The Hunger Games: Smosh Edition

by kaptaingeek

Summary

(Smosh Games Hunger Games AU) Ian and Anthony have been separated for 2 years now after Anthony's family was moved from District 6 to District 3 due to the Capitol's orders. The 73rd Hunger Games are upon them and it's the last year their names will be entered into the reaping, since they are both 17 years old. Will Ian and Anthony be picked? read to find out!
(Also, Smosh Games will make appearances throughout the story)

Notes

IMPORTANT!
If you have not read the Hunger Games, i recommend that you don't read this because I'm not going to explain the lore of the HG world throughout the story, so you'll probably be confused if you haven't read the books or seen the movies. Anthony is the main character and the entire fic will most likely be in his POV, although that may change. Also, major trigger warnings such as violence, gore, blood, etc (I put all the triggers in the tags I believe), as the story progresses. The first chapter is almost all trigger free, but it will not stay this way as the story continues. That's about all I have to say for now, so I hope you enjoy my first fan fic!

See the end of the work for more notes
Ian and Anthony

Anthony's POV

“Alright, just like we practiced. Are you ready Anthony? Anthony?” asked a familiar voice. A young Anthony looked up from where he was sitting to see a six year old Ian, his best friend, smiling widely at him. Ian was dressed in a homemade costume meant to mock the clothes the people in the Capitol wore; Anthony wore a similar costume.

“Y-yeah, give me a minute,” Anthony stammered, trying to calm down from a mild panic attack that overtook him. He pulled his shirt’s right cuff over his hand and began to vigorously rub the material between his thumb and index finger in an attempt to relax himself. A ringing sound played loudly in his head while his breathing was heavy and sweat formed on the side of his head. These panic attacks were frequently brought on by his mild agoraphobia, which he struggled with on many occasions.

Anthony’s mind raced with thoughts, but was interrupted as Ian embraced him in a large hug. They parted and Anthony stared into his friend’s intense blue eyes and sensed comfort in them.

“It’ll be okay Anthony, we’ve done this before. We’re safe, the Capitol can’t spy on us here,” Ian reassured.

Anthony responded with a nod as he began to calm down and regain himself, focusing on the words of his friend. One last, long, panicky, breath escaped Anthony before his breathing went back to normal.

“Thanks. I think I’m okay now. Let’s do this,” Anthony said confidently, beginning to stand up. Ian gave his friend a smile as they stood shoulder to shoulder- well more like neck to shoulder since Anthony was much taller than his friend- before they sauntered out onto the makeshift stage with flair.

Anthony immediately took note of the all the spectators’ eyes on him, that expected a comedic, and well-done performance as always. Despite the audience consisting of only five of their closest friends, it still made him nervous. Pushing his nerves aside, he began acting out the skit he and Ian wrote together.

“I am Fabian! Lover of all that is sparkly, colorful and tacky!” Ian recited in a flamboyant voice that those in the Capitol had.

Anthony, recited his line in the same mocking tone that Ian used, “And I’m Sebastian! Number one in fashion, number two in dimwittedness! Fabian, takes the number one spot for that!” Their friends chuckled as Ian and Anthony continued their slapstick performance. Jokes against Capitol inhabitants, and President Snow were made throughout, and as always, the two ended with the characters Fabian and Sebastian shouting “’May the odds be ever in your favor!’” As the last words were spoken, Ian and Anthony posed with their arms stretched wide with an absurdly wide smile painted across their face, as the small audience clapped.

The two came out of character and bowed. Anthony looked over at Ian and gave him a small nod with a smile in order to thank him for calming his nerves before the performance. Ian smiled back in return, showing that he received Anthony’s silent message.

The two walked off the front of the stage to talk to their friends and ask how they enjoyed the skit. As Anthony paced around the room, stopping to talk to friends, his surroundings began to change suddenly. Everything around him seemed to slow down, and the walls, floor, and people looked like they were melting, or as if they were wet paint that had started sliding off a wall after being thrown onto it. Then, everything was black and Anthony’s eyes fluttered open.

