

*The Girl Who Was on Fire – Movie Edition*

**Extra Movie Content**

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## Editor's Note

Leah Wilson

When you see a great movie—or read a great book—you want to talk about it. Even more you want to talk about it with people who are passionate about what you've just seen as you are. That's the goal of this Movie Edition extra e-book only content: To be a part of those conversations. And, if we've done our jobs right, to drive new ones.

It was clear from the *Hunger Games* pre-release buzz, and the pre-release marketing, that there would be plenty to talk about. The interactive materials posted online leading up to the premiere—the Capitol Couture website in particular—gave us tantalizing glimpses into Capitol culture beyond what the books had been able to . . . but also subtly positioned us, the viewing public, as eager, anticipatory members of the Capitol ourselves. The Capitol Couture site's ads—for the (fake) beard trimmer responsible for Seneca Crane's beard; for Cinna's (fake) gold eyeliner; for (real) Capitol Colors nail polish, with Effice as our poster-escort—blurred the line further between our world and Panem and between us and the Capitol.

On the surface, promoting Capitol glamour seems exactly contrary to the message of the books. But taken alongside Gary Ross' comments about producing a movie about the Games, not the Games themselves, and the choice made in the trailers to not actually show the Games, it can also be viewed as a smart, sly nod toward our own ability to ignore the violence and suffering the Games represent in favor of the hype and glamour that surround them.

Which is just one of the tensions—just one of the sets of contradictory interpretations—you'll see here in this Movie Edition extra content. Our writers talk about the excitement (and fear) of seeing the book rendered on the big screen, but tend to focus, understandably, on the *changes* between the book and film: what was lost, and what was gained. Some writers were

thrilled; others were dismayed. Nearly all of us, though, would I think agree that, overall, the film was fantastic. That we gained as much as we lost—maybe more.

When you translate between mediums, changes are inevitable, and the books' first person POV makes them even more so. Experiencing the story from inside Katniss' head gives us a huge amount of intimacy with her, and leaves our imagination fill in the details of her world (much as Katniss must, say, when it comes to the rest of Panem outside District 12)—a good thing, in my mind—but it also means sacrificing the full scope of storytelling that's possible in some cases, especially when it comes to scenes in the Capitol.

The Capitol may be the film's best contribution. It's certainly its biggest. We get to see Haymitch working behind the scenes on Katniss and Peeta's behalves. We get to see the Gamemakers manipulating events inside the arena (and clever details like the "Foliage editing in progress" message that pops up on the Gamemakers' grid), and Capitol children "playing" Hunger Games as their doting parents look on. We get to see both things Katniss isn't in a position, physically, to see and things Katniss, because of who she is, just *wouldn't notice*—and we get to see those things in rich, vivid detail.

Yes, the changes mean missing some things. The sequence in the arena suffers the most, I thought, from the change in POV; it doesn't feel as immediate or as intense. But that doesn't mean we can't appreciate everything we get from the movie in exchange.

Our authors, here, are very conscious of that trade off, and each have their own response to it. Every writer's piece ties into their original essay in some way, whether larger or small—though we didn't require it—and that's given us a great range of perspectives. Not all of our original writers from *The Girl Who Was on Fire* were able to participate (largely due to prior commitments, many of them location-based), but the dozen whose pieces are included here made me feel honored all over again to be a part of this book.

I hope you'll enjoy their thoughts as much as I did, fresh off my first *Hunger Games* viewing and wanting—needing—more.

## A Grosser Power

Ned Vizzini

I saw *The Hunger Games* on the day of its release, when it made \$68 million across America. The audience was split into two camps. The people who had read the books (mostly teenage girls) watched as readers. They eagerly anticipated any plot point from *The Hunger Games*, and when that point was dutifully delivered, they clutched one another with glee.

The people who hadn't read the books (mostly teenage boys) had a different agenda. They wanted to see people get killed—and to prove they were cool. When Jennifer Lawrence cried on-screen, they made grotesque “crying” faces at one another. When Liam Hemsworth saw her kiss Josh Hutcherson, they called out “Team Jacob!” When the big black guy from District 11 killed the young white girl who was menacing Jennifer Lawrence with a knife, they clapped and yelled, “Big dick power!”

The movie itself lost me five minutes in, when Jennifer Lawrence hunts a deer. It's a great scene: She spots the deer; we get an extreme close-up of the deer's twitching nose; the deer darts off. She sighs and crumples a leaf, letting it blow in the wind. *Ah, so the deer smelled her. Let's see what she does.* She goes downwind, gets ready to shoot, but is interrupted by Liam Hemsworth. “It was the first deer I've seen in a year,” she complains.

Wait a minute—a year? She wasn't *acting* like it was the first deer she'd seen in a year. She didn't flinch or raise an eyebrow or anything. Come to think of it, why *would* deer be rare in District 12? I was trying to remember from the book. Are they all hunted out? That must be it, and people are starving, only we don't see anybody starving. We see Jennifer Lawrence huddling outside of a bread store in the rain—but once she gets reaped, she seems as nonchalant about the food spreads that are suddenly available to her as she did about that deer.

Anyway, this deer thing opened the floodgates and I started asking questions. Like, how come the Capitol sends a flying ship to District 12 for the reaping, but then the tributes leave by train? (In the book, the ship is chasing runaways, but there aren't any runways in the film.) And after the tributes are told, "Most of you will die from natural causes . . . exposure," why don't any of them die of exposure? And did Lenny Kravitz just tell the producers, *Look, I'm gonna be Lenny Kravitz with a dash of gold eyeliner and that's it?*

None of this would matter if the movie didn't betray something fundamental in the novel. Two years ago I wrote about reality television and media image-making in the book version of *The Hunger Games*, and there is a wonderful moment in the movie where Katniss sees herself as she's "on fire," riding in a chariot with Peeta, and she looks confused. *Who is that?* she seems to ask her own face hanging on a banner. Hopefully this kind of self-evaluation will have a bigger place in the sequels. Because the first Hunger Games film makes the audience question nothing about itself.

The Hunger Games are a reality television show. They are watched by millions across Panem—not just in the Capitol full of evil elites, but in all the districts. Yet when the movie cuts away to show people in those districts watching the Games, are they cheering? No. They look like they're in church. So why are they watching? Watching in the books is mandatory (which never made sense to me, because it seems like a big waste of resources to stage the Hunger Games when you have to force people to see them), but in the movie, Gale is shown refusing to watch as the Games begin. In a world where you can choose to abstain, the only reason to watch is to be entertained.

The *only* way *The Hunger Games* works is if it shows ordinary people being entertained by death. Because then it forces you to look at yourself. The movie was incredibly violent—I don't know how it got a PG-13—and the only time the teen boys behind me shut up was when kids were getting killed. They were supposed to empathize with the districts, but they were more like the grotesques in the Capitol—thirsty for blood.

Part of this is inevitable in the transition from book to film. F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote that the dawn of film meant “seeing the power of the written word subordinated to another power, a more glittering, a grosser power.” *The Hunger Games* is certainly grosser on-screen. But the novel read as an effective caution *against* a death-match arena reality show. The film felt more like proof of concept.

## Capitol or Katniss—Who Am I?

Lili Wilkinson

There's been a lot of criticism of the way *The Hunger Games* has been marketed. The internet is crawling with examples of Capitol Couture—you can even buy Capitol-inspired nail polish. It's making many people uncomfortable: Why are the filmmakers promoting the Capitol? Aren't they supposed to be the *bad guys*? We shouldn't be holding their ridiculous excesses up as something glamorous and wonderful, something we should get on board with.

I actually think the marketing campaign for the film is totally inspired, for this very reason.

As readers of the book, we are Katniss. The book is narrated in first person, present tense. We see through her eyes. We hear what she hears. We feel what she feels. But the film is different.

We do see Katniss' perspective in the film. It is still her story. She is still the one we root for, the one we want to survive. But we see other things too. We see Seneca Crane's world—the room of Gamemakers and engineers. We see the broadcast from Gale's eyes, back in District 12. And we see the thousands of greedy, bloodthirsty Capitol viewers, cheering as they watch children kill each other.

