Find Back To Me

Von Toast

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Kapitel 1: Where are you?

Hey guys!
Sorry for my bad English. I started this fanfiction in German, but I realized soon enough, that English is more beautiful than German. Lol. There will be a lot of mistakes, It's a little bit awkward for me, but please try to bear with it!

Chapter 1: Where are you?

It should have been perfect. Every man and woman of the rescue team of district 13 had been selected very carefully and trained for this mission. The plan was good enough to work out, and even the progress reports that came in were all positive. The team headed out early in the morning, and it was expected to return two days after their departure.
Most of the rebels were just waiting in their rooms and prayed for a favorable outcome. Plutarch never left his seat and literally resided in the command center, never going out for even a second. So did Coin, Boggs, Haymitch and Finnick, who could never refrain himself from pacing up and down nervously.
"Is it time now?", he asked nervy, as he stroke through his bronze-colored hair.
"They should have contacted us since a while ago. What are they doing?"
"Calm down", Boggs reminded him. "They will. Soon. Everything will be alright."
But he didn't sound as reassuring as he wanted himself to be.

Haymitch never talked, but his hands found their way to the flask in his vest constantly. It was his own way to cope with his agitation and no one seemed to be bothered by his malodorous breath for once. Coin just played with her fingers, as she sank in her armchair.
I was not allowed to join them, regardless of how many times I had asked them. Haymitch stated that I should just busy myself with something else, since I seemed to be unstable lately. That would not have been surprising if we recap what had happened the last few weeks. I fought in the arena again, killed for my own survival and even lost the person, who is most important to me, to the claws of the capitol. And to top it all off, my whole homeland got burned down, including my home, friends and their families.
'He has no say', I thought. 'After all, it's him who gets drunk as fast as possible if something bad happens. This is what *I* would call unstable. In fact, his state might be even worse than mine.'
Haymitch didn't have anyone to care about, since he survived his own games. Everyone he had has been tortured and killed by the capitol, as they weren't pleased with the circumstances of his victory. But twenty-four years later, his almost frozen heart has started to beat again, just because of two children who survived under his guidance. Two children who grew to be something like his own children. His new family. And now, one of his beloved kids is gone, reopening old scars that he had desperately tried to close by drinking for years.

Maybe he didn't want me to see him like this. We could have support each other, since we both were worried to death, but no matter how long I begged, the doors to the commander center stayed closed, leaving me no chance to enter. So I stayed right next to the doors waiting. Minutes. Hours. Days. I would have waited for a week if necessary. I was left with my hope alone, that I would be the first one to be told the latest news if anything happened. And it did.

I had to think about what happened that last day in the arena. It was my biggest mistake that I approved to let our little group split up. If I had only known that someone from outside, the rebels, tried to rescue us out of the killing floor, I would have made sure to stay with everyone. Escape together. Survive together.
As soon as the force field burst in an earsplitting bang, someone grabbed me from behind and literally threw me into the hovercraft.
"You are safe. Now stay down", a strangely familiar voice told me.
I felt dizzy and was on the verge of losing consciousness. I hit my head quite hard when the explosion had wiped me off my feet, but I still managed to realize that some people of my alliance were missing.
"What about the others? Tell me!"
I shouted but no one would answer me.
"Where are they? What are you doing?"
Silence.
"What the fuck is happening here?! Let me go back! The others are still…"
Someone knocked me out from behind. The last thing I could sense was the deep darkness I sank into. I could hear the distant cracking of machine guns around me and the sound of detonations. Screams. I just couldn't differ if I really heard them or If they were just products of my own mind.

When I came to again, I was already brought to the headquarter of the rebellion – District 13. I couldn't remember what happened first, but when I spotted Finnick who lay in the bed next to mine, I remembered.
"Finnick!" I shouted and got up immediately. "Finnick, where are we?"
The young man was already awake.
"Oh, hello there", he answered calmly as he blinked. "It took you a long time to come back to us. We are out of the arena, …obviously." He added.
"I can see that", I replied untouched. "Where is 'out of the arena'?"
"District 13."
"What?"
"District 13, I said."
I gasped. "How can this be? District 13 doesn't exist anymore."
"Does it look like it doesn't exist to you?" he stated and looked around. I followed his glance. The room we were in looked like a clinical center, but not like the one of the capitol, where I had found myself in after my first hunger games. This one looked more like there were also humans treating their patients and not only machines.
I shook my head. "Apparently we ought to be *somewhere*. How did we get here?"
"The rebels saved us. This rescue was planned well in advance, since the rules for the quarter quell were released to the public. But we never told you 'cause it wasn't safe enough to do so."

“You knew?”
He nodded what left me quite speechless. “Haymitch will tell you everything”, he promised.
“Haymitch? He’s here?”
“Yeah, he is. You should thank him later, since he’s the one who pulled the strings amongst others all along.”

I couldn’t believe it. How was this even possible? I was sure that I’d die back there. I planned to just live as long as my friend would need me to survive the game. And then go. Forever. I hadn’t even dreamt of the possibility that we would make it out alive again. Now I’ve been given a future. Again!

