annabeth caught her with her hand. She pressed the towel at the altar and started writing. The anchuzmos ink shone with celestial bronze. - What are you doing? - asked Percy. "I send a message," said Annabeta writing. The anchuzmos ink shone with celestial bronze. - What are you doing? - asked Percy. "I send a message," said Annabeta writing. The anchuzmos ink shone with celestial bronze. - What are you doing? - asked Percy. "I send a message," said Annabeta writing. The anchuzmos ink shone with celestial bronze. - What are you doing? - asked Percy. "I send a message," said Annabeta writing. The anchuzmos ink shone with celestial bronze. - What are you doing? - asked Percy. "I send a message," said Annabeta writing. The anchuzmos ink shone with celestial bronze. - What are you doing? - asked Percy. "I send a message," said Annabeta writing. The anchuzmos ink shone with celestial bronze. - What are you doing? - asked Percy. "I send a message," said Annabeta writing. The anchuzmos ink shone with celestial bronze. - What are you doing? - asked Percy. "I send a message," said Annabeta writing. The anchuzmos ink shone with celestial bronze. - What are you doing? - asked Percy. "I send a message," said Annabeta writing. The anchuzmos ink shone with celestial bronze. - What are you doing? - asked Percy. "I send a message," said Annabeta writing. The anchuzmos writing writing a writing a writing writing a writing a writing writing a writing a writing a writing a writing a writing a writing writing a 
"It's the same thing," deletes Annabeth. Whenever she mentioned the word Rachel, Percy was nervous. At one point, Russell wanted to meet Percy. It was an ancient story. Rashel and Annabet were now good friends. But Annabet were now good friends. But Annabet were now good friends. But Annabet was full of terrible bladder. She
landed quietly on a warm and elastic surface and felt happy - until she opens her eyes and notices that she looked through a brilliant golden membrane on another much larger face. She called and agitated her hands and fell on the side of the hill. His heart made a hundred jumps. Percy helped her get up. "Everything's good?" She didn't trust herself.
If she opened her mouth, she could shout again, and it would be unworthy. She was the daughter of Athena, not a penetrating girl victim of horror. But the gods of Olympus ... In a bubble of membrane in front of it, the titanium entirely in shape was seated in a golden armor, and its skin was colored with money. He was closed, but he was so deep that
he seemed close to the production of the terrifying war. Even through the bladder, Annabeth felt the warmth of her body. "Hyperion," said Percy. "I hate this quy." Annabeth sarm suddenly started injuring an old injury. During the Battle of Manhattan, Percy fought against this titanium in the reservoir - water against the fire. It was the first time that
Percy caused a hurricane - that Annabeth would never forget. "I thought Grover turned this type into a clone." Page 22 "Yes", accepted Percy. "Maybe the clone is dead and he landed here?" Annabeth would never forget. "I thought Grover turned this type into a clone." Page 22 "Yes", accepted Percy. "Maybe the clone is dead and he landed here?" Annabeth remembered how Hyperion caused fiery explosions and how many satires and nymphs destroyed before Percy and Grover stop him. She wanted to
suggest that she penetrated the Hyperion bubble before waking up. He looked ready to jump at any time and toast everything on the way. Then she looked at Bob. Silver Titan observed Hyperion with wrinkles in concentration ... perhaps recognizable. His faces were very similar ... Annabeth stopped the curse. Of course, they looked similar. Hyperion
was his brother. Hyperion was the sovereign of the East Titans. Japtyus, Bob, was the master of the West. Take Bob a broom and the clothes of a goalkeeper, put his armor and cut your hair, change his colors from silver to gold, and Japetus would hardly distinguish Hyperion. "Bob," she said, "we should go." "Gold, no money", murmured Bob. - But it
looks like me. "Bob," said Percy. "Hey, my friend, here." Titan hesitates to turn around. "Am I your friend?" Percy said. - and some are bad. "Hmm," Bob said. "How..." Pretty ghostly ladies serving Persephone. Explaining zombies is wrong. "It's true," Percy said. - and some are bad. "Hmm," Bob said. "How..." Pretty ghostly ladies serving Persephone. Explaining zombies is wrong. "It's true," Percy said. - and some are bad. "Hmm," Bob said. "How..." Pretty ghostly ladies serving Persephone. Explaining zombies is wrong. "It's true," Percy said. - and some are bad. "Hmm," Bob said. "How..." Pretty ghostly ladies serving Persephone. Explaining zombies is wrong. "It's true," Percy said. - and some are bad. "Hmm," Bob said. "How..." Pretty ghostly ladies serving Persephone. Explaining zombies is wrong. "It's true," Percy said. - and some are bad. "Hmm," Bob said. "How..." Pretty ghostly ladies serving Persephone. Explaining zombies is wrong. "It's true," Percy said. - and some are bad. "Hmm," Bob said. "How..." Pretty ghostly ladies serving Persephone. Explaining zombies is wrong. "It's true," Percy said. - and some are bad. "Hmm," Bob said. "How..." Pretty ghostly ladies serving Persephone. Explaining zombies is wrong. "It's true," Percy said. - and some are bad. "Hmm," Bob said. "How..." Pretty ghostly ladies serving Persephone. Explaining zombies is wrong. "It's true," Percy said. - and some are bad. "Hmm," Bob said. "Hmm," Bob sai
said. "And some mortals are good, and some are bad. Well, the same goes for the Titans. The Titans towered above them, frowning. Annabeth was pretty sure her boyfriend had just made a huge mistake. "That's what you are," Percy said calmly. "Titan Bob. You're good. You are truly amazing. But some titans - no. This guy, Hyperion, is very bad. He
tried to kill me...he tried to kill a lot of people. Bob blinked with silver eves. "But he looks...he has such a face..."He looks like you." Percy agreed. "He's titanium, like you." Bob blinked with silver eves. "But he looks...he has such a face..."He looks like you." Percy agreed. "He's titanium, like you." Percy agreed.