These shifts in perspective force us to examine our own positions as viewers. I paid money to see the film. I gasped at Katniss' amazing dress of flames. I cheered as she dropped the tracker jacker hive onto the other tributes. I hoped that the others would die, so that she would live.

So how am I any different than someone from the Capitol?

*The Hunger Games* is about the darkness that we all carry within us. The Capitol citizens may look shallow and empty in their fabulously ridiculous outfits, but they thirst for blood. Seneca Crane may be just doing his job, but the delight he takes in designing new ways to make

children suffer is genuine. Some of the tributes have been training their whole lives for this moment—they are trained killers. Others, like Rue and Katniss, are frightened and unwilling to cause more death. At first. But Rue points out the tracker jacker hive with a mischievous nod, knowing that it will almost certainly kill the sleeping tributes below. This is cold-blooded murder, and it turns out that everyone is capable of it, when pushed far enough.

The glitzy marketing campaign for *The Hunger Games* is *supposed* to make us feel uncomfortable. Those unfamiliar with the book will get sucked in by the glamour and hype, only to realize that what they are watching is a bloodbath. Gale asks Katniss at the beginning of the film: “*What if everyone just stopped watching?*” And we all know the answer. If nobody watched the Hunger Games, there would be no Hunger Games. If nobody went to see the film, there would be no sequels.

So where does that put us? Are we responsible for the fates of these children? As viewers, are we just as complicit in their deaths as President Snow or Seneca Crane? It’s these questions that elevate *The Hunger Games* to something more than just a gore-fest. It forces us to look at the screen, and ask who is reflected back at us. The book lets us take refuge in Katniss’s first person viewpoint; the film doesn’t allow us that comfort. Watching the Hunger Games on a screen feels voyeuristic, and we are confronted with the ultimate question: In this story, are we Katniss? Are we the Capitol? Or are we both?

## The Inevitable Display of Decadence

Adrienne Kress

With the *Hunger Games* pre-movie blitz—its stars being flown all over the world, Jennifer Lawrence sporting a new designer dress at every event, contests sending fans to premieres, and tons and tons of merchandise being bought and sold—one could say that the film had an extremely decadent road to its \$155 million opening (the third largest movie weekend opening . . . ever). What’s even more interesting about this movie event is that, despite the fanfare surrounding it, the film feels small, intimate. Jennifer Lawrence has been quoted as saying that, while shooting, it felt like they were making an indie, and to have such massive attention now seems truly odd to her. So maybe one could say that the movie is a bit like Katniss, thrust into a world of decadence and over-the-top hype, but retaining a core of something real and strong.

When it comes to its content, the film is very impressive in staying true to Collins’ vision, and so many of the references to decadence I wrote about in “The Inevitable Decline of Decadence” are wonderfully realised on the big screen. We have allusions to ancient Rome, especially in the architecture of the Capitol: classical, intimidatingly large structures with contemporary features; broad avenues; buildings with friezes on the side. And all of it in the gleaming white we now associate with the period thanks to the ruins and statuary that remain. We also see in the film clear reference to the time of Marie Antoinette, especially in Effie’s wigs and white-painted face.

Like in the book, and realised just as effectively, is Katniss’ first true introduction to decadence—by way of food. While the train itself is fabulous, director Gary Ross focuses Katniss’ attention on the food on display, most of which are desserts—the most decadent of foods, in that they serve very little nutritional purpose. In fact, such decadent delights are used to highlight the stark comparison between the attitudes of the Capitol and those of the rest of Panem

when Effie points out how, despite the fact that the Careers are incredibly well trained in the art of killing, they don't get to have dessert. So, of course, Katniss and Peeta should be happy about that.

But the movie derives a large share of its inspiration from a decadent era I didn't address in my essay: the 1980s. The neon colors of the costumes, the shoulder pads, the bright eye-shadows and lipsticks, the obsessive interest in suits: it's a kind of sartorial decadence that would make *American Psycho*'s Patrick Bateman proud. However, it is not just with apparel where we see this influence; the furnishings of the film, especially the mirrored tables and curved edges as on the train, also help contribute to this '80s aesthetic. Taking inspiration from that period is brilliant. As epitomized in the film *Wall Street*, it was a time of gadgets, cars, Ray-Bans, fabulous leisurewear, and tailored suits. Power and wealth were the pinnacles of success, and there was no shame in striving for them.

