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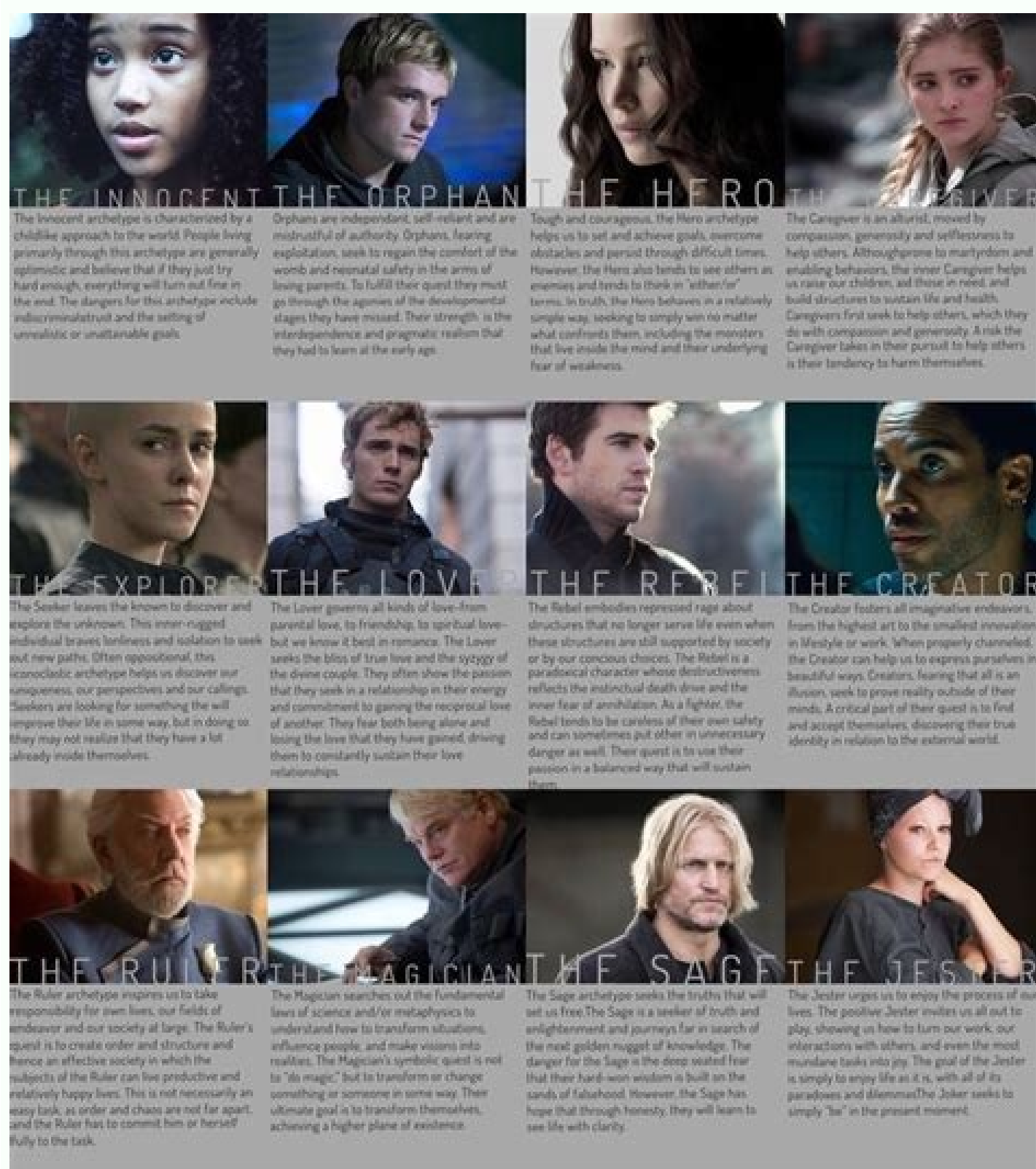
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Learning Deep Architectures for AI

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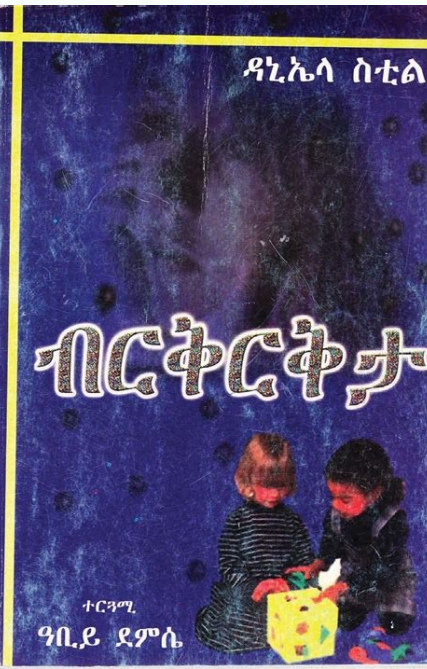


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50TH ANNIVERSARY ONE-VOLUME EDITION
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People keep talking at me, talking, talking, talking. But not Alma Coin, the president of 13, who just watches. I can reach you. Myself more than anyone. "What am I going to do?" I whisper to the walls. I won't have to do it alone. Not when they're finally weaning me off the medication. Then, inexplicably, my palms begin to sweat. There's been next to no rain to disturb the piles of ash left by the attack. Perfect. And it was from there they watched the distant flames eat up everything they knew in the world. When I begin to gag at the stench, I back away and clear out. The citizens of District 12 had no organized resistance movement of their own. "Katniss. The soft leather feels soothing and for a moment I'm calmed by the memories of the hours spent wrapped in it. And who did they fish out of the arena instead? The only area that escaped incineration was the Victor's Village. I puzzle over what it might have been, then remember Thread's recent renovations of the square. Around the perimeter is a shallow border of refuse where the shops stood. I don't bother to say anything. But until I do, I'm stuck. But a man named Dalton, a District 10 refugee who'd made it to 13 on foot a few years ago, leaked the real motive to me. He's up in a hovercraft, watching me carefully, ready to swoop in if anything goes amiss. Those over fourteen have been given entry-level ranks in the military and are addressed respectfully as "Soldier." Every single refugee was granted automatic citizenship by the authorities of 13. I escaped. I jab him with my elbow, but this only infuriates him. No breeze to scatter them. It whispers. I can find you. He understands I don't want anyone with me today. Fewer than a dozen of what passed for District 12's well-to-do escaped the fire. How long has it been here? They were being cared for. To become the Mockingjay...could any good I do possibly outweigh the damage? A hovercraft materializes and a ladder drops down. I'm somewhat fascinated by her hair, since it's so uniform, so without a flaw, a wisp, even a split end. Her goat, Lady, an animal of actual value, has unfortunately not made an appearance. That sent the whole country of Panem into chaos. A heap of blackened rubble has replaced the Justice Building. They were alive and eagerly welcomed. The place seems untouched. What am I going to do? I must now become the actual leader, the face, the voice, the embodiment of the revolution. I squeeze my eyes shut and try to reach for him across the hundreds and hundreds of miles, to send my thoughts into his mind, to let him know he is not alone. If I knew for sure that he was dead, I could just disappear into the woods and never look back. And I know immediately who's sent it to me. The authorities in District 13 were against my coming back. Gale had two sets of bows and arrows, one hunting knife, one fishing net, and over eight hundred terrified people to feed. In the kitchen doorway, back arched, ears flattened, stands the ugliest tomcat in the world. I whip around to face the room and find it empty. They want to transform Finnick into a rebel leader as well, but first they'll have to get him to stay awake for more than five minutes. Most likely he is dead. Read allKatniss Everdeen is in District 13 after she shatters the games forever. Except for one unfinished piece of business. I pick up a few remembrances: a photo of my parents on their wedding day, a blue hair ribbon for Prim, the family book of medicinal and edible plants. The Capitol hates me. "They need you. He blinks those unpleasant yellow eyes. "Want to see Prim?" I ask. Ashes billow up around me, and I pull the hem of my shirt up over my mouth. Still, I can never get around the fact that District 13 was instrumental in 12's destruction. The credit for the survivors' escape has landed squarely