I was relieved to know that Finnick was by my side and I really thought for a second, that everyone else was safe, too. But the other beds around us were all left untouched.
Finnick explained to me.
Slowly.
Except us, Beetee was the only one to get out of there. Fortunately, he fell over right next to me, when the explosion occurred and picked up at the same time. The others were not to be found early enough, the security of the capitol came into action much faster than the rebels had ever expected. They‘ve triggered all traps at once. A big wave came out of nowhere and almost hit the hovercraft, which managed to start last minute. However they had to abandon the rest of the tributes to their fates.

This happened weeks ago. When I was able to leave the clinic, I started to hang out in front of the commander center, never even once going to the room which was assigned to me. At least not for eating or sleeping, but even I had to go to wash myself sometimes. Finnick was the only one who leaked information to me. Haymitch simply let me be, and Beetee didn’t think he was close to me at all to comfort me. Let alone Coin or Boggs, her ‘footboy’.

They didn’t even care to tell me, when the rescue team launched for their mission. I guess, Haymitch just had been afraid that it would come to my mind to join in secret. If someone had told me about D-day, I would have jumped on board of the next hovercraft immediately. I wanted to be in that mission badly. I wanted to safe my dear ones from the capitol, but no one let me. No one gave me the chance to do it. They told me I was too ‘important’ to risk my life for that. Instead of me, they let Gale go, because he got the trust of the government in District 13 and also seemed to already be a big shot in thirteen’s troops.

I waited till the next morning, when Finnick and Beetee left the center. Finnick’s tanned skin looked rather pale for the first time I saw him. His eyes seemed to be cold as ice when he looked at me. Beetee just walked on, pearls of sweat forming on his forehead.
“What’s going on?” I asked breathless. I knew something wasn’t right, because he couldn’t manage to look into my eyes.
“Finnick?”
He shook his head. It felt as if someone hit me in my stomach and ripped it apart.
“Finnick?” I asked again, as my voice trembled in terror.

“The mission didn’t succeed” he said.
“Why? What happened?”, I panicked.
“There was no one to be found in the prison, except for Johanna and Annie. They made it.”
Under different circumstances I would have been happy for him. But I wasn’t. I didn’t care about Annies rescue now, I couldn’t care less about her at the moment.
“And what about –“, I began terrified. Finnick stopped me.

“Katniss is *lost*. I am sorry.”

This is my first fanfiction written in English. I am so sorry for all the mistakes. I gave my best, and it still took me ages to just write this tiny chapter!
Actually, I didn’t want you to know in whose point of view I wrote. I hope I surprised you a little.
Stay tuned for the second chapter! They may get short, but I’m sure you will like the story.

Kapitel 2: A cruel gift

Hi there, here's the second chapter :-) I am SO happy that I finished it, because the story will start from now on.

Chapter 2: A cruel gift

„Where is she? " I yelled as I grabbed Finnick by the scruff of his neck. "What have they done to her?"

Finnick tried to stay as calm as possible. He shook his head again.

"I told you we don't know. They are interrogating Johanna right now. I am not sure if she knows anything. I heard she looks horrible and no one actually cares to bring her to the hospital. They don't let her go until they know about Katniss' whereabouts. You can be sure they are doing everything in their power to safe her."

I released him. It wasn't his fault at all. I was desperate and took it out on him. I felt helpless.

"Try to cheer up a little, boy" the tanned guy said. "At least they didn't torture her till death in that cell like the Avoxes. Johanna would have known. Their cells were next to each other the first days. She might be okay, still."

His words didn't comfort me at all. How could they have? I left Finnick where he stood when he finished telling me everything he knew. I couldn't stand company now and I just wanted to be alone. I wanted to hide myself crawl in a dark hole.

Why did I left her back in the arena? Why couldn't I go with her? Everything was my fault. If I had stayed by her side, we wouldn't have been separated.

'If anything happened to Katniss, I wouldn't be able survive. I know.'

I ran to my room. For the first time, I threw myself into the bed and cried like a little child. I didn't feel ashamed of it. I just let all the frustration I had held back those weeks out, and I couldn't say how long I was sobbing against my pillow. When I stopped and felt, that no tears were flowing out of me anymore, I felt hollow and deadly wounded. The only thing I could do was sleep. And wait. And be sure to keep breathing.

'She won't be dead, right? She was just sent somewhere else' I hoped, and with this thoughts and her name on my lips, I drifted in a long, dreamless sleep.

When I got up again, I was surprised a little. For a second I didn't know where I was. The room was so unfamiliar. But it was my room, obviously.

My eyes were swollen badly.

'Peeta, you are such a kid.'

After I checked on my plans today, I went to eat some breakfast. I got some strange white bread, without any taste and red beans. I didn't like it at all, though I was not sure if it was because it really tasted bad or if I just wasn't able to enjoy anything. I found out that it was the latter. I couldn't enjoy anything anymore, I just felt numb and didn't know how to get out of this misery. The only effective medicine for me would have been Katniss. I knew.

Half a week passed, until I met my old mentor in front of the command center. He got news for me, he said. But he looked so awful that I realized immediately, that the news could not be good ones. No, awful wasn't even the right word for it: He looked like a piece of shit. And his stench wasn't better at all.

