

Find Back To Me

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Von Toast

Kapitel 4: First steps

Chapter four! Thank you for reading!

What do you think about 'angry Katniss'? :) She's far more fragile than we actually think. And I love this side to her, too :D Now have fun: Peeta POV.

Days passed.

I still could feel the pain piercing through my left knee that Katniss had kicked so hard against. The doctors had to adjust my artificial limb again and I had not been able to move for three days. And while I was resting, I couldn't do anything to distract myself from everything that had happened. When I felt down I usually would go into the bakery in District 13, since everyone was nice and happy to see me if I did. But I wasn't able to help them out that much in my state, not to mention that it was nearly impossible for me to heave sacks of flour or bake anything without two stable and strong feet under my body. So I just laid in my bed for those days, unable to do anything but thinking. And grieving.

What had exactly happened? What did the Capitol do to Katniss that she thought she had to kill us? Kill me? Did this happen because I left her alone in the arena? I was sure it couldn't have been for this reason since it wasn't in my hands at all. I would have died for her. I would have died to protect her. I wanted her to escape from this nightmare. But she couldn't.

The only feeling left in me, next to the loneliness I felt without her, was guilt.

...

This time, Finnick proved to be a real friend. He hadn't only saved my live twice already; he would be there for me and comfort me in every way possible. I knew that he was by my side anytime I needed someone to talk to. Perhaps because he was the only one who truly understood what I was going through: Annie, the girl he was in love with, had gone insane due to the Hunger Games. And now, I found myself to be

thrown into the same situation as him, since Katniss Everdeen had gone mad too. The doctors had informed me already, that she would have to undergo an intensive therapy, mental *and* physical. But the chances to mend her... in short, the odds definitely were not in her favor.

They also reported me that it would be better off not seeing her. If I did, my heart would probably break apart, so I decided to wait for her getting better a little. Even if I wanted to go and meet her, they did not let me anyway. I was told that the Capitol's scientists had hijacked her, using the venom of Tracker Jackers, mutated wasps I knew myself very well from my first time in the arena. It was pumped into her body to the verge of death, maybe even beyond that point. But the Capitol's doctors did not let her die. After her mind was crushed as her body was, from endless torture even before the hijacking, they had let her go, knowing what importance she held for the rebellion. They sent her back the way I found her, lying in a bed of white roses, guarded by a coffin stuffed with red roses as a sign of love and affection. I understood the message; the red ones were meant for me, celebrating the fact that every possibility of her coming to love me one day, had been taken now. Destroyed, torn out, killed.

Snow sent her back, knowing that the rebels were to retrieve her. That's why he left us a message, written on her silky wristband.

"You can have your beloved Mockingjay back; hopefully you liked my present as much as I had enjoyed myself preparing it. Have fun with your last ray of hope."

Coin did not like it. Of course, she didn't. Katniss Everdeen, the Mockingjay, was the girl that triggered the rebellion. She was the one who managed to convince the people that they had to raise their voice. She was the first bird who sang the song of uprising and destruction and set the whole forest into motion. Now she fell silent, and became a Mockingjay that could not sing.

I spent a lot of time with doctor Sundower. He kept me in the loop about Katniss' condition and about her progress; which basically was nonexistent. She had completely lost it, didn't remember or even accept her own name and actually believed that President Snow had been her benefactor. They had twisted her mind around, kneaded it like dough and implanted it again in her emptied head. There simply was no hope of bringing her back to her former self.

After some time I would often ask Sundower to meet her, now that my injury had been healed, but he insisted that I should wait. Meeting her would not be the best idea right now. In addition to her aggressive and nasty behavior, she would sometimes simply pass out when they were talking to her about me, screaming and crying as if I tortured her with my own hands. No one could give me an exact explanation about this, or about what had really happened to her at the Capitol. But it was obviously that she hated every person she used to like before. Me, she despised me even more.

When she saw Finnick, she spat at his face again and told him, he was second on her 'to kill- list'.

When they let her meet with Beetee, she called him an asshole that would be better

off dead since no one cared for an old, warty geezer.

She called Johanna a treacherous slut and loudly regretted that she forgot to slice her throat, and Haymitch was told to be a stupid drunk (which was not particularly wrong, since he was even drinking during his visit) and a god damn bastard since he stuck up for me.

When they brought Gale to see her, she simply sent him away, saying that she never wanted to see his ugly face anymore. She seemed to be beyond repair, since she didn't even recognize her best friend. But I was also told that she somehow looked like she was psychically crushed after.

Primrose Everdeen, Katniss' little sister she loved more than her own life, as she proved it in her first games, was the last possibility to get ahold of her. Doctor Sundower told me, that Katniss actually called Primrose by her nickname (the first time she used anyones name anyway) and was being on friendly terms with her. They had a good little chat about this and that, but finally, when Primrose exposed herself as *'her sister'*, Katniss had gone on rampage, which was worse than any reaction that Sundower and Rockwell had ever seen.