on Gale's shoulders, although he's loath to accept it. Everything in its place. Peeta being tortured - drowned, burned, lacerated, shocked, maimed, beaten - as the Capitol tries to get information about the rebellion that he doesn't know. Of course, I hate the Capitol, but I have no confidence that my being the Mockingjay will benefit those who are trying to bring it down. Her eyes are gray, but not like those of people from the Seam. The person who the districts - most of which are now openly at war with the Capitol - can count on to blaze the path to victory. He can get in and out of the house through a window we always left ajar in the pantry. "You all right?" "Yeah," I say, wiping the sweat off my face with my sleeve. It brings on the flood of images that torments me, awake or asleep. My stylist, Cinna, being dragged, bloody and unconscious, from the Launch Room before the Games. I walk to the approximate site of the bakery Peeta's family owned. Some were incinerated entirely. Not even him. And I can't help him. I realize I'm crouched down now, elbows on my thighs, my head braced between my hands. It rolled over and over and landed faceup, and for a long time I couldn't stop looking at the teeth, wondering whose they were, thinking of how mine would probably look the same way under similar circumstances. And you. He's very smart and very willing to help the cause, but not really firebrand material. I refuse to consider the alternative. But he is. Because I really don't know. So much so that I made it a condition of my cooperating with any of their plans. What they want is for me to truly take on the role they designed for me. Running. He herded those he could in its direction, including my mother and Prim. Yet within fifteen minutes, the sky was filled with hoverplanes and the bombs were raining down. But so what? No word of her or her family. Cloying and artificial. President Snow. I back away from the bakery and bump into something, lose my balance, and find myself sitting on a hunk of sun-heated metal. My nose twitches. A pain stabs my left temple and I press my hand against it. The book falls open to a page with yellow flowers and I shut it quickly because it was Peeta's brush that painted them. "No. I'm fine." To reinforce this, I begin to move away from my old house and in toward the town. Because I did. He's angry at his abandonment. No say in any of this. I step on and the current freezes me until I'm lifted on board. Awful back, there was some sort of pox epidemic that killed a bunch of them and left a lot more infertile. Peeta was taken prisoner. This is hard because the effects of the concussion she gave me haven't completely subsided and my thoughts still have a tendency to jumble together. Except me... Burning. Under the leadership of President Coin and the advice of her trusted friends, Katniss spreads her wings as she fights to save Peeta and a nation moved by her courage. Katniss Everdeen is in District 13 after she shatters the games forever. She's fifty or so, with gray hair that falls in an unbroken sheet to her shoulders. But the game bag has reminded me of one more thing that I want. The memories swirl as I try to sort out what is true and what is false. The symbol of the revolution. Literally, they wheeled his hospital bed into some top secret area and now he only occasionally shows up for meals. Clean. New breeding stock. The fires at the coal mines belch black smoke in the distance. This is where the bed I shared with my sister, Prim, stood. A mishmash of district leaders. Only it wasn't a rock - it was someone's skull. Plutarch's sources believe he was killed during interrogation. But, of course, I hate almost everybody now. The crackdown in 12 after I intervened in Gale's whipping. I know that Finnick can't focus on anything in 13 because he's trying so hard to see what's happening in the Capitol to Annie, the mayo's girl from his district who's the only person on earth he loves. Thousands of people are dead, but he has survived and even looks well fed. My mother, my sister, and Gale's family are finally safe. Then there's Finnick Odair, the sex symbol from the fishing district, who kept Peeta alive in the arena when I couldn't. I start with the