

## Through Peeta's Eyes

A sheen of sweat coats the top of my palms. So this is what it all boils down to; the Hunger Games. A million thoughts run through my head, but they all revolve around one. How to keep Katniss alive. I pace the room nervously, thinking of everything I could do to protect her, although I doubt she'll need much of that. What supplies would help her most. Then there's Haymitch's voice, Haymitch's dry, sarcastic voice echoing his so-called words of advice inside my head as if they were on replay; Put as much distance as you can between them, get water. A heavy sigh escapes me as I look up to to the glass cylinder. Guess that's Heaven calling, I can't help but think. I look at Portia for any words of wisdom, but receive only a sad hug. "She's a survivor." I close my eyes tight, my mothers sour face stamped into the darkness. These thoughts, nightmares, plague my head as I'm lifted into the arena.

A warm light welcomes me, the Cornucopia a beacon of wealth to all who dares to go to it. I give the arena a quick survey; there's a lake, some meadows, and a forest.

Well, I think silently to myself, at least I won't be dying in a desert or some other unrecognizable place.

A glance to my left shows me the object of my desire; Katniss. She doesn't need a cape or sparkling dress to look like she's on fire, the intensity radiating from her is enough. As I follow her gaze, I see she's noticed the same thing I did. Her one and only ally here; the silver bow and arrows. Like a magnet, i'm drawn back to her, hoping to somehow avert her attention. She must be a mind reader because after I let go of the thought, her eyes meet my own. Don't do it, I mouth, brow knit in worry. Confusion sweeps over her face but before I'm able to repeat my warning, it's already too late. The ray of sunlight that severed our gaze brought with it the gong- the signal of the start of the Hunger Games.



By the time I leave the cylinder I've already made up my mind. She wouldn't last, they'd break her. Kill her. If I can just get the bow for her, then that will be enough for me to die peacefully. With my mind set, I start maneuvering around the chaos that's already taking over. That's when the cannons start firing; Boom! Boom! My head whips back to survey the damage while my feet keep moving forward. Already? I can't help but think. By the time I face back to the Cornucopia, it's already too late. The Careers are already pillaging it, ridding the horn of all its goods. I tense, watching them, waiting for them to come at me. My body ready to repeat the steps I learned in the training center.

"Well, if it isn't lover boy." The voice is brusque, cocky.

I whip my head back to find the owner of it; he's my height give or take a few inches. Blond hair, green eyes, along with a stocky build. Definitely a career, most likely District 2, I think silently to myself as we size each other up. He'd have a difficult enough time trying to overpower me with his weight, but could easily take me with his experience.

Not to my surprise, he hits hard. The type of punch that's been used for more than just putting someone in their place. The next one I dodge -barely, if I may add- and manage to land one of my own. The minutes that pass next are filled with grunts and swings as we try to dominate one another into submission.

"Alright, you're good enough." The subtle hint of a smirk plays on the corners of his lips as he straightens himself out. A sigh of relief escapes me as I stand, dusting off the parts of my clothes that took most of the beating. If this is what it takes to getting closer to that bow, then I'll take it. For Katniss sake, I'll take it. Who would've thought that I, the baker's son who'd never wielded a sword in my life, would become part of the Career's pack.

