

THE HUNGER GAMES, Chapter 1

When I wake up, the other side of the bed is cold. My fingers stretch out, seeking Prim's warmth but finding only the rough canvas cover of the mattress. She must have had bad dreams and climbed in with our mother. Of course, she did. This is the day of the reaping.

Sitting at Prim's knees, guarding her is the world's ugliest cat. Mashed-in nose, half of one ear missing, eyes the colour of rotten squash. Prim named him Buttercup, insisting that his muddy yellow coat matched the bright flower. He hates me. Or at least he distrusts me. Even though it was years ago, I think he still remembers how I tried to drown him in a bucket when Prim brought him home. Scrawny kitten, belly swollen with worms, crawling with fleas. The last thing I needed was another mouth to feed.

Electrified or not, the fence has been successful at keeping the flesh-eaters out of District 12. Inside the woods they roam freely, and there are added concerns like venomous snakes, rabid animals, and no real paths to follow.

But there's also food if you know how to find it. My father knew and he taught me some before he was blown to bits in a mine explosion. There was nothing even to bury. I was eleven then. Five years later, I still wake up screaming for him to run.

When I was younger, I scared my mother to death, the things I would blurt out about District 12, about the people who rule our country, Panem, from the far-off city called the Capitol. Eventually I understood this would only lead us to more trouble. So I learned to hold my tongue and to turn my features into an indifferent mask so that no one could ever read my thoughts. Do my work quietly in school. Make only polite small talk in the public market. Discuss little more than trades in the Hob, which is the black market where I make most of my money. Even at home, where I am less pleasant, I avoid discussing tricky topics. Like the reaping, or food shortages, or the Hunger Games. Prim might begin to repeat my words then where would we be? ...

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:

1. Who had bad dreams?
2. What's the cat's name?
3. Does the narrator like the cat?
4. How did the narrator's father die?
5. How old was the narrator when her father died?
6. Where does the narrator live? What's her country called?
7. What's the Hob?
8. Do you know who the narrator is?

MATCH THE WORDS TO THEIR MEANINGS:

| | |
|---------------------|--|
| A canvas cover | Espachurrado/a |
| A rotten squash | Ahogar a alguien |
| Mashed-in | Una cubierta de lona |
| A fence | Vagar/Deambular |
| To drown someone | Canibales |
| To roam | Una calabaza podrida |
| To be blown to bits | Una valla |
| To bury | Contar de buenas a primeras/De cir algo sin pensar |
| Features | Ser volado en pedazos |
| To blurt out | Rangos |
| Flesh-eaters | Enterrar |

WRITE 4 SENTENCES USING THE WORDS/EXPRESSIONS FROM THE EXERCISE ABOVE: