

Play with Fire, Get Burned

[Marilee Bishop](#), who everyone just called Lee, was a scrawny child of Hephaestus, known for her bad luck and big explosions. Her 'experiments' usually ended with a bang and put everyone around her at risk. It was her carefree attitude and complete lack of regard for safety that landed her on the hot seat, being grounded from using the camp forges for any crafting for the time being.

This didn't sit well with Lee, after all she was born to build and craft things. It wasn't her fault that her latest project had blasted a hole in Cabin 9's roof, which had to be repaired by one of her older siblings. Okay, so maybe it *was* her fault, but she didn't think you *could* get grounded while at a summer camp. Especially when that summer camp promoted danger by having a climbing wall with actual lava.

In the middle of the day, while everyone else was on their way to the pavilion for lunch, Lee made her way out of the Hephaestus cabin with an armful of supplies and made her way to Hestia's hearth. The forges weren't the only source of fire, and she had been curious if forging with the goddess's fire would allow her to enchant things with more power.

Lee smiled when she saw the young girl sitting next to the fire and tending the flames. "Scuse me, m'lady." Lee started with a small bow as she set her supplies down. "S'okay if I used your flame for some crafting?"

The young goddess simply giggled and nodded before disappearing into the flames, leaving Lee alone with the Hearthfire and her imagination. There was almost a gleam in her eye as she set to work, paying no attention to her surroundings or who may be watching.

"Hello, little hero." Came the cold, icy voice from behind her, sending a chill up her spine. From the shadows of a nearby cabin, came [a woman with silvery hair](#), slithering towards the girl like a leopard stalking its prey.

"W-w-who are y-you?" Lee asked through a shiver. It was strange for the girl to feel so cold, especially sitting so close to the flames.

The woman let out a chuckle deep in her throat. "Don't be afraid, I am like you, child. A demigod, though I do not hold any special regard for my mother. My name is [Crystal](#), what is yours?" She asked as she knelt down next to her, the grass around her feet coating with a thin layer of frost.

"L-lee..." She looked from her and then back to the fire before plunging her hands into the flames.

"A son of the forge god, no?" She began to use her powers of persuasion, easing the girl into listening. "I once knew some *great* forgers, did you want to know their secret? How they crafted some of the most powerful weapons?"

Lee found herself in a trance like state as the woman's words washed over her. Slowly, she found herself nodding. The mention of powerful weapons was enough to sell her on listening to whatever the older demigod had to say.

“Greek Fire, of course.” She responded with a mischievous grin. “Why don’t you run along and grab a jar. Add it to the flames and I’m sure you’ll be able to create something truly special.”

The young girl didn’t hesitate to follow the orders given and scampered off towards the Hephaestus cabin. By the time she returned to the fire, there was no trace that Crystal had been there at all. But the sword she was working to forge was starting to glow hot, meaning she didn’t have much time to add the secret ingredient to the sacred flame.

Of course, this had all been a trick as an explosion of green light erupted from the cabin area. The explosion was so powerful it shook the entire valley with a minor earthquake. Hephaestus’s blood coursing through her veins was the only thing that kept the girl alive, as she was thrown several feet back.

As the fire and smoke settle, the thunderous footsteps of Chiron galloping grew closer and closer until he towered over the girl; eyes wide and alert. He surveyed the scene to see that the Hearth had been completely destroyed and the fire snuffed out. “You damned fool!” He scolded which may seem almost foreign coming from the old teacher. “Do you have any idea what you’ve done!?”

Lee quickly shook her head, frightened by Chiron’s tone and the look of fear in his eyes. “N-n-no sir...”

“For nearly two thousand years that barrier has stood to keep this camp safe, and you managed to completely destroy it in one afternoon.” He turned his attention towards the pavilion as he heard the footsteps of campers closing in. “Pray that we can fix this before we are all destroyed.” He muttered over his shoulder before turning to address the rest of camp.

“Campers!” His voice boomed in an almost unprecedented manner, his hands coming up to settle everyone down the best he could. Just as everyone began to get quite, a cold, winter breeze spread across the camp and for the first time in a very long time, the outside weather affected the valley. The change only seemed to cause more commotion as everyone tried to figure out what was going on, and bundled together for warmth. “Silence!”

“The magical barrier that protects this camp has been destroyed. Counselors, take charge of your cabins. We need our defenses up and a patrol schedule set immediately. When you are done, we will convene in the Big House for a War Council.” Without another word he grabbed Lee and galloped through the crowd of campers towards the big house in a blur, leaving the campers to begin planning.

[For those of you who are new to the canon here, Crystal was apart of a plot in [r/HalfBloodHaven](#). You can read about it [here](#). TL:DR she’s a survivor of Kronos’ army and wants to destroy camp.]

