

The 71st anual Hunger Games

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Sorry apparently the upload didn't work so this is fixed hopefully this is a wok in progress i will upload the full story if i get positive reply to this chapter and im open for suggestions.

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Chapter 1 - The Beginning of the End

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The reaping would start the next day and it had bothering Marshell deeply, the past couple of months he would dream of being chosen for the hunger games, and it would cause him to wake up in a cold sweat, trembling and try to comfort himself, but something remained something that made his heart pound and his stomach rumble. He snapped from the thought as he saw the luster of a fishes scale as he swam past his still feet, quickly reacting, he pulled his arm back and launched the spear directly into the middle of the fish ending its life quickly.

As Marshell made his way down the worn dirt road that lead to the marketplace of the district he couldn't help but to ponder whether or not his dreams and feelings meant anything, could something or someone actually be trying to warn him about the hunger games or was it just a uneasy stomach and a imaginative dream? A large cat at broke Marshells thoughts pawing and digging its claws into his small catch, he quickly waved the cat away before it could make of with his fish.

"Father?" he called into the store before he stepped in, Marshell didn't hear his fathers usually weary reply and figured he was drinking at the local hidden pub or maybe even doing some fishing of his own, his father hadn't been the same since his mom had drown, he had usually hung around the store the stench of the homemade alcohol had driven most of their costumers away but a few had stuck around knowing that the terrific quality and taste of the fish was well worth dealing with the drunkard at the front desk, but today he was nowhere to be found.

Marshell quietly attended to his daily work of cleaning the fish and put them in the crates to display. It was already beginning to get late into the night and his father still hadn't returned, its not that he was worried Marshell knew his father would be found by the peacekeepers or return himself within a few days, bit if he were to be picked he didn't want his dad to be left without a solemn goodbye. He prepared his clothes for the next day and sat in the washtub to soak away the days grime.

This night Marshells dream was different usually it only consisted of small segments of the hunger game but this one was different although his life was short it, the dream was long enough to wake him up in his usual cold sweat. Although it was still quite early Marshell began to dress he had laid out a white and blue polo shirt with denim jeans. He then looked over the house to see if there was anything to keep his mind preoccupied so that he wouldn't begin to worry about the reaping finding nothing, he laid on a couch a slowly dozed into a sleep.

Marshell was crudely awakened by the hum of the PA system as the announcer switched it on "The reaping will begin in five minutes." He sighed softly he rose from the couch smoothing out his shirt and hair, he opened the front door to see the group of teens being transported to the reaping, he walked out of hi house to join the group the peacekeepers paying no attention to him as he did, they walked down the street, people adding to the group as they did their foot steps filled the silent road. As they approached area were they games would be viewed at, a large screen was visible from the front gate and the woman that represented their district was leaning over the stage to a peacekeeper as if she were scolding him. Marshells thoughts were broken by a woman at a desk grabbing his hand, pricking his finger then smearing it on a a peace of paper to mark that he had been there then he slowly made his way in to join the rest of the rest of the district as they waited for the reaping to begin.