The boy from District 1 dies before he can pull out the spear. My arrow drives deeply into the center of his neck. He falls to his knees and halves the brief remainder of his life by yanking out the arrow and drowning in his own blood. Rue has rolled to her side, her body curved in and around the spear. I shove the boy away from the net. One look at the wound and I know it’s far beyond my capacity to heal. The spearhead is buried up to the shaft in her stomach. “

Impulsively I lean forward and kiss him, stopping his words. This is probably overdue anyway since he’s right, we are supposed to madly in love. It’s the first time I’ve ever kissed a boy. “Well, there’s more swelling, but the pus is gone, “I say in an unsteady voice. “I know what blood poisoning is, Katniss,” says Peeta.