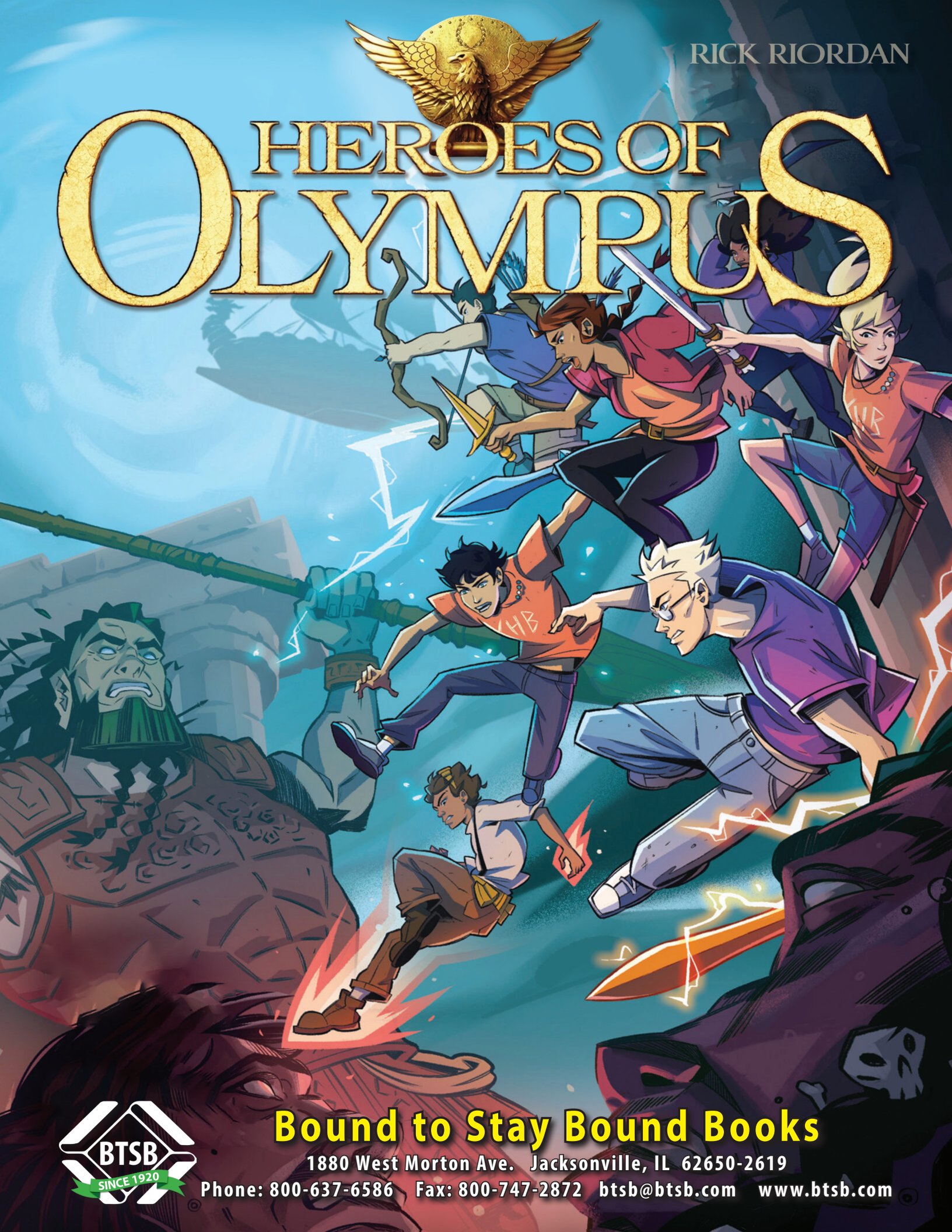


RICK RIORDAN

HEROES OF OLYMPUS



Bound to Stay Bound Books

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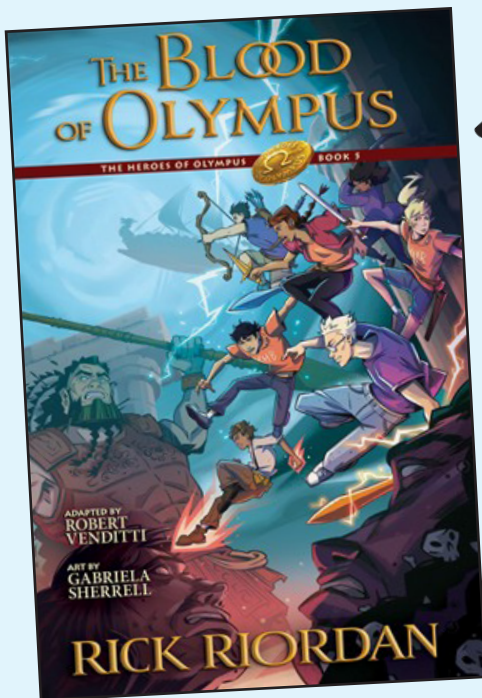
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HEROES OF OLYMPUS

GRAPHIC NOVELS

The **Heroes of Olympus** is a five-book fantasy series by Rick Riordan, a sequel to *Percy Jackson & the Olympians*, that follows seven Greek and Roman demigods on a quest to stop the Earth goddess Gaea from destroying the world. The series blends Greek and Roman mythology, featuring a new cast of characters alongside familiar ones.