"They might'ave found her!" Haymitch yelled at me, as he grabbed my shoulders and I knew that he only did it as he tried not to fall over. His face looked terrible and his breath stank barbarous. I had to pull myself together to keep eye-contact. "…Not sssure yet though."

It was not the time to lecture him about his drinking behavior. I grabbed him, as he held on me, and shook him slightly.

"Where?" I asked him desperate, not even able to take a single breath (Which was better anyway, Haymitch smelled beyond belief).

"One of our account execut-…", he started and suddenly started to choke. It turned out to be a bad idea to shake him. I jumped away just on time, when he started vomiting over his own shirt and I realized that it was impossible to interact with him. I called for help and after few seconds, Haymitch was taken to the next hospital room to sober up. I managed to worry about him a little, since he even looked worse than he did, when we were reaped for the first time. Haymitch fell of the stage which didn't help him to improve his reputation.

I rushed to Finnick's side. Within District 13, he was my closest ally and he might have been the only one I could rely on.

"Finnick, tell me what happened. Please!", I begged him. He wrinkled his nose when he saw the stains of Haymitch's barf on my left pant leg. I haven't realized it because I couldn't feel the fluid on my skin - since there was no skin anymore. Now it was my turn to look disgusted.

"Haymitch", I declared shortly and the former tribute of District 4 simply nodded . He got the picture.

"District 13 infiltrated the capitol", he began and led me towards my room. "We got news from one of our men. " He said as we were walking.

"We were told that … a train had left from the capitol early this morning."

First I didn't get what he wanted to tell me.

"A train" It didn't sound like a question.

"Yeah."

"Is she… is she on it?" I gasped. I was not able to myself anymore. "Tell me already!"

"We don't know… okay? I heard that they shipped something. A bed or a … box or something."

Finnick knew more than me. As he spoke, he wondered how long it would take me to understand.

"Where is it.. where is it headed?" I began to stutter, having a dark premonition. But I didn't get any answer.

I swallowed hard.

"Where?", I repeated with fear but also anger in my voice. 'Come on, it's like pulling teeth!"' I thought.

"That's the point Peeta. The train will arrive in District 12 - or it's ruins – in less than an hour."

"Why?" I asked. "Why is the Capitol going there? What are they sending to…"

My heart stopped as realization stroke me hard.

"They wont!" I cried. "They wouldn't!"

Again, Finnick didn't give me an answer.

"A coffin! They will send us her dead body, Finnick!"

Finnick inhaled sharply. He had thought of this, too..

"It is possible." he said, his voice strangely calm. When he saw my shocked face, he wasn't sure how to react. If I was Annie, he would have hugged me until I calmed down or would have rocked me slowly back and forth in his arms until I would have fallen asleep.
But of course, I was not Annie. In addition, I wasn't even a girl. The man in front of me didn't know what to do, since he certainly is good with women and only women.

He simply pressed his palm against my shoulder and squeezed. It helped me not even a bit, but it still felt better than nothing at all.

"We will leave for 12 in about fifteen minutes", he said, when we stepped back into my room. I couldn't even remember how we actually got there. "Care to join us?" he asked concerned.

"Yes" I answered defeated, my face pale and my hands sweaty. "Thank you."

Finnick nodded. His offer was the only thing he could give me. He knew, If he was in my place, he would want to go too.

"Do I have a minute? I want to change my clothes. I don't want to smell like Haymitch."

"Yea, but hurry up."

I changed really fast, thoughtless, as If I were a machine. I didn't want to think anymore. Because every time I did, I found myself imagine the picture of Katniss motionless corpse. Tears filled my eyes.

'No, it's not true. I know.' I tried to tell myself. 'Everything will be alright. She will be alright. She must be."

A few minutes later our hovercraft started, headed for District 12. We never talked. I never looked outside once. I didn't want to see the changing landscape, because I knew, starting at one certain point, that there would only destruction be waiting for me. The place I once called home. Burnt to ashes.

"We will soon arrive. Please prepare your weapons and check your equipment again." I heard the aviator through the inter phone. "Please fasten your seatbelts. We might get some turbulence."

As if I cared, I thought. I just wanted to get out of this floating something and face the facts. Not even knowing what had happened to her is even scarier than seeing it with my own eyes. If I saw her dead body, at least, I could accept it. But just see it in my imagination was something that made me break beyond repair.

We landed soon after this announcement. I was happy to know that Finnick stayed by my side, the one ally I trusted the most in the arena. And of course, he was a good replacement for Haymitch who was… indisposed.

The train came into our sight; it already had stopped before reaching the destroyed railway station of District 12. I couln't look at the burnt and destroyed buildings anyway, and even if I wanted to go and check on my bakery, I could not pick up the courage to do so. I didn't even want to risk to catch a glimpse of it.

One dead body for today would be enough.

I mustn't think like that. But I did anyway.

The distance to the halted train decreased. We were especially careful; since we didn't

know what traps could have been set by the capitol. As we drew nearer nothing happened, what surprised us more than enough. It was as if the capitol wanted us to see, to risk a glance inside. To welcome us.

As If they wanted to send us a present.

And they did.

It was Katniss.