Something else not mentioned in my essay, but very striking in the film, is the decadence of space, the luxury of being alone. Compare the opening moments of the film, the claustrophobia of the shack Katniss lives in with her sister and mother, to the freedom of the open countryside she escapes to. Then, once we get to the Capitol, we see how large the penthouse apartment is. Katniss' room is so big that for a moment she just stands in the doorway and stares at it. And then there is probably the most decadent space of all, Snow's garden: a large well-tended space set aside for no purpose other than to grow pretty things just for him.

Now, I can't speak to the latter point of my essay when it comes to this particular film—that is to say, the inevitable *decline* of decadence—because this is the movie where decadence reigns supreme. It will be the future films that must deal with the unstoppable downward spiral I discussed. However, this movie both captures the wonderful absurdity of a decadent society and shows how it crosses over into the grotesque. Watching the citizens cheer on the activities of the Games while dressed up in their over-the-top finery reinforces, better than any exposition, how little understanding they have of the horrors of the real world. This frivolity in the first film will

make for a very interesting contrast come the third, when dressing up so brightly makes you look like not only a fool, but a target.

## Haute Looks from the Hunger Games

Terri Clark

In my “Crime of Fashion” essay I discussed the impact clothing played in the Hunger Games. Capitol stylist Cinna used fabric to create a positive and powerful image for Katniss Everdeen and Peeta Melark. Through his mastery, Cinna was able to provide the District 12 tributes with an edge; his show-stopping creations actually gained the interest of sponsors and made the world take notice of two unlikely heroes from the poverty-stricken coal mining district.

Suzanne Collins’ descriptions of her characters’ clothing were exquisitely detailed and her design ideas tremendously a-typical—so much so I feared their translation to screen. Costume designer Judianna Makovsky had the same worry. She’s said in interviews that she didn’t want to disappoint fans, but she tweaked some of Collins’ artistic vision to keep the characters from being buried in their over-the-top attire and the clothes from being, God forbid, unintentionally comical.

I say no worries.

I predict, in a very public manner, that Makovsky, as well as make-up artist Ve Neill and hair artist Linda Flowers, are going to receive Oscar gold for their incredible talent.

From the Great Depression–inspired looks of District 12’s citizens, to the Capitol’s *avant-garde* couture, to the male characters’ individual tastes—ranging from ostentatious (Caesar) to dandyish (Haymitch) to classic chic (Cinna)—to the tributes’ singular fashion statements during the parade and interviews, the head-to-toe detail the costume team provided for hundreds of cast members was quite simply . . . mind-blowing. I want very badly to see the film again on DVD just so I can pause at will to study and admire their brilliance.

Of greatest note, of course, are Katniss and Effie Trinket.

Both women have exciting costumes, but one is reluctantly regal in her dress while the other is painfully audacious.

Outside of her regular hunting gear and her mother's hand-me-down blue dress, Katniss sets fire to her homespun image when she dons a coal-inspired bodysuit that's set ablaze for the tribute parade. Small details are different, like hair and make-up, and the costume is actually more detailed than the book version, plus we're missing a ribbon-strewn headdress, but the overall effect is nonetheless breathtaking, without keeping the viewer from registering the fear and anxiety on Katniss' face.

Next is the fiery interview dress. In the book it's described as jewel-encrusted, but Makovsky feared it looking too much like a *Dancing with the Stars* outfit and so stuck to an elegant one-shoulder dress with crystals decorating the hem and sprinkled across Katniss' back shoulder. The real magic comes when Katniss twirls before Caesar and the hem flickers with CGI flames. Polished, but powerful.

The last notable outfit is the one Katniss wears after she has won the game with Peeta and thereby gained an enemy in President Snow. Cinna knows the danger she's created for herself and tries to soften her image. He wants her to appear an innocent in love, while still reminding the audience that this is their Girl on Fire. In the book, the dress is described as glowing like soft candlelight, but the movie version just gives Katniss a softer, gentler appearance. The dress is gorgeous, all warm, buttery-yellow and fluffy crinolines, but it didn't capture the magic the book's dress did. I only hope that won't be the case with the mockingjay dress in *Catching Fire*, which I'm waiting for with breathless anticipation.

