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Victory will make you famous. Loss means certain death. The Nation of Panem, formed from post-apocalyptic North America, is a country that consists of a wealthy region of the Capitol, surrounded by 12 poor neighborhoods. Early in its history, the 13th Circuit uprising against the Capitol led to its destruction and the creation of an annual television event known as the Hunger Games. As a punishment, and as a reminder of the power and grace of the Capitol, each district must give one boy and one girl between the ages of 12 and 18 through the lottery system to participate in games. Tributes are chosen during the annual Reaper and forced to fight to the death, leaving only one survivor to claim victory. When the younger sister of 16-year-old Katniss, Prim, will be selected as a representative of District 12, Katniss volunteers to take her place. She and her male colleague Pete, opposing more, stronger representatives, some of whom have trained for this all their lives. she sees it as a death sentence. But Katniss was close to death before. For her, survival is second nature. READ BOOK ONLINE FREE Heads Divergent Series Complete Collection: Divergent, Rebels, AllegiantAll Three Books in #1 New York Times Bestselling Divergent Series Books Available Together in This Digital Collection! Perfect for donors, collectors and fans new to the series, the collection includes Divergent, Insurgent, and Allegiant, as well as bonus content: a 48-page guide to the series, including Faction Manifestos, Faction Quiz and Results, WA with Veronica Roth, playlists, discussion issues, inspiration series, and more! Divergent: One choice can transform you. Veronica Roth's debut in the #1 New York Times is a gripping dystopian tale of electrifying choice, powerful consequences, unexpected romance and a deeply flawed perfect society. Rebel: One choice can destroy you. Veronica Roth's second #1 the New York Times continues the dystopian thrills of the ride. As war escalates in all its factions, Tris tries to save those she loves and herself, struggling with the obsessive issues of grief and forgiveness, identity and loyalty, politics and love. Allegiant: Veronica Roth's explosive conclusion in the #1 New York Times bestselling Divergent trilogy reveals the secrets of a dystopian world that has captivated millions of readers. And don't miss The Fates Divide. Veronica Roth's powerful sequel to the bestselling Cut Sign! Running in the Maze (Maze Runner, Book One). Book OneThe first book in the blockbuster phenomenon Maze Runner series now features chapters from the highly anticipated conclusion series, Fever Code, a book that finally reveals the story of how the maze was built! When Thomas wakes up in the elevator, the only thing he remembers is his name. He is surrounded by strangers- boys, whose memories have also disappeared. Beyond the towering the walls that surround them surround, boundless, ever-changing labyrinth, it's the only way out, and no one's ever made it alive. Then a girl comes. The first girl in life. And the message it delivers is terrifying. Remember. Survive. Run. Maze Runner and Maze Runner: Scorch Trials are currently major motion pictures starring MTV's Teen Wolf, Dylan O'Brien, Kaia Scodelario, Aml Amini, Will Poulter, and Thomas Brodie-Sangster. The third film, Maze Runner: The Death Cure, will be released in 2018. Also look for James Dashner in the edge of your place MORTALITY DOCTRINE series! Praise series Maze Runner: A #1 New York Times Best-selling US series Today bestselling Kirkus Reviews Best Teen Book of the Year ALA-YASLA Best Fiction for Young Adult Book ALA-YALSA Fast Choice A Mysterious Survival Saga that passionate fans describe as a confluence of Lord of the Flies, The Hunger Games, and Lost. - EW.com wonderful action writing fast-paced ... but smart and well observed. - Newsday And nail-biting should read. - Seventeen.com Breathless, cinematic action. - Publishers Weekly Heart pounding until the very last moment. -Kirkus Reviews Exclamation worthy. - James Dashner's Romantic Times in the illuminating prequel (The Kill Order) will excite fans of this Maze Runner (series) and prove just as exciting for readers new to the series. - Shelf awareness, Snr Take a deep breath before starting any book by James Dashner. -Deseret News Thriller Fast Tempo stories that just maybe you keep the lights on overnight. 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Literary fiction is a genre category for satirical, historical, female, world and contemporary fiction. Guidebooks and memoirs. Religion/ Spirituality is a genre category for all works of fiction and non-fiction in which focus or central morality is religious or spiritual in nature. Part one Tribute When I wake up, the other side of the bed is cold. My fingers are stretched, looking for the warmth of prima, but finding only a coarse canvas cover of the mattress. She must have had bad dreams and climbed into our mother's. Of course she did. It's a day of reaping. I'm propping myself up on one elbow. There's enough light in the bedroom to see them. My younger sister, Prim, curled up on her side, a cocoon in my mother's body, their cheeks pressed against each other. In my dream, my mother looks younger, still worn out, but not so beaten up. The face of Prim is as fresh as a rain drop, as beautiful as the primrose for which it was named. My mother was also very beautiful. Or so they tell me. Sitting on her lap Prim, guarding her, is the ugliest cat in the world. The puree is in the nose, half of one ear is missing, the eyes are the color of rolling squash. Prim called it Buttercup, insisting that his dirty yellow coat matched the bright flower. I le hates me. Or at least he doesn't trust me. Although it was many years ago, I think he still remembers how I tried to drown him in a bucket when Prim brought him home. Dirty kitten, belly swollen from worms, crawling fleas. The last thing I needed was another mouth to feed! But Prim begged so much, even cried. I had to let him stay. Turns out it's all right. My mother got rid of the pests and he was born mouser. Even catches a random rat. Sometimes when I clean to kill, I feed Buttercup the insides. He stopped squirmsing at me. Inside. There's no sing. It's the closest thing we'll ever love. I'm kicking out of bed and gliding in hunting boots. The elastic skin that's cast in my shape. I pull on my pants, shirt, tuck my long dark braid into a hat, and grab my feed bag. On the table, under a wooden bowl to protect it from hungry rats and cats alike, sits the perfect little goat cheese wrapped in basil leaves. Prima's gift to me on the day of the dinner. I put the cheese thoroughly in my pocket as I slip outside. Our part of District 12, nicknamed The Seam, tends to crawl with miners heading into the morning shift at this hour. Men and women with hunched shoulders, swollen Many of them have long stopped trying to wash coal dust from broken nails, lines of their sunken faces. The ash of the street is empty. The shutters on the squat gray houses are closed. Reap not to two. Can also sleep in. Our house is almost on the edge of the seam. I only have to pass a few gates to reach a dirty field called Meadow. Separating meadow from forest, actually attached to all area 12, is a high chain link fence topped with barbed loops. Theoretically, it should be electrified twenty-four hours a day as a deterrent to predators who live in forest-swarms of wild dogs, lone cougars, bears that used to threaten our streets. But since we are lucky enough to get two or three hours of electricity in the evenings, it is usually safe to touch. Even so, I always take a moment to listen carefully to the drone, which means the fence is live. Right now, he's silent like a rock. Hidden by a cluster of bushes, I smoothed on my stomach and slide under a two foot stretch that has been loose for years. There are a few other weaknesses in the fence, but it's so close to home I almost always walk into the woods here. Once I'm in the trees, I get a bow and shell arrows from a hollow log. Electrified or not, the fence was successful in keeping the carnivores out of Area 12. Inside the forest they roam freely, and there are additional challenges like venomous snakes, rabid animals, and no real ways to follow. But there is also food if you know how to find it. My father knew and he taught me before he was blown to pieces by a mine explosion. There was nothing to bury. I was eleven at the time. Five years later, I still wake up screaming for him to run. Although infiltration into forests is illegal and poaching carries the harshest penalties, more and more people are at risk if they had weapons. But most are not brave enough to go out with just a knife. My bow is a rarity created by my father along with several others that I keep well hidden in the woods, carefully wrapped in waterproof lids. My father could have made good money by selling it, but if officials had learned that he would have been publicly executed for sedition. Most peacekeepers turn a blind eye to the few of us who hunt because they are as hungry for fresh meat as anyone else. In fact, they are some of our best customers. But the idea that someone could arm a seam would never have been allowed. In autumn, a few brave souls make their way into the woods for apples. But always in the sight of Meadows. Always close enough to return to the security of Area 12 if problems arise. District Twelve. Where you can starve to death in safety, I mutter. Even here, even off the beaten track, you're worried that someone might overhear you. When I was younger, I scared my mother to death, what I would blur about District 12, about the people who rule our country, Panem, from a distant city called the Capitol. In the eventually I realized that this would only lead us to more trouble. Sooo Sooo learned to keep my mouth shut and turn my features into an indifferent mask so that no one could ever read my mind. I work quietly at the school. Make only polite small conversations in the public market. Discuss a little more than bidding in Hob, which is a black market where I make most of my money. Even at home, where I'm less pleasant, I avoid discussing tricky topics. How to reap, or lack of food, or The Hunger Games. Prim can start repeating my words and then, where would we be? There's only one person in the woods waiting for me to be myself. Gail. I feel the muscles in my face relaxing, my pace elastic as I climb the hills to our place, a rock ledge overlooking the valley. The thickets of berry bushes protect it from unwanted eyes. The sight of his waiting