Home is Where the Heart[h] Is

In the aftermath of the explosion and the midnight attack of camp, morning finally broke, bringing what little warmth the sun could bring. It seemed that things were starting to get colder, which should seem strange with spring approaching. But it would be hard to tell as temperatures dropped into the teens (negatives for you Celcius folk) and snow began to fall into the valley.

Chiron made his rounds around camp and the Big House, ensuring wounded campers were being tended to and everyone was warm. A few campers had made the ultimate sacrifice, and their bodies were placed on pyres on the beach. After which, Chiron gathered the campers, all of which needed to be addressed, not just the counselors.

"From what I have gathered from Miss Bishop, a young woman by the name of Crystal convinced her to use Greek Fire on the hearth, resulting in its destruction. I have reached out to some allies and learned the identity of the woman, who was a supporter of Kronos during the Titan War and apart of a rebel demigod group known as 'The Seventh Age'."

He looked like he had aged several years, which may be strange given he was thousands of years old. The old centaur looked around at the worried faces of campers with a worried look of his own. "It is our belief that this is apart of a scheme to strike a blow to the gods by destroying this camp. I fear last night was only the beg~..."

His words were cut off as the Oracle stepped in front of him. She had been standing there quietly, but now her eyes glowed green and fog began to form around. A sign that a prophecy was about to be spoken, and everyone fell silent to listen to the words.

"Children of Beauty, Fire, Sun, and Spring,

Down from the heavens you must bring.

Race against time, snow and ice,

Fire is bought through sacrifice.

Restore what was destroyed by the explosion,

Or find your Home forever frozen."

After which she collapsed as she came down from being possessed by the spirit of Delphi. Campers had grown used to this over the years, and were there to catch her. They took her inside so she could recover while Chiron analyzed the lines of the prophecy before speaking again.

"A quest has been called, as I suspected it would. We must go to Olympus and bring back the Hearthfire to restore the barrier of camp." He paused to consider the rest of the lines. "Children of Beauty, Fire, Sun and Spring...." He muttered. "Anwen, Maria, and Calvin, you will accompany Lee to Olympus."

He dismissed the questers to go prepare. Then he turned his attention to the rest of camp. "There is more to the prophecy. Scott, I'll need you and some other campers to rebuild the Hearth. As for the rest of you, we'll bring the Fleece along with [Peleus](#) into the cabin area where we will fortify our defenses." He let out a long deep breath. "Stay warm, stay safe, and may the gods help us all."

OOC: If you did not get chosen for the quest, do not worry. There will be other opportunities for future quests as well as chances to partake in the plot. We try our best to run a fair and fun subreddit for all writers, regardless of their time on the sub. The choices were made based on answers given as well as fit of writers based on timezone.

The Seventh Strikes

For days since the initial attack on camp, things had been quiet. Too quiet.

With so many demigods crammed into one location, it was a wonder that monsters hadn't swarmed the area. Patrols and guards were on constant alert, but nothing happened. As if the world around them had been frozen in time; ironic for how cold things had gotten.

Finally as the sun began to set on the day and temperatures began to drop, the silence was broken. Moving through the trees was something large. Or several large things as trees limbs snapped and snow crunch.

The first thing to break the hill was [Crystal](#), standing on top of the hill suited for battle. She stared down at the fortified cabins with a devilish smirk on her face.

"For those of you who don't want to die, surrender now!" She called out with open arms, sending an icy wave of cold air towards the cabin. A few demigods stood behind her, survivors from the battle of Haven who had kept their oaths.

A few minutes later her small army arrived. Six [Laistrygonian Giants](#) wheeling carts of cannon balls flanked her from atop the hill. They looked down at the cabins and campers and licked their lips at the thought of demigods for dinner.

From the woods came two [Hyperborean Giants](#), towering over the camp and looking around in confusion. They weren't known to be violent, so they had obviously been tricked or convinced in attacking the campers.

And finally, the last of the werewolves had returned. Only three remained, so the pack was small, but they had come seeking revenge and the promise that camp would be destroyed.

"No?" Crystal called out again. She waited a few minutes and shrugged nonchalantly. "Very well." She sighed to herself and looked to her monstrous company.

"Attack!" She ordered as she pointed her staff towards the cabins to sound the charge.

The werewolves and demigods charged while the Laistrygonians began throwing flaming cannon balls towards the cabin's defenses. Crystal herself slowly made her way across the battlefield, allowing the pawns of her army to go first.

Rest Assured

Crystal's attack had been in vain, but would not come without a cost. Many of the camp's structures, including several cabins had been badly damaged if not destroyed by the barrage of cannonballs. A few campers had gone down in the battle, and several more were recovering from injuries.

