

I got back to the cabin, and saw Evelyn sitting up in her bed. She glared at me, and I raised an eyebrow.

“What?”

“You know perfectly well idiot.” She said coldly.

I looked at her carefully, and pulled out mom’s, guitar. (Which I brought). I played the guitar some, and looked at Evelyn. She was looking at photos. I slung the guitar over my back, and went to the bunk bed. I climbed up, and looked at her.

“Um... did I do something this time?” I asked softly.

She nodded, and showed me the photo. It was us as babies, with Mom and Dad.

“Okay... so... what did I do?” I asked.

She looked at me like I was a soulless stranger. “Oh I don’t know, mocked the gods, and OUR FATHER!” She yelled at me. She jumped out of the top bunk and walked away. I followed her through the cabin.

“So, he doesn’t care about us.”

“Shut up! He does!” She yelled at me. Tears formed in her eyes, and I was just pain confused.

“Evelyn... look. He doesn’t care. He showed up to fight a titan, tell us off, and then disappear for good again.” I said softly.

“He came back to save you! He came back to warn us!” She snapped angrily.

“Really? How did he save me?” I said with a tone.

“ATLAS ALMOST KILLED YOU! DAD KNOCKED THE GUY OUT!” She roared in depression. “HE WARNED US NOT TO GET EMOTIONAL!”

“And what are YOU doing?!” I snapped back.

Her eyes watered more, and she was holding back a sob. She hung her head.

“Evelyn, he didn’t care.”

She looked up with tears. “Don’t tell me he didn’t!” She yelled at me.

“He didn’t, AND he doesn’t!” I yelled back. She shook her head.

“Shut up! HE DOES!” She cried.

“Evelyn... why is mom dead? If he loved her, he would have saved her.” I said softly with tear in my eye.

She hung her head again, and sobbed silently. I went to hug her, but she turned around and punched me in the nose. The door had opened and I saw Lura standing there. My nose started to bleed, and Evelyn dashed for the door. Lura seemed shocked, but I chased after Evelyn.

I found her in the woods, crying where earlier was the camp fire song stuff. She cried on a log, and held herself trying not to break. I walked over, and sat down in front of her. I knew I messed up— again.

“Um... I— well— I messed up.” I said softly. She wiped her face, and nodded. “And um... I guess we both feel differently— I’m sorry for pushing my... belief on you.” I added.

She nodded, and whipped her eyes. She looked at me carefully, and I watched her eyes get a small glow.

Feelings flooded my body within an instant. Doubt, fear, untrusting, depressed, and sorrow filled me in an instant. It was a lot. I looked at my sister and knew it was her feelings. She couldn’t deal with her emotions. Unlike me who got mad, she bottled it up like a ticking bomb.

“Cypher!”

I turned and saw Lura. She looked at me then Evelyn.

“What is happening?! What on earth—”

A small child ran into her, and we all looked at him. He looked up and gave a smile. He had curly black hair, and grey eyes. He looked like he was funny, but smart.

“Hi!” He said.

“LUKE, THERE YOU ARE!”

A woman with curly sandy blonde hair ran over. She had his grey eyes. A man followed. He was tall, and muscular. I knew they were Greek, but he had the SPQR on his arm. He had black hair and sea

green eyes.

They looked up at Lura, who was dumbstruck.

“Percy... Annabeth?”

“Lura?”

“Luke!” The boy named Luke yelled with a grin.