


HALF BOY
*
HALF GOD
*
ALL HERO



PERCY JACKSON

AND THE
LIGHTNING THIEF



ADAPTED BY ROBERT VENDITTI
ART BY ATTILA FUTAKI * COLOUR BY JOSÉ VILLARRUBIA

RICK RIORDAN

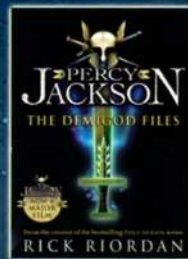
THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

➤ RICK RIORDAN IS THE MYTH MASTER ➤
DON'T MISS ANY OF HIS ELECTRIFYING ADVENTURES

EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT

PERCY JACKSON

HALF BOY * HALF GOD * ALL HERO



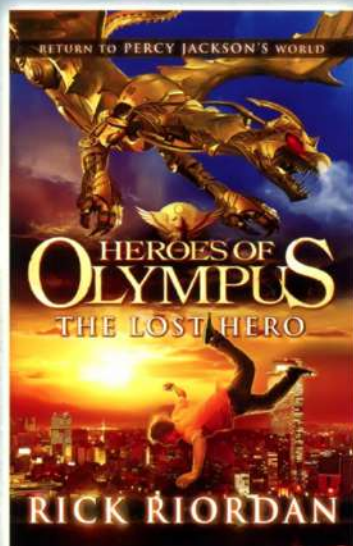
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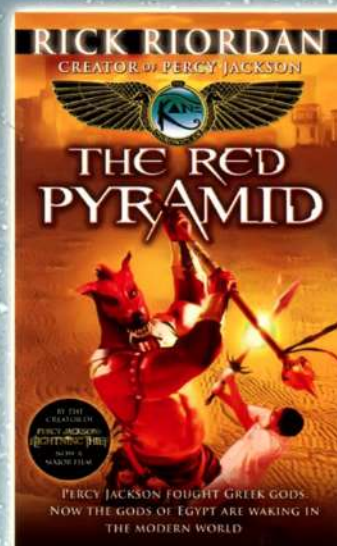
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LAYOUTS BY
ORPHEUS COLLAR

LETTERING BY
CHRIS DICKEY



PUFFIN



QUIET DOWN, CLASS.

NOW, WHO CAN TELL ME WHAT THE ENGRAVING ON THIS ANCIENT GREEK GRAVE MARKER REPRESENTS?



MR. JACKSON, PERHAPS?



OH, UM...

THAT'S... UH... KRONOS EATING HIS KIDS, RIGHT?



KRONOS WAS KING OF THE GODS, I MEAN... ER... THE TITANS, AND HE DIDN'T TRUST HIS KIDS-- THEY WERE THE GODS-- SO HE ATE THEM.

BUT HIS WIFE GAVE HIM A ROCK TO EAT INSTEAD OF ZEUS. AND WHEN ZEUS GREW UP, HE TRICKED DAD INTO... UM... BARFING UP THE OTHER KIDS. THEN THERE WAS A BIG GODS-VERSUS-TITANS WAR, AND THE GODS WON.



VERY NEARLY ADEQUATE, MR. JACKSON, SLANG FOR REGURGITATION NOTWITHSTANDING.

SO WHY DOES THIS STORY MATTER IN OUR LIVES? BEYOND EARNING A PASSING GRADE ON TOMORROW'S YEAR-END EXAMINATION.



BECAUSE... WELL, BECAUSE...

... I DON'T KNOW, MR. BRUNNER.

BUSTED!



I SEE. PERHAPS A LITTLE NOURISHMENT TO GET THE BRAIN WORKING AGAIN, HMM?

WE'LL CONTINUE OUR SEMESTER REVIEW AFTER LUNCH.



MR. JACKSON, I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH YOU ALONE, PLEASE.



NEW YORK CITY.
THE METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM OF ART

ONE DAY UNTIL PERCY JACKSON
EITHER PASSES THE SIXTH GRADE,
OR GETS KICKED OUT OF HIS
SIXTH SCHOOL IN AS MANY YEARS.



DETENTION
AGAIN?

NAH. HE
JUST WANTED
TO REMIND
ME THAT HIS
CLASS ISN'T
POINTLESS.

"WHAT YOU
LEARN FROM ME IS
VITALLY IMPORTANT
MR. JACKSON."



IT'S DYSLEXIC. AND
I'D RATHER BE AT BOARDING
SCHOOL FOR TROUBLE WITH
READING THAN BECAUSE I'M
A CHRONIC SHOPLIFTER,
KLEPTO-GIRL.

I STEAL
THINGS BECAUSE
I LIKE TO. DO YOU
LIKE HAVING MUSH
FOR BRAINS?



I LIKE
BRUNNER
AND ALL--

--BUT I
WISH HE'D LAY
OFF ME SOMETIMES.
IT'S NOT LIKE I'M
A GENIUS.

BLUMMER.
YOU GONNA
EAT YOUR
APPLE?

NICE GOING IN
THERE, DYSLEXIAC.



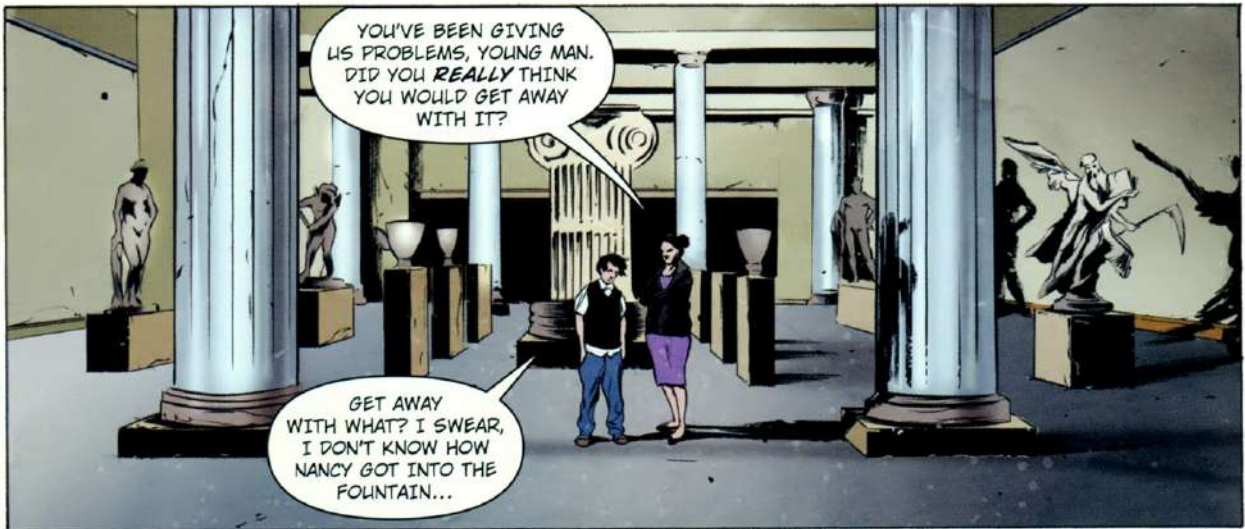
UH,
GUYS? LET'S
JUST EVERYBODY
CALM DOWN.

FACE IT,
REJECT YOU'LL
ALWAYS BE A
LOSER.

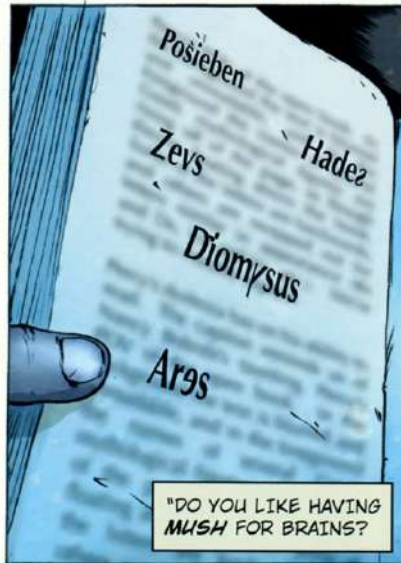


SPLOOSH!









"DO YOU LIKE HAVING MUSH FOR BRAINS?"

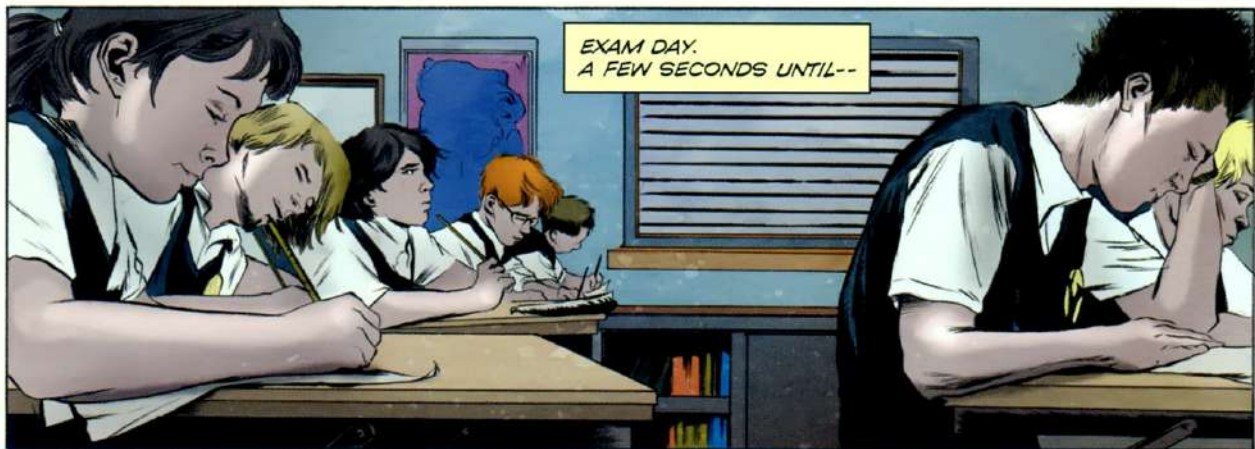


"FACE IT REJECT"

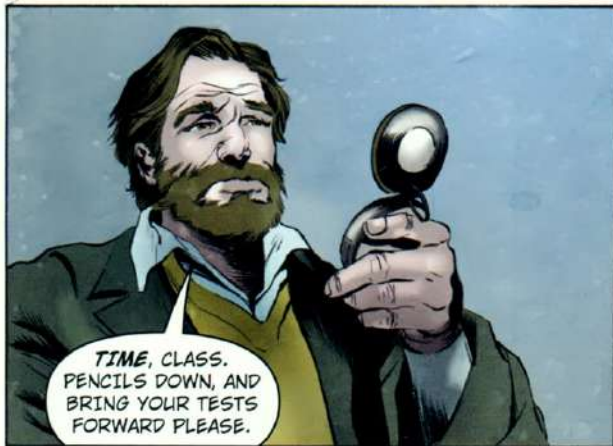


"YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A LOSER."





EXAM DAY.
A FEW SECONDS UNTIL--



TIME, CLASS.
PENCILS DOWN, AND
BRING YOUR TESTS
FORWARD PLEASE.



IT'S PROBABLY
NOT GOOD, MR. BRUNNER,
BUT IT'S MY BEST

TRY NOT
TO BE DISCOURAGED,
PERCY YANCY ISN'T THE
RIGHT PLACE FOR SOMEONE
WITH YOUR... SPECIFIC
LEARNING NEEDS.

IT WAS
ONLY A MATTER OF
TIME UNTIL EVERYONE
RECOGNIZED THAT



SIR?

OH, CONFOUND IT ALL.
WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS...
YOU'RE NOT NORMAL, PERCY
HOWEVER, THAT'S NOTHING
TO BE ASHAMED--



THANKS FOR THE
REMINDER. I'D ALMOST
FORGOT





LOOKS LIKE IT THOSE SOCKS ARE A LITTLE **BIG** FOR ME, THOUGH.

NOT FUNNY YOU DO **NOT** WANT TO WEAR THOSE SOCKS.



SHE SNIPPED THE STRING! DID YOU SEE THAT?! SHE SNIPPED THE STRING!

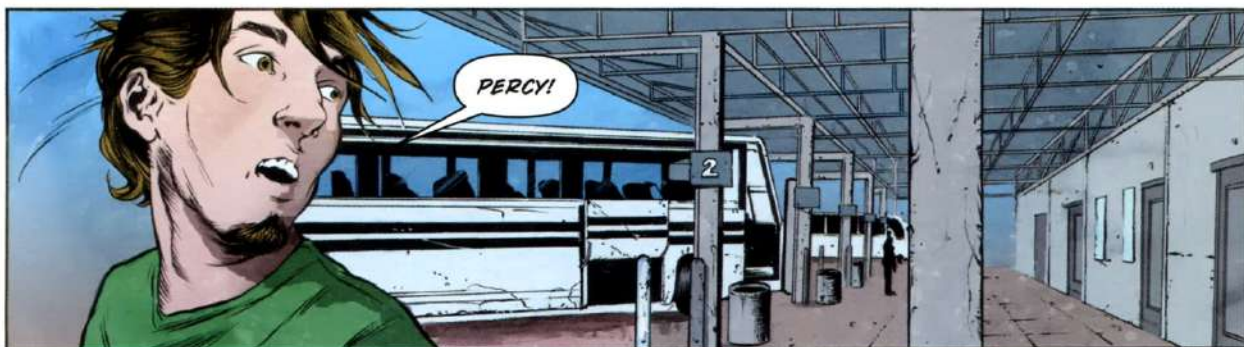


WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? YOU DON'T THINK THEY'LL COME OVER HERE, DO YOU?

SIXTH GRADE. ALWAYS **SIXTH GRADE**...

WAIT HERE, OKAY? I'M GOING TO BUY A TICKET AND RIDE INTO THE CITY WITH YOU. JUST **WAIT HERE**.





MANHATTAN'S
UPPER EAST SIDE.

HOME SWEET HOME.



SWEETHEART!



I LEFT WORK
JUST AS SOON AS
THEY'D LET ME.
I COULDN'T WAIT
TO SEE YOU.



HEY
MOM.



LOOK
HOW YOU'VE GROWN
SINCE CHRISTMAS!
OH, I MISS OUT ON
SO MUCH.







WE'LL FIGURE OUT SOMETHING, SWEETHEART WE ALWAYS DO.

YOU'RE GOING TO SEND ME AWAY AGAIN, AREN'T YOU? BECAUSE YOU DON'T WANT ME AROUND.

OR IS IT *GABE*? WE DESERVE BETTER THAN HIM. YOU DESERVE BETTER.



I... HAVE TO SEND YOU AWAY THEY TOLD ME IT'D BE TOO DANGEROUS TO KEEP YOU CLOSE.

SO IT'S EITHER BOARDING SCHOOL OR...THE PLACE YOUR FATHER WANTED YOU TO GO.

HE NEVER EVEN MET ME, BUT HE HAD A SCHOOL PICKED OUT FOR ME?



NOT A SCHOOL. MORE LIKE A CAMP. IT'S NOT FAR FROM HERE, ACTUALLY

HE SAID YOU'D BE SAFE THERE, BUT IT MIGHT MEAN THAT I'D HAVE TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO YOU FOR GOOD. THAT I WON'T DO.



SAFE? SAFE FROM WHAT?

**BANG
BANG
BANG**



GREAT MAYBE GABE CAME BY TO GET A REFILL ON HIS BEAN DIP.

PERCY DON'T ANSWER THE DOOR!



GROVER?



SEARCHING ALL NIGHT
-SHUFF-

WHAT WERE YOU
-SHUFF-
THINKING?

LOOK, I'M SORRY I DITCHED YOU AT THE BUS DEPOT, BUT--



IT'S RIGHT BEHIND ME, MRS. JACKSON-- WE HAVE TO LEAVE!