simplest things I know to be true and work toward the more complicated. "Katniss Everdeen, the girl who was on fire, you have provided a spark that, left unattended, may grow to an inferno that destroys Panem." It turns out he wasn't exaggerating or simply trying to scare me. But I had already set something in motion that I had no ability to control. How can this visit help me answer the question I can't escape? I couldn't agree more. I must look on the verge of some kind of breakdown. Also, the drugs they use to control my pain and mood sometimes make me see things. But no one is returning except me. It isn't enough, what I've done in the past, defying the Capitol in the Games, providing a rallying point. No one will fully understand - how it's not just a flower, not even just President Snow's flower, but a promise of revenge - because no one else sat in the study with him when he threatened me before the Victory Tour. But without them, I would not have been part of a larger plot to overthrow the Capitol or had the wherewithal to do it. What, then? I bolt into the house I lived in for the past year, slam the door closed, and lean back against it. He, at least, has some idea of what I'm going through. Some walks you have to take alone. I squat down and extend a hand. Yesterday afternoon, as the door was closing behind me, I heard Coin say, "I told you we should have rescued the boy first." Meaning Peeta. Downstairs, I snag the game bag off the chair, bouncing it along the floor until I remember it's occupied. How can I help the districts when every time I make a move, it results in suffering and loss of life? "Buttercup," I say. Despite serious reservations, I had to forgive Finnick for his role in the conspiracy that landed me here. Nothing much left but the melted lump of the oven. Me, who won't cooperate. There's no one left to care, though. Plutarch Heavensbee. That's how they see us. Back in 10, he'd worked on one of the beef ranches, maintaining the genetic diversity of the herd with the implantation of long-frozen cow embryos. Me. They need us all. But perhaps the rose didn't seem noteworthy to them. On what? "Let her go. They viewed it as a costly and pointless venture, given that at least a dozen invisible hovercraft are circling overhead for my protection and there's no intelligence to be gained. Perhaps so anyone forced to come here on Capitol business would have somewhere decent to stay. My name is Katniss Everdeen. An hour? Why did I come back to 12? Her name catches his attention. In my headset, I hear Gale's voice telling me we must go back. Still, I hate them. Gale asked to be dropped off in 12 with me, but he didn't force the issue when I refused his company. For a while, when we used to meet up at the old house because we both disliked this new one, we seemed to be bonding a little. They were safe. Certainly not that crew in 13. They shift here and there, in reaction to my footsteps. And it takes too much energy to stay angry with someone who cries so much. Down to the last thorn and silken petal. I guess. It's the smell. Maybe a little tour of Twelve is just what she needs to convince her we're on the same side." The same side. They formed the team that pulled down the fence - now just a harmless chain-link barrier, with the electricity off - and led the people into the woods. Some survivors think it's good luck, though, to be free of District 12 at last. He took them to the only place he could think of, the lake my father had shown me as a child. More than ninety percent of the district's population is dead. I stick to the road out of habit, but it's a bad choice, because it's full of the remains of those who tried to flee. The odd reporter. How else could I orient myself in this sea of gray? The summer's been scorched hot and dry as a bone. The remaining eight hundred or so are refugees in District 13 - which, as far as I'm concerned, is the same thing as being homeless forever. To have escaped the endless hunger and oppression, the perilous mines, the lash of our final Head Peacekeeper, Romulus Thread. And that's when the hovercraft unexpectedly arrived to evacuate them to District 13, where there were more than enough clean, white living compartments, plenty