What didn't disappoint are the wacky and wonderful fashions of Effie. The District 12 escort is a lampoon of high fashion, a cartoon of couture. Part Marie Antoinette, part Kabuki doll, the narcissistic and shallow Ms. Trinket toddles on sky-high heels that aren't shoes so much as torture devices. Her bustled butt, tight skirts, and ridiculous shoes constrict her walk and reflect the proverbial stick-up-her-ass. Everything about her "look at me" attire represents the excess and falsities of the Capitol.

Elizabeth Banks called herself Makovsky's Barbie, and I imagine nothing was as fun and entertaining as creating this character for the screen. From the top of her cotton candy-colored

finger waves wig to the lethal point of her stilettos, not a detail was overlooked. Caricature though she may be, Effie's look is undeniably funky, fantastic, and fierce. You can't forget her—wouldn't want to!—and I can just about guarantee she'll be the one highlighting the reels when the Academy Awards announce the costuming nominees for *The Hunger Games*.

May the odds be ever in their favor!

## Bringing Monsters to Life

Cara Lockwood

Special effects can make or break a movie. They can take you away to another world (*Avatar*) or they can keep you hopelessly anchored in this one (most any SyFy channel movie, although *Dinocroc* and *Frankenfish* might have to fight to the death for the title of worst). *The Hunger Games* could've gone either way. Sure, it had a big budget, but that doesn't always translate into good special effects *or* a good movie (I'm looking at you, Star Wars prequels).

Suzanne Collins created great opportunities for fantastic special effects in *The Hunger Games*. Take any of the mutations: the tracker jackers, the mockingjays, the dogs spliced with tribute DNA. Or the entire arena itself: a giant, artificially created gladiator ring. Each offers their own brand of horror that kept me turning pages like a fiend when I read the book.

As I sat in the movie theater watching the movie, I was struck by how *ordinary* all the monsters actually seemed. The tracker jackers come across like normal-sized wasps, with slightly different golden coloring. They're nothing like the palm-sized super bugs I'd imagined as I read the book. And yet . . . they're just as frightening, because they're just as deadly. Their poison is no less effective because they look like the yellow jackets nesting in my backyard.

We never see, only hear, the mockingjays and (presumably) jabberjays. But something about the eerie way the birds mimic Katniss' whistle got under my skin. They aren't normal birds, clearly. This is not a normal forest. The message is there: Katniss is surrounded by unnatural creatures she can't see. Their invisible presence is subtle, but still creepy.

I'd have to say I was most surprised by the mutant wolves. I was expecting something like *American Werewolf in London* meets *Splice*. But what comes to life is something more like rabid, mutant pit bulls. The movie doesn't really delve into the science behind mutations (with the exception, perhaps, of Caesar Flickerman's brief, televised explanation of tracker jackers), steering clear at the end of making the rabid dog monsters part human. Because the moviemakers

chose to leave this detail out, some of the horror of the monsters is lost. I still remember the chill I felt reading about Rue's eyes staring out of the creature trying to eat Katniss. That's something I won't soon forget. Still, in the end, it doesn't matter what kind of mutants the monsters are in the movie. When those dogs jumped out of the forest, they made me leap a foot out of my seat, regardless.

Surprisingly, some of the most eye-catching special effects are saved for the Gamemaker control room, where Head Gamemaker Seneca Crane choreographs the show. The touch screens and holograms move seamlessly under the fingertips of the cold, impassive Gamemakers as they engineer the deaths of twenty-four children as if they are doing nothing more serious than playing World of Warcraft. In many ways, these Gamemakers and the garish and shallow people of the Capitol they served are far scarier than anything in the arena.

In other words, none of the genetically engineered monsters in the trilogy are as scary as ordinary people deciding to do horrible things to each other. The Gamemakers and the other people of the Capitol made a conscious choice to unleash the worst of science on their enemies. The fact that they also possess amazing life-saving technology (the entirely ordinary-looking medical balm that miraculously healed serious wounds overnight), only underscores the cruelty of using that science to kill children instead of save them.