"Well, I'm not sure about the Giants." "Oh, yes" Bob nodded solemnly. Annabeth seemed to have been here too long. Their pursuers are approaching. "We have to go," she called. "What are we going to do with this...?" "Bob," said Percy, "you decide. Hyperion is your appearance. We could leave him alone, but if he wakes up, Bob's broom and spear
start moving. If he was aiming for Annabeth or Percy, they would be split in half. Instead, Bob ran through a monstrous blister that erupted with a geyser of hot golden mud. Annabeth wiped the titanium villain," Bob announced grimly. - Now he
can't harm my friends. He will have to reorganize somewhere else in Tartar. Hopefully it will last a long time. Titan's eyes looked brighter than usual, like he was about to cry with Mercury Silver. "Thank you, Bob," Percy said. How did you maintain composure? The way he spoke with Bob made Annabeth think...and maybe a little alarmed. If Percy was
seriously tied to leaving Bob, then she didn't like how much he trusted Titan. If he manipulated Bob into making a decision...well, then Annabeth was amazed that Percy could be so careful. He looked into her eyes, but she couldn't read the expression on his face. It bothered her. "We better get going," he said. She and Percy followed BobHidden dirt
from the ruptured hyperion bladder shines on its cleaner's uniform. After a while, Anabeta's legs became like a titanium porridge. She passed by, following Bob, listening to the splash of a monotonous liquid in his bottle of cleaning. Be alert, she said to yourself, but it was difficult. Her thoughts were stagnant in the same way as her legs. Persis
occasionally took her by the hand or released encouraging comments; However, she could say that the dark landscape affects it. In his eyes, the blanket shine - as if the spirit is gradually disappearing. He fell on his teeth to be with you, a voice in his head said. If he dies, it will be your fault. "Stop," she said aloud. Persis got excited. - What? - No, not
you. - She tried to smile encouraging, but failed. - I speak for myself. This place ... drives me crazy. Blows into me gloomy thoughts. Anxiety toys deepened the color of the sea wave around Persia. - Hey Bobs, where do we go? "Mrs.," Bob said. "Death mist," the annoyance Anabeta struck. - But what does that mean? Who is that lady - does he call her? -
Bob looked around. "It's a bad idea," Anabeta sighed. Titan was right. The names had the power and proclaimed them here in Tartar, probably very dangerous. - Can you even tell you how far? She asked. "I don't know," Bob admitted. "I just feel. We wait for the darkness to be eclosed. Then we go to the side. "Next," Anabeta muttered. - Naturally. She
was tempted to ask for a vacation but did not want to stop. Not here in this cold, dark place. Black fog leaked into her body, turning bones into wet foam. She wondered if her message would reach Reichel. If Reichel could somehow submit her offer to the Rhine, she was not killed ... absurd hope, a voice in her head said. You only created a place of
danger. Even if he finds the Romans, why should the Rhine trust you after all that happened? In response to her voice, Anabeta wanted to scream but resisted. Even if she is crazy, she doesn't want to look like crazy. She really needed something to make her happy. Sip real water. A moment of sunlight. Warm bed. A good word from mom. Suddenly,
Bob stopped. He raised his hand: Wait. - What? Persis whispered Bob. "Every one of you, take a club. For
the millionth time, Annabeth wished she had her own dagger. She picked up a jagged piece of black obsidian and crawled to the left. Percy moved to the right, sword drawn. Bob took center stage, his spear glinting in the mist. The rumble grew louder, shaking the gravel at Annabeth's feet. The noise seemed to be right in front of them. "Ready?" Bob
shouted. Annabeth crouches down, preparing to attack. "Three? "One," Percy whispered. "Du" a figure appeared in the mist. Bob raised his spear. - Wait! Annabeth shouted. Bob froze just in time, the tip of his spear dangling an inch above the little tomcat's head. - Queue? said the kitten, clearly unfazed by their plan of attack. He rested his head on
Bob's leg and purred loudly. It seemed impossible, but that deep growl came from the kitten. As he purred, the ground shook and the pebbles danced on her. The cat could have been a hideous demon of the underworld or a monster in disguise. But
Annabeth couldn't help it. She picked him up and patted him. The little guy was bony under the fur, but otherwise looked perfectly normal. "How...?" She couldn't even ask the question. "What's the kitten doing?" He landed with a thud, sliding towards Bob and hitting his boots again. Percy burst out laughing. "Someone likes you, Bob. "Must be a good
monster." Bob nervously. looked up. "Didn't it?" Annabeth felt a lump in her throat. Seeing the huge Titan and this little kitten together made her suddenly feel insignificant compared to the vastness of Tartarus. This place respected nothing, good or bad, great or small, wise or foolish. Tartarus devoured titans, demigods, and kittens indiscriminately.