When I opened the door to the room, where we had been sleeping next to each other in the tour of victors, I found her body. She was placed in the bed, our bed, covered with odorous, white roses. Next to her was something, that resembled a coffin, filled with bloody red roses with incredibly long stems. The girl looked like she was sleeping, peaceful and free, but scarred all over her white, thin and lifeless body. Her olive skin had never been this pale before…

She wore the mockingjay dress that Cinna had designed for her, but most of the feathers were torn, and I found a red ribbon around her neck. The kind of ribbon you would tie around a present.

I fell to my knees. This couldn't be real, right? This was one of those dreams, those nightmares I would always have in the night, right before waking up in Katniss' consoling arms.

No. This wasn't real. It couldn't be. But I was too scared to stand up and check, if there really was no heartbeat to be found anymore. The capitol won over us. Over me.

I called out her name, nothing more than a silent and desperate whimper, not fighting against the tears anymore, when something strange happened. Something in the room actually *moved* . I lifted my head in her direction to check if I just had imagined things. I hadn't. Katniss sat straight in her bed and gave me a bewildered look.

"Katniss!", I yelled, as I got such a start that I wasn't able to think clearly. She didn't say anything and had a kind of foreign and dull expression in her eyes as she got up and moved towards me. She looked insecure but her eyes were never leaving mine as she walked. I jumped on my feet and opened my arms to embrace her tightly when I reached her. I was literally crying my ass out. And I didn't care about it.

"Katniss, I thought you were… you were..", I whispered choking.

"I was waiting for you", she said. Her voice sounded hollow and her hands were trembling nervously, but she was Katniss, without a doubt. My Katniss. Alive and save now.

"I missed you so much."

My heart jumped.

"I missed you even more than you could ever imagine, Katniss." I answered truthfully, as I held her tight, and when I felt her breath fondle my ear, I was a goner.

"Yeah…", she sighed.

And then she slowly raised a knife behind my back.

The story starts from here.. poor Peeta. I already feel sorry for him.

Kapitel 3: In their hands

Hi there :)

Here comes the third chapter! It was really easy to write since I had so much fun. I may like dark characters I guess.
I rated this chapter adult for language.

"You're punishing him over and over for things that are out of his control. Now, I'm not saying you shouldn't have a fully loaded weapon next to you round the clock. But I think it's time you flipped this little scenario in your head. If you'd been taken by the Capitol, and hijacked, and then tried to kill Peeta, is this the way he would be treating you?"

- Haymitch

Chapter 3: In their hands

KPOV

I was ready to drop my hand down to stab that boy's broad back, piercing his small and –still – pounding heart. I wanted to spill out all of his red, hot blood over the entire floor and also over my hands and whole body as a proof that I managed to fulfill my given task.

"Die." I said and plunged down my hand, looking forward to see the colorful juice oozing out of his corpus. But I didn't get the chance yet, as a strong fist suddenly grabbed my wrist and stopped me from slaughtering my prey, only few inches away from his skin.

"*What the hell is going on!*" a familiar voice yelled. I knew it from somewhere.
Right, it belonged to that mentor from District 4 who had tried to kill me back in the arena. I would recognize him anytime.

I remembered him being teamed up with that blonde guy in my arms. I remembered how they left old Mags to die. The tanned one tossed her into the deadly fog and the blond one cheered him on while doing it. With them was also that scowling, incessantly screaming shorthaired slut from District 7 who had attacked me from behind on the last day.
I immediately knew that he also was one of my enemies. It was him who grasped my

hands and stopped me from killing the blond wimp.

"Let go of me!" I hissed as I tried to free my wrist. His grip hardened instead and forced me to release my knife. It chattered to the floor and the boy's blue eyes darted to it, as they widened in surprise and shock. Before he even realized in what danger he was in, I kicked against his left knee, somehow knowing that this had been his weak spot. I was right. He cried out in pain as he fell backwards, crashing against his friend whose hand came off of me. I turned around and got hold of my knife. I threw myself over my target, that blond guy, our hips crashing against each other. I raised my weapon to do my job already, just to find it in the tanned guy's hand again.

"You both die!" I bawled in fury as I tried to overcome his strength, but he turned out to be far more powerful than me. He pulled me away from the boy lying on the ground. I spat on his face and cursed him many times, my voice sounded like thousands of birds shrieking at the same time as I tried to get rid of him. "DIE YOU SCUM!"

"Do it, Peeta!" he shouted then, and after some hesitant moments, I felt something hard cracking my head as my whole world went blurry and dark. That blond bastard, Peeta, knocked me out with a vase or something.

After this, I don't remember anything.

...

I don't know how long I had been unconscious, but when I woke up, I found myself lying in a white, dazzling room. I couldn't move as my wrists, thighs, ankles, torso and even my forehead were tied down to the bed. My clothes have been changed to nothing more than a white blanket with holes for my arms; least it felt like that since I was not sure if I even wore some pants.
I heard some people talking in my room but I couldn't reopen my eyes since it was so bright in that fucking room and the light hurt my eyes. So I just listened to their conversation, not giving away that I was already awake. They discussed something about a wristband they had taken off of me, but I can't remember what kind of purpose it had served.

"Bring it to Coin. It's addressed to her without a doubt." A male voice suggested. "She won't like it, though."

