She is hope

by valiantstorm

Summary

Katniss and Peeta were together since the beginning. Peeta wasn't taken by the Capitol, and Katniss was pregnant. Everything was going as well as it could, until the Rebels lost.

Notes

This little idea popped into my head yesterday and wouldn't leave me alone, so i just said screw it and wrote it.

Disclaimer: I don't own The Hunger Games or anything related to it, except the strange ideas that pop into my head.

She sat on the big white bed, her legs crossed, wet hair falling around her shoulders. A sense of dread filled her. Dread for what she’d have to do, see, hear, say.

When you don’t know what to think Willow, make a list.

She didn’t know whom the woman voice belonged to was, all she got was a woman in a golden wig and something about a trinket, and even that she wasn’t sure if it was real or just her imagination, but as thoughts bounced around her head, she decided to do what she said.

I am Willow Mellark. I am the daughter of Katniss and Peeta Mellark. They were the victors of the 74th Hunger Games. I have never met them. They are dead. They didn’t want me.

Willow sighed, flopping onto her back and looking at the ceiling. She was never told specially that
they never wanted her, but Uncle Cornelius had said she was found in the remains of District 13, and he certainly hinted at it.

They were part of the Rebellion. The Rebels lost.

Willow closed her eyes, her hand going to the big blue stone she always wore around her neck.

It was times when the thoughts wouldn’t quite down that she wished she could actually get answers. What were they like? Why did they leave her?

I live in the Capitol. I have been raised by President Snow. Tomorrow, I will open the 90st Hunger Games. I don’t want to be part of the games that kill children.

Her eyes opened, and she looked at the clouds painted on her ceiling, staring like she thought they would start to move. They didn’t and she sighed.

As she tried to find shapes in the fake clouds, her mind drifted to the opening parade tomorrow. She’d seen the reapings earlier that day, sat in the crowd as people cheered, and her insides had boiled. Everyone around her had been excited at the fact that children would be going off to kill each other.

Every year she’d suffered through it, hiding in random places, avoiding people, but this year would be different. She would be part of it.

She felt six again, scared of the shadows from the doorway, wanting the hand of her mother or father, but instead she got a Peacekeeper at her door, and a stuffed animal in her arms.

A burning resentment bubbled up inside of Willow, scorching its way through her body. Why did her parents have to die? Why did she have to be raised by the President? Why did he even want to raise the daughter of the couple trying to take him out of power?

She pulled the necklace off. The President had given it to her for a birthday present when she was little, and the blue had captivated her. Now, the color just made her sick.

On light feet, she walked to the bathroom and leant over the counter, looking at her reflection. Black hair and blue eyes stared back at her, a scowl forming on her face.

She grabbed a small statue of a rose, set the necklace on the counter, and slammed the flower into it, smiling grimly at the sound of it being smashed. Her arm lifted up to hit it again, when a silver chip shimmered in the blue glass.

She put the statue down, and gently picked up the chip.

“Hello my darling,” came a female voice, and Willow jumped, almost dropping it. “If you’re hearing this, we’re not with you, and I’m so sorry. I wish we were there with you.”

A sniff was heard, and a male voice continued. “We don’t know what will happen. To us, to you, to the Rebellion. But we want you to know that we love you Willow. We’ve been watching you sleep for the past two hours, and our hearts fill with love with your every breath.”

“We have to leave, to finish this war, to make the world safe for you and every other child. You’re not only our daughter, but you’re the one perfect thing in our messed up lives. You’re our hope, love, and life,” the woman said. “Even if we’re not there in person with you, we’re always a part of you.”

“And you’re the hope for everyone else. Even with a war going on, and the pressure from people
to do what was better for the whole than just us, we still chose us. And that was the right thing.”

Another sniff and the woman said, “Peeta, I can’t. I don’t want her to have to hear this. I don’t want to leave her here.”

“We need to. We need to finish this war, and we need to make sure she knows. She can never doubt that we love her Katniss,” the man—Peeta—said. “We need to make sure she hears this, because she will live. Even if we all die, she’ll live.”

He sniffed too, and all that Willow heard were two people crying. Two people whose voice she shouldn’t be hearing. Two people who recorded a message fifteen years earlier just in case.

“So know this Willow Mellark,” Katniss said, her voice stronger than before. “I, Katniss Mellark, and Peeta Mellark, love you so much. Never doubt that, no matter what anyone says. We will always love you even if we’re not there with you.”

At the complete and utter proof of who they were, Willow felt a weight lift and a new one settle on her. They loved her, always had, and the feeling wrapped around her like the warmest blanket.

The sense of being loveless was gone, replaced by a new weight. The weight to help the people who couldn’t fight back without the push over the edge. The Districts needed someone to spread their wings first, and maybe she could be that person.

“You are the human representation of hope Willow. Be hope,” Peeta said.

When the chips recording ended Willow stared down at it for a moment, mouth opened, before she clenched her hand around it, a tear falling down her face.

As she left her bedroom and got dressed, she only had one thought.

She would be hope.

She would spread her wings and fly.

She would be the next Mockingjay.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!