PERCY, DID SOMETHING HAPPEN AT SCHOOL? WHAT HAVEN'T YOU TOLD ME?

NOTHING. I...

GROVER, WHAT'S WITH YOUR LEGS?



PERCY! TELL ME NOW!

THERE WAS THIS TEACHER, AND SHE WAS LIKE A BAT-LADY OR SOMETHING. BUT EVERYONE SAID SHE NEVER EXISTED, SO--



GET TO THE CAR, BOTH OF YOU! GO!



SO...FROM THE WAIST DOWN, MY BEST FRIEND IS A DONKEY?



BLA-A-A!
A GOAT! LUCKY FOR YOU, I REALLY AM YOUR FRIEND. THERE ARE SATYRS WHO'D TRAMPLE YOU UNDERHOOF FOR SUCH AN INSULT!

WAIT. A SATYR? LIKE FROM MR. BRUNNER'S MYTHS?



WAS MRS. DODDS A MYTH?

SO YOU ADMIT THERE WAS A MRS. DODDS!

OF COURSE. WE USED MIST TO MAKE EVERYONE FORGET HER, HOPING YOU'D THINK YOU IMAGINED IT ALL.

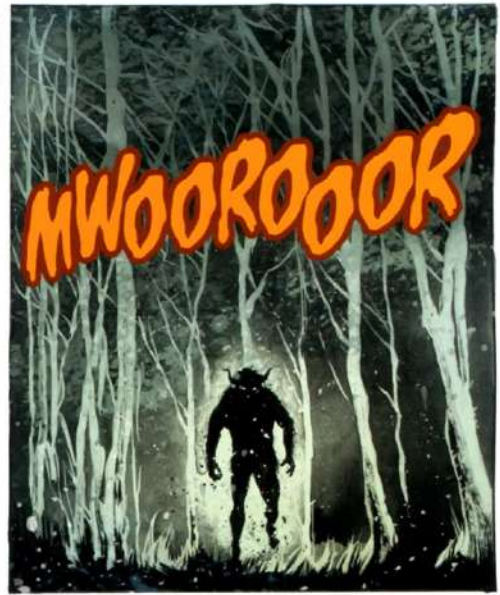


UNFORTUNATELY, WHAT'S CHASING US NOW IS MUCH WORSE THAN MRS. DODDS.

IF WE CAN JUST MAKE IT TO CAMP. ONE MORE MILE. PLEASE.









NOOO!!!



MOM!



PERCY!



MWRR?



HEY!
GROUND
BEEF!

RAAAARRRRR!

SNAP!











THIS IS MR. D., OUR CAMP DIRECTOR.

WELCOME TO CAMP HALF-BLOOD, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH. NOW DON'T EXPECT ME TO BE GLAD TO SEE YOU.

South Korea (GNN) - the wreckage of a South Korean ship was agency. The ship was approximately 100 miles north of South Korea.

AND YOU, UM, ALREADY KNOW OUR ACTIVITIES DIRECTOR.

South Korea (GNN) - the wreckage of a South Korean ship was agency. The ship was approximately 100 miles north of South Korea.

"MR. BRUNNER" WAS A PSEUDONYM. YOU MAY CALL ME CHIRON NOW.

AND I MUST SAY, PERCY, I'M PLEASED TO SEE YOU ALIVE. I DON'T OFTEN VISIT A POTENTIAL CAMPER AT A SCHOOL FOR MORTALS. I'D HATE TO THINK I'D WASTED MY TIME.

LET'S NOT RUSH TO JUDGMENT, CHIRON. YOU MAY YET DISCOVER THAT YOU'VE WASTED YOUR TIME ON THIS BOY.

OH, I DON'T KNOW. GROVER SENSED SOMETHING SPECIAL IN HIM.

A RINGING ENDORSEMENT, TO BE SURE.

I'LL ... UH... BE GOING THEN.

GOOD RIDDANCE.

EXCUSE MR. D. FOR BEING GRUFF, PERCY. HE'S BEEN GROUNDED SINCE HE TOOK A FANCY TO A WOOD NYMPH HIS FATHER DECLARED OFF-LIMITS.

HOW FATHER LOVES TO PUNISH ME. SENDING ME HERE TO RUN A SUMMER CAMP FOR BRATS LIKE YOU.







YOU MAY NOT REALIZE IT, PERCY, BUT GREAT POWERS ARE AT WORK IN YOUR LIFE.

THE MYTHS YOU REFER TO AS THE "GREEK GODS" ARE VERY REAL, AND VERY MUCH ALIVE. THEY ALWAYS HAVE BEEN, AND ALWAYS WILL BE.

DO THOSE HORSES HAVE WINGS?



AS WILL OLYMPUS. NOT MOUNT OLYMPUS, MIND YOU, WHICH IS IN GREECE, BUT THE PALACE OF OLYMPUS. THE GATHERING PLACE OF THE GODS.

IS THERE LAVA COMING OUT OF THAT CLIMBING WALL?



"YOU SEE, THE GODS-- AND OLYMPUS-- MOVE WITH THE HEART OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

"THEY BEGAN IN GREECE, THEN MOVED TO ROME. FOR THE PAST CENTURY THEY'VE BEEN HERE, IN AMERICA."

YOU MIGHT SAY THAT THE GODS ARE THE SOURCE OF THE WEST. OR AT LEAST BOUND SO TIGHTLY TO IT THAT THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY FADE, NOT UNLESS ALL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION WERE OBLITERATED.



ARE YOU REALLY...?

THE CHIRON FROM THE STORIES? TRAINER OF HERCULES AND ALL THAT?

YES, PERCY. I AM.



I GUESS THIS IS WHAT YOU MEANT WHEN YOU SAID WHAT I LEARNED IN YOUR CLASS WAS "VITALLY IMPORTANT."







CLARISSE, WHY DON'T YOU GO POLISH YOUR SPEAR OR SOMETHING?

SURE THING, MISS PRINCESS. THEN I'LL RUN YOU THROUGH WITH IT.

WHO'S THE LITTLE RUNT?



PERCY, MEET CLARISSE, DAUGHTER OF ARES.

LIKE... THE WAR GOD?



I'M ALSO HEAD OF THE UNOFFICIAL WELCOMING COMMITTEE.

CLARISSE! DON'T!

HEY!



LET ME SHOW YOU HOW WE SAY "WELCOME!"

LET GO!



HAVE A DRINK, NEWBIE. IT'S ON ME.



RUMMMBLE











ANYWAY, YOU CAN STAY WITH US AS LONG AS YOU NEED TO. HERMES ISN'T PICKY ABOUT WHO HE SPONSORS--ANYBODY WHO USES THE ROADS IS FAIR GAME. MESSENGERS, TRAVELERS, MERCHANTS...

EVEN *THIEVES*. SO WATCH YOUR STUFF AROUND THIS LOT. SPEAKING OF WHICH...



I HEARD YOU PACKED LIGHT, SO I NICKED SOME TOILETRIES FROM THE CAMP SUPPLY SHOP TO GET YOU STARTED.



THANKS.

YOU KNOW, BESIDES CHIRON AND GROVER, YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON I'VE MET THAT HASN'T TREATED ME LIKE A *DISEASE*.

LISTEN, PERCY. I KNOW IT'S A LOT TO TAKE IN, BUT THE FIRST DAY IS ALWAYS THE WORST. AFTER ALL, EVERYONE HERE IS EXTENDED FAMILY, RIGHT? WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHOVE, WE TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER.

THERE *WILL* BE PUSHING AND SHOIVING, THOUGH. YOU'RE THE NEW KID, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO EARN YOUR OWN REP, STARTING WITH FRIDAY'S GAME OF CAPTURE THE FLAG.



DO I HAVE TO PLAY? I'VE BEEN *UNCONSCIOUS* THE PAST COUPLE OF DAYS.

EVERYBODY PLAYS. CAMP RULES. BUT DON'T SWEAT IT, OKAY? WE'LL START TRAINING FIRST THING TOMORROW.



WHO KNOWS? WE FIND WHAT YOU'RE GOOD AT, AND MAYBE WE'LL GET A CLUE AS TO WHO *SURED* YOU.



FRIDAY NIGHT.

ATTENTION, CAMPERS. LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH.

FOR TONIGHT'S GAME OF CAPTURE THE FLAG, THE BLUE TEAM, LED BY ANNABETH FROM CABIN SIX, HAS ALLIED WITH CABINS SEVEN AND ELEVEN. THE RED TEAM, LED BY CLARISSE FROM CABIN FIVE, IS JOINED BY CABINS FOUR, NINE, TEN, AND TWELVE. CABIN FIVE, **ARES**, IS THE CURRENT CHAMPION. HUZZAH.

YOU ALL KNOW THE RULES: THE CREEK IS THE BOUNDARY LINE, AND THE ENTIRE FOREST IS FAIR GAME. MAGIC ITEMS ARE PERMITTED. KILLING AND MAIMING-- MUCH TO MY **REGRET**-- ARE NOT.

CHIRON WILL SERVE AS REFEREE AND BATTLEFIELD MEDIC, IN THE HAPPY EVENT THAT ONE OF YOU WHELPS IS INJURED. SHOULD ANYONE NEED **ME**, I'LL BE AT THE BIG HOUSE, PONDERING MY IGNOMINY.

LET THE GAME BEGIN. GOOD LUCK, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH...

SO, SHOULD I GO AFTER THE RED TEAM'S FLAG?

YEAH, RIGHT. AFTER THE WEEK OF "TRAINING" YOU'VE HAD?

YOU CAN TAKE BORDER PATROL BY THE CREEK, AS **FAR** FROM THE ACTION AS POSSIBLE. LEAVE THE REST TO ME.

GEE, GLAD YOU WANTED ME ON YOUR TEAM...













GROWWWL!

AAH!



THINK
THINK
THINK

AR-0000!



DI IMMORTALES!
THAT'S A HELLHOUND FROM
THE FIELDS OF PUNISHMENT.
HOW DID IT--?

MOVE ASIDE,
CHILD. LET ME TEND
TO THE BOY.

I'M...
I'M OKAY.



-GRRNF-



HOW?
THE BREASTPLATE
WAS BREACHED.
I SAW THE BEAST'S
CLAWS FIND THEIR
MARK...

THE WATER,
CHIRON.

SO WHAT?
A *MAGIC CREEK* IS
HARDLY THE WEIRDEST
THING I'VE SEEN AT
THIS CAMP.



THE *CREEK*
DOESN'T HAVE POWER,
PERCY. YOU DO.

LOOK.

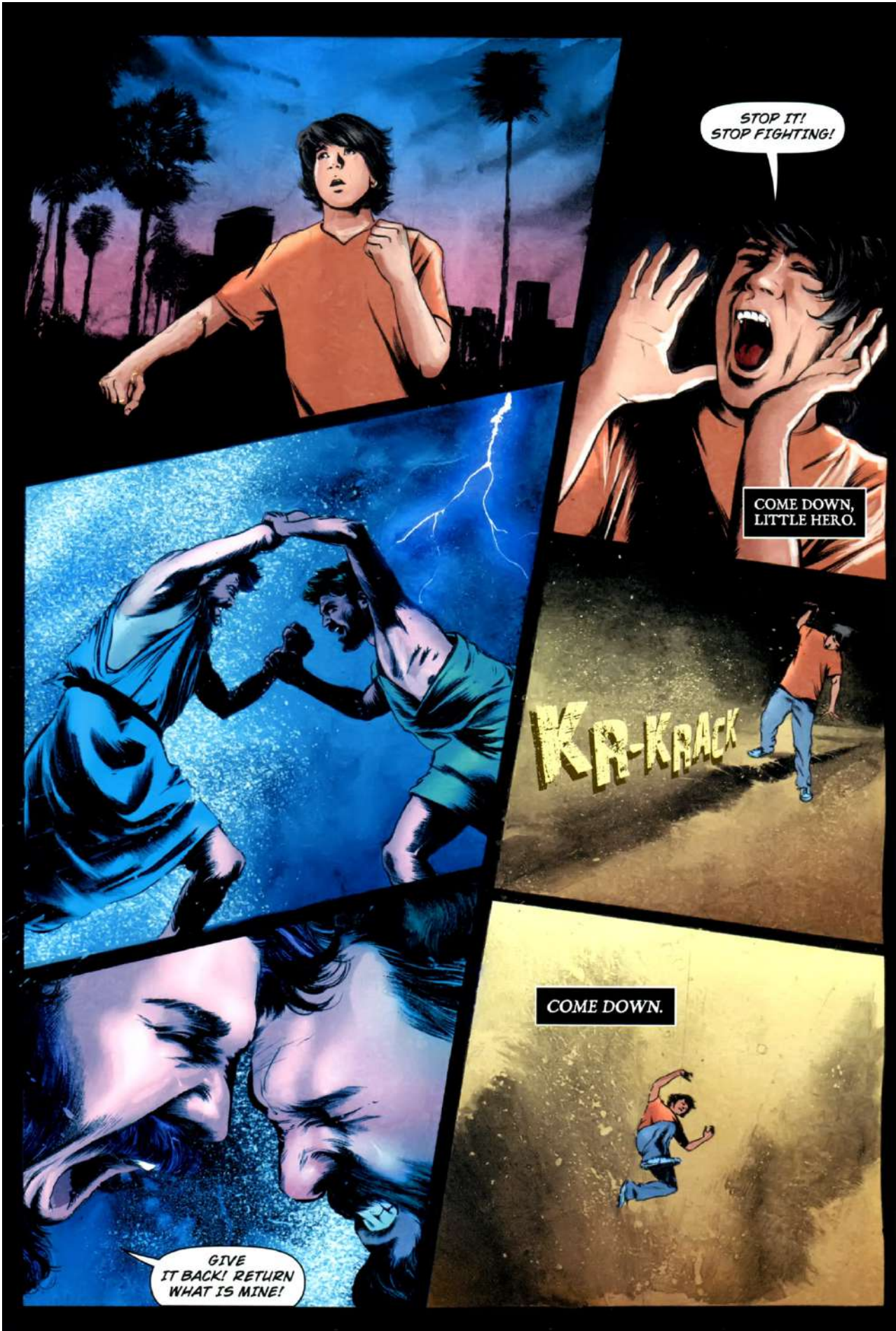


THE BLOODLINE
IS *DETERMINED*.

POSEIDON--
EARTHSHAKER, STORMBRINGER,
LORD OF HORSES.

*HAIL PERSEUS
JACKSON, SON OF
THE SEA GOD.*





STOP IT!
STOP FIGHTING!

COME DOWN,
LITTLE HERO.

KR-KRACK

COME DOWN.

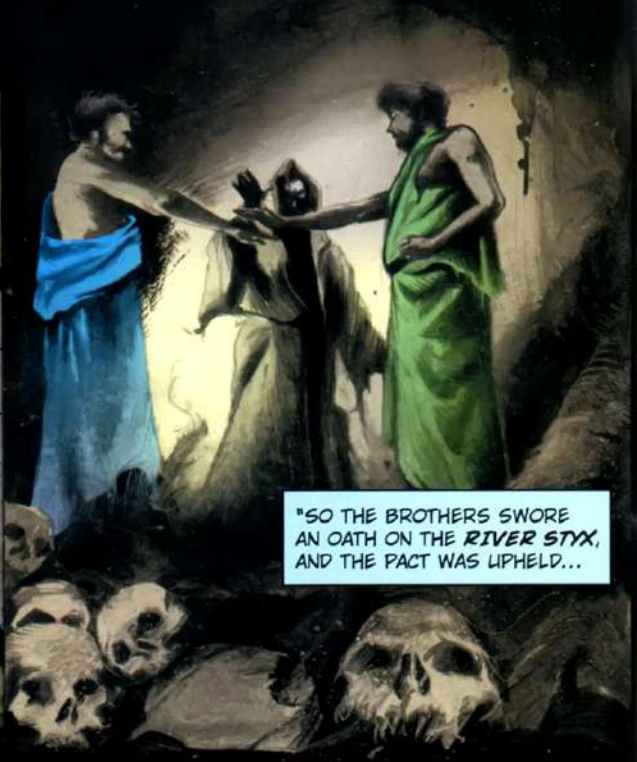
GIVE
IT BACK! RETURN
WHAT IS MINE!





