"I should have known something like this would happen. They know that physical torture wouldn't be enough to break either of us, not anymore. We are too used to it. But this? I never imagined this. Not because I underestimated the Capitol's cruelty, but simply because it was unthinkable. He had loved me so long, I had almost taken it for granted. That his love would always be there, no matter what torture either of us was put through.

And just when I thought I was able to return- No. I can't bring myself to think like that. That will just bring pain, and I can't afford to feel any more now.

If I admit anything to myself, then that would be accepting what I feel and if I do that I know I've lost part of myself forever. But now he doesn't know who I am, and no doubt he never will. If this was the least bit reversible then the Capitol wouldn't have done it. They wouldn't give anyone hope like that. They know exactly how dangerous hope is now.

And so do I."

Peeta isn't Hijacked in the Capitol. Instead he is forced to forget Katniss, and Katniss has to deal with the idea that The Boy With The Bread that she once knew so well, has no idea who she is.
I’m light-headed with giddiness. What will I say? Oh, who cares what I say? Peeta will be ecstatic no matter what I do. He’ll probably be kissing me anyway. I wonder if it will feel like those last kisses on the beach in the arena, the ones I haven’t dared let myself consider until this moment. Peeta’s awake already, sitting on the side of the bed, looking bewildered as a trio of doctors reassure him, flash lights in his eyes, check his pulse. I’m disappointed that mine was not the first face he saw when he woke, but he sees it now.

The first thing I saw as I woke up was the bright light on the ceiling. That to begin with was odd. My cell didn’t have a light, and the only light I got was that which came through the tiny window at the corner of the cell.

Then I noted the voices around me. None had the harsh, clipped Capitol accents I had become used to recently, and they were all talking in calm, quiet tones, as if worried to wake me.

Also, I was laying on a bed. An uncomfortable one, with scratchy sheets and needles sticking in my arm, but a bed none the less. This was not a luxury that I had been anywhere near recently. I wonder where I could be, until my mind draws up an answer.

I remember the break-out. Hearing the shouting as the guards were taken out, and the Rebels reached my cell.

They had been wary of me at first, but after a few moments, they unlocked my cell and had taken me to the Hovercraft, explaining that they were on a mission to rescue me, Annie and Johanna- who I had spent the last 2 months listening to the screams of- and were taking us back to District 13.

They told that it still existed, that the Capitol had lied to us (Surprise Surprise!) about 13's demise, that it had been rebuilt underground and that the Districts were being led by 13 in a revolt against the Capitol. Apparently, it was going well for the Rebels. Most of the districts apparently were under Rebel control.

This had all been a lot to take in, and in my weak state after the torturing for information, and the torturing because they just generally felt like it, and lack of food and sunlight, mixed with the exertion it had taken to fight our way back out of the prison one we had escaped, after about an hour on the Hovercraft I had passed out.

This is where I had awoken. Evidently a hospital, probably 13, wearing nothing more than one of those embarrassing hospital gowns, and hooked up to a machine that was bleeping every few seconds.

After a few moments of taking in my surroundings and making sure that I didn't have any injuries I would make worse by moving, I sat up.

The moment it was noticed that I was awake, I was swarmed around by three doctors, who ask me if I'm feeling alright, check my pulse, and shine a bright light in my eyes, in that order. Before they can do anything else, the door to the hospital room opens, and a girl steps through. All I can note of her is her euphoric expression and the long braid trailing down her back before she flings herself into my arms.

I'm entirely unsure of what to do. I don't often randomly hug people so I don't know what to do under these circumstances. I am initially winded by the force of her hug, but once I am over the shock, I question who she is. I didn't recognise her I her entry to her room, and yet she is hugging me like it is a natural reaction. Maybe to her I am not a random person. Judging by how happy she looked upon entering the room and the way her shoulders shake as she sobs into my shoulder, I would hazard a guess that she knows me very well.

Either that or she has just stepped into the wrong room by mistake. That explanation would make the most sense. Yes, I decide, she is probably here for one of the other soldiers and has simply been informed of the wrong room.