there brings a smile. Gail says I never smile except in the woods. Hey, Catnip, says Gail. My real name is Katniss, but when I first told him, I barely whispered it. And he thought I said cat meep. Then, when this crazy lynx started following me through the woods looking for handouts, it became his official nickname for me. I finally had to kill the lynx because he was scared of the game. I almost regretted it because it wasn't bad company. But I got a decent price for his skin. Look what I shot, Gail keeps a loaf of bread with an arrow stuck in it, and I laugh. This is real bread from baked goods, not flat, dense loaves that we make from our grain rations. I take it in my hands, pull out the arrow, and keep a puncture in the crust to the nose, inhaling the aroma that makes my mouth flood saliva. Lovely bread like this for special occasions. Um, it's still warm, I say. He must have been at the bakery at dawn to exchange for him. What did it cost you? Just a squirrel. I think the old man felt sentimental this morning, says Gale. He even wished me luck. Well, we all feel a little closer today, don't we? I say without even bothering myself rolling my eyes. Prim left us cheese. I'm pulling him out. His expression brightens up the treat. Thank you, Prim. We're going to have a real holiday. Suddenly he gets into the Capitol accent as he mimics Effie Trinket, a manly upbeat woman who arrives once a year to read out names on jumps. I almost forgot! Happy Hunger Games! He pulls a few blackberries out of the bushes around us. And let the odds-He throws the berry in a high arc to me. I catch it in my mouth and break the delicate skin with my teeth. Sweet tartness explodes on my tongue. Be in your favor someday! I finish with an equal verve. We have to joke about it because the alternative is to be afraid of your mind. Also, the Capitol accent is so affected, almost everyone sounds funny in it. He could be my brother. Straight black hair, olive skin, we even have the same gray eyes. But we relatives, at least not in mines are so similar to each other. That is, my mother and Prim, with their blond hair and blue eyes, always look out of place. It is, My mother's parents were part of a small merchant class that caters to officials, peacekeepers and casual Seam clients. They ran a pharmacist in a nicer part of District 12. Since almost no one can afford doctors, pharmacists are our healers. My father met my mother because on his hunt he sometimes collect medicinal herbs and sell them to his shop to be welded into remedies. She must have loved him so he could leave home for Shw. I try to remember that when all I see is a woman who sits next to, empty and unattainable, while her children turn to the skin and bones. I'm trying to forgive her for my father. But to be honest, I'm an forgiving type. Gail spreads slices of bread with soft goat cheese, carefully placing a sheet of basil on each while I strip the bushes of their berries. We'll settle in a corner in the rocks. From this place, we are invisible, but have a clear idea of a valley that is teeming with summer life, greenery to gather, roots to dig, fish iridescent in the sun. The day is glorious, with a blue sky and a soft breeze. The food is wonderful, with cheese seeping into the warm bread and the berries bursting in our mouths. Everything would be fine if it really was a holiday, if the whole weekend meant roaming the mountain with Gail, hunting for dinner tonight. But instead we should stand in the square for two hours waiting for the names to be called. We could do it, you know, Gail speaks softly. A what? I'm asking. Leave the area. Run away. Stay in the woods. You and I, we could do it, says Gail. I don't know how to react. The idea is so ridiculous. If we didn't have so many kids, he adds quickly. They're not our children, of course. But they might as well be. Gail is two younger brothers and a sister. Prim. And you can also throw in our mothers, too, because how would they live without us? Who would fill those mouths that always ask for more? With us both hunting daily, there are still nights when the game has to be replaced by lard or laces or wool, still nights when we go to sleep with our stomach growl. I never want to have children, I say. I could. If I didn't live here, Gail says. But you know, I say, exasperated. Forget it, he clicks back. The conversation feels all wrong. Leave? How can I leave Prima, who is the only person in the world I'm sure I love? And Gail is devoted to his family. We can't leave, so why talk about it? And even if we did... even if we did... Where did these things come from about children coming? There was never anything romantic between Me and Gail. When we met, I was 12 years old, and although he was only two years older, he looked like a man. It took us a long time to even become friends, to stop haggling over every trade and help each other. Besides, if he wants to Gayle won't have a problem finding his wife. He's good enough, he's strong enough to handle the mines, and he can hunt. You can tell by the way the girls whisper about him when he walks past at school that they want him. It makes me jealous, but not for the reason people will think. Good hunting partners are hard to find. What do you want to do? I'm asking. We can hunt, fish or gather. Let's fish on the lake. We can