I wish I could explain, but I don't know exactly it happened. Something something something; my best and only friend is dead, I made the rocks in the earth come up—and skeletons—, and I'm a Half-Blood. I'm the son of Hades. I mean... I guess now that I think of it, it makes sense. I have black hair and eyes, pale skin, and black leather jacket, jeans, and bennie. And I liked to where a dark purple shirt, and my worn out brown sneakers. My name is Erebus, and I'm from Chicago. Me and my—now dead—best friend Mera ran away from the orphanage, and foster homes, and somehow made it to Long Island Sound, New York—don't ask.

But, back to reality.

Somehow is was a demigod, summoned black rocks and skeletons, and was the son of Hades... this must have been some joke. Not to mention the man that claimed to be my history teacher's brother was terrifyingly muscular, tall, and resisted some sort of rhyme. I went to take a step, but exhaustion filled me, and I fell to the ground. I was so tired, and I didn't know why. I didn't know a lot of anything I thought was true. I mean I thought I was different, but not like FREAKING SON OF HADES DIFFERENT. I don't remember much, but I knew I closed my eyes.

I opened my eyes, and closed them again. I was so exhausted, but I felt somewhat better. I sat up, and rubbed my head, and opened my eyes again. I saw a pretty girl standing there, with a small glass of golden liquid.

"What is that? Alcohol?" I joked.

The girl raised an eyebrow, and smiled. "For the gods, but not us. For us demigods, it's a healing drink. We drink to much, we burn up to ashes like the mortals." She said handing it to me. She had golden hair with white highlights, beach tanned skin, and two different colored eyes. One brown, one blue. She had a kind, but hurt look to her mich- match eyes. I looked at the liquid suspiciously. Wow, I could die. COOL! I mean, I just lost the other person who understood me, so what could go wrong saying hi to her?! "How much till I die?"

"Um... a lot more than that." She said with wide eyes. "Like I said, it's a healing drink." She reminded.

I looked at it suspiciously again. How does she know?

"Do you trust me? Yes or no?" She asked.

"No. I don't even know who your are, and where in the heck I am." I scoffed.

She nodded, and smiled. "Yeah, that makes sense. I don't know who you are either, except your the son of Hades." She said shrugging.

I shrugged, and took the drink. I looked at it suspiciously, but drank it. It tasted like sirup, and greatness. I felt the exhaustion leave my body, and I sat there.

"Better?" She asked.

I nodded, and put my hands in my leather jacket pockets. She was right, and I hung my head. "Yeah." I forced out. She smiled, and tossed me a orange T-shirt like the one she

wore.

- "You gonna need to wear this every day. You are aloud to where your jacket over it though." She said simply turning to leave.
- "Thanks... what's your name by chance?" I asked embarrassingly.
- The girl with golden hair and mech-matched eyes looked at me. "Chiara, daughter of Nike."
- Chiara raised an eyebrow, and eyed me hard. I felt sweat run down my back from her stare. "No... like the Greek god." She said coldly.
- "Oh... sorry. What is he—"
- "She." Chiara said with a raging voice.
- "What is She the good of?" I corrected.
- Chiara looked down. "God of victory...." She looked up, then fixed her orange t-shirt.
- "Welcome to camp... what about you?"
- "Oh, Erebus. Son of... Hades?"
- Chiara chuckled, and rolled her eyes. "Yeah. Your the son of one of the big three. Well, nice to meet you Erbus—"
- "Erebus."
- "And welcome to Camp Half-Blood." She said walking out. Man, nobody ever gets my name right... then again I just called her mom a shoe brand and a guy.
- Off to a great start (I said sarcastically).
- I got up, and scratched my black shaggy hair. Huh, 'A child of the big three'. I wonder what that means... it's probably super cool!