

I somehow fell asleep. I don't know how, but I'm glad I did. I didn't want to sit up, but I did. I went to breakfast and all that stuff, and I didn't have a schedule. Evelyn did (mostly because she's Roman — how?). I couldn't help but just sit around— which is a problem is you have ADHD. Even sitting around, I was wiggling, and just couldn't sit still. I stood up, and walked to the woods, and slumped down next to a tree. I was so bored I wanted to sit, but you know ADHD says 'NOPE!'.

"Hey kiddo."

I sat up, and looked around. Leaning against the tree he stood. He was watching Camp Jupiter like a hawk, but had a smile. He maroon beard got a little bigger, but still looked amazing on the guy. Even with all of his scars, and way to big muscles, he could be a supermodel. My face went red, but he kept smiling.

"Um— well— hi... dad." I said nervously.

Dad gave a smile, and grabbed my shoulder and pulled me into the woods. I obeyed, but his hands were gonna break my body in half, just by having a small grip. He stooped, and I dropped to the ground.

"That... HURT!"

"So does mocking me, after I saved you butt." He said coldly.

My face fell, but that really was how I felt.

"Well, I'm not here to talk. I'm here to train." Dad said looking at me. He looked back at the Camp, and it really was beautiful. A coliseum stood, and in the distance trembles. I could here the splashing of water from the indoor pool thing. It was nicer than Camp Half Blood, but it didn't feel right. I looked up at dad who gave a small smile, and looked at me.

"You and I don't know as much about this place. I was raised to think I was a Half-Blood. I went to Camp Half-Blood, and met your mom. Found out I'm a god and well...." His voice trailed off.

"Everything since has stunk?" I asked softly.

He shrugged. "Lately, yes. You and your sister, I'd never change you two... just... the situation." He said softly.

I nodded, and looked at him. He seemed like a lonely Man. Even as a god, he seemed like he was missing something. He was missing mom. Dad made a odd movement and looked at me.

"Let me see your sword." He said softly.

I nodded, and pulled it out, and he looked at me. He held it, and I watched him toss it into the woods.

"Hey! That's my—!"

"No it's not. I gave you a sword when you were little. You mom thought it was 'unreasonable' — gosh that woman had nerve— you know, she used to...." His voice trailed off. It was clear he didn't want to talk about her like me. He looked at the necklace of the tooth I had on and smiled. He grabbed it and ripped it off my neck.

"DAD THATS—"

The necklace formed into a sword, and I stared. I had been trying to figure out if it was a weapon and it was. The tooth was engraved in the handle, and the string made the handle a leather. Dad smiled and handed me the sword.

"Was that so hard?" He asked.

I looked at him with my wide eye, as he handed it to me. Dad with the speed of lightning knocked me off of my feet, and I hit a tree. He spun his sword in his hand, and I looked at him. He gave a sinister grin.

"That's all you got kid? You sister is younger than you, up you know. She's so much better." He teased.

I returned his grin and stood up, and held my sword. Dad smiled, and we both pushed our maroon hair with a grey streak (although I had some blonde) out of our faces.

"So the boy stands. Can he fight though?" Dad spat with more teasing.

"Fine old man," I said with a grin. "You asked for it."

Dad's eyes widened and flashed red.

“I’m sorry.” I said with a voice full of fear, as he charged at me.