

NEW YORK TIMES #1 BEST-SELLING AUTHOR

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# MAGNIUS CHASE

and the GODS of ASGARD



THE SHIP OF THE DEAD



## Percy Jackson Does His Level Best to Kill Me

“TRY IT AGAIN,” Percy told me. “This time with less dying.”

Standing on the yardarm of the USS *Constitution*, looking down at Boston Harbor two hundred feet below, I wished I had the natural defenses of a turkey buzzard. Then I could projectile vomit on Percy Jackson and make him go away.

The last time he'd made me try this jump, only an hour before, I'd broken every bone in my body. My friend Alex Fierro had rushed me back to the Hotel Valhalla just in time for me to die in my own bed.

Unfortunately, I was an *einherji*, one of Odin's immortal warriors. I couldn't die permanently as long as I expired within the boundaries of Valhalla. Thirty minutes later, I woke up as good as new. Now here I was again, ready for more pain. Hooray!