Bob knelt down and picked up the cat. It fit perfectly in the palm of Bob's hand, but he decided to investigate. He climbed onto the Titan's arm, sat on his shoulder, and closed his eyes purring like an earth machine. Suddenly his fur quivered. Kitten instantly became a ghostly skeleton, as if he had walked behind an x-ray machine, so it was just a
normal kitten. Annabeth blinks. You saw? Oh guy, I know this kitten. It is that of the Smithsonian with Percy. She then remembered a few years ago when she was captured by the Titan Atlas. Percy and Thalia were married in order to save her. Along the way, they watched Atlas
lifted several skeletal troops from the Dragon teeth to the Smithsonian. According to Percy, the Titan's first attempt was made. It was planted by mistake by the teeth of a tiger and raised a lot of skeletal kittens on the ground. One of them? Annabeth asked. How did you get there? Percy spread his arms, helpless. Atlas ordered his servants to deprive
their servants. Perhaps they destroyed cats and are reborn in tartar? I don't know. It's cute, says Bob while the kitten crushed his ear. But is it sure? Annabeth asked. The Titan scratched his kitten chin. Annabeth did not know if it was a good idea in a cat from a prehistoric tooth; But obviously, it was no longer important now. The titan and the cat are
linked. I'm going to call him a little bean, "said Bob. It's a good monster. End of the conversation. The Titan shocked his spear and they continued to walk in darkness. Annabeth was walking gently, trying not to think about pizza. To distract herself, she looked at the low bob of the cat through the shoulders of Bob and pulverized, sometimes bubbling,
the shiny skeleton of the cat, then returning to the calicot vial ball. Bob announced here. He stopped so suddenly that Annabeth almost got into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply. This place? Annabeth almost got into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply. This place? Annabeth almost got into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply. This place? Annabeth almost got into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply. This place? Annabeth almost got into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply. This place? Annabeth almost got into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply. This place? Annabeth almost got into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply. This place? Annabeth almost got into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply into it. Bob looked to his left, as if he was thinking deeply i
the air seemed colder and thicker, as if they entered a different microclimate. Again, she remembered San Francisco, where one could fall by ten degrees. She wondered if the Titans had built her palace on the Tamalist mountain because the area around the bay reminded them of
the Tartares. What a depressing thought. Only the titans would see the beautiful place like a possible corner of the House of the Void far from home. Bob struck on the left. They followed. Time really hadAnnabeth made Percy feel warm. He wrapped his arm around himself. It was good to have him close to him, but she couldn't rest. They entered a
kind of forest. Tall black trees rose in dark, perfectly round and bare branches like terrible hair follicles. The floor was smooth and pale. With luck, Annabeth thought we had passed through the Tartars of the label. Suddenly, their senses were on high alert, as if someone had grabbed a rubber band at the base of their neck. She placed her hand on the
trunk of another tree. What is it? Perry raised his sword. Bob turned and looked confused. Are we stopping? Annabeth believed her hand was silent. She wasn't sure what she had undone. Nothing looked different. Then she noticed that the tree trunk was shaking. She briefly wondered if it was a kitten's -Schnurr; But little Bob slept on big Bob's
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shoulder. Another tree in the shower is a few meters away. "Something's moving us," Annabeth whispered. Collect. Bob and Perry closed with him and stood up. Annabeth looked into the eyes and tried to see them in the darkness, but nothing was happening. She almost decided she was being paranoid when the first monster fell five feet to the floor
Annabeth's first thought: Furies. The creature looked almost like one: a wrinkled hag with bat wings, brass jaws, and glowing red eyes. She wore a torn dress made of black silk, and her face was twisted and confused as to how to kill the demonic grandmother. Bob ducked as another fell in front of him and then another in front of Perry. They soon had
half a dozen. Pre-sucks more in trees. So you couldn't be fluffy. There were only three, and these winged hags are not suitable for whipping. Annabeth tried to find a speaker, but none of the demons moved into her
mouth. Her eyes looked dead; Her expressions were frozen like a doll. The voice just flew over his head like a movie counter, as if one spirit controlled all beings. What do you want? Annabeth asked, trying to keep her confidence. There was an evil giggle in her voice. Of course Just? Percy murmur. "Oh well ... I thought we had a problem." The circle of
demonic women is closed. Everything remembered the poison. Two days after the departure of Venice, Hazel still could not appreciate it because of the permanent session of the
ship. Above the deck, she tried not to pull her eyes off the horizon - a white rock that looked more or less mile in the east. What was the country, Croatia? She wasn't sure. She just regretted that it wasn't in the hard place again. What was the country, Croatia? She wasn't sure. She just regretted that it wasn't in the hard place again. What was most nausea for her was Wiesel. Last evening, the end appeared in his cabin, his favorite from Hekate. Hazel
woke up from a nightmare and thought: What is it a smell? She found a hairy rodent based on her chest and stared at her pearl black eyes. Don't wake up with a cry, drop a blanket and dance on the cabin, and Weasel whispers and sign to see if everything was fine. Wiesel was difficult to
explain. Hazel saw that Lion was very difficult to joke. In the morning, when emotions fell, Hazel decided to visit a coach hedge that could talk to animals. She noticed that his cabin's door was Ajar and heard the coach talking inside as if he were talking to someone on the phone, but they didn't have a call on board. Maybe he sent a magical message
of the iris? Hasel heard that the Greeks used them often. "Of course, the treasure," said the hedge. - Yes, I know cute. No, this is a great news, but ... His voice erupted from emotions. Hazel knocks on the car door. The heal as always put on the forehead, but the
eyes were red. "What?" He muttered. "Hm ... I'm sorry," Hazel said. "Everything is fine?" The coach whispered and opened the door broadly. "What is the question?" No one else was in the room. "I ... Hazel tried to remember why she was there." I wondered if you could talk to my Weasel. "The coach narrowed his eyes. He lost his voice." Are we