The bright morning sun shot into his eyes, causing him to close them in pain. Anthony, scanned the room with his eyes, finding himself back in his bedroom in District 3.

“Those were, the days, huh Ian?” Anthony asked aloud in reference to the dream he just awoke from as he turned to the small framed picture of his friend that sat of his rickety bed side table. Anthony reached out and held the picture of Ian that had been taken within Anthony’s last days in District 6 with Ian. His dream brought back memories of the two performing funny plays in Ian’s
basement in secret to their friends. He remembered how Ian’s parents always scolded the two of them saying, it was dangerous and would be seen as an act of rebellion, but the two continued anyway. They always found it fun when they could make people laugh, especially since it rarely happened. With the games, the threat of death, the occasional public execution of a rebel, and the overall strict rules the Capitol put in place for the Districts.

But Ian and Anthony were separated years ago. They are both seventeen now and Anthony hasn’t seen Ian in two years since Anthony’s family had been moved from District 6 upon the Capitol’s orders. Anthony longed to see Ian again, but knew he probably never would due to the rare interaction between Districts. Anthony clung to the old picture frame, and rubbed his thumb over the crack that ran through the glass, partially covering Ian’s absurd bowl haircut.

“I miss that stupid hair of yours. And that smile,” Anthony said to himself as he placed the frame back on the wooden table.

He felt tears beginning to well up in his eyes before he was interrupted, by his little brother busting into the room.

“Anthony! Anthony!” the twelve year old called.

Anthony quickly rubbed the tears out of his eyes and sat up. “What is it Danny?”

Danny crawled up into Anthony’s bed and sat beside him, a look of fear in his eyes.

“I’m worried that I’ll get picked today in the reaping. Anthony, what if I get picked?” Danny stammered, as tears began forming in his eyes.

Anthony’s eyes widened slightly; he’d forgotten today was the reaping day. He embraced his brother in a hug, remembering how Ian used to do so when he had a panic attack, or was worried on reaping day. Anthony had kept his panic attacks to a minimum as he got older. He out grew it for the most part, and overcame it with Ian’s help.

“There’s nothing to worry about, your name is only in there once,” Anthony consoled.

Unlike Danny, Anthony’s had his name in the mix eight times. Six due to his age, and two since he applied for tesserae for him and his brother this year. After their mother abandoned them years back, it’s been harder for the family to make ends meet. This year had been the worst since their father suffered from an accident at work and had to take a few months off, resulting in no pay. This caused Anthony to have no choice but to apply for tesserae in order to feed him and his sibling.

“But what if your name gets picked?” Danny questioned, burying his face in Anthony’s shoulder. Anthony hadn’t given it much thought, but knew it was a possibility. “It won’t get picked. I’ll be fine,” Anthony promised, knowing that his name could fully well be chosen.
Broken

Chapter Summary

Ian resides in District 6 where he has spiraled into a deep depression after Anthony left him. He now prepares for his last year at the reaping.

Chapter Notes

I'm switching to Ian's POV for this chapter to give his back story and explain his condition. This will probably be the only time it will be from his POV for the rest of the fic. Anyway, enjoy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ian’s POV

The sun scorched through the bent shades into Ian’s room in District 6, lighting up his unshaven face. He groaned, covering his face weakly with one arm, letting out a deep, tired sigh in result to yet another sleepless night. The day of the reaping approached faster, causing his already deep-rooted depression to take over him more than it already did. This week alone, he had taken more morphine injections and drank more hard liquor than he usually did in a month. Pin pricks from where the needles entered his skin, layered his pale, boney arms. Fully awake now, but still groggy, Ian sat up and yanked a used morphine needle out of his arm.

“It’s been awhile since you caused me to pass out, old friend,” Ian said, holding up the needle in the light, inspecting its contents.

He tossed it to the side of the room where it joined a stash of more used needles and empty liquor bottles, before sitting up slowly. His body ached from having passed out on the hardwood floor, so he wasn’t keen on standing up right away.