Feeling pleased with my deduction, I allow my arms to rest limply at my sides before opening my mouth to inform her of her mistake. But before I can, she looks up, obviously sensing my
hesitation.
I expect her to be shocked, then to realise she has the wrong room and scarper.
What I do not expect her to do is ask my name.
"Peeta?" She says it with a familiarity that tells me this is not the reaction to her hug that she had been expecting. That she was expecting some recognition in return. But I have none. I've not seen her before, and I don't even know how she knows my name.
I nod "That's me. And you are?"
Now she has moved back I can see her face. It's red from crying, and her silvery grey eyes are swimming with tears. Now I know I have definitely never met her before. I wouldn't forget those eyes in a hurry.
He eyebrow knit together in confusion. "Katniss, Peeta. I'm Katniss." She tells me, as if it something I should definitely know.
"Nice name." I tell her, unsure I what to say, and very conscious of the fact that she is still half sitting in my lap. "So, am I meant to know who you are?" It comes our harsher than I mean it to, and I can tell that harsh is not something that this girl needs.
Her look of confusion deepens, before she says- with a strained laugh- "Very funny, Peeta." She says it like she is willing to accept it if only I reassure her that I am joking. Only I'm not.
I shake my head to indicate that I really don't know what she's talking about.
Comprehension. That is the expression she has as she takes in my words. Coupled with a look of horror, dawns on her face as she slowly gets off the bed and begins to back away, shaking her head in disbelief. Just before reaching the door, she choked back a sob, before turning on her heel and flying out the door.
I find myself gaping like a goldfish at the situation that had just escalated in front of me. I turn to towards the doctors in the corner, who were all frantically jotting things down on the clipboards before them. I wanted to ask them what was going on. They seemed as confused as I was although their confusion seemed to be directed towards me.
"Welcome back, boy." A man greets me from the doorway. He may sound gruff, but I can tell he's pleased to see me.
"Haymitch!" I call, gesturing for him to come further into the room.
He looks at me warily. I thought the Doctors would have already established the fact that I'm safe to be around.
"How are you?" He asks.
"Er- not great, considering I've just spent 2 months being tortured, but a hell of a lot better than before."
Haymitch nods but I can see there is something he isn't saying.
"What I mean is, how are you considering Katniss just ran down the corridor to go cry in a closet somewhere?"
"Katniss? That girl that was just in here?"
Haymitch nods.
"I don't know." I tell him, suddenly feeling defensive and slightly guilty to for making the girl 'Katniss' cry.
"I think she knew me. She acted like she did, but I don't have a clue who she was. When I told her that she ran out crying. Why? Who is she?"
Haymitch is silent for a moment and I wonder what thoughts are running through his head. It seems like a strange situation, but I don't see why he's so concerned. Sure, I'm happy to apologise to the girl is she is really upset, but I feel that if we are really in the middle of a rebellion, then surely there are more important things.
"Peeta-" I look up. Haymitch rarely call me by my real name. Maybe this does allude to the gravity of the situation. He is also using a tone that you would use with a frightened animal, if you were worried it may lash out.
"-In you first games, do you remember who your district partner was?"
I think it's a strange question. One that seems irrelevant in the circumstances.
But I search for an answer anyway, knowing that Haymitch does everything for a reason. Even
drinking himself into a stupor has a certain logic to it, even if it is one I can't pretend to understand.

So, I rack my brain, trying I find a name amongst so many thoughts and memories. I come up blank. I know this is something that I should know well. That even if they didn't last long in the arena, the name of your fellow district tribute is not something you should ever forget. However, I am at a loss. It is as if whenever I think about whoever this person may be, a blank white space fills and echoes through mind.

"I don't know." I finally admit.

Haymitch looks like all his worst fears have come to pass all at once.

"Shit." He murmurs. He shuts his eyes, as if he is searching for answer and the world is a distraction from his thoughts, before walking up to the main doctor and pulling him out of the room.

I wonder what could be being said that would need him to be so certain that I cannot eavesdrop. But I know sudden forgetfulness isn't normal. Still though, who is Haymitch to say anything about it, doesn't he spend half his life trying to forget what happened in his games?

That girl can't be my district partner, because there's only one winner, and evidently, that was me.

I wonder what could be being said that would need him to be so certain that I cannot eavesdrop. But I know sudden forgetfulness isn't normal. Still though, who is Haymitch to say anything about it, doesn't he spend half his life trying to forget what happened in his games?

So who is she, and why is she Haymitch's first thought when I wake up?

She does have the Seam look from back home, with dark hair, olive skin and grey eyes, but that's the only recognition I have for her.

I think that she was just an admirer from back home- I seemed to have few since the Games ended- but quickly dismiss it. She seemed to know me better than that, and Haymitch wouldn't think anything of it if it was that simple.

Haymitch enters the room again, the weary looking doctor behind him.

"So, Peeta, I spoken to some of the doctors and we've come to a conclusion about your torture in the Capitol."

I nod, unsure of what to say, simply trying to keep the memories of my 'interrogation' at bay. They hadn't wanted answers. They knew I hadn't known about the rebels. They simply wanted to cause me pain. Me, and those that I cared about around me, thus working the agony back to me.

It was my personal form of hell.

Listening to other people's screams and having nothing that I could do about it. Sometimes, if they were feeling lazy, or if they knew that torturing anyone any further would push them over the edge and they would die (making them useless), they would just play me recordings of the screaming. The crying. The incoherent begging for mercy.

Eventually, it didn't matter who's screaming it was. It didn't matter if it was Annie or Johanna or any one of the people they had in that prison, I began to lock my mind down at even the slightest hint of a raised voice.

My relief at the rescue had been so huge, that I was just accepting everything about this place, simply because I didn't have to listen to the continuous screaming, wailing, crying of those who in such insconsolable pain.

The avoxes were the worst. They could barely make any sounds at all. Soon it was only Darius left. Lavinia had been lucky, she didn't have to go through anything more. But I am probably most familiar with Darius' guttural, gagging animal noises than any other sound. I think it may be what haunts me most.

The screaming wasn't the only torture that had for me, but it was certainly the one that affected me more than any other. And didn't they know it.

I must have looked as faraway as I felt, because the doctor clears his throat and I am brought back to the present.

I can see in Haymitch's eyes that he pities me, so I know he must have spotted me going off into my mind, but he says nothing of it.

The doctor seems to decide to take charge of the conversation, picking up where Haymitch left off.

"So, as we were saying, we think something happened to your memory in the Capitol. We think that it may have been tampered with. It could be natural, but so far, we are guessing it was intentional on the Capitol's part, judging by what it is you have forgotten-"
"What have I forgotten?" I cut him off, rather abruptly, but I don't care, neither of them are making any sense.
"We aren't sure entirely, but we would like to ask you couple of questions to see exactly what you have forgotten, an if our theory is correct, then there is only one thing, or rather only one person, that has been wiped from your memory." He tries to say the last part as though it is a positive thing. Like it could have been worse. It probably could have been but that isn't the point. The point is that their biggest fear seems to the very thing they were reassuring me with.
"Alright." I agree. "But this girl, Katniss, she's who you think I've forgotten?" I ask, just to clarify. They both nod.

"Who is she to me then?" I ask, hoping I can remember her, seeing it seems to be so important to everyone else.
"Well, we aren't really sure what to say on your feelings towards each other, so we thought it best if you met her yourself?"
"Okay." Agreeing seems to be the easiest option, and it isn't like I have anything to object to. The Doctor nods and leaves the room, gesturing to his two junior doctors to follow him. I'm relieved, because I have an awful lot of questions for Haymitch, none of which have much to do with the previous conversation.
I decide to start casually.
"So, how's the rebellion going?" I ask.
Haymitch narrows his eyes, easily seeing through my feigned nonchalance.
To be honest, I'm scared of what I'll hear. I want to know why we aren't in 12. Where my family is. Why my brothers haven't visited, cracking stupid jokes.
"The campaign against the Capitol is going well. We almost have all the district, except 2, and we're hoping to crack that in just a couple of weeks now." He tells me.
Just the tone of his voice makes me wince. He sounds like this is the sort of information that he clings to during this Rebellion. That everyone clings to, for dear life, praying that they don't let go, because if they do then their hope will come crashing down around them, and the Capitol will rise once more.
"Okay," I say slowly "But what aren't you telling me?"
I know it's important and I know it's not to be ignored. If it was something Haymitch wasn't even able to ward off with a bottle, then it was definitely bad. Then again, there had been an awful lot of bad lately. Far more than to outweigh the good.
"Peeta. I'm not going to be able to make this sound any better than it is." He tells me, and I'm bored of the delay, and now frantic to find what's happened.
And then I am told the worst. That District 12, my home, the only place I truly knew, had been burned to ash by Capitol bombers the moment we broke out of the Quell.
I was told that only a tenth of the population survived the attack, and that my family were not among them.
I was numb. I had been told the news, but the emotion hadn't got to me yet. I hadn't processed the information, and was only dimly aware of what Haymitch was saying. I knew it would come to me later.
I also knew that I would feel it most in the night. I always had nightmares. Mostly I didn't even remember what they were about. Now, I would know the subject exactly.
The pain doesn't wait though. It starts only minutes after Haymitch stops speaking, washing over me in waves.
Starting with the very littlest things.
I will never ice cakes and cookies in the bakery again.
I will never watch my dad haggle for squirrels.
Never have a spontaneous wrestling match with Rye again.
No more school. No more brothers. No more bakery. No more of my old friends.
No more coal-dusted paths or swarming markets or watching beautiful orange sunrises from my window in the Victor's Village. No more District 12. And I can't bear it.
I know it could be seen as weak, but I cry. A small tear slides down my face, followed by another, and another. I collapse back against the bed, as the horror washes over me. Haymitch clears his throat, looking uncomfortable, before walking out of the room. I don’t react. I far too drawn into my thoughts for that.