YOU NEVER SHOULD HAVE BEEN BORN.

"YOU SEE, THE WAR HAD BEEN THE RESULT OF A *SPAT* BETWEEN THE SONS OF ZEUS AND POSEIDON ON ONE SIDE, AND THE SONS OF HADES ON THE OTHER.



"SO THE BROTHERS SWORE AN OATH ON THE *RIVER STYX*, AND THE PACT WAS UPHOLD...



YOU *REALLY* NEED TO WORK ON YOUR DELIVERY.

AFTER WORLD WAR II, THE THREE SONS OF KRONOS--ZEUS, POSEIDON, AND HADES--MADE A PACT NEVER TO SIRE ANY MORE HALF-BLOODS.

THEIR OFFSPRING WERE AFFECTING THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS TOO MUCH.



"...UNTIL SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO. ZEUS FELL OFF THE WAGON, AS IT WERE, AND HAD A *DAUGHTER* WITH AN AMERICAN TV STARLET.

"THE CHILD'S NAME WAS THALIA, AND SHE WAS TWELVE WHEN HADES LEARNED OF HER. FURIOUS, HE LOOSED HIS WORST MONSTERS TO DESTROY HER.



"A *SATYR* WAS DISPATCHED TO BRING HER SAFELY TO CAMP. THEY--AND TWO OTHER HALF-BLOODS THEY MET ALONG THE WAY--*NEARLY* MADE IT.

"WOUNDED AND WEARY OF THE CHASE, THALIA MADE HER FINAL STAND JUST OUTSIDE THE VALLEY, SACRIFICING HERSELF SO THAT HER COMPANIONS COULD MAKE IT TO SAFETY."



AS SHE PERISHED, ZEUS TOOK PITY ON HER AND TRANSFORMED HER INTO A PINE TREE. HER SPIRIT PROTECTS THE CAMP'S BORDERS TO THIS DAY.



THAT WAS THE **LAST TIME** A CHILD OF THE BROTHERS WAS DETERMINED. UNTIL YOU.

THAT'S NOT FAIR!

IT WASN'T THE GIRL'S FAULT THAT HER DAD COULDN'T KEEP HIS WORD.



INDEED. BUT WHEN THE BROTHERS SET TO BICKERING, FAIRNESS RARELY ENTERS INTO THE EQUATION. A TRUTH YOU MAY WELL LEARN **FIRSTHAND**.



ZEUS AND POSEIDON ARE FIGHTING NOW, AREN'T THEY? OVER SOMETHING THAT WAS STOLEN... SOMETHING VALUABLE.

I HAD A DREAM...



I KNEW IT!

HUSH, SATYR.

BUT IT'S HIS QUEST! IT **MUST** BE!



YOUR FATHER AND ZEUS **ARE** HAVING THEIR WORST QUARREL IN CENTURIES, PERCY, BUT IT CAN BE SAID THE ITEM THAT WAS STOLEN IS **INVALUABLE**.

A LIGHTNING BOLT, TO BE EXACT. NOT JUST ANY BOLT, BUT THE WEAPON THAT SHEARED THE TOP OFF MOUNT ETNA AND HURLED **KRONOS** FROM HIS THRONE.

THE BOLT FROM WHICH ALL OTHER BOLTS ARE FASHIONED.

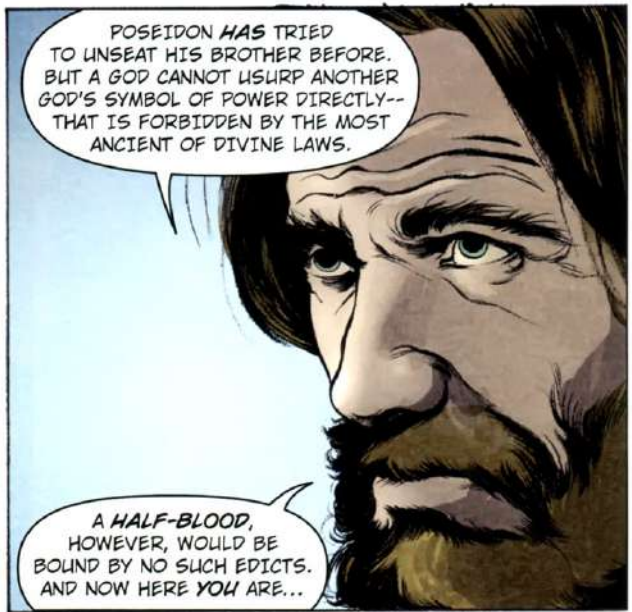
ZEUS'S **MASTER BOLT**, THE SYMBOL OF HIS POWER.



AND **YOU** ARE THE THIEF.



BUT--
AT LEAST, THAT IS WHAT ZEUS CLAIMS. AND PERHAPS NOT WITHOUT CAUSE.



POSEIDON HAS TRIED TO UNSEAT HIS BROTHER BEFORE. BUT A GOD CANNOT USURP ANOTHER GOD'S SYMBOL OF POWER DIRECTLY-- THAT IS FORBIDDEN BY THE MOST ANCIENT OF DIVINE LAWS.

A HALF-BLOOD, HOWEVER, WOULD BE BOUND BY NO SUCH EDICTS. AND NOW HERE YOU ARE...



THIEVERY IS NOT POSEIDON'S STYLE, BUT HE IS TOO PROUD TO TRY CONVINCING ZEUS OF THAT.

THEY ARE DEADLOCKED: ZEUS DEMANDS HIS BOLT BE RETURNED, AND POSEIDON DEMANDS AN APOLOGY FOR BEING WRONGLY ACCUSED.



THEY'VE SET THE SUMMER SOLSTICE--TEN DAYS FROM NOW-- AS THE DEADLINE. IF THE MATTER IS NOT RESOLVED BY THEN, THERE WILL BE WAR.

OLYMPIANS WILL BE FORCED TO CHOOSE SIDES. THERE WILL BE CHAOS. DESTRUCTION. AND WESTERN CIVILIZATION WILL BE THE BATTLEGROUND.

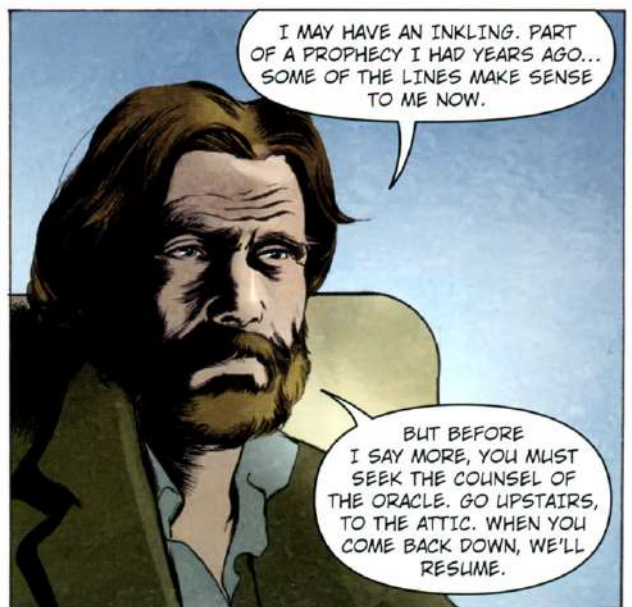
AND YOU'RE TELLING ME ALL OF THIS BECAUSE...



IF POSEIDON DIDN'T STEAL THE BOLT-- AND I DON'T BELIEVE HE DID-- THEN WHAT BETTER PEACE OFFERING THAN TO HAVE HIS SON RETRIEVE IT?

YOU WANT ME TO FIND THE STUPID THING?

WHERE SHOULD I LOOK FIRST? UNDER MY PILLOW?



I MAY HAVE AN INKING. PART OF A PROPHECY I HAD YEARS AGO... SOME OF THE LINES MAKE SENSE TO ME NOW.

BUT BEFORE I SAY MORE, YOU MUST SEEK THE COUNSEL OF THE ORACLE. GO UPSTAIRS, TO THE ATTIC. WHEN YOU COME BACK DOWN, WE'LL RESUME.





I AM THE SPIRIT OF DELPHI, SPEAKER OF THE PROPHECIES OF PHOEBUS'S APOLLO, SLAYER OF THE MIGHTY PYTHON.

APPROACH, SEEKER, AND ASSK.



WH-WHAT IS MY DESTINY?



YOU SHALL GO WEST, AND FACE THE GOD WHO HAS TURNED.

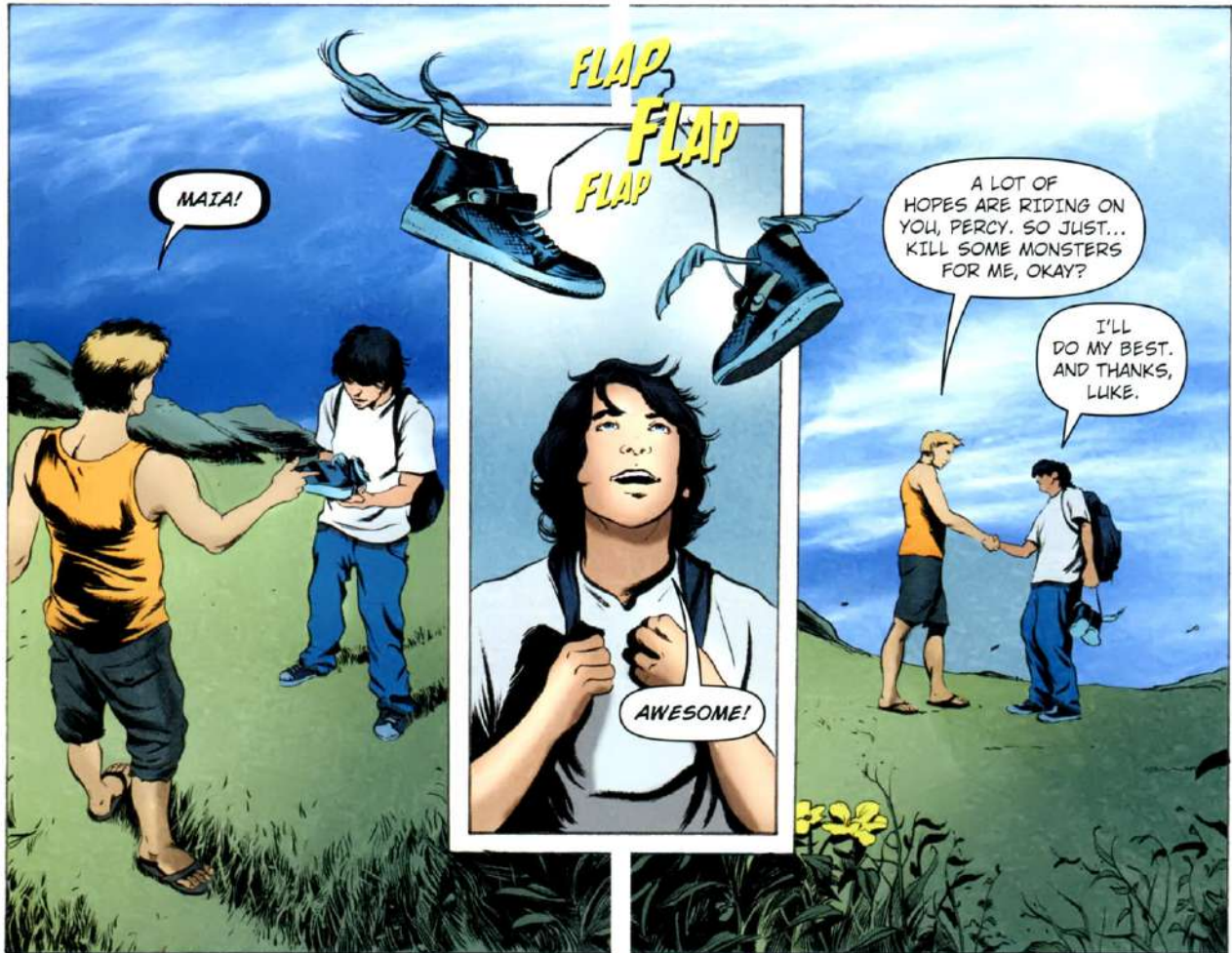
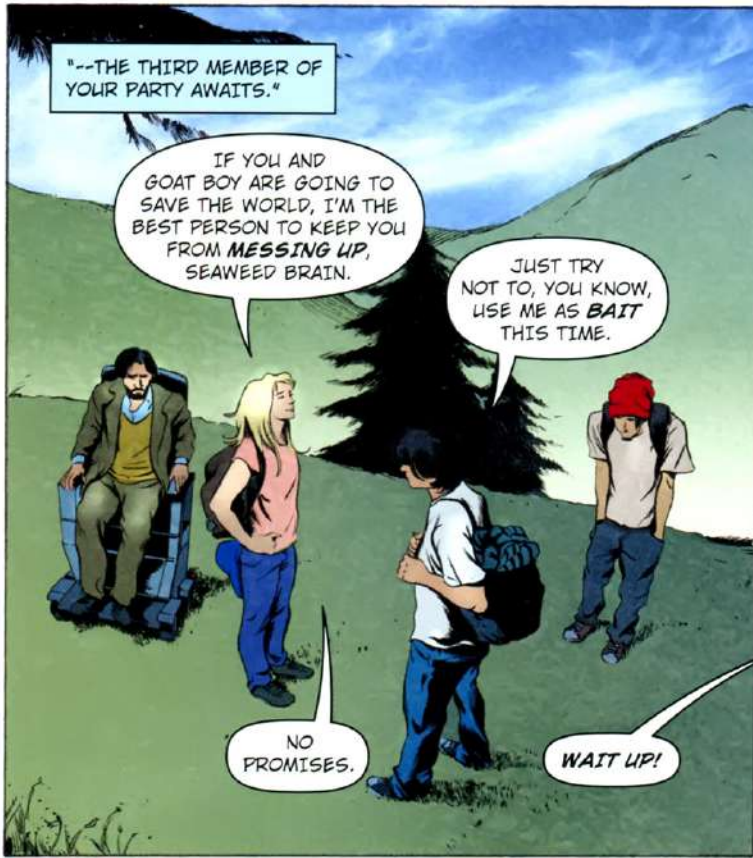


YOU SHALL FIND WHAT WAS STOLEN, AND SEE IT SAFELY RETURNED.