of clothing, and three meals a day. Tidy. Better to waste a day than another month. Stocks, whipping posts, and this, the remains of the gallows. He is thought to be dead. It speaks of unfinished business. They have a whole team of people to make me over, dress me, write my speeches, orchestrate my appearances - as if that doesn't sound horribly familiar - and all I have to do is play my part. It was my arrow, aimed at the chink in the force field surrounding the arena, that brought on this firestorm of retribution. In my head I hear President Snow's words, spoken the morning I was to begin the Victory Tour. He left me a rose! want to scream, but it's not information I'm sure I should share with someone like Plutarch looking on. I sling the strap of the bag over the back of a chair and dash up the steps to my bedroom. What series of events led me to be standing in the ruins of my city? Sometimes I listen to them and sometimes I just watch the perfect line of Coin's hair and try to decide if it's a wig. I spin on my heel at the sound of a hiss. Sick, wounded, starving, and empty-handed, I'm still not entirely convinced that I was hallucinating the night the floor of my hospital room transformed into a carpet of writhing snakes. I move through the downstairs on hunter's feet, reluctant to make any sound. I pass the wreckage of the mayo's house, where my friend Madge lived. This enthusiasm was interpreted as kindness. We're not being kept in pens, we're being trained for work, the children are being educated. Under the leadership of President Coin and the advice of her trusted friends, Katniss spreads her wings as she fights... There's no other way I'll be able to carry him on the hovercraft, and he means the world to my sister. A squad of Peacekeepers checking for returning refugees. A day? Peeta's parents, his two older brothers - none of them made it to 13. Besides his own, it's the only word that means anything to him. I straighten up and wave his offer away. Right on the spot where Johanna Mason hit me with the coil of wire. This won't do. He's very likely right about 13, because there don't seem to be nearly enough kids around. Away from the square and to the one place the fire did not destroy. Brilliant, enigmatic, lovely Cinna is dead because of me. This is bad. He gives a rusty meow and approaches me. My mother and Prim had set up a medical area for the injured and were attempting to treat them with whatever they could glean from the woods. As for the rest of 12, people are either dead, which is irreversible, or protected in 13. The Mockingjay. A dab of white peeks out of a vase of dried flowers on my dresser. Is there any point in doing anything at all? "Come here, boy." Not likely. The list begins to roll in my head... I approach it with cautious steps. First of all, because it will make me sound crazy. Bad. He must have been eating field mice. With the help of those who were able-bodied, they managed for three days. His calculating assistant, Fubaia Cardew. The surface beneath my feet hardens, and under the carpet of ash, I feel the paving stones of the square. And that's only for a brief visit. I know I shouldn't think that. I know I should be grateful for the way we have been welcomed. Eventually, I leave the room because my head starts to ache or it's time to eat or if I don't get aboveground I might start screaming. Peeta. The bricks of the chimney, which collapsed in a charred heap, provide a point of reference for the rest of the house. Should I come down?" My best friend Gale's voice reaches me through the headset the rebels insisted I wear. Inside the closet hangs my father's hunting jacket. Gale helps me from the ladder. I had to see it, though. There was no sound to alarm me. A committee assessing the condition of the coal mines. That's in the Hunger Games. That leaves the rebels in the districts. As soon as the Quarter Quell was over - as soon as I had been lifted from the arena - the electricity in District 12 was cut, the televisions went black, and the Seam became so silent, people could hear one another's heartbeats. I am seventeen years old. I simply get up and walk out. That's clearly over. I pick him up, stroking his fur, then go to the closet and dig out my game bag and unceremoniously stuff him in. Only to me. Military officials. Under the leadership of President Coin and the advice of her trusted friends, Katniss spreads her wings as she fights to save Peeta and a nation moved by her courage. 