

“ssssssssss.” “Okay Fangster, I’m up, I’m up!” “ssssssssssss!” “Language, Spike!” “ss-” “Don’t you even, Viperess! YAAAWWNNN, okay let’s go see if there are any demigods to torture.” Oh, I’m Auntie “M”, by the way. Proud owner of Auntie Em’s Garden Gnome Emporium. “ssssssss!” Spike is telling me to drop the act. I will, I’m... Medusa.

I know you’re saying: “you can’t be Medusa, she got killed by Perseus 10,000 years ago or something!” Well, you’re right, I did get killed, but I didn’t die. By that time, I was officially classified as a monster. I was reborn in Tartarus, found the Doors of Death and went through them, and here I am. I made this place to lure in mortals, demigods, satyrs, and even other monsters. These “garden gnomes” are those poor souls. I don’t even know if they are still alive, or if they’re dead. For some I hope they’re alive, watching every statue that gets added to my collection. Like this satyr over here, Ferdinand was his name, he knew me for who I was immediately. His mistake was looking up as he swung his club.

I feel bad about some of my additions too. This couple just got back from their honeymoon in Paris. They looked up as they were embracing. Not a bad way to be frozen, though. If they are still alive, at least they get to be with each other for eternity. I’m pretty sure that you’re about to put this book down and say, “ugh, I don’t want to read about someone so *evil!*” First off, that’s rude. Second this is all *Poseidon’s* fault! *He* courted me and took me to Athena’s temple to... You know. The point is that he didn’t think: “Oh maybe Athena will take it out on poor Medusa.” Well Poseidon... SHE DID!

So now I’m stuck waiting here until some hero comes and kills me again. Worse yet, my sisters just recently faded. They were made immortal by the gods because they stayed with me and immortals can’t be turned to stone. Immortals *can* fade, though. Fading is dying for immortals, nobody remembers them, and they have no purpose to stick around. I had to watch my own sisters die, cruel, isn’t it? Monsters are eternal, but the day they faded, I begged all the gods that I could think of to kill me too, so that I could be with my sisters. I pleaded with Hades to take my soul to the underworld. The gods did not oblige, so I was left sitting next to an empty bed, totally alone.

I see some visitors! Two wearing Camp Half-Blood t-shirts and a satyr! Half-bloods usually come here because they got lost on a quest. Oh, look their Dyslexia is getting the better of them. Neon red cursive is impossible for dyslexic kids. The satyr stops by Ferdinand, maybe they’re related! Time to shine! I come out in front of the children. I wear stuff that my victims tell me are middle eastern, my way of speaking too. I welcome them and they tell me they’re orphans from a Circus Caravan. Wow, they need to work on their story! I invite them into my shop and start making lunch. I tell them that they do not need to pay. The blond one, the girl says: “Thank you ma’am” that’s when I realize that she is a daughter of Athena! I should have smelled it earlier! The boy, Percy is a son of Poseidon! Poseidon, oh I will enjoy adding these to my collection.

They eat, and at some point, Percy, looks at a statue of a girl holding an Easter basket, I feel bad about that one. I explain that I always get the face wrong. They make small talk and Grover the satyr hears my “hairdo”. I say it is the deep fryer. I invite them to go model for a statue. Annabeth, the girl, tries to object, but Percy is interested. They go outside and Grover also wants to leave. Apparently, Ferdinand is his Uncle, oh revenge is sweet. I tell them I can’t see well in this cursed veil; I start taking it off, but then Annabeth figures out who I am and ruins all the fun by shoving Percy down and starts running away. I rip off the veil, then start fighting. All goes well, but then Percy cuts my head off. I disintegrate, then find myself in Tartarus yet again.