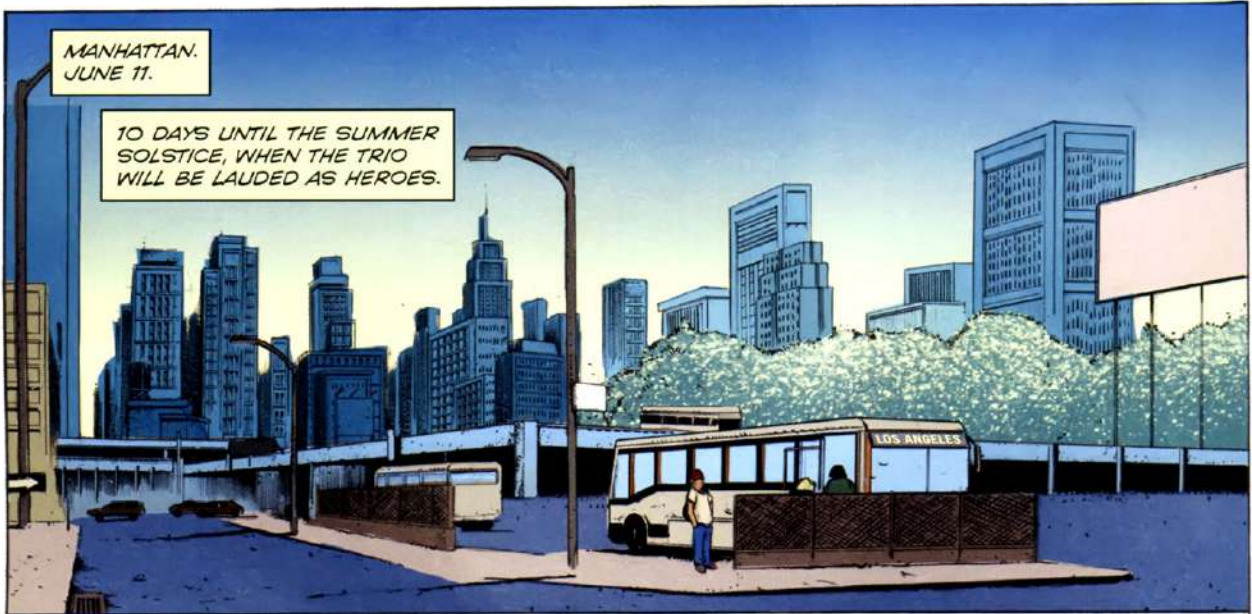






MANHATTAN.
JUNE 11.

10 DAYS UNTIL THE SUMMER
SOLSTICE, WHEN THE TRIO
WILL BE LAUDED AS HEROES.



30 MINUTES LATER.

THREE FURIES
AND AN EXPLODING
BUS? THIS IS NOT
A GOOD START!

DOES
ANYONE EVEN
KNOW WHERE
WE ARE?



YOU SAID
MONSTERS GET
DISPELLED FOR
A LIFETIME!

I SAID IF
YOU'RE LUCKY!
OBVIOUSLY,
YOU'RE NOT!

I LIKED
MRS. DODD'S BETTER
WHEN SHE WAS A
MATH TEACHER!





NOTE TO SELF:
NEXT TIME WE'RE ATTACKED
BY HADES'S TORTURERS,
SOMEONE GRAB OUR BACKPACKS
BEFORE WE MAKE OUR
GETAWAY.

TIN CANS...
I LEFT A PERFECTLY
GOOD SACK OF TIN
CANS.

-ZZZZZ-



I'M SORRY FOR GETTING YOU
MIXED UP IN THIS DUMB QUEST.
IT'S **MY FAULT** YOU'RE EVEN
HERE.

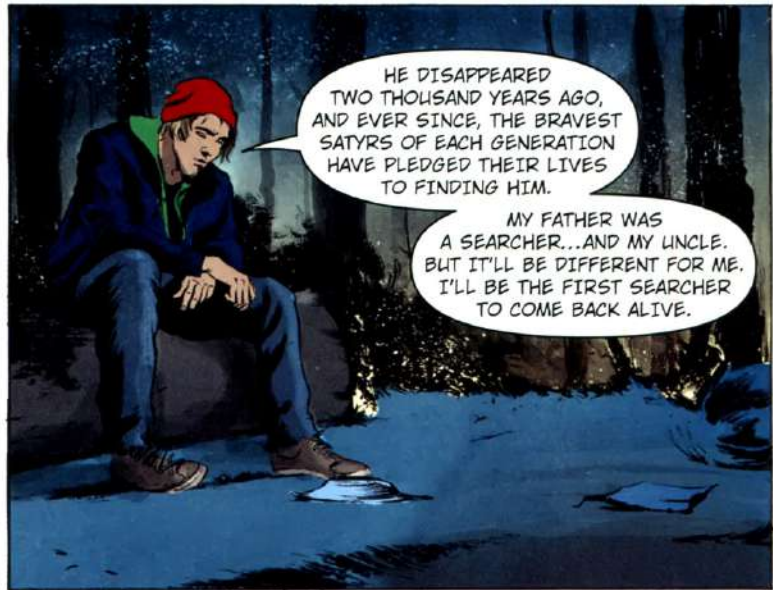
PERCY, I **BEGGED**
MR. D. TO BIND ME TO YOU.
BRINGING YOU BACK SAFE FROM
THIS QUEST IS THE ONLY WAY
I'LL EVER GET MY SEARCHER'S
LICENSE.



LICENSE
TO SEARCH
FOR WHAT?

NOT WHAT.
WHO.

THE GREAT
GOD **PAN**. LORD OF THE
SATYRS AND PROTECTOR
OF ALL THE WILD PLACES
OF EARTH.



HE DISAPPEARED
TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO,
AND EVER SINCE, THE BRAVEST
SATYRS OF EACH GENERATION
HAVE PLEDGED THEIR LIVES
TO FINDING HIM.

MY FATHER WAS
A SEARCHER...AND MY UNCLE.
BUT IT'LL BE DIFFERENT FOR ME.
I'LL BE THE FIRST SEARCHER
TO COME BACK ALIVE.



HANG ON--
THE **FIRST**? YOU MEAN
EVERY SATYR THAT'S GONE
OFF TO FIND PAN HAS DIED...
AND YOU STILL WANT
TO GO?

THE BELIEF THAT
HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE
IS ALL THAT KEEPS US SATYRS
FROM DESPAIRING WHEN WE LOOK
AT WHAT **HUMANS** HAVE DONE
TO THE WORLD.



munch
munch



YOU'RE NOT SELFISH, PERCY.



WHAT? HOW DID--

SATYRS CAN READ EMOTIONS. THAT'S HOW I KNOW THAT YOU DIDN'T TAKE THIS QUEST TO SAVE THE WORLD. YOU TOOK IT TO GET PAYBACK FOR YOUR MOM.

AND IMPRESS YOUR DAD.



SATYRS' EMOTIONS MUST WORK DIFFERENTLY THAN HUMANS', BECAUSE YOU'RE ONLY HALF RIGHT. I COULDN'T CARE LESS WHAT MY DAD THINKS.

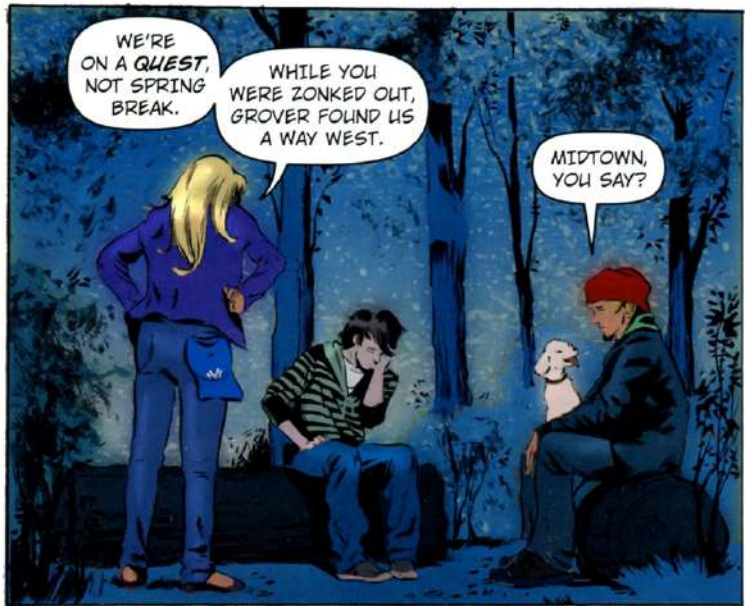
HE NEVER CARED ABOUT ME.



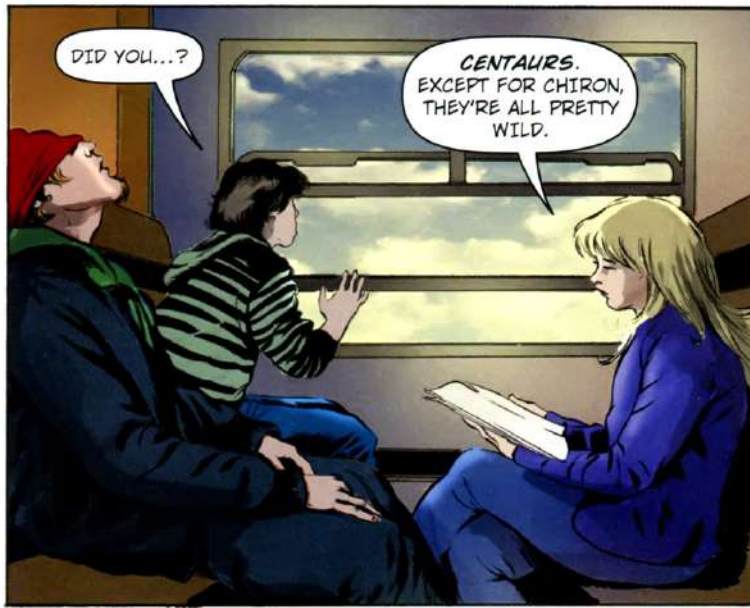
YOU TAKE FIRST WATCH. I'M GOING TO GET SOME SLEEP.











DID YOU...?

CENTAURS. EXCEPT FOR CHIRON, THEY'RE ALL PRETTY WILD.



I DON'T GET IT. GROVER AND MRS. DODDS WERE IN DISGUISE, OKAY, BUT HOW COME **NOBODY** NOTICES THIS OTHER STUFF?

THREE FURIES ON A BUS FULL OF PASSENGERS OUGHTA BE **FRONT-PAGE** NEWS. EVEN IN A PLACE AS WEIRD AS JERSEY.



MIST.

OBVIOUSLY IT GETS MISSED. WHAT I'M ASKING IS--



NOT "MISSED" WITH AN E-D, SEAWEED BRAIN. "MIST." S-T.

THE ILIAD IS FULL OF REFERENCES TO THE STUFF. WHENEVER GODS OR MONSTERS MIX WITH THE HUMAN WORLD, THEY CREATE MIST.

IT DOESN'T AFFECT HALF-BLOODS, BUT IT MAKES MORTALS SEE THINGS DIFFERENTLY THAN WE DO. KEEPS THEM FROM GOING NUTS.



OH, WELL. MIST. THAT MAKES PERFECT SENSE.

WE'VE ARRIVED AT ST. LOUIS STATION. THERE WILL BE A THREE-HOUR LAYOVER BEFORE DEPARTURE TO POINTS WEST.



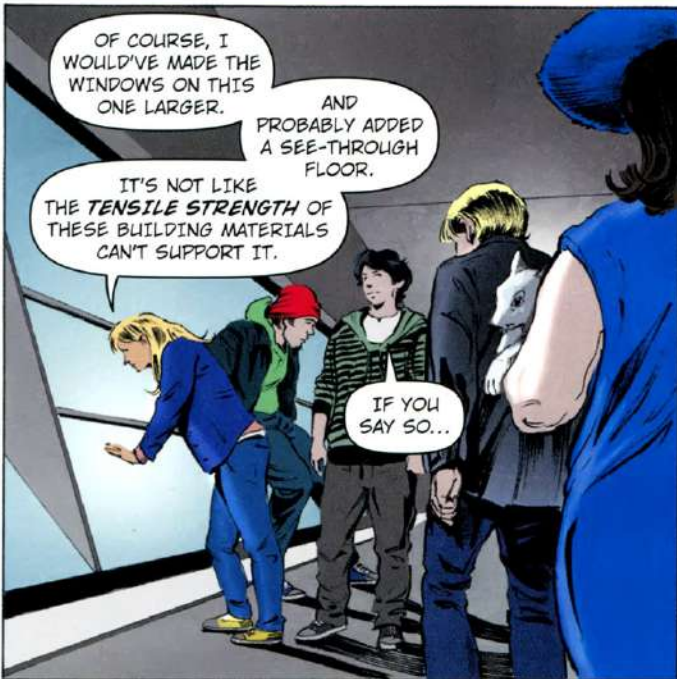
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

IT'S BEEN FIVE YEARS SINCE I'VE BEEN OUTSIDE CAMP, SO I SAY WE DO SOME **SIGHTSEEING**.

WAKE UP GOAT BOY AND FOLLOW ME.



ARCHES ARE **BEAUTIFUL** IN THEIR SIMPLICITY, AREN'T THEY?



OF COURSE, I WOULD'VE MADE THE WINDOWS ON THIS ONE LARGER.

AND PROBABLY ADDED A SEE-THROUGH FLOOR.

IT'S NOT LIKE THE **TENSILE STRENGTH** OF THESE BUILDING MATERIALS CAN'T SUPPORT IT.

IF YOU SAY SO...



I **DO** SAY SO. ARCHITECTURE IS SORT OF A HOBBY OF MINE. SOMEDAY I'M GOING TO BUILD MONUMENTS LIKE THIS. BUT **BETTER**.



THE OBSERVATION DECK WILL BE CLOSING IN FIVE MINUTES.

PLEASE MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE ELEVATORS AT EITHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.



BOTH CARS ARE FULL. YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT ONE.



OH! NO PROBLEM AT ALL, SIR!



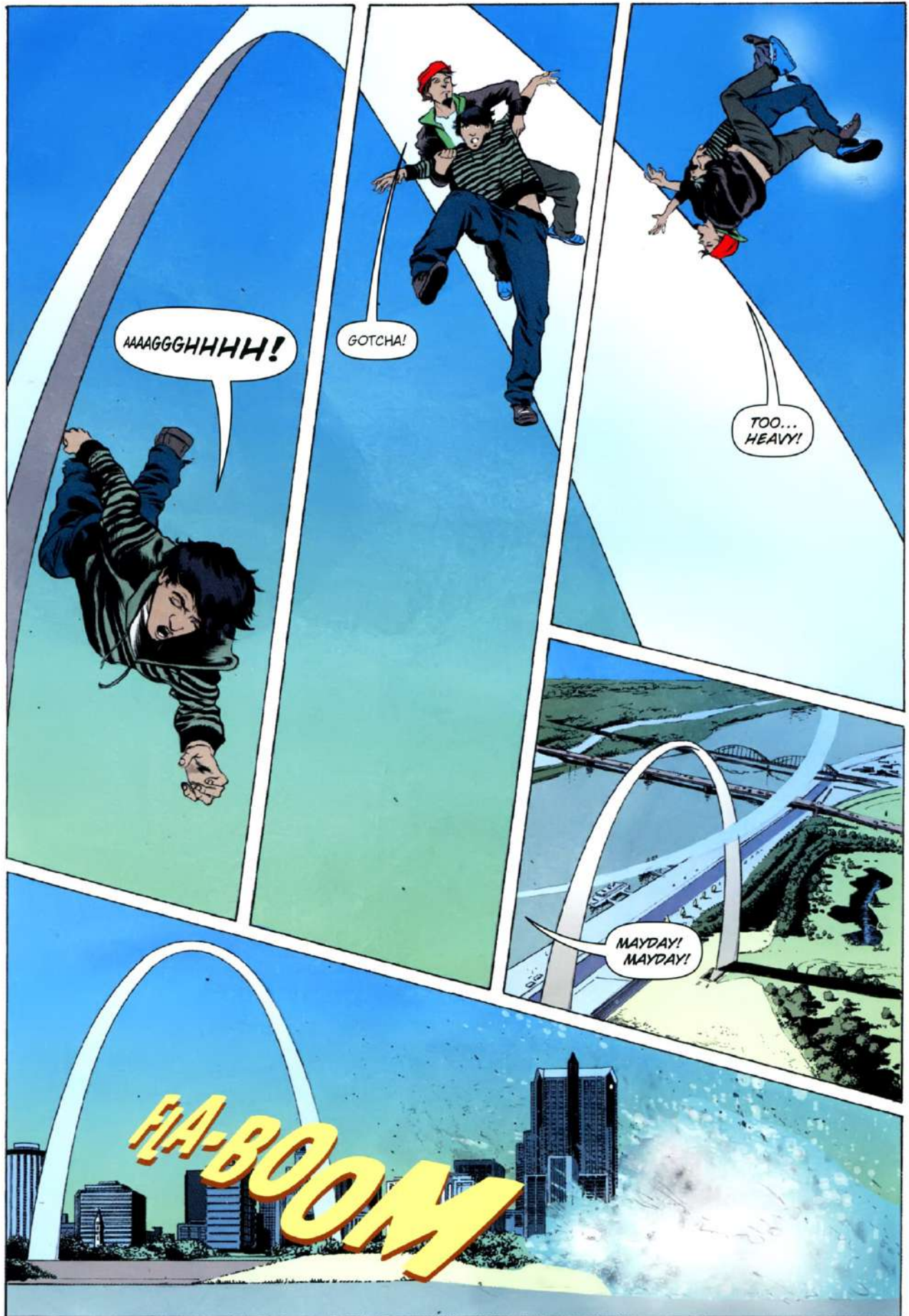


JUMP, PERCY JACKSON. A MORE PLEASING END AWAITS YOU OUT THERE THAN IN HERE, FOR THE VENOM NEARS YOUR HEART.