648User reviews429Critic reviewsMetascore PART I THE ASHES I stare down at my shoes, watching as a fine layer of ash settles on the worn leather. I swear, now that my family and Gale's are out of harm's way, I could run away. By dawn the bombers were long gone, the fires dying, the final stragglers rounded up. I push the thought away because it's too impossibly painful to dwell on without losing my fragile hold on the situation entirely. Finally, Plutarch Heavensbee, the Head Gamemaker who had organized the rebels in the Capitol, threw up his hands. A strange sensation creeps up the back of my neck. The doctors say it's from the electrical shock he received in the arena, but I know it's a lot more complicated than that. Peeta would have nothing to come home to, anyway. He would've been an excellent mouthpiece. Cast & crewUser reviewsTriviaIMDbProKatniss Everdeen is in District 13 after she shatters the games forever. Were they evacuated to the Capitol because of her father's position, or left to the flames? Even when he is conscious, you have to say everything to him three times to get through to his brain. The grass has been scorched and the gray snow fell here as well, but the twelve fine houses of the Victor's Village are unscathed. Thank goodness, or it'd be ash now. On the lawn, I frantically signal to the hovercraft while Buttercup thrashes. The rebels did a security sweep of the Victor's Village before I was cleared to come here, checking for explosives, bugs, anything unusual. They're very pale, as if almost all the color has been sucked out of them. To have a new home at all is seen as a wonder since, up until a short time ago, we hadn't even known that District 13 still existed. I use a technique one of the doctors suggested. Perhaps I am watching you now. A month ago, the Capitol's firebombs obliterated the poor coal miners' houses in the Seam, the shops in the town, even the Justice Building. I don't know why exactly. It was Gale who thought of the Meadow, one of the few places not filled with old wooden homes embedded with coal dust. They only had the misfortune to have me. I keep my eyes on what I remember as the road, because when I first landed in the Meadow, I wasn't careful and I walked right into a rock. The compartments had the disadvantage of being underground, the clothing was identical, and the food was relatively tasteless, but for the refugees of 12, these were minor considerations. The old man shot in District 11 for whistling. The color of slush that you wish would melt away. Eerily quiet. Besides, I'm not offering food, and my ability to provide scraps has always been my main redeeming quality to him. Still burning, I think numbly. He was, perhaps, genuinely attempting to enlist my help. This doesn't absolve me of blame - there's plenty of blame to go around. Beetee, an older inventor from 3, who I rarely see because he was pulled into weapons development the minute he could sit upright. No one did anything to protest or celebrate what had happened in the arena. It is probably best if he is dead.... Before the Quell, I brought it here from the old house, thinking its presence might be of comfort to my mother and sister when I was dead. Who can I trust to answer that question? Almost nothing remains of District 12. My home is District 12. There, all but obscured by its preserved cousins, is a fresh white rose. Like I either imagined it, which is quite possible, or I'm overreacting, which will buy me a trip back to the drug-induced dreamland I'm trying so hard to escape. It's not wondering what I breathe in, but who, that threatens to choke me. Over there was the kitchen table. Positioned on that white-as-snow rose is a personal message to me. But others, probably overcome with smoke, escaped the worst of the flames and now lie reeking in various states of decomposition, carrion for scavengers, blanketed by flies. I killed you, I think as I pass a pile.

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