Katniss’s PoV
I run down the corridors, desperate to get to somewhere that I know no one will find me. I settle on a broom cupboard, and drop to my knees against the wall, and begin to cry. Silently at first, because I don’t want anyone to hear someone bawling in a broom cupboard, and for them to come and investigate, but eventually, I can’t hold it in anymore, and my whole being is wracked with sobs, for this new loss that I am failing to weather through. I should have known something like this would happen. They know that physical torture for him wouldn’t be enough to break either of us, not anymore. We are too used to it.
But this? I never imagined this. Not because I underestimated the Capitol’s cruelty, but simply because it was unthinkable. He had loved me so long, I had almost taken it for granted. That his love would always be there, no matter what torture either of us was put through.
And just when I thought I was able to return- No. I can’t bring myself to think like that. That will just bring pain, and I can’t afford to feel any more now.
If I admit anything to myself, then that would be accepting what I feel and if I do that I know I’ve lost part of myself forever. But now he doesn’t know who I am, and no doubt he never will. If this was the least bit reversible then the Capitol wouldn’t have done it. They wouldn’t give anyone hope like that. They know exactly how dangerous hope is now.
And so do I.
I have to forget about Peeta now. He is safe, but I know that trying and failing to try make him remember me is something I won’t be able to handle. It would break me completely, which no doubt, is exactly what Snow wants, so I definitely can’t give in.
Having reached this conclusion, and after crying myself out for the time being, I rise from my hiding spot behind a mop bucket at leave the cupboard. I ascertain no one sees me leave, because I might want to return to this spot again, and I don’t want anyone else to know the location of my most recent hiding place.

I know the dinner bell must have gone hours ago, but I don’t care about that right now. I know my eyes must be red from crying and I don’t want anyone to see, so I decide to head back to our compartment. No one else is there. No doubt both Prim and my mother are attending the rescue casualties. I try not to think on the topic, because I know exactly what, or rather who, will be brought to the front of my mind.
I wash my face and dab my eyes, trying to make myself look less like I had just spent the last couple of hours crying in a broom cupboard.
I know that the moment anyone notices me I’m going to get called to Command, but I don’t want to go just yet. Instead, I head to the stark chest of draws in the corner and rifle through the contents until I find the pearl.
I sit holding rolling it against the ball of my hand, feeling the perfect smooth surface, cold against my calloused fingers.
I don’t cry this time, but simply allow myself to think, and to grieve what what was, and what I thought there could have been, and what would never happen.
Me and Peeta. Any thoughts like that must be condemned completely so I go though them, one by one, and wipe them from my mind, forcing myself not to be so ridiculously sentimental.
He is alive, and so long as I perform as the Mockingjay, no one is going to try and hurt him. The responsibility has been taken from my shoulders, but replaced by a sense of failure. Because even though Peeta is alive, he was not unscathed.
He had had part of his memory torn from him and it was unlikely it would have it returned.
I realise I have circled back to my thoughts from the broom cupboard, and shut off my thoughts before the tears can flow.
Be strong, Katniss. No crying. No thinking about what you shouldn't be.
I head down to Command, deciding I may as well save some poor messenger the trip. When I arrive I am not disappointed, as everyone who ever usually has a place at these meeting has been called.

I take a seat, separating Plutarch and Fulvia. Even as I just entered the room all heads have swiveled towards me and are now gazing intently, waiting for me to begin.