DIE FLATTERED, GODLING. RARELY IS A HALF-BLOOD ALLOWED TO BE TESTED BY ONE OF MY BROOD.

THOOM

YOU SAID YOUR NAME IS ECHIDNA? BUT ISN'T THAT A KIND OF ANTEATER?



AAAAGGGHHHH!

GOTCHA!

TOO... HEAVY!

MAYDAY! MAYDAY!

FLA-BOOM





AM I... BREATHING?

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR IN YOUR FATHER'S KINGDOM, BRAVE ONE.

HE HAS GRANTED YOU AND YOUR COMPANION SAFE HAVEN.



I DO NOT HAVE MUCH TIME, FOR THIS RIVER IS TOO FOUL FOR MY PRESENCE.

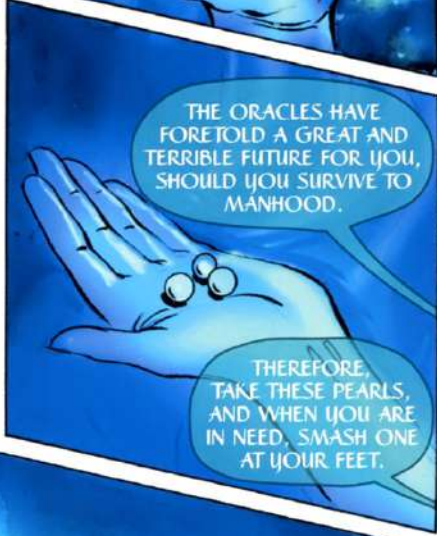
I AM A NEREID, A SPIRIT OF THE SEA, BUT THE NAIADS, MY FRESHWATER COUSINS, ARE HELPING SUSTAIN MY LIFE FORCE. THEY HONOR LORD POSEIDON, THOUGH THEY DO NOT SERVE IN HIS COURT.

IF MY FATHER IS SO INTERESTED IN ME, WHY ISN'T HE HERE? WHY DOESN'T HE PAY ME A VISIT?



BEAR HIM NO ILL WILL. THE GODS MAY NOT SHOW FAVORITISM, ESPECIALLY TO THEIR CHILDREN. THAT IS WHY I HAVE COME TO GIVE YOU A WARNING.

AND A GIFT.



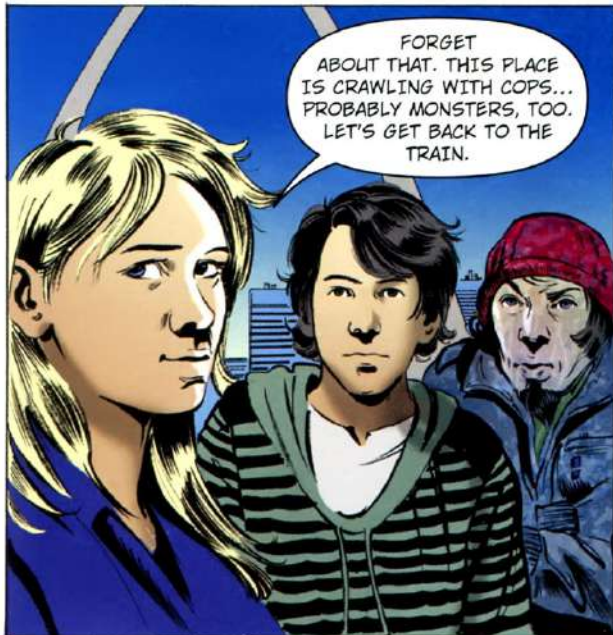
THE ORACLES HAVE FORETOLD A GREAT AND TERRIBLE FUTURE FOR YOU, SHOULD YOU SURVIVE TO MANHOOD.

THEREFORE, TAKE THESE PEARLS, AND WHEN YOU ARE IN NEED, SMASH ONE AT YOUR FEET.



AND REMEMBER... WHAT BELONGS TO THE SEA, WILL ALWAYS RETURN TO THE SEA.





DENVER. JUNE 14.

7 DAYS UNTIL THE SUMMER SOLSTICE
AND ALL HADES BREAKS LOOSE.



IF GLADIOLA'S OWNERS HAD BEEN A LITTLE **HAPPIER** TO SEE HIM, WE COULD'VE BOUGHT TICKETS ALL THE WAY TO L.A.

HAVE FAITH. ATHENA ALWAYS HAS A PLAN.



WE'RE GOING TO RAISE SOME CASH.

WAIT FOR US BEHIND THAT BUILDING.

AND STAY OUT OF SIGHT.



SOME "PLAN."



FSSSHHH

YOU HAVE A COLLECT CALL FROM CAMP HALF-BLOOD.





ARE YOU WEARING THE FLYING SHOES? I'LL FEEL BETTER IF I KNOW THEY'VE DONE YOU SOME GOOD.

OH...UH, YEAH! THEY FIT LIKE GLOVES... ER, FOR MY FEET.



WISH I COULD DO MORE. YOU GUYS GOING TO THE UNDERWORLD AND ALL.

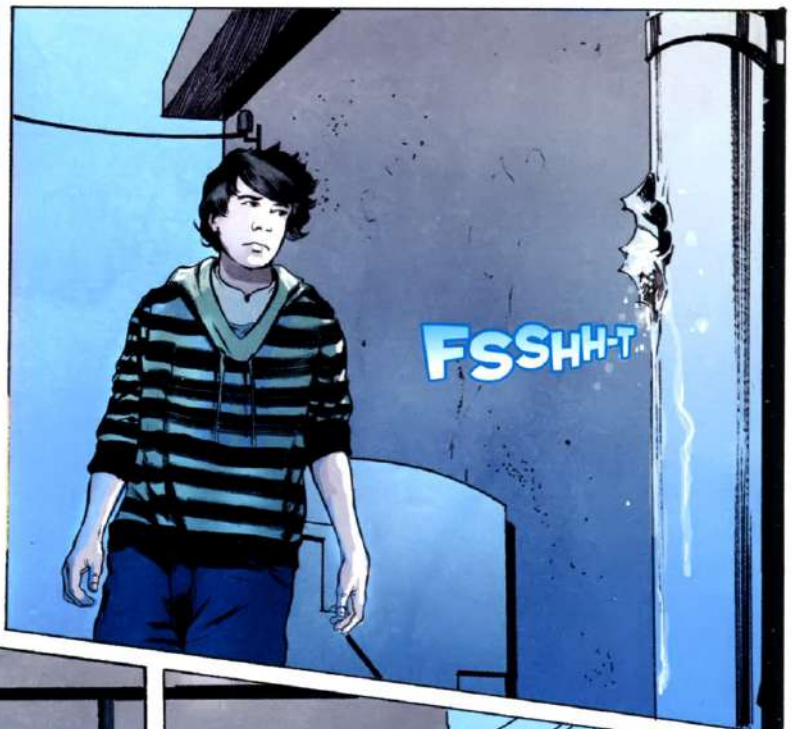
I DON'T CARE WHAT CHIRON SAYS --

-- I JUST KNOW HADES IS THE THIEF. HIS HELM OF DARKNESS LETS HIM MELT INTO SHADOW, AND YOU'D HAVE TO BE INVISIBLE TO SWIPE THE MASTER BOLT FROM UNDER ZEUS'S NOSE.



ANYWAY, I SHOULD GET GOING. SOUNDS LIKE SOME OF THE CAMPERS ARE FIGHTING AGAIN.

HANG TOUGH, PERCY. YOU'LL GET THERE, I KNOW YOU WILL, AND TELL GROVER IT'LL BE BETTER THIS TIME.



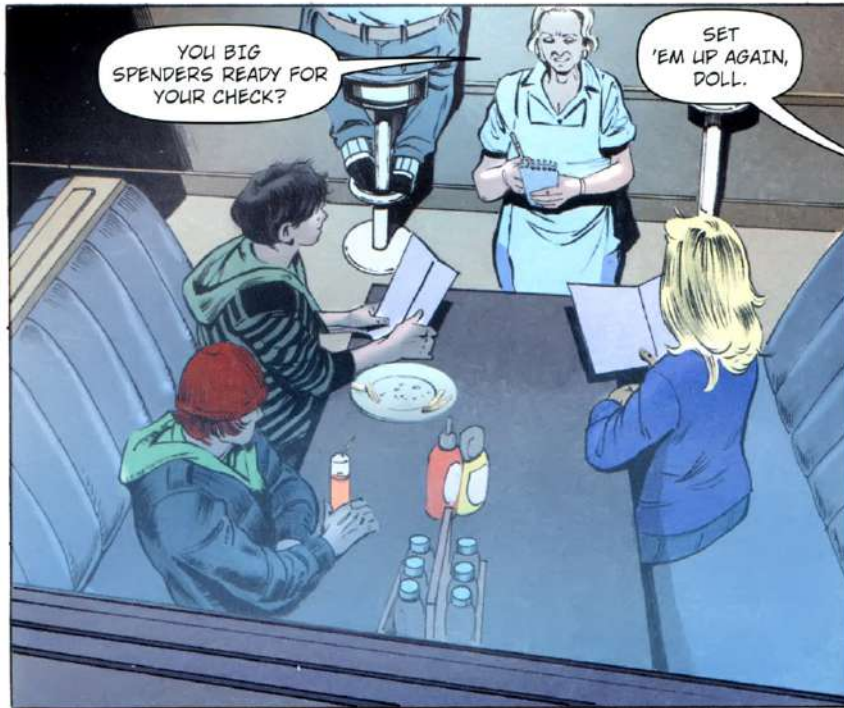
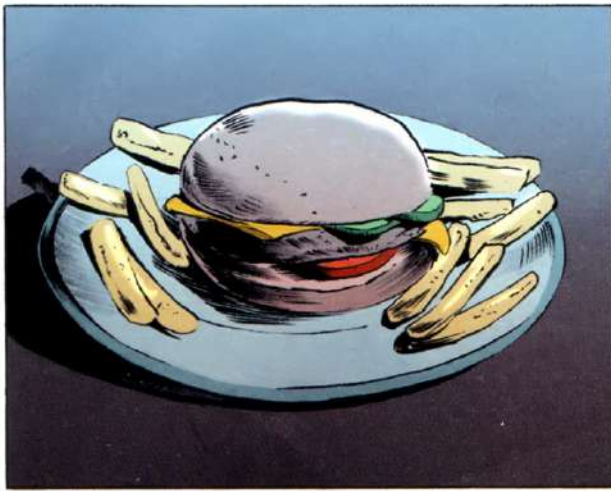
WE'RE IN LUCK. GOAT BOY AND I PANHANDLED ENOUGH TO GET A CHEESEBURGER AND FRIES AT THE DINER DOWN THE STREET.

A CHEESEBURGER EACH?



--HMPH-- TRY TOTAL.

HEY! WAIT UP! GROVER CAN HAVE THE FRIES, BUT HALF OF THAT CHEESEBURGER HAS MY NAME ON IT!





UH, PERCY...? BE CAREFUL. HIS AURA PROVOKES AGGRESSION IN ANYONE NEAR HIM.

IT'S COOL. I DON'T SWEAT A LITTLE 'TUDE, LONG AS EVERYONE KNOWS WHO THE **BOSS** IS. YOU *DO* KNOW WHO I AM, DON'T YOU, PUNK?



YOU'RE ARES, CLARISSE'S DAD. MY CONDOLENCES.

WHO'D YOU MATE WITH TO GET HER? A CROCODILE?



HEH HEH HEH. A REAL CHIP OFF THE OLD CORAL, AIN'T YOU?

ME AND YOUR OLD MAN GO WAY BACK, YOU KNOW. THAT'S WHY I'M HERE--HEARD YOU WERE IN TOWN, AND I KNEW YOU'D NEED AN ASSIST.



WE'RE DOING FINE ON OUR OWN.

THEY MUST'VE BROUGHT YOU ALONG FOR YOUR LOOKS, PRINCESS, 'CUZ YOU SURE MISSED OUT ON **MAMA'S BRAINS**.

NO MONEY PLUS NO WHEELS AND NO CLUE EQUALS **NO CHANCE**.



YOU AIN'T THE FIRST TO GO HUNTING FOR ZEUS'S TOY. WHEN IT FIRST GOT SNATCHED, HE SENT HIS BEST TO TRACK IT DOWN. APOLLO, ARTEMIS...AND ME, OF COURSE.

IF I COULDN'T SNIFF OUT A WEAPON THAT POWERFUL...



AN ARMY MARCHES ON ITS STOMACH, SO CHOW DOWN, KIDDIES. I'LL BE WAITING OUTSIDE.



REVEILLE, TROOPERS. TIME'S A-WASTIN', AND THERE'S A LONG ROAD AHEAD.



HERE'S SOME CASH AND SUPPLIES. AS FOR A RIDE WEST--



--YOU'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR STOWAWAY SERVICE.

BETTER DUCK INSIDE BEFORE THE DRIVER FINISHES HIS LUNCH.



WHY ALL OF THE HELP?

FRAMING SOMEBODY TO START A WAR--OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK.

LIKE I SAID, ME AND YOUR OLD MAN GO WAY BACK.

I'M THE ONE WHO TOLD HIM ABOUT HADES STEALING THE BOLT.

IN A WAY, YOU GOT ME TO THANK FOR YOUR LITTLE QUEST.



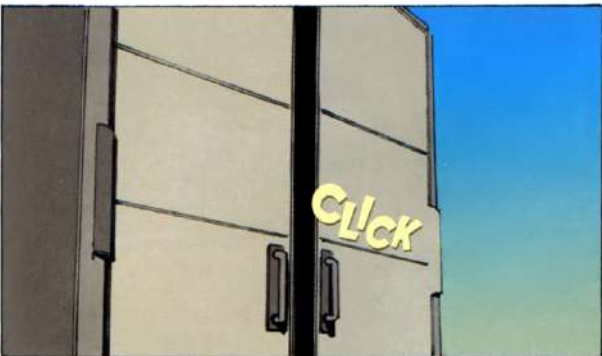
WHICH REMINDS ME: WHAT A SOLDIER NEEDS MORE THAN ANYTHING TO COMPLETE HIS MISSION IS **MOTIVATION**. SO WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT QUITTING, REMEMBER THIS--

--YOUR **MOM** AIN'T DEAD. SHE'S BEING **HELD HOSTAGE**. TAKING SOMEBODY TO CONTROL SOMEBODY ELSE--THAT'S ANOTHER OLDIE BUT GOODIE.



MOUNT UP, PUNKS.