Ian stared at the corpse that was his broken body, in the reflection of the dirty window. His eyes were sunken in and dulled with bags under them, he was under weight to the point where you could see a clear outline of his skeleton, and his hair was disheveled and greasy.

Ian started to stand up, by rolling off his back and into a push-up-like position, then using his legs to lift the top half of his body upright. He wobbled over to the pile of clothes in the corner, but didn’t get too far before stepping on something that released the sound of cracking glass when Ian made contact. Looking down, Ian removed his foot to see a picture frame, with now cracked glass.

“Fuck,” Ian whispered as he bent down to pick up the item, realizing what it was.

The only possession Ian held dear was now possibly damaged. He picked the item off the ground, confirming his suspicions: the picture frame containing a photo of his best friend, now had a large crack through the middle, stopping right before the bottom of the frame.

“Anthony…I,” Ian began as he looked regretfully at the picture, “If only you could see me now. You’d be ashamed. I’m a fucking alcoholic, morphine-addicted, disaster. Ever since you left…I couldn’t keep it together, you were the only light in this god-forsaken dark hell hole of a place. Then the Capitol became suspicious of me and I-I-I didn’t know what else to do. I hid from blame while our other friends took the fall. I watched them all receive a bullet to the head fr-from the Peacekeepers for “their” act of rebellion, that I did.”
Tears began to well in Ian’s eyes and drip silently onto the glass cover of the frame. “Then…my parents. They’re dead, Anthony…sickness swept over last year and took a lot of the District out. Why couldn’t it have been me? I let my friends die, for something I did and I couldn’t even take care of my life that they spared for me. Anthony, I hope you’re-“ Ian continued but was cut off as his sister barged into the room. “Ian? Oh, I’m sorry, were you talking to Anthony again? I didn’t mean to interrupt, but you need to get ready soon, we can’t be late to the reaping. You okay?” his sister asked, calmly, her eyes outshining her paled skin and boney body that was similar to Ian’s, without the morphine injection scars. “I—I’ll be fine, Jessie. I’ll get ready soon,” Ian promised as he watched her exit the room. She was the last person Ian had. The last person that he cared about and cared for him. Ian gave the picture one last look before placing it gently down next to his mattress on the floor. With a sigh, Ian changed into his best looking clothes which consisted of a light blue button-up shirt that was littered with holes, and rugged blue jeans. Ian walked over to the window once more to look at his reflection, which he loathed to look at. He hated seeing how much of a failure he was, but he put that behind him and went to join his sister in the kitchen. “Oh, you look great, Ian!” she smiled and hugged him tightly in an attempt to cheer him up like she always did. He responded with a grumble, but she continued to beam at him happily. Nothing could ever destroy her love for her little brother. “Don’t worry, this is your last year you have to worry about this, then you’ll be safe,” Jessie, spoke as she adjusted her brother’s shirt color and fixed his hair. “That is if my name doesn’t get picked. It’s in their twelve times from the years I applied for tesserae and because of my age. And even if my name doesn’t get picked, how long until the Capitol kills us all, or I waste away in this rat-hole of a home? We’re never safe,” Ian responded loudly, almost in a yelling voice as his anger for the Capitol welled up inside him. “Ian, look at me! You won’t go into the games! And we’ll make the best out of what we have like we’ve been doing all our lives,” Jessie tried to convince him. “This is the hand we’ve been dealt and either outcome sucks so it doesn’t matter what you or anyone says or does! I’m just participating in this hellish society the Capitol set up, hoping for the day when this is all over, or the day I die! Whichever comes first!” Ian retorted, as a mix of fury and sadness welled inside of him and he leaned his head on his sister’s shoulder. “I can’t do this anymore…” the words escaped Ian quietly, almost inaudible. “You’ve come this far and I’m proud of you, and Anthony would be too, I know that for a fact,” his sister comforted, lightly rubbing his back with her hand. Ian took her words to heart, and although he still didn’t believe her, he knew she meant it and that’s all that mattered to him. Ian wiped away his tears and sniffed back the snot in his nose and picked up his head to look at Jessie, then gave her a slight nod. “C’mon, let’s get going,” Jessie gave Ian one more pat on the back before turning to grab the key to their house so they could lock up on their way out.

