2nd June 2005

Dear Diary,

I can’t quite believe what is happening to my life, one minute I’m a strange boy with no hopes of a future, a hindrance to others and the next I’m surrounded by Greek gods... I mean what’s that about?

I had actually convinced myself that Mrs Dodds was imaginary and that I had some kind of seizure all those months ago. Mr Brunner had certainly made a good job at covering up that mess; the children and teachers at Yancy had forgotten she had existed completely. And as for Grover being my protector – really? He struggled to protect himself from Nancy – pain-in-the-rear – Bobofit.

I can’t quite comprehend that my mum is gone – vaporised; not in the same way that Mrs Dodds or the minotaur had but in a golden light that simply extinguished, right there in front of us. It made me so mad. I could feel my anger boiling up inside me (like it had at the museum) and when it turned towards my best friend, well, I exploded. I jumped on his shoulders and even managed to hold on long enough to rip one of its horns off; I’ve kept it as a kind of trophy, weird I know but I had to keep it as this creature destroyed my mum.

I’m so heartbroken about her but the surroundings here at Camp Half-Blood are just strange and are keeping my mind occupied. Don’t get me wrong it’s a beautiful: It is the perfect temperature of 22\*, there are rolling hills of green grass and wild flowers, it smells of fresh strawberries and there is a big lake with crystal clear water, which is surrounded by a dense forest. I keep thinking that there should be thunder clouds not stunning sunshine so it reflects how I feel inside. So much to take in and digest. Grover, who has goat legs and is a satyr, showed me briefly around. He said that I had been knocked out for two days straight. It must have been the concussion from whacking my head on the tree whilst I was wrestling and trying to kill the minotaur. I still felt fuzzy and every muscle ached but Grover told me to keep moving and to drink this liquid, which looked like apple juice. It wasn’t though it tasted, weirdly enough, just like my mum’s blue chocolate chip cookies warm from the oven. I lapped it up but I couldn’t understand that if the drink was warm to drink, how come the ice hadn’t melted? It makes my head hurt just thinking about it.

Anyway I met a girl called Annabeth, she apparently looked after me while I was unconscious. She has long flowing blonde hair and grey eyes. Although she is beautiful, she has a look that says, “Come near me and I’ll chop your head off!” so I’ll be treading carefully there. After that I saw Mr Brunner, although he is called Chiron here. He was playing a game called pinochle with a person (can I call him a person, maybe a ‘being’ is a better description) who reminds me a lot of smelly Gabe. He certainly enjoys his alcohol and gambling and had the same short, snappy attitude. It turns out that he’s a Greek god... ha, it sounds stupid just saying that but something inside me confirms that all this nonsense is real. His name is Dionyses and he is the god of wine. He did something disastrous – intoxicating and controlling mortals - and has been sent here to direct the camp. He’s got a real chip on his shoulder and certainly doesn’t like me, anyway he’s put me in cabin eleven with some of the other strange campers.

The only thing I know for certain is that most of the people at the camp are either mythical creatures or sons and daughters of gods. Does that mean that I am? Could my father really be a Greek god, if so, who could it be? I have no real talent- well apart from getting into trouble and blowing things up! Maybe I’m the son of the god of destruction! I am determined to find out the truth tomorrow to find out. For now, I am exhausted from all this new knowledge and the mourning for my mum. How will I be able to deal with all this without her? She sacrificed so much and for what, me to be in this strange place and her to be.. to be… dead.