I'm not sure what they're expecting. A breakdown? A full on screaming tantrum? Instead, I'm sure I surprise all of them, when I turn and direct my gaze to President Coin, waiting for her to begin.

She says nothing, and after a few seconds of uncomfortable silence, Plutarch takes over and pipes up. "So, we all know why we're here, we may as well get on with it." He turns towards me. "Our problem is that at some point during his time in the Capitol, Peeta Mellark's memory has been tampered with, right?"

There is general assent from everyone in the room. I say nothing. "So, he's been made to forget Katniss. We think this has been done to unhinge her. To make him feel vulnerable, because he was her hope and all that jazz."

I'm trying quite hard not to be irritated by how Plutarch is talking. With his stupid Capitol expressions and theories, and talking about me as if I'm not there.

But that isn't what is getting to me most. What is getting to me is the fact of how right Plutarch is. Because Peeta, even if I didn't realise it at the time, was what- or rather, who- kept me together, after the Games, and just before the Quell. He had been taking care of me for so long and now that was gone. He wouldn't remember me or what things had been like between us.

I know I caused him a lot of pain, but he was always there, and so ready to take anything I flung his way, whether it was unkind words or actions or friendship, or even those uncertain kisses where neither of us knew what they meant. He accepted so much of me that I took him for granted.

Plutarch is right. Peeta was my hope. He was my hope that there was still good in Humanity. That people could still be kind. Like the dandelion, coming through in Spring when I thought everything else was lost.

Finnick was right, when he said that only Peeta won the Games by accident. Peeta was so uncorruptible, and so unwilling to harm anyone, only to protect.

He was someone who should never have to go through that. No one should, but him more that most. And it was just proof of him and his character that it didn't break him. That he could still be there to hold me when I was wrapped up in my own nightmares, even when he was plagued by his own.

I think that is one of the things I miss most about Peeta. It's been so long since I have felt his arms wrapped around me. I want him back.

Plutarch is now talking about how the rescue went. I have already seen Annie, so I know she is okay, and he says Johanna is rescued as well. We had only had a few injuries on our side, and they will all recover, but apparently the huge team of Capitol guards at the prison weren't quite so lucky.

It was too easy.

That is the conclusion they have drawn, either it was meant to be more of a trap but it failed, though that is unlikely. The second option is that this was what was meant to happen. Peeta was meant to be rescued in this state.

It was a trap for me. To break me.

"...And we think that Mr Mellark had his memories hacked to forget Katniss, so that she would in turn, be ruined at his lack of feeling for her. It was an ingenius plan, really." Plutarch is continues his lecture, sounding just like the Capitol Gamemaker he was.
"Making him forget everything wouldn't have had such an effect as this. It is the fact that Katniss is ignored, or no longer included in his memories that would have the strongest force. This was obviously something they were planning to carry out for a while. The technique to do it would have been easy, it just would have taken sometime. There are drugs that induce forgetfulness, and they would just have to make him associate it with a particular thing, or person."
I can tell he wants to say more, but I interrupt him.

"Can we do anything about it though?" I ask, dreading the answer.

Plutarch hesitates, before glancing towards Beetee, who seems to refusing to look in my direction, probably out of pity. I've been getting a lot of that recently.

"We think it is possible that some of his memories can be brought back, and there are ways of jogging the memory, so to speak. You can help."

"Yes, of course, I'll do anything." I interrupt. Everyone who wasn't already staring has now turned to face me. I quickly try to remedy my outburst.

"I mean, I'll do whatever is needed." I didn't mean to say it in the first place. I need to make up my mind about Peeta, otherwise I will be continually yo-yo-ing between whether I am going to try and get him back or just try and forget about him, and save myself the heartache.

Plutarch nods to me. "We'll get them to notify you when you are needed. Might not be for a while, apparently he's grieving now."

I understand. District 12. Peeta's lost all his family. I haven't seen them, so I assume so. I know he was close to his father and brothers, and he must have felt some sense of loyalty at least to his mother, if not love. So I understand. Or empathise, at least.

Plutarch carries on with the meeting, going on to how we are progressing in the Districts. I block most of it out, not really caring, thinking to hard for that. When the meeting is over I check my schedule.

5pm. Reflection.

If the injuries were as few as Plutarch says then Prim may well be back in our compartment by now.
With this in mind, I head to the compartment, very much in need of some sisterly comforting.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!