"This is not Prim! What have you done to her?" she yelled literally her heart out as she struggled against the belts holding her. "You made her forget! You monsters changed her! Don't trust them! Don't trust anyone!"

Katniss started to cry right after Doctor Rockwell dismissed Primrose who was shaken to the core. The little girl didn't sleep for two days and nights straight, because she was scared of her big sister. It would happen from time to time that she came to my room and even crawled into my bed to get some sleep, like her sister had done it before. Both of them seemed to think that I was keeping away all of their nightmares. Strange enough that Katniss' nightmares were about losing her sister, while her sister's were about meeting Katniss.

I found out that Katniss mistook Primrose for Snows granddaughter. I could not understand how they actually managed to bend her mind as bad as this; she knew about Prim's existence and she obviously loved her, but the background was just wrong.

In the end, Rockwell even discarded the idea of bringing Suzanne Everdeen, Katniss' mother, into play.

Three weeks had passed since Katniss had been found in the train. Three weeks of uncertainty, when I finally was allowed to meet her. I insisted on it, even asked Coin for her permission, since the doctor's would not be happy about it. I convinced her by saying that I might be the only one to get through to Katniss, since we were lovers and all. Though she did not buy our acting all lovey-dovey by the beach (which I personally did not found to be a show actually), she got the feeling that I was not lying. And I wasn't, because I really believed that I could somehow manage. That *we* could somehow manage. I didn't accept her current state and I couldn't stand the thought that I could possibly have lost her.

Sundower wasn't thrilled about my plans, but since Coin had given me permission, there's nothing he could do about. Before the meeting I had to promise him that I followed his rules, though.

First: Never call Katniss by her name. I didn't get this one.

Second: Never talk about your homes, the Forest, District 12 or the games. Okay. I could try..

Third: Absolutely never ever mention hunting, killing or death itself. I could avoid it maybe.

Fourth: Never bring up the Capitol, the mentors or, by no means, Snow. Anything else?

I am able to talk to her about the weather, I thought ironically. There's not even such a thing like weather in the buried District 13. Is that it? This was ridiculous. But Sundower insisted on it, since all of those points could trigger episodes, attacks that simply broke down her mind. Since it seemed to be the best for Katniss, I unwillingly agreed to his terms. As long as I could meet her I'd accept anything anyway.

The docs made me wear some mic and an almost invisible ear-phone so they could keep in touch with me (without Katniss to notice) whenever I needed it. Actually I didn't think that they would be of any help, since I knew Katniss for far longer than they did. But on other hand, they knew *this* Katniss, whom I've never met. And I didn't like the thought that someone else would be more acquainted with her than me, since I was the one who truly understood her. I fought with her side by side in the arena twice, fought against every nightmare that haunted us. Haunted her. I stayed with her even in the darkest hours, and even when she cared for someone else she had feelings for; Gale.

I had never left her side, even when I finally accepted that she would never fall in love with me.

I wouldn't ever have admitted it, but It actually was really hard for me when I heard, that she met Gale instead of me. That he had gotten that privilege and I hadn't. It had hurt my pride. Kind of.

I approached her door. Doc Sundower warned me over the ear-phone that Katniss had not been informed about my upcoming entrance, which made me even more nervous. How would she react when she saw my face? My hands were shaking a little, when I reached for the doorknob. I gulped. Now or never.

I opened the door slowly and peeked into the room. Since she had been tied to her bed, she couldn't even lift her head to see who had just interrupted her privacy.

"Who's there?" she asked with a high pitched, friendly and almost singing voice, as if she welcomed me wholeheartedly. She somehow sounded like Effie when she had welcomed us to our first reaping. She seemed...nice.

"If you're coming to annoy me, get your ass out of here, motherfucker." She hummed.

I take that back, I thought immediately. There's nothing nice about her.

"It's me" I announced calmly. "And unfortunately I plan to stay, even if I was annoying."

Katniss gasped when she recognized my voice. At least she remembered it. She tried to stay calm about this and did not react as intensely as I expected her to, but when she raised her voice again, I knew that my presence was menacing to her.

"Oh and you think '*It's me*' would be a sufficient introduction?" she asked as if she didn't know and it was not possible to ignore that fear crept in her voice. She did not wait for another second.

"What do you want from me, blondie?"

"Talk, for starters."

"I can see that. We talked. So get out, *now*."

"I certainly have *not* waited for weeks to meet you, so that you could throw me out now after three seconds. I am not satisfied with just that."

I closed the door behind me to show her that I meant what I said. I could see how she jerked uncomfortable in her bed when she heard the sound of me closing the door, not being able to watch what I was doing and now knowing, that both of us would be alone in this room.

"Do I look like I care?" she hissed. "Did you come to finish me off, sweetheart?"

I remembered this very sentence coming from my mouth when she found me almost dying by the riverbanks last year. But I supposed it to be just coincidence. I heard Sundowers low voice crack through the ear-phone. "*No talk about killing, I told you. I will have to dismiss you if you don't cooperate with me!*" he warned. I rolled my eyes. Why should it be my fault when she brought this topic up?

