The Day She Left

by Skye_Harvey

Summary

A 500 word short story on after the games. From Peeta's point of view.

The sky was full of dark grey clouds as rain slowly trickled down the tape surrounding our house and dripped into a small puddle. The puddle reflected the delicate pearly white moon. She was dead. The love of my life was dead. How could someone destroy such a gentle light? Everyone adored her. They all loved the game she caught. The squirrels that she shot straight in the eye. The children in their pretty little dresses used to skip happily to the classes she taught about the games even though it wasn't a particularly nice subject. Now they just look out of their bedroom windows with glum faces whilst the rain slithers down the glass.

It was a week ago that she died. When I came back to her crying over the anniversary of her sister's death. I suggested planting another primrose like we did every year but she discarded the idea and carried on weeping. I walked over to her so that I could comfort her. She pushed me away. I left her to it and thought about what I did in previous years to comfort her. I couldn't think of anything so I took our two children out to play in the meadow. They knew about their aunt, but I never let them see their mother weeping over her as I thought it would make things worse. Whilst the children were playing I thought about how she persevered with making me better after I was changed. This is what I should've been doing so I ran back to the house and told the children to stay in the meadow where they were safe. I was too late. She was gone. Her heart was no longer beating. I knelt down next to her and cried out for help. The children came. The two people I didn't want to hear my cry.

Others then came and tried to help. It was no use. We all knew she was gone. They took her to the hospital so that I could have some space and time to grieve. It would also mean that her mother would be informed of what had happened. However it would've been nicer to have some...
company at that time. I also didn't have much time to have some space to myself because I had to ease the children's pain. I'm just so glad they didn't have to go through what their mother and I had to. No one should have to go through that. I can't imagine what it was like for the children. I told them it would get easier as it did after my parents died. I'm not so sure now. There are reminders of her everywhere.

As I look out of the window I can see people gathering around our old house. They're talking about something. I walk down the stairs trying not to wake the children and as I reach the door I hear someone whisper a name. The name of the killer.

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