talking to the cipher? Are there invaders on board? "Well, in a sense." Gali looked from his feet Hazel and began to move. The coach looked at the scale. He was burning back to Wiesel. You had somethingHow intense argument. What did she say? Hazel asked. A lot of disobedient things, the Satyr complained. GIST: She's here to see how it goes. "How
are you? The coach's blanket took a toll. How should I know? It's a skunk! They never give a direct answer. If I'm sorry, I have things." He closed the door in front of her face. After breakfast, Hazel stood at the port railing and tried to calm her stomach. Gale beside her ran along the railing around the gas; But the strong Adriatic wind helped to
remove it. Hazel wondered what was wrong on Coach's cover. He had to use the iris message to talk to someone, but if he needed it. He wasn't exactly a warm and open type. In the distance she looked at the white cliffs
and wondered why the hecats sent Gale for Tchora. He's here to see how it goes. Something happened. The hazel will be tested. She did not understand how to learn magic without practice. The hecaches expected to defeat the superdut witch, the lady in the golden robe that Leo described in his dream. But how? Hazel spent all her free time trying to
figure it out. D stared at the sleep and tried to make it look like a stick. She tried to call a cloud to hide the full moon. She concentrated until her eyes met and her ears did not come out, but nothing happened. She couldn't handle the fog. Over the last few nights, her dreams have deteriorated. She found herself in the fields of aspys and floated
aimlessly among the ghosts. Then she was in the Gaea cave in Alaska, where Hazel and her mother died as the ceiling collapsed and the voice of the goddess shouted with anger. She stood on the stairs of his mother's building in New Orleans, face to face to her father Pluto. His cold fingers gripped his arm. The fabric of his black wool suit was
associated with imprisoned souls. He stared at her with his dark furious eyes and said: The dead see what he thinks he sees. Love to live. It is secret. He never said it in real life. She had no idea what it meant. The worst nightmares were like flashes of the future. Hazel stumbled through the dark tunnel when a female laugh. That if you can, Child
Pluto, the woman sneered. And always Hazel dreamed of the images she saw at Hecate's crossroads: a lion falling from the sky; Percy and Annabeth lay unconscious, probably dead, in front of the black metal door; And through them the approaching cloaked figure enveloped the darkness of the giant Clytius. Beside her on the rail, Weasel was
shivering impatiently. Hazel wanted to push the stupid rodent into the sea. I can't even control my dreams, she wanted to scream. How to manage fog? She was so unhappy that she did not notice Frank standing next to her. I feel better? he asked. He took her hand, her fingers covering it completely. She couldn't believe how tall he was. He changed
into so many animals that she wasn't sure why this transformation should surprise her, but he suddenly grew to his weight. No one could call him crazy or mean. He looked like a soccer player, solid and strong, with a new center of gravity. His arms spread out. There was more confidence. What Frank did on that bridge in Venice was still a tribute.
None of them saw the battle, but no one doubted it. Frank's entire contribution changed. Even Leo stopped making jokes at his own expense. I'm good. In fact, you know, I haven't changed inside. There was a bit of doubt in his voice and a bit of shame in
Frank's voice, who was always afraid he was a spoiled Klutz. Hazel felt relieved. she liked it. At first, his new appearance shocked her. He was afraid that his character had changed as well. Now she was starting to calm down about it. For all his strength, Frank was just as lovely. He was afraid that his character had changed as well. Now she was starting to calm down about it. For all his strength, Frank was just as lovely. He was afraid that his character had changed as well. Now she was starting to calm down about it.
the piece of magical wood she carried in her coat pocket next to her heart. "I know and I'm glad. She squeezed his hand. I'm not really worried about them. Frank's view of the front peak where Nico was standing on the Yardarm. Nico said he likes to
watch because he has good eyes. Hazel knew that wasn't the reason. The top of the stem was one of the few places on board where Nico could have been alone. Others offered him to use the Persian cab because Persis was ... well, far away. Nico strongly refused. He spent most of his time on a device where he didn't need to talk to the rest of the crew
Ever since Venice has been transformed into a corn factory, it has only become more closed and bitter. "I don't know," Heizel admitted. "He survived a lot. Caught in Tartar, kept in that bronze container, saw how Persis and Anabeta fall ..." and promised to take us to Epiro. Frank nodded, "It seems to me that Nico does not play well with others.
Frank came up. He wore a beige t -shirt with a horse image and the inscription left the di wall. Bought only a few days ago, but now they were too small. Stretched, its diaphragm was unveiled. Hazel realized he was looking at him. She quickly turned her gaze, her face red. "Nico is my only father," she said. "" It's not easy to love, but ... Thank you for
being so kind to him. Frank smiled. "Hey, you live with my grandmother!" Runned. Uh. Frank rejected the smell. "Why did that thing still there?" Hazel was almost pleased that he was not disappointed. No matter how upset she is, gold and gemstones will probably appear
around her feet. "Hekat sent geil to watch," she said. "Watch what?" Hazel tried to find consolation. Frank's presence, her new "I don't know," said, "Suddenly a test." Suddenly a test. "Suddenly the boat shook. Inadvertently performs a heimlich maneuver with a sword handle and squeezes on the deck, moaning and cutting the taste of the cathobleps poison., bronze
dragon, squeaking and shooting out of anxiety. Hazel vaguely wondered if they hit the iceberg - but in the Middle of the Adriatic, the ship sailed to the harbor with huge excitement, as if the phone pillars break into two parts. "Gahh! Exclaimed Leo from somewhere behind his back. "It's eating paddles!" What's here? Heisle wondered. She tried to get
up, but something big and hard grabbed her legs. She realized that it was Frank and muttered when he tried.from a bare rope pile. Everyone else was vomiting, Jason jumped them, pulling the sword and flying back. Piper was already on a four -piece deck, shooting food from his abundance horn and shouting, "Hey! Hello! Eat, stupid turtle! Turtle?
Frank helped Heyselle stand up. - Is everything alright? "Yes," heisle lied to her belly. - Go! Frank ran up the stairs, throwing a backpack that instantly turned into a bow and vibration. While he stood at the wheel, he had released one arrow while drawing another. Leo worked furiously with the ship's control facilities. - The paddlers are not included.