BRUMLBB



CLICK

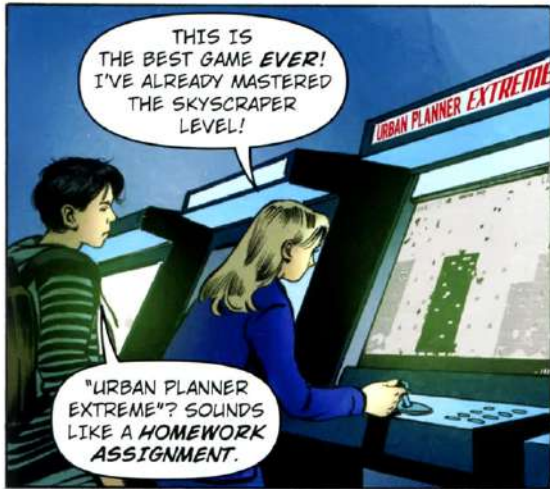
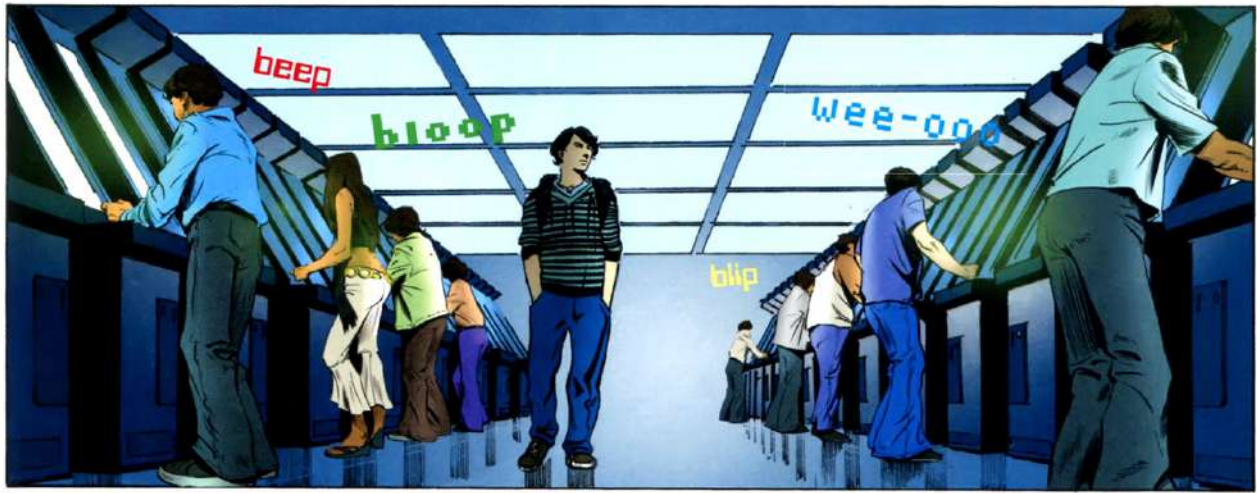


UM... DEUS EX MACHINA, ANYONE?





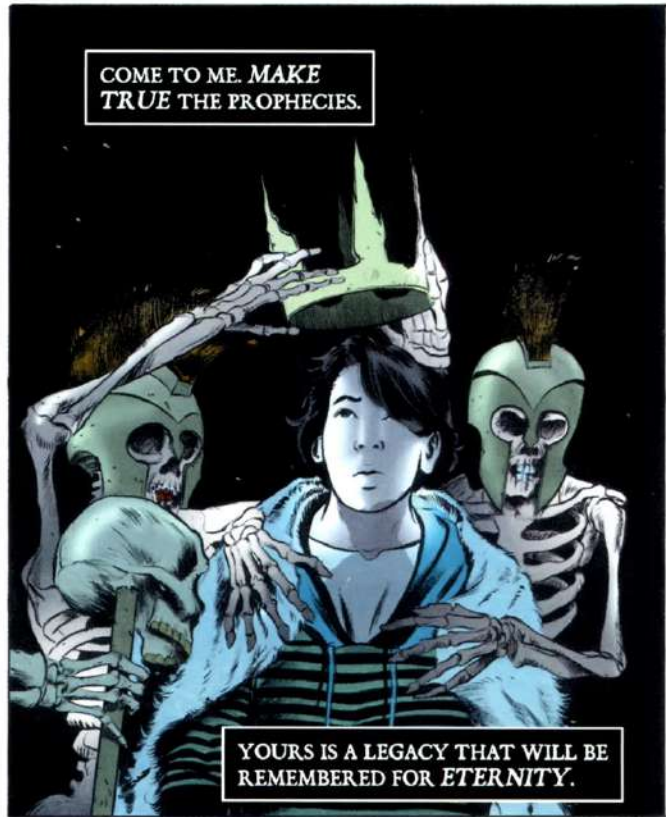












COME TO ME. MAKE TRUE THE PROPHECIES.

YOURS IS A LEGACY THAT WILL BE REMEMBERED FOR ETERNITY.



WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU, LITTLE HERO.



HAIL, THE CONQUERING HERO!



->GASP!-<



PERCY! WE MADE IT TO L.A. IN UNDER THREE HOURS-- GREAT TIME!

YOU OKAY?

YEAH... I'M GOOD.

LOS ANGELES.
JUNE 20.

DOA

RECORDING STUDIOS

ONE DAY UNTIL THE SUMMER SOLSTICE AND THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT.

WHAT'D THEY SAY IN THE OLD DAYS? ROCK 'N' ROLL IS THE ROAD TO HELL?

TECHNICALLY, IT ISN'T HELL. IT'S ONLY THE UNDERWORLD. HOW BAD CAN IT BE?

NO MATCH FOR A TRIO LIKE US, RIGHT?

SURE. LISTEN, PERCY, BEFORE WE GO INSIDE...THERE'S SOMETHING I SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU FROM THE BEGINNING.

CHIRON'S STORY ABOUT THALIA AND THE PINE TREE...I WAS THE SATYR WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO PROTECT HER.

I GOT HER KILLED, SAME AS I ALMOST DID YOU.

ANYWAY, I JUST THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW...SO YOU WOULDN'T COUNT ON ME TOO MUCH.

THALIA WASN'T YOUR FAULT. LUKE AND I WERE THERE, TOO, REMEMBER?

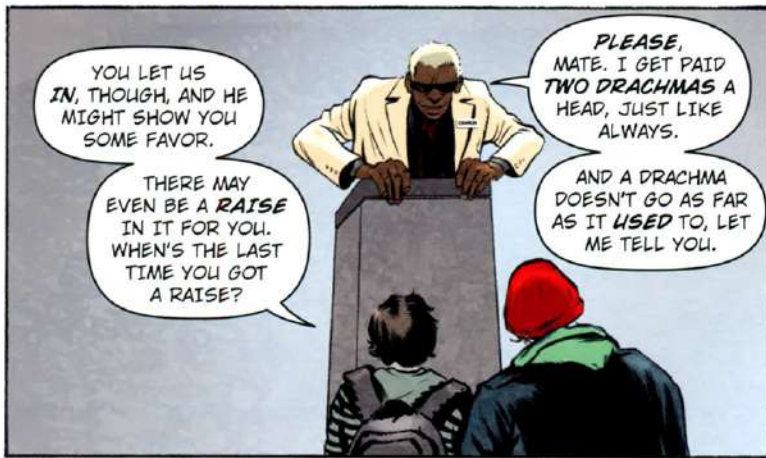
WE WEREN'T YOUR RESPONSIBILITY. YOU COULD'VE LEFT US BEHIND AND GOTTEN HER TO CAMP LIKE YOU WERE TOLD. BUT YOU HELPED US.

I WOULDN'T BE HERE IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED WITH THALIA, BUT I DO KNOW YOU'VE GOT THE BIGGEST HEART OF ANY SATYR EVER. THERE'S NOBODY I'D RATHER HAVE AT MY SIDE.

NOW LET'S SHOW THESE CALIFORNIANS HOW WE DO THINGS NEW YORK STYLE.

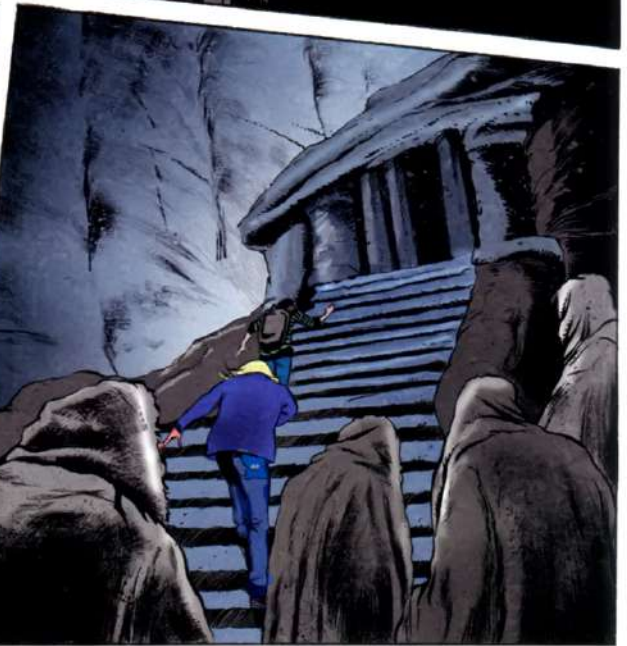




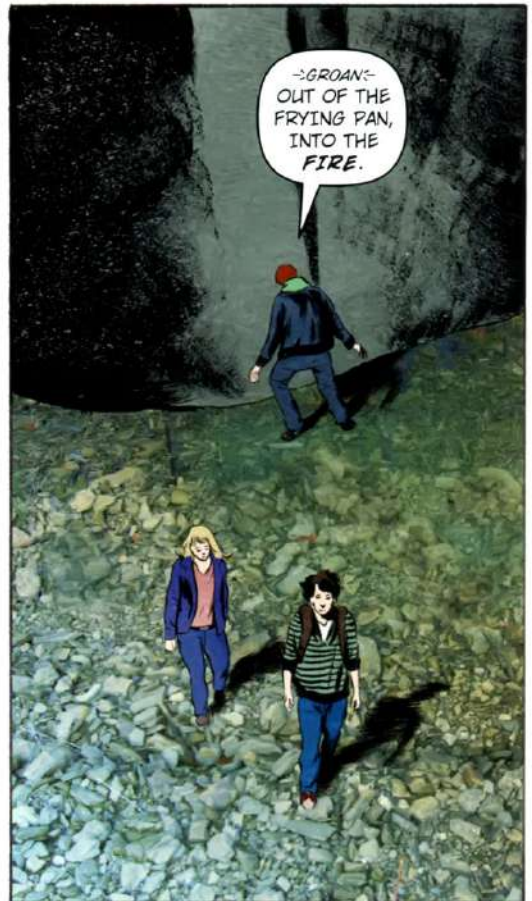


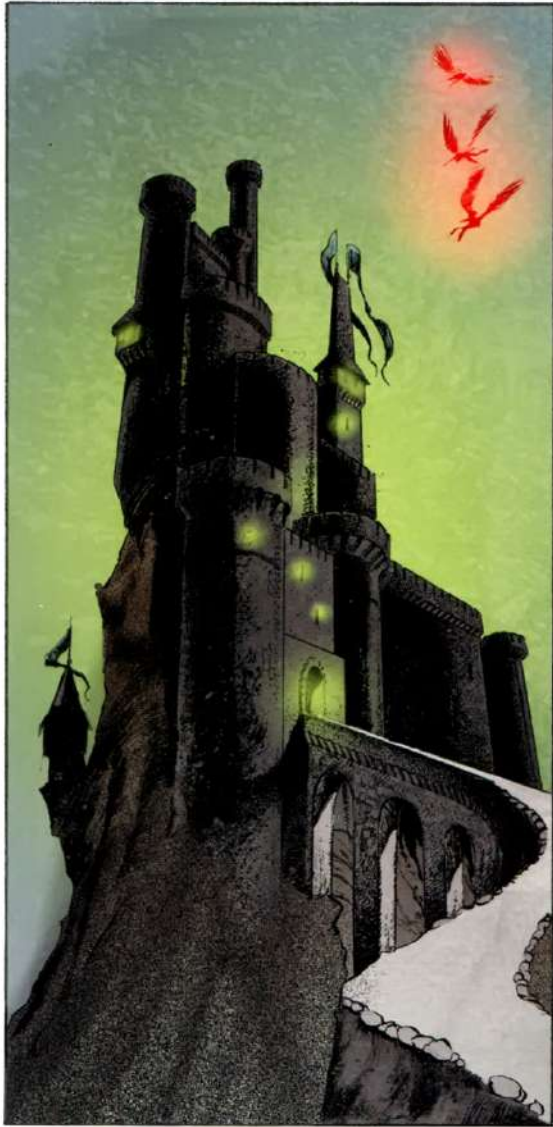














YOU ARE BRAVE TO COME HERE, SON OF POSEIDON, AFTER WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO ME.

OR PERHAPS YOU ARE MERELY FOOLISH.



LORD AND UNCLE, I COME TO YOU WITH TWO REQUESTS.

ARROGANT CHILD. AS IF YOU HAVE NOT ALREADY TAKEN ENOUGH, NOW YOU WOULD ASK FOR MORE.

SPEAK, THEN, WHILE I PONDER IN WHAT MANNER I WISH FOR YOU TO DIE.



THERE CAN'T BE A WAR AMONG THE GODS, UNCLE.

IT WOULD BE KIND OF...BAD. LET ME RETURN THE MASTER BOLT TO OLYMPUS, AND I'LL END THIS.

THERE MUST BE OTHER WAYS TO GROW YOUR KINGDOM.



WHY WOULD I WANT WAR, GODLING? FOR MY KINGDOM?

THE DEAD WILL COME TO ME WITHOUT INTERVENTION.

DID YOU NOT SEE THE SPRAWL OF THE ASPHODEL FIELDS?

IT IS I WHO HAS BEEN WRONGED.



BUT YOU STOLE ZEUS'S BOLT--

LIES! YOUR FATHER MAY FOOL ZEUS, BOY, BUT I AM NOT SO STUPID. I SEE HIS PLAN.



IT WAS YOU WHO PILFERED THE BOLT, AS WELL AS MY HELM OF DARKNESS.

HAD I NOT SENT MY FURY TO YANCY ACADEMY, POSEIDON MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED IN HIS SCHEME TO START A WAR.

YOUR FATHER CANNOT BLACKMAIL ME INTO SUPPORTING HIM. I WILL HAVE MY HELM BACK!



WAIT...YOUR HELM IS MISSING, TOO? THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE...

A MISTAKE? OPEN YOUR PACK, THEN, AND WE WILL SEE WHO IS MISTAKEN.



YOU KNOW, I'M GETTING REALLY TIRED OF PEOPLE CALLING ME A--



--THIEF?



I DON'T UNDERSTAND. HOW...?



DO NOT ATTEMPT TO DISGUISE YOUR PURPOSE. I KNEW IF I WAS PATIENT, YOU WOULD COME TO BARGAIN WITH ME.

TO BARGAIN FOR HER.



SHE IS NOT DEAD. NOT YET. I WILL RELEASE HER IF YOU RETURN MY HELM. YOU CAN ALSO LEAVE THE BOLT AS PAYMENT FOR THE INSULT THAT HAS BEEN DONE TO ME.





LOS ANGELES.
JUNE 21.



MERE HOURS
UNTIL THE SUMMER
SOLSTICE DEADLINE.



HOW'D
WE END UP
HERE?

"WHAT BELONGS
TO THE SEA, WILL
ALWAYS RETURN
TO THE SEA."

->COUGH
COUGH->
BUT
DOES ANYONE
KNOW WHAT'S
GOING ON?

