Ghosts

by Cour104

Summary

This is a one-shot of Katniss pre-mockingjay and post-catching fire while she's staying at district 13 without Peeta. She has a nightmare and turns to Prim for comfort.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

‘‘Why’d you do it Katniss, why’d you kill us?’’ Asked the zombie-like tributes in unison as they edged their way closer to me. ‘‘Why’d it have to end this way Katniss?’’ They hissed with monotonous voices.

‘‘I-I’m sorry,’’ I cried, backing away in a panic. I turned around, trying to ignore them, but there were more behind me. So many more. Surrounding me. Haunting me.

‘‘Why Katniss, why?’’ They pleaded as my heartbeat began to quicken.

‘‘I don’t know!’’ I yelled back, tripping over a rock. I laid on the ground helplessly as they closed in.

‘‘Why Katniss? You Murderer! Killer! Monster!’’ They screamed, their rotting faces just inches from mine.

I began screaming, waking in a panic. I looked around, searching everywhere, in every shadow, for their faces. But they were gone. They were dead. I rested my head back on my pillow and listen to my heartbeat as it finally began to slow. But I knew it’d never truly become steady. Not like it used to be.

I felt the tears stream across my cheeks and tried to imagine that he was here with me. Peeta. The boy who still somehow managed to smell like warm bread, even in a damp cave. The boy with the strong arms who used to hold me in my sleep and chase the ghosts away. But he was gone now. And I’m
afraid he'll never return and soon become a ghost of his own that'll haunt me in it's own ways. I could still feel the phantom of his grasp surrounding me in a silent comfort. But that somehow made it worse. It made the room seem darker and the air seem colder.

I could no longer stand the emptiness of my own bed, so I jumped up, quietly tip-toeing over to Prim’s. I slowly climbed in, trying not to disturb her. But she began to stir and turned to me, opening her eyes.

‘‘Katniss?’’ She questioned groggily. ‘‘You okay?’’

I nodded, lying as I laid down next to her. She smiled at me reassuringly, seeing through my cracks. She lifted her arm, wiping away my tears.

‘‘You’ll be okay,’’ she promised me. ‘‘It’s over.’’

But it wasn’t over. The Hunger Games may be over, but I doubt the real games Snow has in place will ever end. I’m not sure it’ll ever be over. Or if I’ll ever be okay.

Prim squeezed my hand, comforting me. ‘‘You miss him, don’t you?’’ She questioned me about Peeta. I nodded, summoning more tears.

‘‘I’m sure he misses you too.’’ She told me and I nodded again.

‘‘Listen, Little Duck, it’s late. Why don’t you go to sleep?’’ I changed the subject, not wanting to think about him anymore.

Prim nodded, pulling her blanket farther up over her.

‘‘How about I sing you a lullabye?’’ I asked, as she used to enjoy listening to them when she was a baby, and even recently after a nightmare. But she shook her head.

‘‘I’ll sing you the lullabye.’’

‘‘Why?’’ I asked, looking at her questioningly.

‘‘Because, you need it more than I do.’’ She revealed. I sighed, closing my eyes as she began to sing. It was a soft and beautiful melody.

Soon everything began to fade. But this time, rather than seeing ghosts, I saw angels.

End Notes

Thanks for reading, I hope you enjoyed it :)

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