

The diary of katniss everdeen



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The Diary of Catkins Evergreen Dear diary. Dear wretched, foolish, forsaken Capitol.

Dear wretched, foolish, forsaken Hunger Games. No other day could be as unbearable as tomorrow. If my name is to be chosen, how can I leave Prim to fend for herself? If Prim is to be chosen? Oh I cannot even bear the thought. My dear little Primrose that I wish nothing but happiness and joy for could possibly be chosen. Yet there is no happiness on this day in all of Panel.

The thing that bothers me is it is Prism's first reaping, my fifth, but certainly not our last. Dear diary,

I had promised Prim nothing bad would happen to her, but that failed to be true. When I heard Effie Trinket call out Primrose Evergreen my heart stopped, but my love for Prim brought me back and compelled me to volunteer, to volunteer to die for her, to take her place, as she would do for me. I would never let that happen.

She is too precious. The other name Effie Trinket called was PETA Mallard. The baker's son who had saved me from starving many years ago, but now the baker's son cannot afford to be kind to me. He will be trying to kill me. Dear diary, Saying goodbye was hard.

How can you be happy when the last memory of your sister is her yelling at you to stop and come back, as they were hauling you away? How can you express sixteen years' worth of feelings In an hour? I did.

I stressed to my mother that she cannot space out again. Most importantly, I promised Prim I would win for her, for how can I ask them to hope if I have

none. Gale told me to hunt to kill if I have to. The awful thing is if I do not think of people I will be capable of killing.

Dear diary, The Tribute Train Is exquisite. The seats are made of something my mother calls level.

I have never eaten so much in my life and that is not a figure of speech. There is enough food here to feed my whole town. There are many things I have come to realize. Dear diary, As I lay In bed, I think to myself.

I hate the Capitol, how they maneuver the tributes like their marionettes. They pull our strings in every which way to satisfy their taste. They strip away any ties from our homes as they do with our clothes and dress us up like dolls and interview us like suspects on trial. They give us the laps of luxury to live In and then whisk It away.

They care not who dies In the process of their games. In fact, it seems they take pleasure in watching lives slip away. They are wasting 24 lives, hurting 24 families, letting 23 people die, and leaving one standing. I must go now for it is time for me to sleep. Dear diary, I am going to die and I have never been surer, The tributes are far more skilled than I am in every demeanor. Some are extremely clever, some extremely deadly, and some look as if I were to hug them I would be crushed to death.

I stand strong so they will have no reason to look down upon me.

I rotated into the most unpopular training stations and discovered am reasonably good at spear throwing. I am careful not to show off my archery skills, which I am leaving for arena. Dear diary, Today is the day when it

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begins, when I begin my flight to the death in hopes of 1 OFF many things here: the Girl on Fire, due to China's ways with the substance, Pieta's girlfriend due to an extremely unpredictable statement. Though it is as real as my charm as Effie says, it is all for the show.

Dear diary, To: Prim You are wise beyond your youth; do not let anyone tell you otherwise.

Remember the deadwood song? Every word in it is what you mean to me. Love, Catkins Dear diary, To: Gale I call you my friend, but that is too casual of a word of what you mean to me. Please take care of them and do not bother teaching Prim to hunt. She only weeps at the death of animals. Stay safe.

Love, Catnip PETA and I have won. I will not explain how, but only to say it was on our terms. The Capitol is furious at me. I will not explain why. What the future holds no one knows. I will only say the words of Effie Trinket.

“ May the odds be ever in your favor and have a very Happy Quarter Quail.