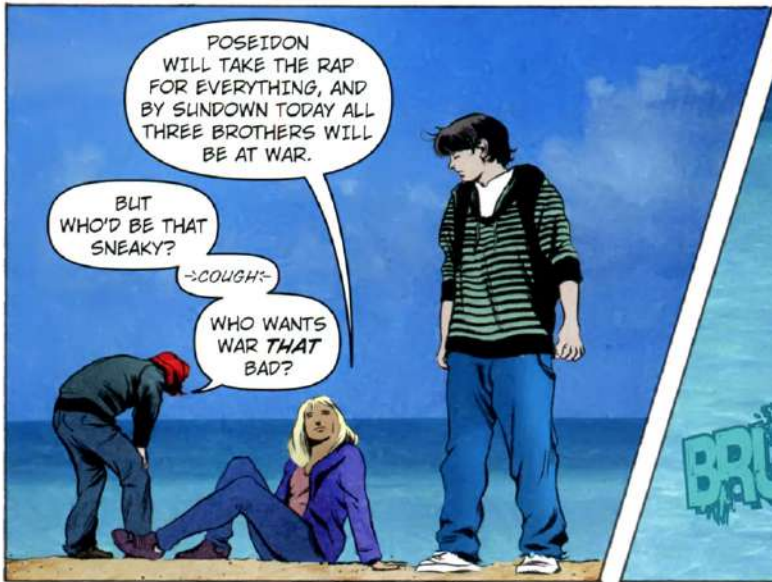


HADES
ISN'T EVEN THE THIEF!
WE CAME ALL THIS WAY
FOR NOTHING!

SOMEONE ELSE SWIPED
THE MASTER BOLT--AND HADES'S
HELM--AND FRAMED ME BECAUSE I'M
POSEIDON'S NEVER-SHOULD'VE-
BEEN-BORN KID.



GEE,
I WONDER.



POSEIDON
WILL TAKE THE RAP
FOR EVERYTHING, AND
BY SUNDOWN TODAY ALL
THREE BROTHERS WILL
BE AT WAR.

BUT
WHO'D BE THAT
SNEAKY?

->COUGH->

WHO WANTS
WAR THAT
BAD?



HEY, PUNK. YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO DIE IN THE UNDERWORLD.

BRUMBLBB



YOU TRICKED ME. YOU STOLE THE HELM AND THE MASTER BOLT.

NOT PERSONALLY. GODS TAKING EACH OTHER'S SYMBOLS OF POWER--THAT'S A BIG NO-NO. BUT YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY **HALF-BLOOD** WHO DOES ERRANDS.



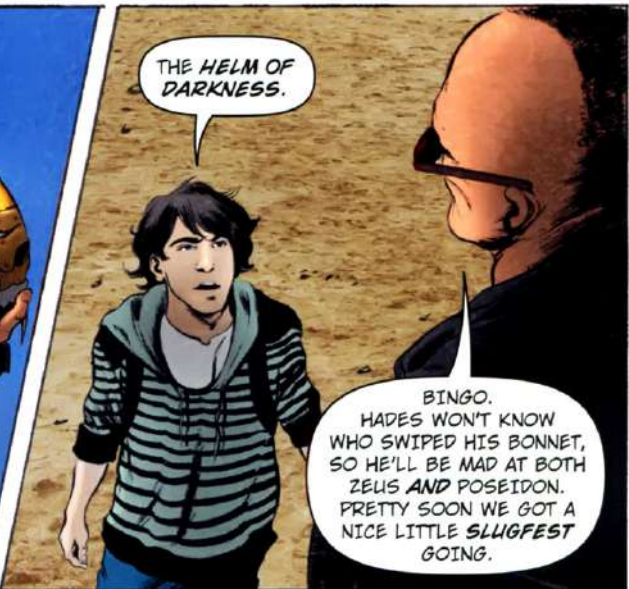
WHO WAS IT THEN?

DOESN'T MATTER. WHAT MATTERS IS YOU'RE IMPEDING THE WAR EFFORT.

SEE, YOU DIE DOWN UNDER, THEN OLD SEAWEED HAS A BEEF WITH HADES. CORPSE BREATH ENDS UP WITH THE MASTER BOLT, SO ZEUS GETS MAD AT HIM.



MEANWHILE, HADES IS STILL LOOKING FOR THIS...



THE HELM OF DARKNESS.

BINGO. HADES WON'T KNOW WHO SWIPED HIS BONNET, SO HE'LL BE MAD AT BOTH ZEUS AND POSEIDON. PRETTY SOON WE GOT A NICE LITTLE SLUGFEST GOING.





WHUFF



PERCY!
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

SURE.
NEVER
BETTER.



ARES IS
STRONG, BUT THAT'S
ALL HE IS.

YOU CAN
WIN IF YOU
HAVE A PLAN.
JUST LIKE
CAPTURE THE
FLAG.



I CAN'T
HAVE YOU TAKING
THAT BOLT TO OLYMPUS.
YOU MIGHT CONVINCE
THOSE **HARDHEADED
IDIOTS** TO LISTEN
TO YOU. SO I'VE GOT
TO KILL YOU.



SWISH

GO AHEAD
AND TRY.



BUT IF I WIN,
THE **BOLT** AND THE **HELM**
STAY WITH ME, AND YOU
HAVE TO GO AWAY.

WHATEVER
YOU SAY, PLUNK.





CLANK



-OOF-



NO!!!

SPLASH

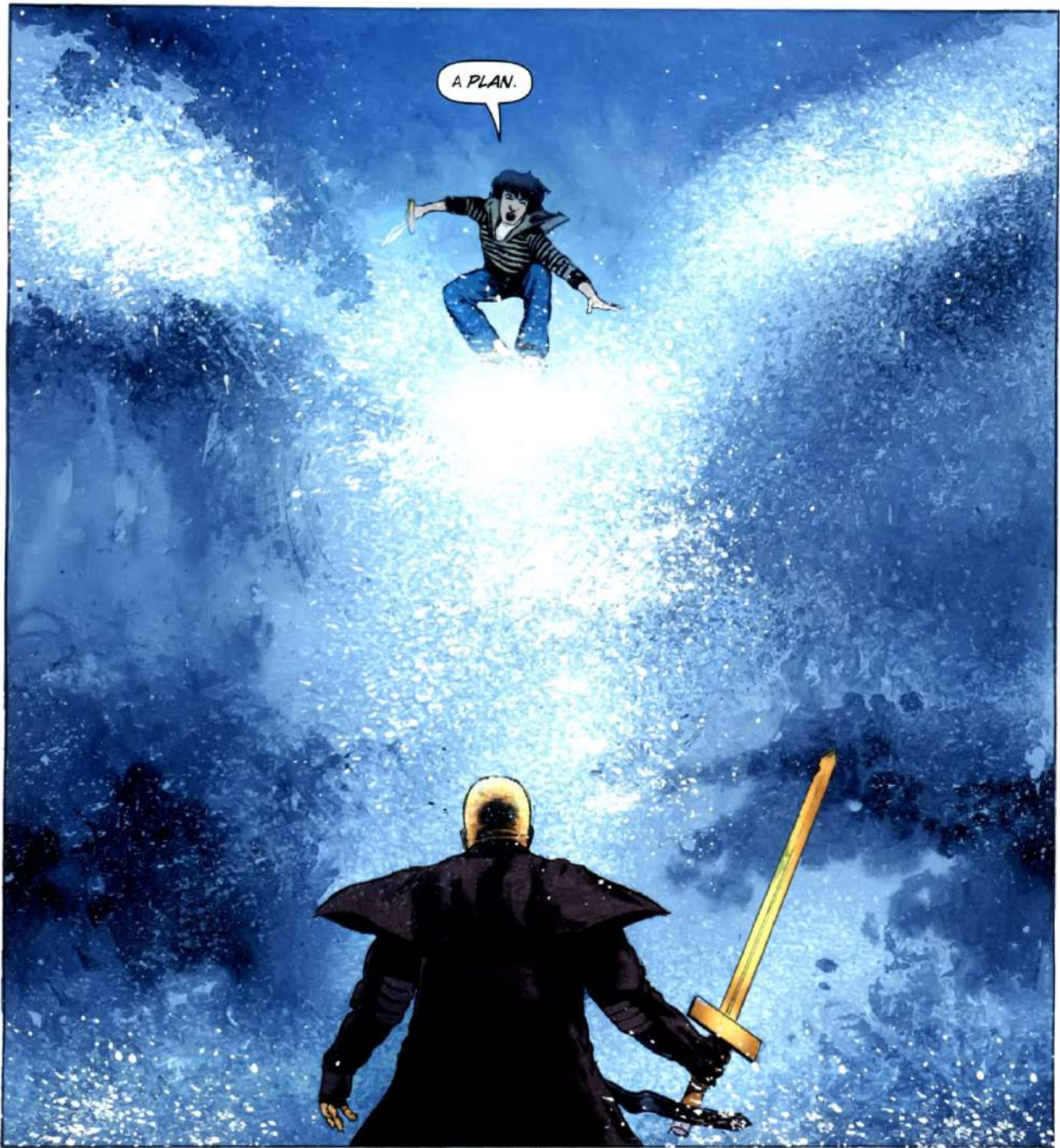


I'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR ETERNITY, PUNK. MY STRENGTH IS UNLIMITED, AND I CAN'T DIE.

WHAT'VE YOU GOT?

splish

splish







THAT SHADOW... WHAT WAS THAT?

WHO CARES? TALK ABOUT **MAKING WAVES!** PERCY, THAT WAS **AWESOME!**

WE WITNESSED THE FIGHT. SO IT TRULY WAS NOT YOU WHO STOLE THE HELM? THAT IS UNFORTUNATE. I LOOKED FORWARD TO BRINGING YOU BACK TO LORD HADES IN PIECES.

RETURN THIS TO MY UNCLE. TELL HIM THERE'S NO REASON TO GO TO WAR.

HADES ISN'T THE ONLY GOD YOU SHOULD BE WORRYING ABOUT.

YOU NEED TO BE IN NEW YORK, AND FAST. LIKE **AIRPLANE** FAST. I SURE HOPE ZEUS GIVES YOU A PASS....

WE CAN'T AFFORD PLANE TICKETS. WE'RE TAPPED.

UM... MRS. DODDS, MA'AM?

DOES THAT HELM COME WITH A FINDER'S FEE?



MANHATTAN.
JUNE 21.

"PAY ATTENTION, PERCY.
WHEN YOU GET TO NEW YORK,
HERE'S WHAT YOU DO:

"FIRST, TAKE A CAB TO THE
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.



"TELL THE GUARD AT THE
DESK THAT YOU WANT TO
TAKE THE ELEVATOR TO THE
SIX HUNDREDTH FLOOR.

"HE'LL INSIST THERE ARE ONLY
ONE HUNDRED AND TWO FLOORS--



"--SO FIND A WAY TO CONVINC
HIM TO LET YOU THROUGH.



"PUT THE KEY CARD
HE GIVES YOU INTO THE
SLOT IN THE ELEVATOR.



"WHEN THE DOORS OPEN--

"--YOU'LL BE AT THE HOME OF THE GODS.





"ZEUS AND POSEIDON WILL BE IN THE PALACE AT THE SUMMIT."

YOU *DARE* TO FLY THROUGH MY DOMAIN. I SHOULD HAVE *BLASTED* YOU FROM THE *SKY* FOR YOUR IMPUDENCE.

AND RISK DESTROYING YOUR PRIZED BOLT? LET US HEAR HIM OUT, BROTHER.



I BROUGHT THIS, UNCLE, EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT THE ONE WHO STOLE IT. IT WAS ARES, WITH HELP FROM SOMEONE INSIDE CAMP HALF-BLOOD.



I SENSE THAT YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH. BUT FOR ARES TO DO SUCH A THING...IT IS MOST UNLIKE HIM.

HE IS PROUD AND IMPULSIVE. IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY.

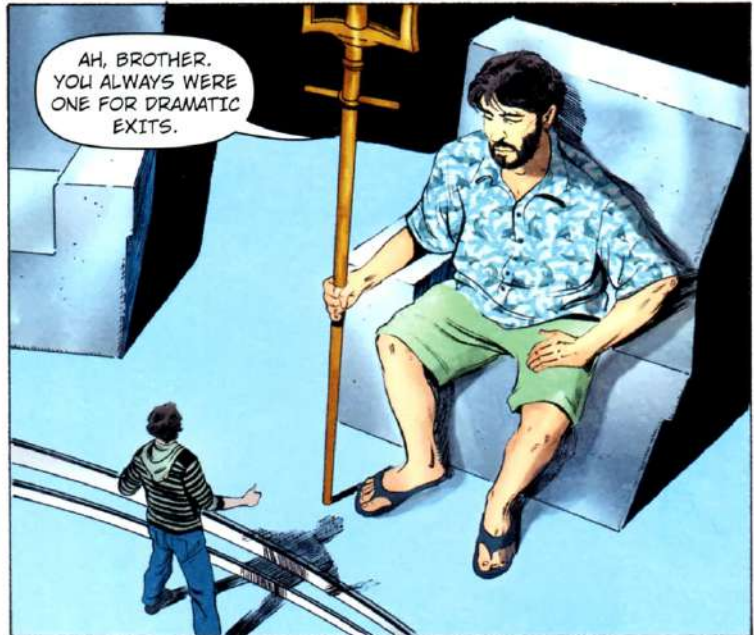


I DON'T THINK IT WAS HIM. I MEAN, NOT EXACTLY. SOMEONE ELSE--SOMETHING ELSE-- WAS CONTROLLING HIM.

AFTER I BEAT HIM ON THE BEACH, THERE WAS THIS PRESENCE... SOME WEIRD SHADOW. IT REMINDED ME OF DREAMS I'VE BEEN HAVING, ABOUT A VOICE COMING FROM A PIT--

--A PIT THAT WE SAW IN THE UNDERWORLD.

IT WAS THE ENTRANCE TO TARTARUS. SOMETHING *POWERFUL* AND *EVIL* IS STIRRING DOWN THERE...SOMETHING EVEN OLDER THAN THE GODS.





FATHER... I MEAN, SIR? IT'S **KRONOS**, ISN'T IT?

DOWN IN THAT PIT. THE VOICE I HEARD IN MY DREAMS.

IT'S THE KING OF THE TITANS.



I FEAR THAT IT MAY BE INDEED.

IN THE FIRST WAR, ZELUS CUT OUR FATHER INTO A THOUSAND PIECES AND CAST HIS REMAINS INTO THE DARKEST PIT OF TARTARUS.



AND YET **TITANS** CANNOT DIE, NO MORE THAN WE GODS CAN.

WHATEVER REMAINS OF **KRONOS** IS STILL **ALIVE** IN SOME HIDEOUS WAY, STILL CONSCIOUS IN HIS ETERNAL PAIN. STILL **HUNGERING FOR POWER**.



HE'S HEALING. **KRONOS IS COMING BACK.**

KRONOS DOES STIR FROM TIME TO TIME-- TO ENTER MEN'S NIGHTMARES AND BREATHE THE EVIL THOUGHTS, TO AWAKEN RESTLESS MONSTERS.

BUT TO SUGGEST HE COULD **RISE FROM THE PIT...**



ZELUS HAS CLOSED DISCUSSION ON THE MATTER OF **KRONOS**. YOU HAVE COMPLETED YOUR QUEST, AND THAT IS ALL YOU NEED DO.

BUT YOU **CAN'T--**



I MEAN... IF YOU SAY SO, FATHER.



OBEDIENCE DOES NOT COME NATURALLY TO YOU. I MUST TAKE SOME BLAME FOR THAT, I SUPPOSE. *THE SEA* DOES NOT LIKE TO BE RESTRAINED.

