1. Can you list all of Percy Jackson’s belongings?
2. What messages did the attack of the Hellhound send out to the rest of the camp?
3. Who did Percy now have his sword lessons with?
4. Why didn’t he take his sword lessons with Camp 11 any longer?
5. Find a word in the second paragraph that has a similar meaning to glared.
6. According to the text, why do you think Clarisse wanted to kill Percy?
7. At the end of the text, Percy started to read a newspaper report – what was the headline?
8. Even though Percy now knows which cabin he belongs to, why does he feel miserable? Give two reasons from the text.
9. Explain why Percy compared living in his own cabin, on his own, being like having some sort of rare disease?
10. Why do you think Luke pushed Percy harder than ever in training?
11. Why do you think Percy got angrier and angrier reading the newspaper report?
12. EXTENSION – write your own example of what the newspaper report could have said.

The next morning, Chiron moved me to cabin three. I didn’t have to share with anybody. I had plenty of room for all my stuff: the Minotaur horn, one set of spare clothes and a toiletry bag. I got to sit at my own dinner table, pick all my own activities, call ‘lights out’ whenever I felt like it and not listen to anybody else. And I was absolutely miserable. Just when I’d started to feel accepted, to feel I had a home in cabin eleven and I might be a normal kid – or as normal as you can be when you’re a half-blood – I’d been separated out as if I had some rare disease.

Nobody mentioned the hellhound, but I got the feeling they were all talking about it behind my back. The attack had scared everybody. It sent two messages: one that I was the son of the Sea God; and two, monsters would stop at nothing to kill me. They could even invade a camp that had always been considered safe. The other campers steered clear of me as much as possible. Cabin eleven was too nervous to have sword class with me after what I’d done to the Ares folks in the woods, so my lessons with Luke became one-on-one. He pushed me harder than ever, and wasn’t afraid to bruise me up in the process. ‘You’re going to need all the training you can get,’ he promised, as we were working with swords and flaming torches. ‘Now let’s try that viper-beheading strike again. Fifty more repetitions.’ Annabeth still taught me Greek in the mornings, but she seemed distracted. Every time I said something, she scowled at me, as if I’d just poked her between the eyes.

After lessons, she would walk away muttering to herself: ‘Quest… Poseidon? Dirty rotten… Got to make a plan…’Even Clarisse kept her distance, though her venomous looks made it clear she wanted to kill me for breaking her magic spear. I wished she would just yell or punch me or something. I’d rather get into fights every day than be ignored. I knew somebody at camp resented me, because one night I came into my cabin and found a mortal newspaper dropped inside the doorway, a New York Daily News opened to the Metro page. The article took me almost an hour to read, because the angrier I got, the more the words floated around on the page.

BOY AND MOTHER STILL MISSING AFTER FREAK CAR ACCIDENT