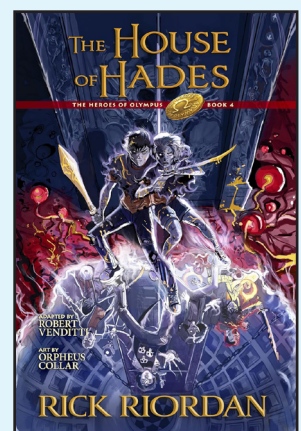
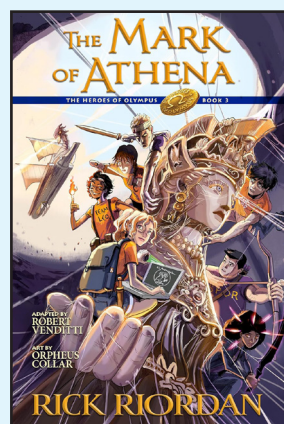


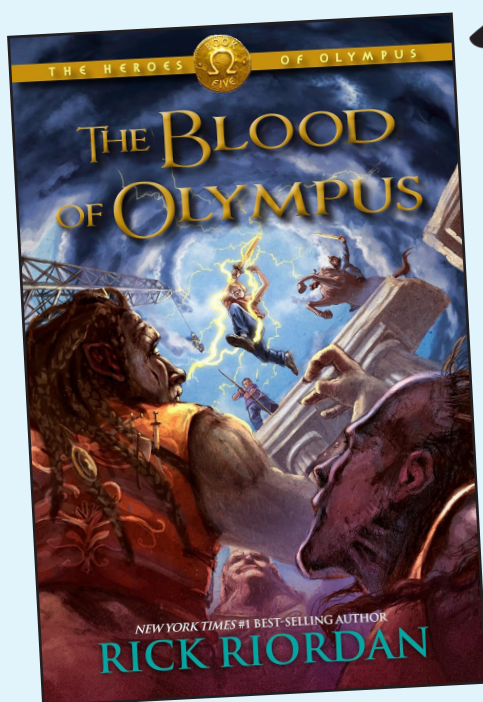
Cover Image

Sample Pages



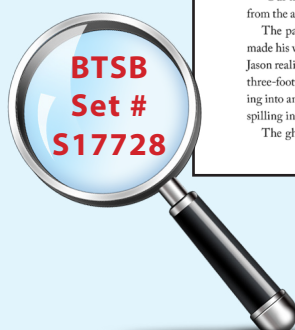
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smashing plates and cups, and basically making a nuisance of themselves.

Most looked like Lares from Camp Jupiter—transparent purple wraiths in tunics and sandals. A few revelers had decayed bodies with gray flesh, matted clumps of hair, and nasty wounds. Others seemed to be regular living mortals—some in togas, some in modern business suits or army fatigues. Jason even spotted one guy in a purple Camp Jupiter T-shirt and Roman legionnaire armor.

In the center of the atrium, a gray-skinned ghoul in a tattered Greek tunic paraded through the crowd, holding a marble bust over his head like a sports trophy. The other ghosts cheered and slapped him on the back. As the ghoul got closer, Jason noticed that he had an arrow in his throat, the feathered shaft sprouting from his Adam's apple. Even more disturbing: the bust he was holding . . . was that Zeus?

It was hard to be sure. Most Greek god statues looked similar. But the bearded, glowing face reminded Jason very much of the giant Hippius Zeus in Cabin One at Camp Half-Blood.

"Our next offering!" the ghoul shouted, his voice buzzing from the arrow in his throat. "Let us feed the Earth Mother!"

The partyers yelled and pounded their cups. The ghoul made his way to the central fountain. The crowd parted, and Jason realized the fountain wasn't filled with water. From the three-foot-tall pedestal, a geyser of sand spewed upward, arcing into an umbrella-shaped curtain of white particles before spilling into the circular basin.

The ghoul heaved the marble bust into the fountain. As

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soon as Zeus's head passed through the shower of sand, the marble disintegrated like it was going through a wood chipper. The sand glittered gold, the color of ichor—godly blood. Then the entire mountain rumbled with a muffled *BOOM*, as if belching after a meal.

The dead partygoers roared with approval.

"Any more statues?" the ghoul shouted to the crowd. "No? Then I guess we'll have to wait for some *real* gods to sacrifice!"

His comrades laughed and applauded as the ghoul plopped himself down at the nearest feast table.

Jason clenched his walking stick. "That guy just disintegrated my dad. Who does he think he is?"

"I'm guessing that's Antinous," said Annabeth, "one of the suitors' leaders. If I remember right, it was Odysseus who shot him through the neck with that arrow."

Piper winced. "You'd think that would keep a guy down. What about all the others? Why are there so many?"

"I don't know," Annabeth said. "Newer recruits for Gaea, I guess. Some must've come back to life before we closed the Doors of Death. Some are just spirits."

"Some are ghouls," Jason said. "The ones with the gaping wounds and the gray skin, like Antinous . . . I've fought their kind before."

Piper tugged at her blue harpy feather. "Can they be killed?"

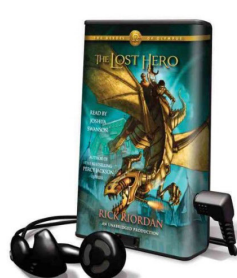
Jason remembered a quest he'd taken for Camp Jupiter years ago in San Bernardino. "Not easily. They're strong and fast and intelligent. Also, they eat human flesh."

"Fantastic," Annabeth muttered. "I don't see any option

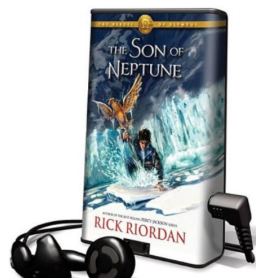
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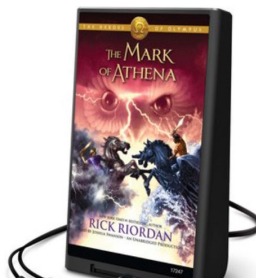
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