Chapter End Notes

Once again, I know Ian has an older sister in real life, but I don’t know her name so I made one up. Anyway, stay tuned for the next chapter which switches back to Anthony’s POV where we get to see him at the reaping. Any feedback on this fic would also be appreciated.
The Reaping

Chapter Summary

The time for the Reaping is now! Will Anthony or Danny be picked? Read to find out.

Chapter Notes

It's reaping time! And one more thing I forgot to mention, this is the 73rd Hunger Games, so it's the year before Katniss is in the games. I hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Anthony’s POV

After attempting to calm Danny down, their mother came in and told them to get dressed for the reaping. Anthony slipped on a clean white shirt, with an open navy blue button up shirt to go over it, and some jeans to go with it. Anthony took a look at himself in the dusty mirror, and gave himself a nod of approval and let out a deep sigh. Another reaping, another chance of him going into the Hunger Games.

Anthony put all his worries behind him before exiting his room to go to the kitchen to see his mother adjusting Danny’s shirt collar.

Anthony smiled at his younger brother, innocence radiated off of Danny in a way that it didn’t for most kids his age during these times. It always made Anthony wish he was still like that; unaware of the true threat of the Capitol, and unaware of the poverty they lived in.

“You look great, Anthony,” his dad’s voice came from the corner of the kitchen where he was preparing breakfast for the family.

Anthony looked at his dad and gave him a smile before returning his attention to his younger brother and mother.

“I think Danny, takes the cake for best dressed,” he complimented, as he walked over and patted his brother’s head affectionately.

Their mother looked at them with a smile that didn’t match the sad and worried look, reflected in her eyes as she leaned in to hug them both. Then she quickly swept Danny’s blonde hair out of his eyes, before doing the same to Anthony.

“Before you leave, I fried some eggs. One of my co-worker’s chickens has been laying quite a few lately, and gave me some extra for you two,” their dad called over as he distributed the two eggs on two separate plates.

Anthony and Danny accepted the plates their father offered and sat down at the worn down wooden table. Danny happily ate his, while Anthony took small bites, as worry beginning to well up inside him. He tried to hide his feelings and finished the egg anyway, then excused himself from the table. Anthony could tell his parents took notice of his off behavior, but knew they wouldn’t mention it in front of Danny, so they wouldn’t worry him.

“C’mon, it’s almost time to go, are you two ready?” the mother asked her boys, trying to speed up the time they’d all have to suffer from this anxiety.

“Yeah,” Anthony replied, barely audible.