leave our poles and gather in the woods. Get something good for today, he says. Tonight. After reaping, everyone should celebrate. And many people do, out of relief, that their children have been spared for another year. But at least two families will pull their shutters, lock doors, and try to figure out how they will survive the painful weeks ahead. We're good at untie. Predators ignore us on a day when lighter, tastier prey abounds. By late morning we have a dozen fish, a bag of greens and, best of all, a gallon of strawberries. I found the patch a few years ago, but Gail had the idea of a string of mesh nets around it to keep under animal protection. On the way home, we swing to Hob, a black market that operates in an abandoned warehouse that once held coal. When they came up with a more efficient system that transported coal directly from the mines to the trains, Hob gradually took over the space. Most businesses are closed by this time of the day of reaping, but the black market is still quite busy. We easily exchange six fish for good bread, the other two for salt. Greasy Sae, a bony old woman who sells bowls of hot soup from a large kettle, removes half the greens from our hands in exchange for a couple of pieces of paraffin. We could have done a little better elsewhere, but we make an effort to maintain a good relationship with Greasy Sae. She's the only one you can count on to buy a wild dog. We don't hunt them on purpose, but if you're attacked and you take a dog or two, well, meat is meat. One of them in the soup, I'll call it beef, Greasy Sae says with a wink. No one in the seam will turn their nose on a good leg of a wild dog, but the peacekeepers who come to Hob can afford to be a little picky. When we finish our business in the market, we go to the back door of the mayor's house to sell half the strawberries, knowing that he has a special love for them and can afford our price. The mayor's daughter, Madge, opens the door. She's in my year at school. As the mayor's daughter, you might expect her to be a snob, but she's fine. She just keeps herself to herself. Like me. Since neither of us actually has a group of friends, we seem to end up together a lot at school. Lunch, sitting next to each other at meetings, collaborating for sporting events. We rarely talk about what we're both comfortable with. Today her grey school attire was replaced by an expensive white dress, and her blonde hair is made with Tape. To reap clothes. Pretty dress, says Gail. Madge shoots him. Look, trying to see if it's a genuine compliment, or if it's just ironic. It's a beautiful dress, but she'll never wear it normally. She presses her lips and then smiles. Well, if I end up going to the Capitol, I want to look good, right? Now it's Gayle's turn to get confused. Does she mean that? Or is she messing with him? I'm guessing the second one. You won't go to the Capitol, Gail says in cold blood. His eyes land on the small, circular pin that adorns her dress. Real gold. Beautifully crafted. This can keep the family in bread for months. What can you have? Five records? I was six when I was only twelve years old. It's not her fault, I say. Just the way it is, says Gail. Madge's face closed. She puts money on berries in my hand. Good luck, Katniss. You, too, I say, and the door closes. We go to the seam in silence. I don't like Gayle being in Madge, but he's right, of course. The reaping system is unfair, and the poor get the worst out of it. You are eligible for the day you turn twelve. This year, your name is made once. Thirteen, twice. And so on and so forth until you reach the age of eighteen, the last year of eligibility when your name goes to the pool seven times. This is true for every citizen in all twelve districts across the country of Panem. But here's the catch. Tell me you're poor and starving like us. You can add your name more times in exchange for tesserae. Each tessera is worth a meager year supplying grain and oil for one person. You can do this for each of your family members as well. So, at the age of twelve, I had my name logged in four times. Once, because I had to, and three times for tesserae for grain and oil for myself, Prim, and my mother. In fact, every year I had to do it. And the records are cumulative. So now, at the age of sixteen, my name will reap twenty times. Gail, who is eighteen years old and who helps or single-handedly feeds a family of five for seven years, will have his name forty-two. You can see why someone like Madge, who has never been at risk of needing tessera, can install it. The chance her name is drawn is very slim compared to those of us who live in a seamstress. Not impossible, but subtle. And while the rules were set by the Capitol, not the districts, certainly not the Madge family, it's hard not to be offended by those who shouldn't sign up for tesserae. Hungry Games Suzanne Collins / Young Adults / Action and Adventure have a rating of 4.1 out of 5 / Based on111 votes hunger games books free download. hunger games books free pdf. the hunger games trilogy books pdf free download. audio books hunger games free. hunger games books pdf download free. free audio books hunger games catching fire. hunger games trilogy books free download. hunger games audio books free download

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