"I have no reason and no intention of doing that. Never had and never will." I answered her truthfully and tried to guide our conversation in another direction.

"Liar! Why are all the people visiting me so fucking terrible liars? I remember how you had treed me back then. Was it funny? Did you not intend to kill me? I know that you can't wait to do me in!" she spat. "Why not now? No one's here, right? Just you, just me! Bring it on you wimp!"

"*That's enough. Peeta, retreat for now.*" Sundower stopped me even before I could talk to her like a normal person. Both of them did not give me even one chance to and I couldn't accept our conversation only lasting for one or two minutes at most.

"Even if you had forgotten, Katniss, I haven't. I am your friend. We are friends. I would never harm you" I told her when I moved closer, ignoring the instructions of doctor Sundower

"Oh yeah! That's why you knocked me down earlier!" she shrieked, forgetting about that I called her by her name.

"You obviously tried to kill me! No offending, but this wasn't nice of you either!" I

answered her angrily. I took a step closer again.

"I don't need to be ni..." she started hissing and then went silent all of a sudden. "Hey, ...what are you doing?" her voice shivered. She had challenged me to 'bring it on', but when I actually moved closer to her, her voice started to panic. She seemed to have lost her confidence in herself as she twitched her fingers nervously.

"Don't... don't come closer to me, asshole!" she cried in terror. "Don't come! Go away I said!"

I took an other step.

"Don't you dare to touch me! Don't do this to me!"

I reached out to her.

She tried to free herself out of her fetters and cried. Tears streamed down her temples as she was pleading me to stop. This took me aback. The girl lying in front of me was anything but strong and brave. She was scared, weak and trembling, as if I scared her to death and that was the last thing I ever had in mind. I stopped when she closed her eyes. If her hands weren't tied, she would have lifted them to her face to hide herself, but she couldn't. She realized that she was completely at my mercy and this made her feel scared even more.

I felt the urge to touch her, touch her forehead and tell her, that everything was okay. But when I got over to her, she started to whimper.

"Please. Please don't. Peeta."

I had crossed the line. The second I touched her soft cheek, she cried "**NOOO!**" and her eyes rolled up her head as she lost consciousness. Her body kept twitching and moved like a horrid dance. I jumped back in terror.

"Oh my god" I pressed through my teeth as Sundower entered the room and sedated her. As the morphling shot through her veins, she stopped moving immediately and her muscles relaxed.

"Foolish boy!" he gnashed as he shoved me away. "I think I'd clearly told you not to upset her!"

"S- Sorry" I mumbled. "I.. I didn't know this would happen."

"That's why I told you!" he answered angrily as he checked her pulse, while I wiped her tears carefully. As soon as he was convinced that everything was alright, he somewhat calmed down.

"How about you? Are you O.K.?"

"That... startled me a *little*" I confessed. Actually I felt my heart sink into my boots, but I didn't want him to know. I never felt this kind of fear before when I saw her thin,

wincing body.

"Usually I would tell you to go out and never come back in here. But your encounter just now was... *interesting*."

"Interesting" I repeated flatly.

"That girl reacted to you. She even remembered something real about you. And she called out your name; that's a first except for Primrose. I *might* want to work with you anytime soon again."

"What do you mean?" I asked surprised, my eyes widened. For the first time I managed to avert my gaze from her sleeping figure. She looked so vulnerable, so helpless. So broken. Of course I'd be happy to help them out if I can stay with Katniss in return and give her my strength if somehow possible. But how?

"I think you might be the one who could help her making some progress in recovering" he shared his thoughts.

"She can be healed?" I asked hopefully.

"No" he answered and I felt like my whole guts just had been ripped open. "She definitely won't find back to her old self, her mind's far too damaged for it. If we had rescued her sooner, the prejudice could have been reduced, but it's too late I fear."

"So we can't do anything" I whispered in defeat.

"We can. We can at least save her life for starters. I've seen a lot of prisoners being hijacked before. They went insane and committed suicide in their first weeks because they didn't know their own identity and purpose in life. They couldn't stand being alive after what the capitol has done to them. However, Katniss is strong. She has a strong mind and I hope that we can help her to find a more or less normal way to spend her life. At any rate she must catch a glimpse of her former ego, her family and her home in order to ... mend herself... It would be a wonder if she'd get better than that."

"She will. If it's Katniss, she definitely will. And I will help her no matter the cost."

It's the day when I was discharged from every duty within District 13.

The day I started to work under doctor Marcow Sundower.

The day I started to fight side by side with her again.

Whew. This one was actually hard to write. Sorry again for my crappy English. I try my best, but... I've got problems with times and tenses...pronouns... just everything! But I hope you get the story I want to convey to you :D It hurt when I had to write that Beetee was an asshole. I really like that old guy, but anyway. Katniss is being a bitch right now, so she's free to do what she wants anyway. (But it's even hard on me to write words like motherfucker xD damn it)

Have a very nice day!