If that wasn't bad enough, the questers still had not returned. Camp was still at risk for the next wave of monster attacks, and with the number of campers dwindling, hope was beginning to fade.

From the shadows of the woods approached a figure, covered with a [hooded cloak](#). As they walked, a thin cloud of fog seemed to wrap around their body, indicating that this being, whoever it was, was not mortal.

As demigods drew their weapons to prepare for the next battle, the [man removed his hood](#) to reveal the tired look of an older man. He held up his hand, signaling for the campers to halt, and waited until they did.

"Fear not, my young demigods." He spoke with a deep, melodious voice that seemed to invite sleep. "You have fought bravely to protect your home, but know that you are not alone. I have been busy, surrounding the camp with Mist, to slow down any monsters and buy you all some recovery time. Rest assured, you all are safe, for now."

He paused, waiting for them to get the punch line of whatever joke he was hinting at. With a sigh he pointed to the cabins and tents. "Go get some rest," He deadpanned. "You all could use it and need the recovery."

He waved his hand dismissively, sending the campers away before pulling on his cloak and walking towards the Big House. His orders wouldn't come without some sort of effect, as the campers would soon find themselves extremely tired from the god's aura.

Wake-up Call

The campers would be awoken by an alarm going off. As they rose from their slumber, they would find themselves well rested and free from any ailments that might have plagued them the night before.

Taking a look around their surroundings, it would be apparent they were no longer in their cabins, but instead in an elevator shaft, alone. Slowly, one by one, the elevators began to rise, heading towards the surface of the world.

Each camper would rise in a large circle, and would find themselves [on a podium](#). In the center of the circle were large containers and racks, with various weapons and supplies.

"Welcome! To the first *ever*.... Hunger Games!" The announcer's voice boomed over some sort of speaker system. It was the same voice of the god from the night before, but for some reason he seemed to be in a better mood. "May the odds ever be in your favor."

In the center of the arena appeared a timer that began to count down. Suddenly false memories of training for days leading up to the event would fill their minds and they would know the objective of this sick and twisted game. It was kill or be killed, until only one remained. As the clock reached 0, a buzzer sounded and the games were under way.

OOC: Lol this was something we wanted to do and discussed in discord. We figured this was a good time would tie into the plot. Its just like the Hunger Games from the books/movies with a few added rules/twists:

- All past memories of friendships or relationships were gone.
- The demigods no longer have use of their powers, but still have the knowledge of any training/experience they may have
- All their weapons will be in the center of the arena, assuming they can reach them.
- Good luck, have fun, and no killing... oh wait, this is the one time you get to kill each other, but no metagaming/godmodding

Home and Hope Restored

Hearth Restored

As the tributes within the games were killed off, they would be jolted awake, returning from the nightmare that Morpheus had placed on the camp for his own entertainment. Making their way outside, the campers would be relieved to find the questers had safely returned from Olympus, carrying a torch lit with a small flame.

As the torch that carried the Hearthfire was placed in the rebuilt hearth, the flame ignited, sending a wave of warm air through the camp. The cool weather that had been plaguing camp for weeks was gone, signifying that camp's borders had been restored. And from those flames, a young girl stepped out, smiling at the campers as she looked around.

"Thank you, for restoring my Home." She said quietly to the questers. Then her eyes fell on Morpheus who was standing on the edges of the crowd. "Shame on you, Morpheus! You were sent here to protect these campers, not give them nightmares!"

"Heh." Morpheus managed an apologetic smile and a small bow towards Hestia, then he melted into the shadows and disappeared. The little girl stomped her foot in frustration before realizing the campers were still standing around.

"You have all fought bravely to defend your Home, but now we must rebuild what was lost. Camp is safe again, thanks to *all* of you." She smiled softly and then looked around at the camp, realizing she had more of a presence here than she thought.

“But first...” Her smile grew and she waved her hand. A large table appeared, filled with an assortment of food, desserts, and drinks. “I think a celebration is in order for all you have done.”

Almost on cue, there was a faint pop accompanied by the smell of grapes. The Camp Director had returned, probably because a party was starting. He looked around at the state of camp before sighing. “I leave for a few minutes and you all manage to destroy everything.”

“Dionysus...” Lady Hestia stepped in to scold him, which for a little girl looked pretty intimidating.

“Yes, yes, you all saved camp. Hurrah and all that. Enjoy yourselves tonight and have a good time.” He nodded before turning on his heel to walk towards the Big House. He would never let the campers know this, but he was proud of them for all that they had accomplished. “Tomorrow we all have work to do!” He called over his shoulder. By we, he meant the campers, of course.