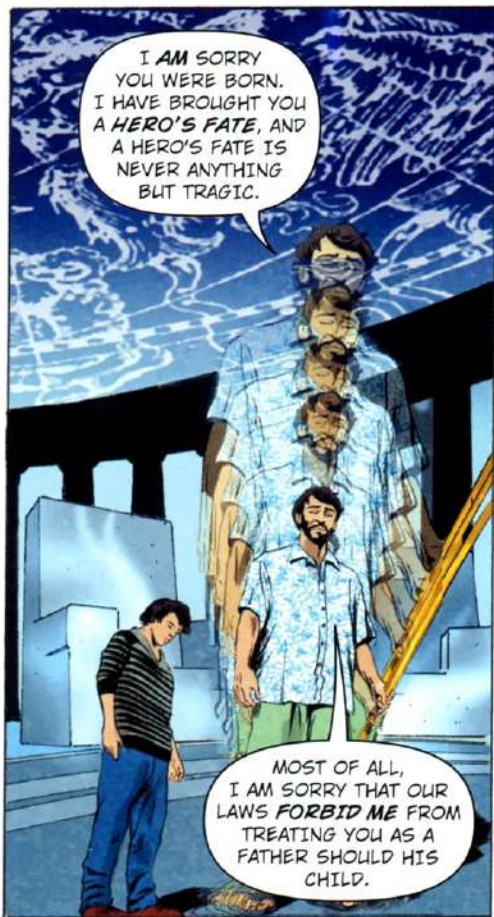


YOU MUST GO NOW. ZEUS WOULD NOT BE PLEASED TO FIND YOU LINGERING HERE WHEN HE RETURNS.

RIGHT. WOULDN'T WANT TO REMIND HIM OF YOUR *WRONGDOING*.



PERCY...

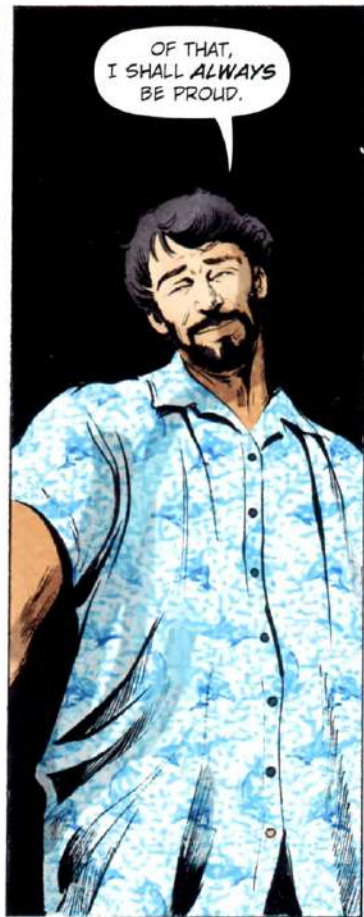


I *AM* SORRY YOU WERE BORN. I HAVE BROUGHT YOU A *HERO'S FATE*, AND A *HERO'S FATE* IS NEVER ANYTHING BUT TRAGIC.

MOST OF ALL, I AM SORRY THAT OUR LAWS *FORBID ME* FROM TREATING YOU AS A FATHER SHOULD HIS CHILD.



BUT YOU HAVE DONE WELL TODAY. WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, KNOW THAT YOU ARE MINE. YOU ARE A *TRUE SON* OF THE SEA GOD.



OF THAT, I SHALL *ALWAYS* BE PROUD.





CAMP HALF-BLOOD.
JUNE 22.

FELLOW CAMPERS,
I PRESENT TO YOU GROVER
UNDERWOOD, ANNABETH CHASE,
AND PERCY JACKSON!

LET US
APPLAUD THEM, FOR
THEY HAVE DONE US
ALL PROUD!

YEAH!

WAY
TO GO!

HOORAY!



-HUMPF-

SO THE
LITTLE BRATS DIDN'T
GET THEMSELVES KILLED,
AND NOW THEY'LL HAVE
EVEN BIGGER EGOS.
HUZZAH.



I GOTTA SAY,
I HALF THOUGHT
ZEUS WOULD BLAST
YOUR PLANE TO
SMITHEREENS.

ADMIT IT,
YOU'RE GLAD
TO SEE ME STILL IN
ONE PIECE.

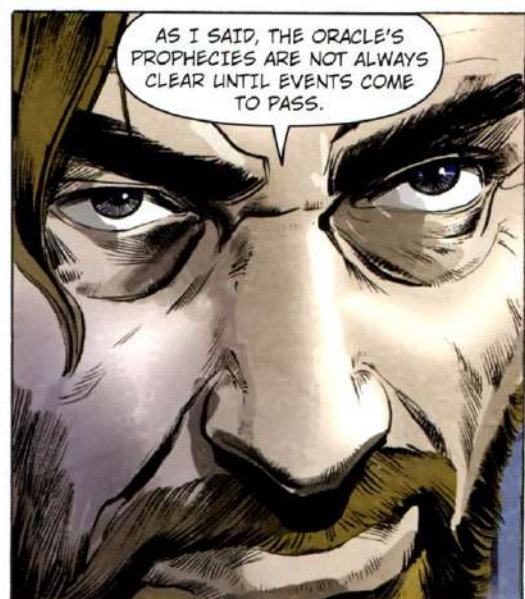
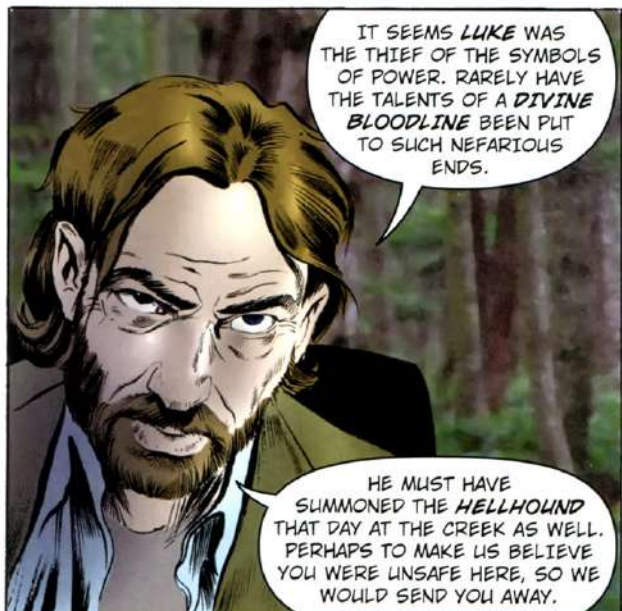


IN YOUR
DREAMS,
SEAWEEED
BRAIN.

LET
THE FEAST OF
CELEBRATION
BEGIN!









THERE WAS **ONE LINE** FROM THE PROPHECY I DIDN'T TELL YOU ABOUT, THOUGH: "YOU SHALL FAIL TO SAVE WHAT MATTERS MOST IN THE END."

THE MEANING OF THAT ONE IS **CRYSTAL** CLEAR.

IS IT? PERHAPS THE ORACLE MEANT THAT YOU COULD NOT SAVE YOUR MOTHER, BECAUSE SHE MUST SAVE HERSELF. AND I DON'T MEAN FROM HADES.

WHETHER TO LEAVE YOUR STEPFATHER, WHETHER TO PURSUE HER OWN DREAMS... **SHE ALONE** MUST FIND THE COURAGE TO MAKE THOSE CHOICES.



SOMETHING TELLS ME SHE **ALREADY HAS**.

WHAT? HOW DO YOU--?



RETURNING THE HELM GAINED YOU FAVOR. EVEN THE **LORD OF THE DEAD** PAYS HIS DEBTS.



MOM!



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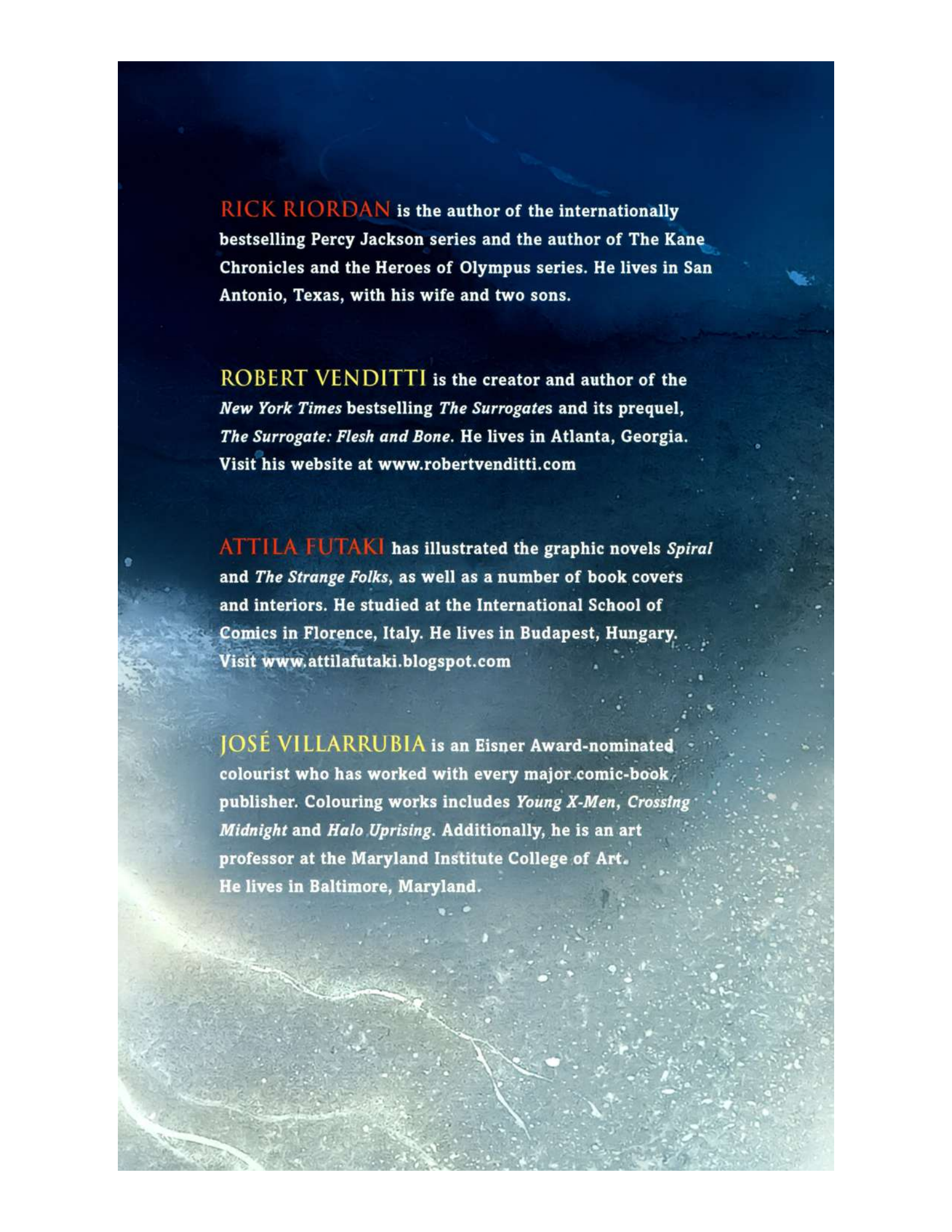
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LOOK, I DIDN'T WANT TO BE A HALF-BLOOD. I NEVER ASKED TO BE THE SON OF A GREEK GOD.

I was just a normal kid, going to school, playing basketball, skateboarding. The usual. Until I accidentally vaporized my maths teacher. That's when things *really* started going wrong. Now I spend my time fighting with swords, battling monsters with my friends and generally trying to stay alive.

This is the one where Zeus, God of the Sky, thinks I've stolen his lightning bolt – and making Zeus angry is a very bad idea.

CAN PERCY FIND THE LIGHTNING BOLT BEFORE A FULLY FLEDGED WAR OF THE GODS ERUPTS?

'It's Buffy meets Artemis Fowl. Thumbs up'
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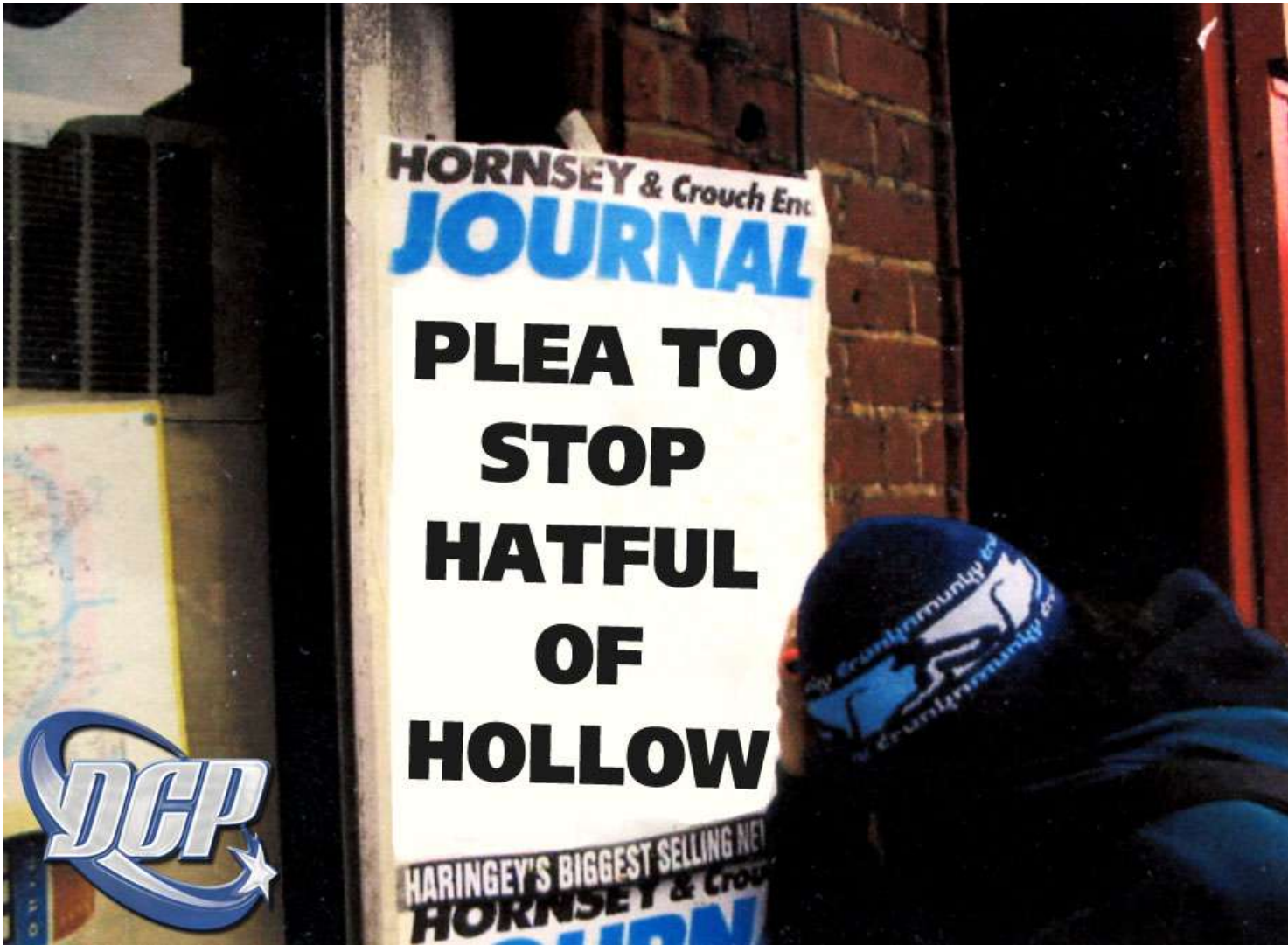
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