Take away! Take it! The face of Niko sitting on the tract was swollen from shock. Styx is huge! He was screaming. "The port! Go to the port! Go to the port! Go to the port! Coach Hedge was the last on board. He enthusiastically paid off. He ran up the stairs, waving the baseball bat and did not hesitate to dance in the stern and jumped through the railing. Hazel sighed towards the
marina to join their friends, the boat shook, another click of the paddle, and Leo shouted, "No, no, no! Damn, you're a slender son of the bitches! Hazel went to the stern and couldn't believe what he saw. When she heard the word tortoise, she thought about a cute item of jewelry box size lying on a rock in the middle. fish pond. Her mind tried to adapt
- well, maybe it was like a galapagos turtle she once saw at the zoo, with a large enough shell to ride. She could not imagine the island's -sized creatures. When she saw a huge dome of rocky black and brown squares, the word "tortoise" simply did not come to her head. Its armor were more like dryness, bone bones, glossy pearl valleys, algae and
moss forests, seawater rivers flowing through its housing groove His golden eyes were of that size. rowing pool with dark slits on the sides for students. His red, bedtime mouth may have swallowed Athena with one bite of Parthen. Heyselle watched it tear off half a
dozen paddles. - Stop! Exclaimed Leo. Coach Hedge climbed on the tortoise shell, unsuccessfully struck a baseball bat and exclaimed, "Take it! And this! Jason rose from the stern andon the creature's head. He struck his golden sword directly between the eyes, but the blade slid to the side as if the turtle's skin was smeared with steel. Frank, no luck,
stream the arrows in the monsters. The turtle's cinematic inner eyelids blinked eerily, precisely, and tilted each frame individually. Piper shot a cantaloupe into the water, yelling, "Get it, you stupid turtle!", but the turtle seemed to be focused on eating the Argo II. How was it so close? Hazel demanded. The lion teased his hands. It must be this shell.
Guess what, sonar isn't invisible. It's one hell of a hidden turtle! Can the ship fly? Piper asked. Half the lines ruined? Leo pressed a few buttons and rotated his Archimedes ball. I have to try something else. Nico screamed from above. Can you take us to these straits? Hazel looked where he was pointing. About half a mile to the east stretched a long
strip of land parallel to the coastal rocks. It was hard to tell from a distance, but the stretch of water between them was only twenty or thirty yards before the Argo II slipped, but it certainly wasn't wide enough for a giant turtle shell. Yes. Yes. Leo obviously understood. He circumcised Archimedes. Jason, get off this head! I have an idea! Jason still
broke the turtle's face, but after hearing Leo say I have an idea, he made the only smart choice. He flew as fast as he could. Coaches, come on! Jason said. No, I got it! said the hedge but Jason grabbed him around the waist and Rose. Unfortunately, the trainer fought so hard that Jason's sword fell out of his hand and into the sea. Trainer! Jason
complained. What? "Said the hedges. I softened him! Turtle from head to body, almost throwing the whole crew from the left. Hazel heard a dull sound, as if a wedge had been split. Another minute, Leo said, Leo's hand was flying over the pool. Here in a minute! Frank fired the last arrow. Piper yelled at the turtle, "Go!" It worked for a while. The
turtle turned away from the ship and dipped its head under the water. But then it came back and hit them harder. All right? Piper asked. Okay, Jason muttered. No guns, but everything is OK.He screamed Leo and turned the Wii controller. Hazel thought he had exploded the rear. The streams of the fire burst behind them and washed the head of them harder.
turtle. The ship shot forward and threw Hasel again. She pulled out and saw that the ship jumped out of the waves at incredible speed and pulled a fire like a rocket. The turtle was already a hundred meters behind them, his head was burned and smoked. Screamed monster frustrated and followed and paddled with such a force his paws in the water
that he started to catch up. The entrance to the street was a quarter ahead of them. "Troubling attention," said Hazel. She concentrated and thought: Arion! She had no idea if it would work. But Hazel immediately saw something on the horizon - a flash of light
and a couple. It flew on the surface of the Adriatic. Arion stood on board the rear in no time at all. Olympic gods, thought Hasel. I love the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes". You are not stupid. Hasel. I love the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes". You are not stupid. Hasel. I love the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes". You are not stupid. Hasel. I love the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes". You are not stupid. Hasel. I love the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes". You are not stupid. Hasel. I love the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes". You are not stupid. Hasel. I love the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes". You are not stupid. Hasel. I love the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes". You are not stupid. Hasel. I love the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes" is not should be a supplied to the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes" is not should be a supplied to the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes" is not should be a supplied to the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes" is not should be a supplied to the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes" is not should be a supplied to the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes" is not should be a supplied to the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes" is not should be a supplied to the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes" is not should be a supplied to the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes" is not should be a supplied to the horse. Arion snorted as if he wanted to say: "Of course yes a supplied to the horse. Arion snorted to say: "Of course yes a supplied to the horse." The horse yes a supplied to the horse yes a supplied to the horse yes a supplied to the hor
his hand. "No longer!" Hasel asked Arion. He jumped next to the ship and hit the water with a full gallop. The turtle was a quick swimmer, but could not match the speed of Arion. He jumped next to the ship and hit the water with a full gallop. The turtle was a quick swimmer, but could not match the speed of Arion. He jumped next to the ship and hit the water with a full gallop. The turtle was a quick swimmer, but could not match the speed of Arion. He jumped next to the ship and hit the water with a full gallop. The turtle was a quick swimmer, but could not match the speed of Arion. He jumped next to the ship and hit the water with a full gallop. The turtle was a quick swimmer, but could not match the speed of Arion. He jumped next to the ship and hit the water with a full gallop. The turtle was a quick swimmer, but could not match the speed of Arion. He jumped next to the ship and hit the water with a full gallop. The turtle was a quick swimmer, but could not match the speed of Arion. He jumped next to the ship and hit the water with a full gallop. The turtle was a quick swimmer, but could not match the speed of Arion. He jumped next to the ship and hit the water with a full gallop. The turtle was a quick swimmer, but could not match the speed of Arion. He jumped next to the ship and hit the water with a full gallop. The turtle was a quick swimmer with a full gallop. The turtle was a quick swimmer with a full gallop. The turtle was a quick swimmer with a full gallop.