He bent down to look Danny in the eye and told him where to go when they got there to get
checked in. “And the Peacekeepers will be there to prick your finger to extract blood, but it
doesn’t hurt a bit. Just cooperate and go to your section with all your friends okay?”
Danny gave him a strong nod and followed Anthony out the door after the two received a hug and
kiss from their parents.
They fell silent as they merged into the crowd of other kids heading to the reaping. Anthony took
his little brother’s hand and led him through the mob.
“Okay, Danny this is where we separate, just look for me in the section to the left of yours,”
Anthony explained as he kissed the top of Danny’s head before joining the line of kids his age to
get checked in.
He kept his gaze on his brother at all times, but directed his attention briefly to the blood-extracting
device as the Peacekeeper asked for his hand. Anthony flinched slightly at the light prick in his left
index finger as the name “Anthony Padilla,” flashed up on the device’s screen. Walking slowly to
make sure his brother’s device worked correctly, he only picked up the pace after the device his
brother was directed to display “Daniel Padilla.”
Anthony joined the other seventeen-year-olds in silence and looked over to find his brother
amongst the twelve year olds. He spotted Danny’s bright blonde hair in the crowd and flashed him
a small smile when they made eye contact before directing their attention to the stage laid out in
front of them.
The District 3 tribute escort appeared on stage, decked out in the typical bright colored clothing of
the Capitol residents. She was draped in a long yellow cloak with lightning bolt hair clips, spread
out through her hair. Her makeup was vibrant and matched her outfit and flamboyant personality.
The district escorts would occasionally wear an outfit that somehow represented the district they
visited, as the District 3 escort often did. Her electric themed outfit matched District 3’s specialty:
electrical technology.
The hushed whispers of the crowd fell silent as the district escort began to speak.
“Hello! As you may know, I am Flavia Zeemo and I am here to announce which lovely female
and which handsome male will be representing District 3 in this year’s Hunger Games!” she
announced, her voice and attitude completely out of place in the dreary district.
“But before I select the names, I’m proud to present a short video from our wonderful Capitol!”
Flavia exclaimed, with her arms stretched wide in excitement.
The same propaganda video played for the crowd, making Anthony roll his eyes as he did every
year. The same “The Capitol saved you” and “You should be grateful they stopped this horrible
uprising in District 13” messages were spoken. Not one mention of the suffering and starving the
Capitol allowed their people to go through. Anthony tuned out until the video finished and the
painstaking moment began.
“Wasn’t that wonderful?” Flavia asked rhetorically, “And now the moment you’ve all been
waiting for! May the odds be ever in your favor! Ladies first as always!”
She dug her perfectly manicured hand into a large glass bowl to her right and pulled out a slip of
paper which she read aloud, “Annabelle Worth!”
Heads turned to the section of fourteen-year-olds to face a red-haired girl as she emerged from the
crowd. Rather than displaying grief, a feeling of confidence radiated off of her, and her smug look
gave off a look of arrogance. It was as if she wanted to be picked. She joined Flavia on stage
without a word and crossed her arms in front of her. Anthony had not recognized the girl, but
hope her confidence was a good thing.
Flavia smiled as Annabelle joined her and then continued, “Now, the boys!”
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hope her confidence was a good thing.
Flavia smiled as Annabelle joined her and then continued, “Now, the boys!”
Her hand entered a glass bowl to her left and she began to shuffle the paper around. Time seemed
to slow down and Anthony felt his heart beat to pick up. Sweat formed on the side of his head and
he began to breathe heavily. He stared at the ground, and closed his eyes just wanting the moment
to be over.
Flavia removed her hand and unraveled the piece of paper she had chosen. She paused and during
this moment, Anthony felt as if his heart would burst out of his chest.
Flavia leaned into the microphone and read aloud, “Anthony Padilla!”
Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I'll try to make the new chapter as quick as possible! Next chapter, Anthony and Annabelle are escorted to the Capitol.
What Lies Ahead

**Chapter Summary**

Anthony has been picked for the Hunger Games, and is apprehensive to leave District 3 and take his spot as tribute. This chapter follows Anthony and his last few moments in District 3.

**Chapter Notes**

Sorry this is sooooooo late, I've been SUPER busy, but I'm trying to get these chapters done. Anyway, thank you for waiting and reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Time froze as Anthony felt his throat clench inside him and heart drop. He kept his head down, hoping that he misheard or that he was having a horrid nightmare. The sobs of his brother from across the courtyard snapped him back into reality. He couldn’t budge as Flavia repeated his name into the microphone, his name radiating out through the silent crowd.

Anthony lurched forward as a Peacekeeper pushed him forward forcefully. He lifted his head and looked around at all the solemn faces of his friends and neighbors. Water began to work its way to his eyes, but he didn’t dare let a single tear drop down his face to avoid making his brother even more frightened.

Anthony began slowly walking down the gravel path towards the large stage that held a welcoming Flavia. Anthony could barely walk, his legs seemed to shake and it felt like he could fall over at any moment. The sounds of his devastated little brother only made him feel worse.

Danny’s cries and screams pierced Anthony’s ears, making his heart sink even lower. He reluctantly turned his head as he continued walking and immediately regretted it; he saw Danny being held back by two Peacekeepers that held his arms in a death grip as he kicked and clawed with tears streaming down his face.