"Who would like it anyway?", a female voice answered in disgust. "How could they do something like this to an innocent girl?"

"Why are you still surprised by it? They send children into the arena, call it a festival and are happy, when they finish off each other. What they did now is just the continuation of their inhumanity. And they know that we *do* need her. We need *Katniss.*"

My eyes shot open and even before I knew what I was doing, I hissed: "Don't call me like that!"

The man and the woman turned in surprise. I could tell that they were extremely shocked.
Both of them looked like some kind of doctors, but … plain. The ones I knew were more colorful and wore a lot of accessory, even on their overalls. Oh yeah, and they wore ridiculous wigs, even the male ones. Makes them look like some sort of clowns, but it was normal to me. I was used to it. So when I saw their normal, artless faces, I knew I wasn't back home.

"You are awake!" the man noted and took a sharp breath. I rolled my eyes. As If I didn't get that by myself. "Why?"

"Why shouldn't I be?" I hissed back. Maybe they thought that they already had finished me off? "And where am I, by the way?"
I jogged on my manacles. "What a *lovely* way to awake from my beauty sleep, though" I spat ironically.

The female turned to her colleague. "She shouldn't be", she remarked. "The dosage must have been wrong."
"No" he answered. "But her body's drugged up to the eyeballs. I'm afraid to put her on further medication since we don't know what she's been given before."

He turned to look at me. His eyes were dark and blue, and they reminded me of something; or someone unpleasant.
"You wouldn't tell us, would you Katniss?"

"*Don't* call me like that!" I snapped. "I am*not* your stinking mutt anymore!"

"What?"
The doctors eyes met.
"What do you mean by that?" she asked. "And how should we call you if not Katniss?"

"I am Katarina, get it you scum!" I pressed through my teeth. And they angered me even more when I saw their eyebrows raise in skepticism.

"Okay, Kat…arina" the woman played along. I knew that she kept using the name *'Katniss'* in her head, still.
"Would you mind telling us about the mutt-thing?"

"No" I spat. "You know it yourselves."

"Well, we don't, dear." She answered patiently.
"You do! And don't '*dear*' me!" I hiss. She raised my anger even more and now I wanted to strangle her just so badly that I would happily imagine how my fingers would enclose her tiny, little neck.

The male one took a chair and sat down beside me.
"Okay. It's okay Katarina. How about we introduce ourselves first? My name's Marcow Sundower and I will be spending my time with you from now on."
I rolled my eyes again. Oh great. Couldn't he just disappear and die in some deep,

soggy hole?

"And this is Miss Rockwell" he pointed to the female. I couldn't recall his name already. I didn't care at all. "So why don't you help us out here? I would like to know why you don't like *that name.. Katniss.*"

My heard jumped and I felt the heat of anger rise even more than before.
"Mutt-thing!" I answered and he finally knew that he would have to change the subject.

"Good. I respect that." He said. "Then tell us please, why you tried to kill your friend, Peeta Mellark."

That blondie.

This was a rather easy question.

"He is *not* my friend!" I shrieked. "If I don't kill him, he will kill me! I hate him! I hate him so much! He deserves death! He deserves it, like the tanned playboy back then!"

"You are talking about Finnick Odair?" he asked calmly.

The name sounded somewhat familiar to me. Yeah, it was him.
"I don't care! He should die too! He's in cahoots with that blondie! They killed old, defenseless Mags, tossed her into the fog while laughing! I heard her cry out for me but I couldn't help!"

"Katniss, this never happened like that!" the woman chipped in.

"I AM NOT YOUR FUCKIN' KATNISS!" I yelled and the woman jumped away from me. She thought that I would grab her, but unfortunately, I couldn't move even a finger right now. I swore that I would kill her next, right after that blonde Peeta and Finnick with the green eyes. And then I smirked. Just the thought about how I would get my revenge made me feel somewhat relieved. Satisfied even.
But it would be a lot of work to get freed of those shackles and belts. But sooner or later I would figure something out for sure.

After I calmed down a little – I just had to think about how I would kill them, one by one – I decided to start a conversation again.

"So, where the fuck am I here?" I asked. "And what happened to my arm?"

It felt kind of itchy and numb at the same time but I wasn't able to lift my head to check it out.
"Nothing." He said.
"Liar." I answered.

"Your arm was sliced open. You still had some tracker implanted. Finnick could not take the risk and bring you here with it."

"Oh, how kind he is!" I remarked coolly. Both of the doctors knew that I thought something like *'I kill you, freaking asshole'*. They were doctors or psychiatrists after all.

"And what are going to do with me now? What is your purpose in kidnapping me?" I shrugged.

"Kidnapping you? That's funny" he said. "We haven't. You were sent to us."

"Sent?" I frowned. "Why would my friends want to send me?"

He balanced a red ribbon on his index finger and showed it to me. "Beautiful necklace right? They sent you to us as a present, girl. Tied up in your ripped mockingjay dress, poor Cinna had designed for you. That's just the kind of things your *friends* do."

"You are completely insane. Are you trying to make fun out of me? President Snow wouldn't ever do this to me!" I argued and I could see the surprise flicker in their eyes. "I saved his granddaughter! I changed places with her and joined the games! He wouldn't forget that!"

