

Year 6 Sprite

This half term, our new IPC topic is all about Evolution and Adaptation alongside our core text of The Hunger Games. The children are so engaged in this topic already! This week, we have explored the thoughts and feelings of the tributes (Katniss and Peeta), who have been chosen to represent their District in the Games. Take a look at some of the emotional diary entries, which have been written from the perspective of Peeta.

Florence

Dear diary,

I think I've gone mad. I mean the things that happened today...they just...it cannot... it cannot be real! I'm the baker's son, I'm Peeta Mellark - I'm the male tribute in the Hunger Games! I gives me massive Deja vu to think this morning my biggest worry was burning bakery bread and selling enough creamy, caramelized cakes but now I've LEGIT GOT TO CONSIDER HOW I CAN POSSIBLY COMMIT COLD BLOODED MURDER IN ORDER TO WIN LITTLE MORE THAN A GAME SHOW FOR WEALTHY PEOPLE'S ENTERTAINMENT!!!

I apologize, I just can't seem to process everything that's happened. I remember it clearly now... standing up there, cautiously staring out at thousands of faces, contoured in pain but hardly bothering to conceal their obvious relief at being spared another year. Almost glaring at the crowd, Katniss, the girl I've been totally obsessed with since I was eight years old, jutted out her jaw and blinked rapidly four times- although I knew she would never admit it, I knew she was fighting a losing battle to keep her tears from rolling down her icy, rosy cheeks. Next to me, a maniac, spookily pale woman stood, clearly enjoying this dreary, dismal event far too much- read the room lady, everyone hates you and your evil, manipulative idea of entertainment so go ruin some other teenagers lives! Honestly, the Capitols idea of fashion is...bizarre, in a word. Even now, my inevitable death looms above me like a solemn rain cloud, ruining everything, eating me alive.

In a world of my own, I glanced tentatively at Katniss for reassurance but little was received-she was clearly reminiscing the reaping, her mind and heart still in District 12, still with poor, vulnerable Prim and her terrified, unreliable mother; I longed to soothe her, but was anxious of what she would say - after all she is now my opponent, I could either murder the love of my life, or be killed by the love of my life! What kind of alternate universe is that question asked?!?!?!? Looking miserably out of the window, I had never felt more useless-I had knocked on death's door and was simply waiting in the reception area for the right time to enter. Pulling to a halt, I sucked in my breath as I caught sight of the beast of a machine that would whizz me of to the Capitol in less than three days- obviously, to the Capitol, it was just another train, not the best so not worth fussing over-the best ones would be reserved for the higher up districts and the Capitol itself.

Tentatively boarding the vast, next-generation train, I was awestruck-how could it be possible? Certain I had lost the grip on the real world, I scanned the luxurious, comforting carriage that enveloped me with a certain(obviously called for) level of suspicion- Katniss was clearly already rubbing of on me- while stumbling in a thick, cosy carpet that seemed to eat my feet, never had I ever felt more inferior, more out of my depth. Jerking my head up-while hurting my neck! -I locked eyes with an obviously drunk, clearly useless man. He was as ragged as a street urchin and his hair was as unkempt as a birds nest! No need for an introduction-Haymitch had arrived! His brooding, muscled form loomed over the liquor station and I shivered- I had no hope!

More later,
Peter

Miller

Dear, diary

Today was the worst day of my life...It felt like it would be almost impossible, however here I am. As I walked up to the stage, four peacekeepers led me up by gripping their hands aggressively onto my wrist; they pushed me up on stage next to Katniss (my life-long crush). Despite excited Effie announcing us as tributes, I could not hear a word she was saying. To be fair, scared was an understatement. In a state of sheer and utter panic, I turned to look at Katniss knowing I would have to kill her to survive...but I can't do it. If I was to kill her, I will not be able to stand the guilt for the rest of my life, not only due to the fact that she is my one true love but how would I return to District 12 and face her innocent family, especially her younger sister Prim.

Staring out the freshly polished window, I felt a mix of emotions but I was unable to express them having never experienced such an intense feeling before. Flashbacks raced through my mind of my duties as a baker, thinking of my impending death. Enduring the pain, I watched my house vanish away. Residents from District twelve surrounded the car with the peacekeepers and news reporters in front of them asking us questions.

As I boarded and sat down on the speeding 250 mph train, I looked up to see all of the luxurious food that I could never imagine. As I glanced at Effie Trinket in disgust as she suggested that we enjoy all of the grand food and drinks. How could I eat when my stomach is full of terror? Even though I was the baker's son, I have never seen this good of bakery food in my life. Hopefully I can write in my diary tomorrow.

Good night, Petta.