“LET HIM GO!” Anthony screamed as he stopped, now as tears regretfully began forming in his eyes. The Peacekeeper pushed him forward with more force this time, nearly pushing Anthony onto the ground.

Of course, his words didn’t help as the Peacekeepers held their grip. Anthony planted his feet into the dirt and gravel so he wouldn’t be knocked down by the next push from the Peacekeeper.

Anthony now slowly began turning to face his brother, but before he could take a step in that direction, three more Peacekeepers were on Anthony, pushing and dragging his to the stage. He saw a Peacekeeper kick out Danny’s legs, causing him to fall onto the ground, and be restrained by the Peacekeeper. The Peacekeeper’s gleaming white boot was planted forcefully on the boys back as he squirmed beneath him. Anthony felt a tear roll down his face as he looked at Danny, but rather than continue the flow of tears, Anthony decided to make Danny’s possibly last memory of him a good one; he sucked back his tears, put on a shaky smile, and nodded his head in an “it’ll be okay” way before being shoved up the metal steps to the stage.

“Now that that’s over, we now have our lovely tributes for District 3!” Flavia exclaimed, throwing up her arms in excitement.

As Anthony reluctantly joined Flavia and Annabelle, Flavia grabbed his and the other tribute hands and raised them up with her arms. Eerie silence and blank faces emanated throughout the
crowd. Anthony looked around at the faces he’s become so familiar to seeing, and turned his head away before he could let his emotions get the best of him. Before he could pick his head up again, he was being dragged off stag towards the large doors behind them. They flung open with a slight creak, and he, Annabelle, Flavia, and all the Peacekeepers disappeared inside, where Anthony and Anabelle would be prepared to head to the Capitol.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this was so short, and yes I promise Smosh Games is in it, they just don’t come in until the next chapter or two. I apologize for being slow, you can blame school for that. Anyway, thanks for reading, and stay tuned!
Chapter Summary

Anthony is about to depart for the Capitol, but gets to do one last thing before leaving. He also gets to see who his and Annabelle's mentor will be.