Both of them annoyed me even more when they shook their heads in pity.

"Oh my god!" I got out. "You are all so fucked up and crazy!" I let them know. "And I am tired of listening to you all now! I want to sleep a while so don't you dare to wake me up! I can't stand seeing your stupid, ugly faces anymore!"

"Well, same here" the male doc answered fierce. At least he was honest. He could become my favorite.

What is this! I hope now you get the picture what went wrong here :D I am sure you knew already when you read Haymich's quote in the beginning.

Actually, I like this chapter. No, I love it. I love that Kat…niss is such an asshole, and I really love to write her dark, capitol side. Next chapter, I promise, there will be more of Peeta and Katniss, so stay tuned!

Thank you for reading!

Kapitel 4: First steps

Chapter four! Thank you for reading!
What do you think about 'angry Katniss'? :) She's far more fragile than we actually think. And I love this side to her, too :D Now have fun: Peeta POV.

Days passed.

I still could feel the pain piercing through my left knee that Katniss had kicked so hard against. The doctors had to adjust my artificial limb again and I had not been able to move for three days. And while I was resting, I couldn't do anything to distract myself from everything that had happened. When I felt down I usually would go into the bakery in District 13, since everyone was nice and happy to see me if I did. But I wasn't able to help them out that much in my state, not to mention that it was nearly impossible for me to heave sacks of flour or bake anything without two stable and strong feet under my body. So I just laid in my bed for those days, unable to do anything but thinking. And grieving.

What had exactly happened? What did the Capitol do to Katniss that she thought she had to kill us? Kill me? Did this happen because I left her alone in the arena? I was sure it couldn't have been for this reason since it wasn't in my hands at all. I would have died for her. I would have died to protect her. I wanted her to escape from this nightmare. But she couldn't.

The only feeling left in me, next to the loneliness I felt without her, was guilt.

…

This time, Finnick proved to be a real friend. He hadn't only saved my live twice already; he would be there for me and comfort me in every way possible. I knew that he was by my side anytime I needed someone to talk to. Perhaps because he was the only one who truly understood what I was going through: Annie, the girl he was in love with, had gone insane due to the Hunger Games. And now, I found myself to be thrown into the same situation as him, since Katniss Everdeen hat gone mad too.
The doctors had informed me already, that she would have to undergo an intensive therapy, mental *and* physical. But the chances to mend her… in short, the odds definitely were not in her favor.

They also reported me that it would be better off not seeing her. If I did, my heart would probably break apart, so I decided to wait for her getting better a little. Even If I wanted to go and meet her, they did not let me anyway. I was told that the Capitol's scientists had hijacked her, using the venom of Tracker Jackers, mutated wasps I knew myself very well from my first time in the arena. It was pumped into her body to the verge of death, maybe even beyond that point. But the capitol's doctors did not let

her die. After her mind was crushed as her body was, from endless torture even before the hijacking, they had let her go, knowing what importance she held for the rebellion. They sent her back the way I found her, lying in a bed of white roses, guarded by a coffin stuffed with red roses as a sign of love and affection. I understood the message; the red ones were meant for me, celebrating the fact that every possibility of her coming to love me one day, had been taken now. Destroyed, torn out, killed.

Snow sent her back, knowing that the rebels were to retrieve her. That's why he left us a message, written on her silky wristband.

"You can have your beloved Mockingjay back; hopefully you liked my present as much as I had enjoyed myself preparing it. Have fun with your last ray of hope."

Coin did not like it. Of course, she didn't. Katniss Everdeen, the Mockingjay, was the girl that triggered the rebellion. She was the one who managed to convince the people that they had to raise their voice. She was the first bird who sang the song of uprising and destruction and set the whole forest into motion. Now she fell silent, and became a Mockingjay that could not sing.

I spent a lot of time with doctor Sundower. He kept me in the loop about Katniss condition and about her progress; which basically was inexistent. She had completely lost it, didn't remember or even accept her own name and actually believed that president Snow had been her benefactor. They had twisted her mind around, kneaded it like dough and implanted it again in her emptied head. There simply was no hope of bringing her back to her former self.

After some time I would often ask Sundower to meet her, now that my injury had been healed, but he insisted that I should wait. Meeting her would not be the best idea right now. In addition to her aggressive and nasty behavior, she would sometimes simply pass out when they were talking to her about me, screaming and crying as if I tortured her with my own hands. No one could give me an exact explanation about this, or about what had really happened to her at the Capitol. But it was obviously that she hated every person she used to like before. Me, she despised me even more.

When she saw Finnick, she spat at his face again and told him, he was second on her 'to kill- list".
When they let her meet with Beetee, she called him an asshole that would be better off dead since no one cared for an old, warty geezer.
She called Johanna a treacherous slut and loudly regretted that she forgot to slice her throat, and Haymitch was told to be a stupid drunk (which was not particularly wrong, since he was even drinking during his visit) and a god damn bastard since he stuck up for me.

When they brought Gale to see her, she simply sent him away, saying that she never wanted to see his ugly face anymore. She seemed to be beyond repair, since she didn't even recognize her best friend. But I was also told that she somehow looked like she was psychically crushed after.