Sword did not cause any damage. Every command worked for a moment, but the turtle was very irritated. Arion mocked when the turtle jumped on him just to feel horse -tackling in her mouth. Soon the Monster Argo II still forgot Hazel's head. Piper still screamed and used the corner of the frequency to end coconuts and roasted chickens from the
eye. As soon as Argo II came to the street, Arion interrupted the harassment. They hurried to the sails, but her plan paid off. Were safely accumulated in narrow
waters, with a long rocky island on the right and steep white cliffsto the port. The turtle stopped at the mouth of the Strait and looked at them ominously, but did not try to follow them. His coat was clearly too big. Hazel dismounted and Frank hugged her tightly. "Good job!", He said. Her face became red. "Thanks." Piper slipped next to her. "Leo,
when did we have a jet drive?" "Oh, you know ..." Leo tried to be humble, but he failed. "Just something small, with my free time. I regret that I couldn't give you more than a few seconds of stinging, but at least we managed to get out of there. "And he burned the turtle's head," Jason said appreciated. "What now?" "Go away!", Said the trainer. - Do
you even have to ask? We have enough distance. We have enough distance. We have ballistries. Secure and load, the demigods! Jason frowned. "The coach, above all, I lost my sword." "Hi! I didn't ask for evacuation! "Secondly, I don't think the ballists are useful for anything. This shell is like a Nemejan lion skin. His head is not softer. "So we pushed one straight into his
throat," said the trainer, "as you did this crab monster from the Atlantic. Light from the inside. Frank scratched his head. - it can go. But then you have five million turtle ink blocking the entrance to the strait. If we can't fly with broken controls, how do we get out of the ship?" "Wait and repair the reins!", Said the trainer. "Or just swim the other way
you great Gaute." Frank looked confused. "What is Galot?" "Boys!" Nico called from the mast. - That you sail in the opposite direction? I don't think it works. The bow pointed out. A quarter of a long -like lane, the landed belt of the earth curved and in contact with the cliffs. The water track ended with a narrow V. - We are not in trouble, "Jason said.
 "We are in a dead end." Hazel's hands and feet were cold. On the left side of the weasel, the gale was sitting on her back paws and stared expectantly at Hazel said. The others looked at her. "No, it's all right," Leo said. - What's worse, we fix it. It may take the night, but I can make the ship fly again. At the entrance to the bay, the
turtle roared. He did not seem interested in leaving. "Well ..." Piper shrugged. "At least a turtle can't get us. We are safe here. " No semi -you should never say that. These words barely left Piper's mouth when the arrow firedAt home, six inches on her face. The crew dispersed the lid, with the exception of the Paiper, which was held in place, fixing the
arrow, which almost pierced the nose. Piper, duck! - Jason chuchota with diligence. But no other missile had rain. Frank studied the angle of the screw in the mast and pointed out the upper part of the rocks. There, he said. The only shooter. See you soon? The sun was in his eyes, but Hazel saw a small silhouette standing on top of the cornice. His
bronze armor shone. For the love of God, who is it? "Why is he shooting us?" The voice was slim and aqueous. There is a note. Hazel did not see this before, but the parchment was linked to the arrow. She didn't know why, but it was angry. She attacked it. "Eh, Hazel?" Said Leo. It's certain? "She read the note aloud. First
line: stand and deliver. What does it mean? Coach Gedzh complained. We got up. Well, squats, anyway. And if a man awaits the delivery of pizza, forget that! "Heisel said. It's a flight. Send two sides at the top of the cliff with all your values. No more than two. Leave a magic horse. There is no Truc. was a narrow set of steps towards
the rock that led to the top. The turtle, the blind chain, Hazel Cliff, estimated that it was not the first time that the writer has been attacking the ship. She cleaned the throat and read aloud: "I mean all your precious thinks of using your think of using your precious thinks." Hazel has read and did not think of using your precious thinks of using your precious thinks.