Chapter Notes

New chapter! I hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The large doors that led to the stage shut with an echoing clang, making Anthony jump at the sound. He looked over to see if the other tribute was as nervous as he was, but she seemed… almost excited. Why?
The three were in a large concrete hall with the only source of light being LED lights that were in the high raised ceiling. Only two doors on either side of the hallway and a large metal door and front were in the hall. All doors were guarded by Peacekeepers.
The room seemed to reflect Anthony’s feeling: lost and empty. The cold temperature, and dinginess only intensified the gloominess of the hall. Anthony was shaken from his thoughts when he heard Flavia begin speaking in her obnoxious tone.
“Annabelle to left, Anthony to the right!” she exclaimed, gesturing to the doors on the sides of the hall as she said each name.
Anthony picked up his head, wondering what was on the other side. The bullet train? A fancy meal? More Capitol members? Anthony treaded hesitantly towards the door a few feet ahead on his right. The neatly crafted wooden door seemed to contrast with the tunnel-like hallway. It was made of mahogany and was carved by an exquisite craftsman.
Anthony was soon at the door and reached out slowly for the gleaming gold door knob that looked freshly cleaned. He swung twisted the knob, and gave the door a push, rather than completely pushing the door open himself. He waited silently to see what the door would reveal.
As the door opened, it slowly revealed the neatly decorated room that contrasted the hallway greatly. New tables and chairs sat neatly around the window, on top of a beautiful knitted rug. But none of that mattered to Anthony, for when the door opened completely, he caught sight of his somber looking parents and brother. Tears now rose to his eyes as he ran to meet his family.
He embraced them affectionately, beginning to feel his legs weaken and his heart rate pick up. His hands grasped onto the back of his parent’s shirts as tightly as someone suspended from a cliff, hung onto the edge that was keeping them from falling to their death.
“Anthony…we…” his dad began, trying to speak through his own tears.
“We…hoped and prayed that neither of you boys would be chosen. Anthony…I wish there was more we could do.” Anthony’s mom finished what her husband began to say. Anthony fought back more tears to reply, “There was nothing you could do…I was just unlucky.”
Anthony pulled away and wiped his face while thinking what to say. A mix of sadness, rage, and fear surged through him. He bent down on one knee to place a hand on Danny’s-who was crying hysterically-shoulder. A few tears dripped down Anthony’s cheek as he began to calm his brother.
“Danny…I’m gonna win this, for you and mom and dad. I’ll survive no matter what the cost. Please stay strong a-and root for me Danny,” Anthony’s tears began interrupting him, “I. Will.
Win. You...you can count on that.”
When Anthony finished, he hugged his brother tighter than he ever had in his life. Anthony was going to keep his promise, the thought of his brother would keep him going. He knows it won’t be easy, but he knows he’s smart and strong enough to win. Especially because he has one thing most other tributes don’t have: unconditional love towards another.
Anthony stood up to embrace his entire family once more. After they parted, his mother lightly held his head between her palms and spoke softly, “I love you Anthony, and I have faith in you.” She kissed his forehead lightly right as Flavia stood in the doorway and exclaimed, “The train will be arriving soon! Chop, chop! We don’t want to keep the Capitol waiting!”
Anthony took a deep breath and took one last look at his family, giving them a strong nod before walking out of the room. He shut the door reluctantly closed, and met Flavia and Annabelle in the hallway.
“Hurry, hurry you two! Don’t want to be late! Oh dear, sounds like the train is pulling up!” Flavia said excitedly, clapping her hands together and gesturing the two kids forward through the door at the end of the hall.
The door was automatic and split open as they approached it. They arrived in a glass globe shaped room that was empty, but had an amazing view to the outside. Anthony looked in amazement at the stretch of trees on the other side of the glass, across from the train tracks. Anthony heard the distant “zoom” sound getting closer. He looked to his left to, where the sound was originating from and locked his gaze on the tunnel, waiting to witness the train’s arrival. Like most living in the districts, he had never seen let alone ridden on the bullet trains. His only interaction with them was when he accompanied his dad to work, in which it was his dad’s job to repair broken bullet trains. So technically, Anthony had seen one before, but he’d never seen one in motion.
Anthony’s reminisce was interrupted by the incoming train. It was moving too fast for Anthony’s eye to track it before it came to an immediate stop in front of the platform. The bullet train’s chrome doors parted with a “woosh.” Anthony’s vision inside the train was blocked, by a boy, no older than he was, standing in the doorway. A puzzled look made its way onto his face as he wondered who the other was, but his confusion was quickly put to rest as he began talking.
“Welcome aboard new tributes. I guess I should introduce myself. I’m your mentor, 17 years old, and victor of the 70th Hunger Games: Joshua Ovenshire.”

Chapter End Notes
I told you Smosh Games would start making an appearance soon. So yes, Joven is the mentor for District 3! He won the Hunger Games, 3 years prior to the one taking place now. That's about all for now, I'll try to upload the newest chapter as soon as I can!
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Anthony, Annabelle, and Joshua all try to get acquainted.

Chapter Notes

Finally got another chapter finished! Hope you like it and thanks for reading.

Anthony was taken aback a bit at the familiar face before him. The boy, barely a man, slumped against the train threshold, stubble coated his face, matching his gloomy yet smug face. He’d changed so much since Anthony had last seen him. Anthony was friends with him in school and remembered last year when he was picked at the reaping.

“You just gonna stare, or you actually gonna hop aboard this hell train?” Joshua asked rhetorically, his voice raspy from drinking.

Yup, just as sarcastic as ever, Anthony thought to himself. It was amazing to see how much the games could change a person. He could see through the edgy exterior and snarky comments that Joshua was dying on the inside, the sound and smell of alcohol radiating off of him to represent his attempts to forget. Anthony stared at him as if to say “you don’t have to pretend for us.”

“We’re coming Mr. Joshua!” Flavia exclaimed in her ridiculous voice.

