Summary

Katniss' family is far more complicated than they should be, her mother is actually the daughter of President Snow. She finds a letter Snow sent and it changes Katniss and Prim's worlds forever. Katniss still Volunteers for the Hunger Games in Prim's stead.

Notes

I don't own hunger games. Also I've only just started reading the series so I apologize now if the characters aren't quite spot on. Tell how I did please, I wanna know how I've done.
I opened the letter that was addressed to my mother from the Capital, wondering as to why President Snow himself would message mother. Skimming through the letter I could see mild concern over papa's death, but I also garnered the thinly veiled threats; ones that spoke of taking Prim and I from her mother if we, as a 'family', didn't move to Capital. That President Snow wanted his 'run away' daughter and eldest grandchildren in the Capital, not the poorest district.

Looking at the date on the envelope I see it had been sent right after papa's death; which happened a month ago. President Snow clearly stated no immediate response would leave him with no choice but force. Looking toward the Midway sky through the window of Prim's sickroom I realize that we didn't stand a chance of staying with mom, he'd be here soon and see just how far gone she is.

Deciding I wanted to make the best impression given our circumstances I begin cleaning the house the best I can with a sick sister to take care of.

Just after starting I hear rapping on the door, shaking my head in dismay it hits me that our time here was far shorter than I'd anticipated. President Snow and his personal guards are at the door.

If mom had only opened that letter the day it arrived she would have had something to strive for, keeping Prim and I. Because she let the depression rule her, we, Prim and I, would loose everything else.
Agreements and Arrangements

Chapter Summary

Kat and Prim's supposed 'grandfather', President Snow, makes an agreement with their mom and the girls are moved to Capital City.

Chapter Notes

I'm using adrisaurus version of 'The Hanging Tree' on Youtube. I love the composition of this song and find that if there were a song Katniss would leave her mother with it would be this one, haunting and halting.
www.youtube.com/watch?v=uKrCE1aYz7o&index=11&list=FLogu-CXTHn2Kwsn0HarU4Uw
Also please comment I'd love to know how I'm doing.

Opening the door I see a tall man with graying hair, board strait posture surrounded by peacekeepers. Meeting his eyes I notice they're cold, hard, and calculating; yet similar in color to mom and Prim's. He looks around with disdain clearly written on his face. He won't like the shape mom's let herself fall into and he sure as hell isn't gonna leave us here with her if that look indicates anything.

"Miss Everdeen may I come inside please?" his voice matches his eyes in a way. It isn't as harsh, yet at the same time it gives nothing away; upon entering the door way he turns his head slightly telling his men that they don't need to follow him inside. Turning back toward my direction he takes the closest seat at the table in the room, " Before I speak with your mother would you please tell me your sisters and your's names. Azalea, your mother, stole off after she met your father while Mr. Abernathy was on his victor tour twenty years ago, she was Mr. Abernathy's press consultant. In consequence I was unaware of you or your sister having been born much less your names," so mother wouldn't have expected a letter from him. he could have asked anyone in the district for our names. I must have spaced out longer than necessary because he coughs as to draw my attention back toward him, "Mr. Abernathy sent the letter telling of your father's death and ultimately revealing your mother's location, he may not remember doing so, however."

So it had been Haymitch Abernathy? Why would he concern himself with my family? I knew he and dad were acquainted with each other, but for him to know father's death would do this to mother? No there had to have been another also; but whom was the question; yet then again Mr. Abernathy is quite the drinker.

"Primrose and Katniss are our names," I state giving him a weary glance, his eyes obtain an approving light them, like as though mother had carried on some sort of tradition, "I'm Katniss."

"Now Katniss could you tell me where your mother is?" he fixed me with another stare; letting me know that this was the important part of his trip here.

"She's in her room sir," I start toward her bedroom so he may speak with her. Opening the door as
he passes me I feel his hand on my shoulder.

"Katniss this should take only a few moments, in the mean time pack some clothes for Primrose and yourself to change into on the way back to Capital," that being said he entered mother's room. I stand there for a moment trying to see if I can garner what's being said; but after hearing a suffered sigh I walk away realizing that I won't be gaining any information. Packing took little time, getting Prim dressed had taken a little effort though; she's still sleeping after all. While doing this mother began to cry and scream quite loudly, so high pitched I though it would wake Prim.

After the yelling was over I walk back into the living room and notice that mother had come out with the president, she looked tired, ragged, and sad. She looked right at me, a melancholy look in her eyes.

"Katniss sweetie before you go will you sing me a song?" know that I'm not likely to see her for a while I would sing papa's favorite song and not once did I look away from her sad eyes.

"Are you, are you
Coming to the tree
Where they strung up a man they say murdered three?
Strange things did happen here
No stranger would it seem
If we met up at midnight in the hanging tree.

Are you, are you
Coming to the tree
Where the dead man called out for his love to flee?
Strange things did happen here
No stranger would it seem
If we met up at midnight in the hanging tree.

Are you, are you
Coming to the tree
Wear a necklace of rope, side by side with me...
Strange things did happen here
No stranger would it seem
If we met up at midnight in the hanging tree."

Once I've stopped singing I look toward the man now known as 'grandfather' and he looks a little startled; wonder why. He notices that Prim hasn't come out with me and his eyes turn even colder than usual.

"Katniss where's your sister?" he asks throwing mother a deadly glare.

"In bed sick," she's been sick two days now, her fever having yet brooked, "she's been sick for two days now," Greasy Sae had come over yesterday and early this morning to help me tend to her. I'm not much of a healer, and I'm trying my hardest for Prim. His eyes grow even colder and mother flinches.
"I'm going to have one of my guards carry her, your mother has a few words for you before we go," with that he's out the door and beginning to bark orders.

"Katniss I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner," that I know is a flat out lie. If the way things have gone done is any indication she never had any intention on telling us who her family was. We, including the rest of the district, had assumed that her family been from one or two and when they'd died she'd moved here and met father, "Before you start thinking that I wasn't going to tell you, I was; I just wanted to wait until you were older and hoped by that point you wouldn't have any want to know whom they were," OK fair enough, "Now I need you to listen closely Kat, alright?" I nod my head in understanding, "While you're in Capital hide in plain sight, stay true to who you are, and do as your grandfather bids Katniss. It might be the only way you survive in that city," with that she kisses my forehead as we notice a peacekeeper is carrying Prim.

"Will we see you again mom?" I ask rather antsy for an answer. I'd hate to never see her again, yet I know it's a real possibility.

"He's allowed for you to come visit at around the time of the reaping."

"Why then?" I kinda get it because Prim and I were born here in 12; but at the same time I don't, he would be making us Capital citizens wouldn't he?

"Because it has to look like you're still members of this district and that my family is just from a career district. You will each have one piece of paper and that's all; so the chances either of you being reaped will be quite small," well that's a giant comfort, "Now I suggest you get your packs and head out. He's already agitated with me enough as is and stalling him any longer will just make him more so," with those final words I head out the door and begin a new life with a family I never knew existed.

Taking one last look at my former home I get the feeling I would never step foot inside it or 12 again, not truly.

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