catapults "said the coach. "The guy is good. The note is signed? "Asked Nico. Hazel shook her head. She heard the story in Jupiter's camp, something about the flight that worked with a giant turtle; but, as usual, as soon as she needs information, she was unpleasant at the back of the memory, just out of reach. The scabry cry looked at
her and waited for what he would do. I came out, thought Hazel. It was not enough Driving the turtle. Heisel could do nothing with the way he could handle a fog. Leo studied the top of the cliff andunder my nose. This is not a good trajectory. Even if I could arm the catapult before the guy threw us up, I don't
think I could shoot. These are hundreds of feet, almost right up. Yes, Frank murmured. My bow is also useless. By gaining a huge advantage. I couldn't get to him. A, um, piper stabbed an arrow that stuck in the mast. I feel like he's a good shooter. I don't think he wanted to strike me. But if so ... she didn't need to explain it. Whoever the robber was,
he could hit his destination for hundreds of feet away. He could shoot them all before they could respond. I'll go, Hazel said. She hated the idea, but she was sure that Hekata had arranged it as a perverse challenge. It was Hazelin's attempt to save the ship. Gale, as if she needed a confirmation, skipped the railing and jumped on his shoulder, ready to
roll. The others looked at her. Frank grabbed the bow. Hazel no, look, she said the thief wanted valuables. I can go there, summon gold, gems I want. The lion raised his eyebrows. "If we pay him, do you think he really will let us go?" We don't have much choice, Niko said. Meanwhile, a guy and a turtle ... Jason raised his hand. The rest was silent. I
will go too, he said. The letter speaks of two people. I'll take Hazel there and watch her. I also do not like the appearance of these stairs. If Hazel falls ... I can use the wind to prevent both from falling on a hard road. Arione, who seems to say in protest that you are leaving without me? Are you kidding? I have to, Arione, Hazel said. Jason ... yes. I think
you're right. It's the best plan. I just wish to have a sword. Jason looked at the coach. He's at the bottom of the sea and we don't have Percy to get him. Percy's name was like a cloud. The mood on board has worsened. Hazel reached out. She didn't think about it. She just concentrated on the water and called for imperial gold. A stupid idea. The sword
was far away, probably hundreds of feet under water. But she felt a quick twitch in her fingers, like a bite on a fishing trip, and Jason's blade flew out of the water into her hand. Please, she said and passed on. Jason's eyes spread. Like ... it was half a mile! She said she said, even if it is not true. She hoped that she did not accidentally curse Jason's
sword, provoking the way she cursed jewelry and precious metals. In one way or another, she thought, the weapon was different. In the end, she collected a bunch of Imperial gold equipment from Gleisher Bay and distributed it to the fifth group. It worked well. She decided not to worry about it. She was so angry with Hekata and was so tired of
manipulating the gods that she was not going to allow trifles to stand on her way. Now, without unnecessary words, we have to meet a thief. Hazel liked to walk in the fresh air, but go up the stairs without a balustrade on a rock with two hundred feet with a quick temperature caress on his shoulder? Not really. Especially when she was able to go to
Arion at the top in a second. Jason followed her to catch up with her if she falls. Heisel appreciated this, but the giant falling from that was no less terrible. She looked to the right, which was a mistake. His leg almost slipped and the gravel spray fell on the edge. Gail shouted anxiously. You're fine - asked Jason. Yes. GOOD. She had no place to turn
and watch it. She just had to believe that he would not allow her to humble herself to death. As he knew how to fly, he was the only logical backup. However, she wanted Frank, Nico, Piper or Leo on her back. Or even well, well, maybe not a brown hedge. But Hazel still couldn't read on Jason Grace. Since she arrived at the Jupiter camp, she has heard
of him. The holidaymakers talked with reverence with the son of Jupiter, who went from the lower ranks to the fifth cohort of the mountain there, then disappeared. Even now, after all the events of the last two weeks, Jason seemed rather a legend than a man. It was difficult for him to impregnate him
with sympathy with these frozen blue eyes and with such cautious restraint, with the way he calculated each word before pronouncing it. Nor could she forget how he was ready to tidy up her brother Nico when they discovered that he was a prisoner in Rome. Jason thought Nico was a bait for a trap. He was right. And, perhaps, now that Nico was
safe, Hazel could understand why Jason's warning was a good idea. However, she didn't know what to think of the guy. And if they are in trouble at the top of the cliff and Decided that rescuing Hazel isn't the best for the search? She looked up. She couldn't see the thief from here, but she thought he was expecting. Hazel was confident that she could
produce enough gems and gold to impress even the greediest robber. She wondered if her enchanted treasures would fail anyway. She was never sure if that curse was broken when she died the first time. It seemed like a good chance to find out. Whoever robbed innocent demigods with a giant turtle deserves wicked curses. Gales Weasley jumped off
his shoulder and into the shower. She turned and roared fiercely. "As fast as I can," muttered Hazel. She couldn't shake the feeling that the weasel was trying to watch it fail. That, um, checked the fog, Jason said. "Did you have any luck?" No, Hazel admitted. She didn't think about her failures that she couldn't turn into a dragon, and Coach Hedge's
baseball bats stubbornly refused to turn into a hot dog. It was possible. "You'll understand," Jason said. His tone surprised her, It wasn't a comment thrown out to be nice. He really sounded. He watched as it was imprinted in the blue eyes and cupped his jaw with confidence. "How can you be sure?" she asked. I just I just have a good instinct anyway,
what people might do. Hekate wouldn't have chosen you if she didn't believe you had the power. Maybe the bag of hazelnuts should have been better. It wasn't like that. She also had a good people instinct. She realized who her brother was, most of her friends encouraged Nico, who was not easy to read. But Jason? She had no idea. Everyone said he
was a natural leader. She believed it. Here he was and felt like an approximate member of the team and said that she could do anything. But what could Jason do? She could not tell anyone about her doubts. Frank was afraid of the quy. Piper, of course, was head over heels. Leo was his best friend. Even Niko seemed to follow suit without question.
