Tortured Soul

by kk325

Summary

Post- Catching Fire // Johanna is captured by the Capitol and endures hell as their prisoner.

Notes

I wrote this a few years ago and thought I would share it with you guys. This is my headcanon for what torture was like for Johanna in the Capitol.

See the end of the work for more notes

It’s dark, damp, and cold. She hears screaming from somewhere nearby. She recognizes the voice but she can’t put a name or face to it. Everything is a jumbled mess in her head. She feels blood running down her face, and goes to try to touch it but can’t. She realizes she is lying flat on a long metal table, her arms are extended and tied above her head, her legs straight and fastened securely to the table. “Where am I?” she asks quietly to no one but herself. She turns her head slowly to the left and right, unable to lift it up. She scans the walls looking for something that will give a clue to her location, but there’s nothing. All the walls are the same, smooth, flat, and gray, with the exception of the wall to her left which has a solid metal door on it. The person that was screaming before has begun again. She strains to try and make out what the person who clearly is in a great deal of pain is yelling. Finally she can make out the yells of despair; the person is yelling “Katniss”. Her brow furrows, “Katniss…? Why are they yelling…..?” And then it hits her like a ton of bricks. The voice is Peeta. She was captured during the 3rd Quarter Quell. She, Johanna Mason, is a prisoner of the Capitol. Just as all this hits her the door opens, and in walks two large guards. “Hello Johanna, we have a few questions for you,” the one says with a grin. And then she is taken over by pain as something is plunged into her arm. Four months have passed. Johanna is
weak, hungry, shaved of all her hair, cut, and bruised. She has been tortured. She is being tortured. She is a prisoner of the Capitol. She can still hear Peeta’s screams, but she’s learned to tune them out as she lays on her table naked. She closes her eyes and begins to shut herself off from the surrounding terror. The guards will be arriving soon; she knows this because if she listens closely she can hear the lock of Peeta’s door and the footsteps as they approach hers. 32 footsteps between her and Peeta. The same two guards as always enter her cell and begin asking the same string of questions they always do. “Where’s Katniss Everdeen? Where are the rebels hiding? Who is the rebel leader? How much supplies do they have?” Johanna just lays there, eyes shut, ignoring the questions and the crack of a small whip on her body when she refuses to answer. She doesn’t care what they do to her anymore; her body has become so numb she barely feels the whip anymore. As far as she’s concerned she already is dead, regardless if she answered them or not. There’s a lull in the questioning and the whipping. She thinks they are finished, so she slowly lets down the barriers she put up and opens her eyes. But just as she opens them water hits her in the face. It crashes into her like the waves from the arena. It fills her nose, her mouth, flows down into her ears. She feels like she is drowning, she can’t breathe. Panic sets in; Johanna thrashes around trying to get her head up, anything to escape the horror of drowning on dry land. It’s useless though they have her restrained so tight that she can barely move at all. Finally the guard flips the table so she is lying facing the floor. She coughs up the water and breathes quickly, still petrified by what just happened. As she coughs up the water she hears the one guard say to the other, “So now that we found a way to get a reaction out her maybe we will get her to talk. Go get more water.” As she lays there catching her breath she hears the guards laughing at her terror, she can hear more buckets being filled with the icy water, and she can hear Peeta screaming again. That’s when Johanna realizes she’s not dead; she is still very much alive and still very much a prisoner of the Capitol….

End Notes

Comments and stuff always welcomed. (Find me on tumblr as surface-envy)

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