Joshua gestured the three of them in and made his way inside the cabin. Anthony followed behind Flavia, taking a step from the platform into the extravagant train. Anthony looked down at the floor of the train that was covered with plush red carpet, contrasting greatly with his beyond wore down sneakers. Anthony looked up at the luxuries the train had to offer him and Annabelle.

The current section of the train they were in was decorated with beautiful hand woven curtains over the large windows, a long chrome table covered in food Anthony had never even seen before. Avoxes stood in the corner with their heads bowed, ready to serve.

Anthony was extremely engrossed by the amount of food in front of him. He watched as Annabelle took a seat next to Joshua, who now had a beer in his hand and his legs up resting on the table, so Anthony decided to sit across the table from them. Flavia took a seat on the couch under the window and stared at him, Annabelle and Joshua.

They were all silent before Flavia chirped, “Excuse me, Joshua, I believe you’re supposed to give the introduction you were told about.

“Right,” he sighed in reply, taking a swig from his drink before slamming it on the table.

“The name’s Joshua, as I’ve already told you, and this is one of the fastest bullet trains in the nation. It will be taking us to the Capitol and the trip will be about a day, so you’ll all have plenty of time to strategize, get to know each other, and other bullshit like that,” he paused for a second, trying to remember what other information he was required to give, “Uh, everything in the train is open to you, you have your own small rooms, yada yada yada. When we first arrive at the Capitol we’ll stop to take shitty pictures of the paparazzi awaiting the arrivals of the tribute, then we’ll watch clips from today’s reaping to see your competition, and I’ll give you more info there.”

Anthony’s mind raced with thoughts at all the information just received. A deep breath was taken, and instead of worrying or asking questions, he grabbed a plate and began piling it high with the delicacies before him. An Avox tried to help him, but he refused their service remembering how
lucky he and Ian were for not becoming Avoxes for the same crime. He gave a look of “I’m so sorry this happened to you,” and continued stacking his plate. Not realizing how hungry he was, he began to dig in, tearing into juicy steak, cinnamon rolls, cupcakes, fruits, and more. It caught the attention of Annabelle and Joshua and before Joshua could comment on his eating, Annabelle blurted out, “Eating all that food will just make you slower and less likely to survive. This isn’t a fucking game and I don’t want to look bad if you die early on!” Anthony dropped the decadent chocolate cupcake he was about to sink into and pushed his plate away. He knew this wasn’t a fucking game, he knew the risk of death, and for her to say that to him pushed him over the edge. Rage bubbled up inside him as he thought of his brother counting on him to win causing him to shout back, “SHUT THE FUCK UP I KNOW WHAT I’M DOING!” She scoffed and slumped down in her seat, rolling her eyes at him. He immediately felt bad and put his face his hands to his face. What was meant to be a good delicious distraction, was ruined. No tears for him, he had to prove himself to her as she already seemed to despise him. While everyone was silent, Joven piped up, “Sheesh, you expect all this yelling to help you in the games.” Annabelle turned to him and replied, “I came to win, and I don’t need anyone’s help,” she turned to Anthony who had picked his head up at this moment, “Listen, I’ve been training for this my entire life and I’m not going to let some homesick moron ruin it for me. I’m not going to help you and you’re not going to help me! You get in my way and I swear I won’t hesitate to slit your throat. Got it?” Anthony was frozen, not expecting such harshness to ever escape another human being. His blank stare just pissed her off more as she stood up in anger. “Idiot, you’re only proving my point,” Annabelle insulted, turning around and striding to her room. And this time everyone was silent.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading and yes I know Anthony is vegan in real life, but I had him eat steak because in this AU I don't believed he be vegan. This is due to poverty of the districts and how they'd be willing to eat anything.

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the first chapter, more to come soon! And the next chapter might be in Ian’s perspective, but I’m not sure yet. And yes, Anthony does have a younger brother in real life, but I’m unaware of his name, so I just made one up. Also, Smosh Games won't make an appearance until later.

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