Primrose Everdeen, Katniss' little sister she loved more than her own life, as she proved it in her first games, was the last possibility to get ahold of her. Doctor Sundower told me, that Katniss actually called Primrose by her nickname (the first time she used anyones name anyway) and was being on friendly terms with her. They had a good little chat about this and that, but finally, when Primrose exposed herself as *'her sister'*, Katniss had gone on rampage, which was worse than any reaction that Sundower and Rockwell had ever seen.

"This is not Prim! What have you done to her?" she yelled literally her heart out as she struggled against the belts holding her. "You made her forget! You monsters changed her! Don't trust them! Don't trust anyone!"

Katniss started to cry right after Doctor Rockwell dismissed Primrose who was shaken to the core. The little girl didn't sleep for two days and nights straight, because she was scared of her big sister. It would happen from time to time that she came to my room and even crawled into my bed to get some sleep, like her sister had done it before. Both of them seemed to think that I was keeping away all of their nightmares. Strange enough that Katniss' nightmares were about losing her sister, while her sister's were about meeting Katniss.

I found out that Katniss mistook Primrose for Snows granddaughter. I could not understand how they actually managed to bend her mind as bad as this; she knew about Prim's existence and she obviously loved her, but the background was just wrong.

In the end, Rockwell even discarded the idea of bringing Suzanne Everdeen, Katniss' mother, into play.

Three weeks had passed since Katniss had been found in the train. Three weeks of uncertainty, when I finally was allowed to meet her. I insisted on it, even asked Coin for her permission, since the doctor's would not be happy about it. I convinced her by saying that I might be the only one to get through to Katniss, since we were lovers and all. Though she did not buy our acting all lovey-dovey by the beach (which I personally did not found to be a show actually), she got the feeling that I was not lying. And I wasn't, because I really believed that I could somehow manage. That *we* could somehow manage. I didn't accept her current state and I couldn't stand the thought that I could possibly have lost her.

Sundower wasn't thrilled about my plans, but since Coin had given me permission, there's nothing he could do about. Before the meeting I had to promise him that I followed his rules, though.

First: Never call Katniss by her name. I didn't get this one.

Second: Never talk about your homes, the Forest, District 12 or the games. Okay. I could try..

Third: Absolutely never ever mention hunting, killing or death itself. I could avoid it maybe.

Fourth: Never bring up the Capitol, the mentors or, by no means, Snow. Anything else?

I am able to talk to her about the weather, I thought ironically. There's not even such a thing like weather in the buried District 13. Is that it? This was ridiculous. But Sundower insisted on it, since all of those points could trigger episodes, attacks that simply broke down her mind. Since it seemed to be the best for Katniss, I unwillingly agreed to his terms. As long as I could meet her I'd accept anything anyway.

The docs made me wear some mic and an almost invisible ear-phone so they could keep in touch with me (without Katniss to notice) whenever I needed it. Actually I didn't think that they would be of any help, since I knew Katniss for far longer than they did. But on other hand, they knew *this* Katniss, whom I've never met. And I didn't like the thought that someone else would be more acquainted with her than me, since I was the one who truly understood her. I fought with her side by side in the arena twice, fought against every nightmare that haunted us. Haunted her. I stayed with her even in the darkest hours, and even when she cared for someone else she had feelings for; Gale.
I had never left her side, even when I finally accepted that she would never fall in love with me.

I wouldn't ever have admitted it, but It actually was really hard for me when I heard, that she met Gale instead of me. That he had gotten that privilege and I hadn't. It had hurt my pride. Kind of.

I approached her door. Doc Sundower warned me over the ear-phone that Katniss had not been informed about my upcoming entrance, which made me even more nervous. How would she react when she saw my face? My hands were shaking a little, when I reached for the doorknob. I gulped. Now or never.

I opened the door slowly and peeked into the room. Since she had been tied to her bed, she couldn't even lift her head to see who had just interrupted her privacy.
"Who's there?" she asked with a high pitched, friendly and almost singing voice, as if she welcomed me wholeheartedly. She somehow sounded like Effie when she had welcomed us to our first reaping. She seemed...nice.
"If you're coming to annoy me, get your ass out of here, motherfucker." She hummed.

I take that back, I thought immediately. There's nothing nice about her.
"It's me" I announced calmly. "And unfortunately I plan to stay, even If I was annoying."

Katniss gasped when she recognized my voice. At least she remembered it.
She tried to stay calm about this and did not react as intensely as I expected her to, but when she raised her voice again, I knew that my presence was menacing to her.

"Oh and you think *'It's me'* would be a sufficient introduction?" she asked as If she didn't knew and it was not possible to ignore that fear crept in her voice. She did not wait for another second.
"What do you want from me, blondie?"

"Talk, for starters."
"I can see that. We talked. So get out, *now*."
"I certainly have *not* waited for weeks to meet you, so that you could throw me out now after three seconds. I am not satisfied with just that."

I closed the door behind me to show her that I meant what I said. I could see how she jerked uncomfortable in her bed when she heard the sound of me closing the door, not being able to watch what I was doing and now knowing, that both of us would be alone in this room.
"Do I look like I care?" she hissed. "Did you come to finish me off, sweetheart?"