The Queen of Olympus threw Jason into the camp half covered in blood, so this whole chain of events started to stop the GAEA. Why Jason first? Someone told Hazel that he was the linchpin. Jason would be the finaleAlso. The world must come across a storm or fire. This means prophecy. Just when Hazel was afraid of fire, she was more afraid of the
 explore. The bell cooked, ass and ran to the nearest bushes. Basically, Argo II looked like a toy in the canal. Hazel did not understand how someone could make an arrow with this height, given the wind and the sun above the water. At the mouth of the entrance, the massive shape of the turtle shell shone like a polished coin. Jason joined him at the top
and looked worse than the climb. He started to say: "" here! He said. Hazel jumped. Only ten feet from him appeared a man with an arc and a wand in shoulder and two old duel pistols with a padlock in his hands. He wore high leather shoes, leather pants and a pirate shirt. Her curly black hair looked like a small child, and her sparkling green eyes
were quite nice, but the lower half of her face covered her red scarf. Or your life! "Hazel was sure that he was not there a second ago. It was as if it was outside the invisible curtain. They asked Hazel. Bandita Ri." Well Sure! "Asked Jason." Jako Kentaur? "Bandita Ri." Well Sure! "Bandita Ri." "Bandita Ri." Well Sure! "Bandita Ri." "Bandi
not important. I do not see any value object! "Do not wait," said Hazel. We are precious but if we abandon, how can we be sure, will we let ourselves leave? "On the styx river, I promise not to You shoot if you give up what I want. I'll send you back to the cliff. "Hazel took a suspicious look at Jason. Rivière Styx or not, as Scong formulated his promise,
did not reassure her. "What if we had fought with you?" Jason asked. âze can attack us andOur ship is hostage to the same explosion! BE! It happened so fast that it took Heizel's brain a while to process it. Smoke curled around the side of Jason's head. Just above the left ear in the hair, as a racing team, the furrow turned. One of Sciron's pack castles
was still face to face. The second flat bolt fell, along the edge of the boulder, as if Sciron's second shot was transmitted to the Argo II. Heizel was rocked by a delayed shock. You did it, don't worry! You would see such a phone that couldn't, you see a hole in the cover between big youngsters with a circle. you say it. It was just a demonstration. I'm
afraid it's much more serious. He reversed the floods. The hammer moved and Heizel felt like the weapon was simply magically reloading. Sciron raised his eyebrows as he looked at Jason. Yes! To answer your question, yes, I can attack you and hijack your ship at the same time. Sky Brown ammunition. Deadly enough for demigods. You both die first -
seal, bang. Then I could take the time to choose my friends on this ship. Target drills are so much more fun when real targets are running and screaming! It has never seemed so safe. The wretch was lost. Frank was the best shooter she knew with a bow, but this Banana Skiron was inhuman. Are you the son of Poseidon? She succeeded. "I think of
Apollo during filming." The smile lines deepened around his eyes. So thanks! However, this is just practice. The giant tortoises if you're not the son of Poseidon! Sure, I could take your boat with the tide, but that's terribly hard work. Not as fun as trap and shoot. Heizel tried to collect his thoughts,
to freeze time, but it was hard to watch the burning barrels of that flood wing. Aha, who's in your bandana? "But you showed up," Jason said. "You are Scaron." Bandit's eyes widened. How did you? Yes, I thought I did. "He lowered a flat lock and the other scratched his head. I was terribly careless in front of me. Sorry. I'm afraid I'm a little rusty.
back fromdead and all. Let me try again. "He wielded the guns. Stand and deliver! I'm an anonymous bandit. Something in the memory of Hazel. - He killed you once. Skiron's arms fell. She nodded, although the information was unclear. "Theseus met her on the way to Athens. Skiron killed his
victims, something about the tortoise. Hazel didn't remember." Theseus was such a fool! "He complained about Skyron. - I don't want to talk about him. Now I've come back from the dead. Gaja promised me I could stay on the coast and rob any courts I want, and I intend to! Hazel "Hm," said Skiron. "No, I'm almost certain it wasn't. Oh yeah! money
or your life. where are your valuables No valuables? Then I'll have to wait, Hazel said. "Let's at least get our valuables. Hazel almost didn't need to concentrate. She was so worried that the earth were about to press them. Drachma, old gold
jewellery, gleaming diamonds, topazes and rubies - in sufficient quantity to fill a few pockets on lawns. Skyron laughed with delight. "What the hell have you done?" Intersect with Hecate. There were more centuries of hidden riches from every empire that had ever claimed, This land - Greek, Roman, Byzantine and many others. Those empires
disappeared, leaving only a sterile shore for Skyron's bandit. She felt small and powerless. "Just take the treasure," she said. "Let's go." Skiron laughed. - Oh, but I said all your nonsense. I understand that on this ship you do sth hat very special hold - a statue of ivory and gold, for example for forty feet? Hazel started sweating around his neck causing
chills, your back. Jason gave in Even though the cannon was on his face, his eyes were as heavy as sapphires. The statue is not negotiable. ‎I it must be! - € Žgaea told you about it. - € ŽSIE told you to take it. on the statue is not negotiable. ‎I it must be! - € Žgaea told you about it. - € Žgaea 
have the intention to live a long life as a very rich man!" statue wouldn't do you any good," Hazel said. â € Ž if the GAEA destroyed the world. "What, please? "Gaea is using you," Hazel said. â € Ž if the GAEA destroyed the world. "What, please? "Gaea is using you," Hazel said. â € Ž if the GAEA destroyed the world. "What, please? "Gaea is using you," Hazel said. â € Ž if the GAEA destroyed the world. "What, please? "Gaea is using you," Hazel said. â € Ž if the GAEA destroyed the world."
monsters. So where are you going to spend your gold, sciron? Assuming the GAEA allows you to live at all. He was silent and counted to ten. Finally, his laughter returned. "All right!" He said. "I'm not being unreasonable. Keep the statue.
Jason blinked. "Can we go? "I always ask for respect. Before I let my victims go, I insist that they wash my feet." the worst thing Hazel had ever seen...and she had seen some very disgusting things. They were swollen and wrinkled and mushy, like if they had been soaked in formaldehyde for a few centuries. Büschel's brown hair grew from each
crooked toe. Her ragged toes were green and yellow like a turtle. Then the smell hit her. Hazel didn't know if there was a zombie cafe in his father's underground castle, but if it was, it would smell like Sciron's feet." Sciron wobbled with his filthy toes. "ŽWER wants to go left, and who's on the right?" You...you're kidding. " " No way! Sciron said.
"Wash my feet and we're done." I send the rock back to you. I promise you on the Styx River. simple that Hazel's alarm bells were pouring in. Feet. Send you back to the cliff. Turtle armor. The story came back to him, all the missing pieces fitting together. SheHow Sciron killed his victims. "Can we have a moment?" Hazel asked the bandits. Sciron
pinched his eyes together. - For what reason? "Well, it's a big decision," she said. "Left foot, right foot. We need to talk. She could see him smile under the mask. "Of course," he said. "I'm so generous, you can have two minutes.
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