

# Find Back To Me

## Everlark

Von Toast

### Kapitel 1: Where are you?

Hey guys!

Sorry for my bad English. I started this fanfiction in German, but I realized soon enough, that English is more beautiful than German. Lol. There will be a lot of mistakes, It's a little bit awkward for me, but please try to bear with it!

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#### Chapter 1: Where are you?

It should have been perfect. Every man and woman of the rescue team of district 13 had been selected very carefully and trained for this mission. The plan was good enough to work out, and even the progress reports that came in were all positive. The team headed out early in the morning, and it was expected to return two days after their departure.

Most of the rebels were just waiting in their rooms and prayed for a favorable outcome. Plutarch never left his seat and literally resided in the command center, never going out for even a second. So did Coin, Boggs, Haymitch and Finnick, who could never refrain himself from pacing up and down nervously.

"Is it time now?", he asked nervy, as he stroke through his bronze-colored hair.

"They should have contacted us since a while ago. What are they doing?"

"Calm down", Boggs reminded him. "They will. Soon. Everything will be alright."

But he didn't sound as reassuring as he wanted himself to be.

Haymitch never talked, but his hands found their way to the flask in his vest constantly. It was his own way to cope with his agitation and no one seemed to be bothered by his malodorous breath for once. Coin just played with her fingers, as she sank in her armchair.

I was not allowed to join them, regardless of how many times I had asked them. Haymitch stated that I should just busy myself with something else, since I seemed to be unstable lately. That would not have been surprising if we recap what had happened the last few weeks. I fought in the arena again, killed for my own survival and even lost the person, who is most important to me, to the claws of the capitol. And to top it all off, my whole homeland got burned down, including my home,

friends and their families.

'He has no say', I thought. 'After all, it's him who gets drunk as fast as possible if something bad happens. This is what I would call unstable. In fact, his state might be even worse than mine.'

Haymitch didn't have anyone to care about, since he survived his own games. Everyone he had has been tortured and killed by the capitol, as they weren't pleased with the circumstances of his victory. But twenty-four years later, his almost frozen heart has started to beat again, just because of two children who survived under his guidance. Two children who grew to be something like his own children. His new family. And now, one of his beloved kids is gone, reopening old scars that he had desperately tried to close by drinking for years.

Maybe he didn't want me to see him like this. We could have support each other, since we both were worried to death, but no matter how long I begged, the doors to the commander center stayed closed, leaving me no chance to enter. So I stayed right next to the doors waiting. Minutes. Hours. Days. I would have waited for a week if necessary. I was left with my hope alone, that I would be the first one to be told the latest news if anything happened. And it did.

I had to think about what happened that last day in the arena. It was my biggest mistake that I approved to let our little group split up. If I had only known that someone from outside, the rebels, tried to rescue us out of the killing floor, I would have made sure to stay with everyone. Escape together. Survive together.

As soon as the force field burst in an earsplitting bang, someone grabbed me from behind and literally threw me into the hovercraft.

"You are safe. Now stay down", a strangely familiar voice told me.

I felt dizzy and was on the verge of losing consciousness. I hit my head quite hard when the explosion had wiped me off my feet, but I still managed to realize that some people of my alliance were missing.

"What about the others? Tell me!"

I shouted but no one would answer me.

"Where are they? What are you doing?"

Silence.

"What the fuck is happening here?! Let me go back! The others are still..."

Someone knocked me out from behind. The last thing I could sense was the deep darkness I sank into. I could hear the distant cracking of machine guns around me and the sound of detonations. Screams. I just couldn't differ if I really heard them or if they were just products of my own mind.

When I came to again, I was already brought to the headquarter of the rebellion – District 13. I couldn't remember what happened first, but when I spotted Finnick who lay in the bed next to mine, I remembered.

"Finnick!" I shouted and got up immediately. "Finnick, where are we?"

The young man was already awake.

"Oh, hello there", he answered calmly as he blinked. "It took you a long time to come back to us. We are out of the arena, ...obviously." He added.

"I can see that", I replied untouched. "Where is 'out of the arena'?"

"District 13."

"What?"

"District 13, I said."

I gasped. "How can this be? District 13 doesn't exist anymore."

"Does it look like it doesn't exist to you?" he stated and looked around. I followed his glance. The room we were in looked like a clinical center, but not like the one of the capitol, where I had found myself in after my first hunger games. This one looked more like there were also humans treating their patients and not only machines.

I shook my head. "Apparently we ought to be *somewhere*. How did we get here?"

"The rebels saved us. This rescue was planned well in advance, since the rules for the quarter quell were released to the public. But we never told you 'cause it wasn't safe enough to do so."

"You knew?"

He nodded what left me quite speechless. "Haymitch will tell you everything", he promised.

"Haymitch? He's here?"

"Yeah, he is. You should thank him later, since he's the one who pulled the strings amongst others all along."

I couldn't believe it. How was this even possible? I was sure that I'd die back there. I planned to just live as long as my friend would need me to survive the game. And then go. Forever. I hadn't even dreamt of the possibility that we would make it out alive again. Now I've been given a future. Again!

I was relieved to know that Finnick was by my side and I really thought for a second, that everyone else was safe, too. But the other beds around us were all left untouched.

Finnick explained to me.

Slowly.

Except us, Beetee was the only one to get out of there. Fortunately, he fell over right next to me, when the explosion occurred and picked up at the same time. The others were not to be found early enough, the security of the capitol came into action much faster than the rebels had ever expected. They've triggered all traps at once. A big wave came out of nowhere and almost hit the hovercraft, which managed to start last minute. However they had to abandon the rest of the tributes to their fates.

This happened weeks ago. When I was able to leave the clinic, I started to hang out in front of the commander center, never even once going to the room which was assigned to me. At least not for eating or sleeping, but even I had to go to wash myself sometimes. Finnick was the only one who leaked information to me. Haymitch simply let me be, and Beetee didn't think he was close to me at all to comfort me. Let alone Coin or Boggs, her 'footboy'.

They didn't even care to tell me, when the rescue team launched for their mission. I guess, Haymitch just had been afraid that it would come to my mind to join in secret. If someone had told me about D-day, I would have jumped on board of the next hovercraft immediately. I wanted to be in that mission badly. I wanted to save my dear ones from the capitol, but no one let me. No one gave me the chance to do it. They told me I was too 'important' to risk my life for that. Instead of me, they let Gale go, because he got the trust of the government in District 13 and also seemed to already

be a big shot in thirteen's troops.

I waited till the next morning, when Finnick and Beetee left the center. Finnick's tanned skin looked rather pale for the first time I saw him. His eyes seemed to be cold as ice when he looked at me. Beetee just walked on, pearls of sweat forming on his forehead.

"What's going on?" I asked breathless. I knew something wasn't right, because he couldn't manage to look into my eyes.

"Finnick?"

He shook his head. It felt as if someone hit me in my stomach and ripped it apart.

"Finnick?" I asked again, as my voice trembled in terror.

"The mission didn't succeed" he said.

"Why? What happened?", I panicked.

"There was no one to be found in the prison, except for Johanna and Annie. They made it."

Under different circumstances I would have been happy for him. But I wasn't. I didn't care about Annie's rescue now, I couldn't care less about her at the moment.

"And what about -", I began terrified. Finnick stopped me.

"Katniss is *lost*. I am sorry."

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This is my first fanfiction written in English. I am so sorry for all the mistakes. I gave my best, and it still took me ages to just write this tiny chapter!

Actually, I didn't want you to know in whose point of view I wrote. I hope I surprised you a little.

Stay tuned for the second chapter! They may get short, but I'm sure you will like the story.