I remembered this very sentence coming from my mouth when she found me almost dying by the riverbanks last year. But I supposed it to be just coincidence. I heard Sundowers low voice crack through the ear-phone. "*No talk about killing, I told you. I will have to dismiss you if you don't cooperate with me!*" he warned. I rolled my eyes. Why should it be my fault when she brought this topic up?

"I have no reason and no intention of doing that. Never had and never will." I answered her truthfully and tried to guide our conversation in another direction.

"Liar! Why are all the people visiting me so fucking terrible liars? I remember how you had treed me back then. Was it funny? Did you not intend to kill me? I know that you can't wait to do me in!" she spat. "Why not now? No one's here, right? Just you, just me! Bring it on you wimp!"

"*That's enough. Peeta, retreat for now.*" Sundower stopped me even before I could talk to her like a normal person. Both of them did not give me even one chance to and I couldn't accept our conversation only lasting for one or two minutes at most.

"Even if you had forgotten, Katniss, I haven't. I am your friend. We are friends. I would never harm you" I told her when I moved closer, ignoring the instructions of doctor Sundower

"Oh yeah! That's why you knocked me down earlier!" she shrieked, forgetting about that I called her by her name.

"You obviously tried to kill me! No offending, but this wasn't nice of you either!" I answered her angrily. I took a step closer again.

"I don't need to be ni..." she started hissing and then went silent all of a sudden. "Hey, …what are you doing?" her voice shivered. She had challenged me to 'bring it on', but when I actually moved closer to her, her voice started to panic. She seemed to have lost her confidence in herself as she twitched her fingers nervously.

"Don't… don't come closer to me, asshole!" she cried in terror. "Don't come! Go away I said!"

I took an other step.

"Don't you dare to touch me! Don't do this to me!"

I reached out to her.

She tried to free herself out of her fetters and cried. Tears streamed down her temples as she was pleading me to stop. This took me aback. The girl lying in front of me was anything but strong and brave. She was scared, weak and trembling, as if I scared her to death and that was the last thing I ever had in mind. I stopped when she closed her eyes. If her hands weren't tied, she would have lifted them to her face to hide herself, but she couldn't. She realized that she was completely at my mercy and this made her feel scared even more.

I felt the urge to touch her, touch her forehead and tell her, that everything was okay. But when I got over to her, she started to whimper.

"Please. Please don't. Peeta."

I had crossed the line. The second I touched her soft cheek, she cried "*NOOO!*" and her eyes rolled up her head as she lost consciousness. Her body kept twitching and moved like a horrid dance. I jumped back in terror.

"Oh my god" I pressed through my teeth as Sundower entered the room and sedated her. As the morphling shot through her veins, she stopped moving immediately and her muscles relaxed.

"Foolish boy!" he gnashed as he shoved me away. "I think I'd clearly told you not to upset her!"

"S- Sorry" I mumbled. "I.. I didn't know this would happen."

"That's why I told you!" he answered angrily as he checked her pulse, while I wiped her tears carefully. As soon as he was convinced that everything was alright, he somewhat calmed down.
"How about you? Are you O.K.?"

"That… startled me a *little*" I confessed. Actually I felt my heart sink into my boots, but I didn't want him to know. I never felt this kind of fear before when I saw her thin, wincing body.

"Usually I would tell you to go out and never come back in here. But your encounter just now was… *interesting*."

"Interesting" I repeated flatly.

"That girl reacted to you. She even remembered something real about you. And she called out your name; that's a first except for Primrose. I *might* want to work with you anytime soon again."

"What do you mean?" I asked surprised, my eyes widened. For the first time I managed to avert my gaze from her sleeping figure. She looked so vulnerable, so helpless. So broken. Of course I'd be happy to help them out if I can stay with Katniss in return and give her my strength if somehow possible. But how?

"I think you might be the one who could help her making some progress in recovering" he shared his thoughts.

"She can be healed?" I asked hopefully.

"No" he answered and I felt like my whole guts just had been ripped open. "She definitely won't find back to her old self, her mind's far too damaged for it. If we had rescued her sooner, the prejudice could have been reduced, but it's too late I fear."

"So we can't do anything" I whispered in defeat.

"We can. We can at least save her life for starters. I've seen a lot of prisoners being hijacked before. They went insane and committed suicide in their first weeks because they didn't know their own identity and purpose in life. They couldn't stand being alive after what the capitol has done to them. However, Katniss is strong. She has a strong mind and I hope that we can help her to find a more or less normal way to spend her life. At any rate she must catch a glimpse of her former ego, her family and her home in order to … mend herself... It would be a wonder if she'd get better than that."

"She will. If it's Katniss, she definitely will. And I will help her no matter the cost."

It's the day when I was discharged from every duty within District 13.

The day I started to work under doctor Marcow Sundower.

The day I started to fight side by side with her again.

Whew. This one was actually hard to write. Sorry again for my crappy English. I try my best, but… I've got problems with times and tenses…pronouns… just everything! But I hope you get the story I want to convey to you :D It hurt when I had to write that Beetee was an asshole. I really like that old guy, but anyway. Katniss is being a bitch right now, so she's free to do what she wants anyway. (But it's even hard on me to write words like motherfucker xD damn it)

Have a very nice day!