At the heart of it, evil *does* look ordinary. It doesn't come with scary music or CGI special effects or 3D glasses. It comes in the form of the Capitol's President Snow, who is able to justify the Games by explaining why killing people makes sense, why being cruel is smarter and better than being kind, why the end always justifies the means.

In the end, the special effects are muted, the monsters decidedly ordinary. But that is kind of the whole *point*. None of the monsters overshadow the true villains: their creators. The mutations are all the scarier because they aren't over-the-top, larger-than-life, and distracting. They come across as decidedly and frighteningly as real as the people who made them.

And that's pretty darn scary.

## **Stirring Up the Wasp's Nest**

Blythe Woolston

The round metal plates lift the tributes into the arena at the mouth of the Cornucopia. There is blood. There is death. It's a shock, a traumatic shock. The world isn't normal anymore. This is the moment when the wounding happens. The bleeding gashes in muscle and blood are immediately obvious; it is only later that the lingering psychological harm will become evident. But the film has already shone us a glimpse of the psychological harm caused by the Games. We have already seen little Prim Everdeen suffering through night terrors.

We all have nightmares. We all have bad dreams. But Prim's dreams are different. She isn't a silly little kid worried about imaginary monsters under the bed; her fears are rooted in real events. Every year for as long as Prim can remember, two members of her community have died horrible deaths—in front of her. When the Capitol's camera lingers on a bloody brick in the hand of a survivor, it's showing that to Prim. It *wants* Prim to see. It *wants* to infect her imagination with terror. Those annual broadcasts have succeeded.

What of Katniss? What is happening in her brain? For me, one of the most interesting developments in the film version was the handling of Katniss' tracker jacker hallucinations. During the first crucial moments of escape, the camera delivers blurred vision and a shaky-cam unsteadiness. Sensory information is confused and confusing but clearly tethered to the physical reality of the arena. The screen goes dark, the scene shifts, the focus sharpens, and we aren't in the arena any more. Katniss' hallucinations from the venom don't crystalize around the recent horror of the bloodbath at the Cornucopia. It is an older, deeper wound that splits open. This is a nightmare built on a memory: the mine explosion. Why is this so? Why does Katniss' battered mind return to this event?

A cynical film critic might say, “Because we have to get that backstory out there.” There is something to that. This is a plunge into Katniss’ backstory, into the memory of events that shaped her. We need to know this to understand how she became the caretaker, the strong one, the survivor. Consider the imagery used here: The Everdeen home is blown to pieces, but then the pieces reassemble and the world seems whole again. Her father died, her mother fell apart, and Katniss stepped up and assumed responsibility. Essential backstory provided.

But let’s push this a little further. There are other images here, including Prim’s reflection, seen in a distorting mirror. When we look in a mirror, the face we usually see is our own, so I wonder if this image isn’t doing double duty. Perhaps this is both Prim *and* Katniss—both of them vulnerable and brokenhearted. Katniss has done a remarkable job of coping, but that doesn’t mean she has suffered no harm. She has been “bent” by the tragic death of her father, her mother’s collapse, the loss of whatever security the Everdeen home once offered. She is bent, warped like the image in the mirror. She is made more vulnerable to breaking.

It is very telling that the hallucination also features Katniss remembering her struggle with her broken mother, who “checked out” and disassociated herself to escape the pain. At this point, it is Katniss is the one who needs to rouse, to act, to save herself. She needs to wake, even if waking means pain. Interestingly, it is the “fresh” memory of Peeta’s desperate pleas that jars Katniss back into consciousness of the present.

At the end of the film, Peeta asks Katniss what comes next, and she replies that they must try to forget. Peeta says he doesn’t want to forget. He means, of course, that he doesn’t want to forget the good—he wants to remember the love, the generosity, the connection that was forged in the arena. But going forward, Peeta will find that remembering those experiences is a two-edged sword. The brain resists selective editing. It isn’t easy to cut away the gangrenous horror and keep the pleasant memories. There will always be scars. It’s a kind of damage that we’ll no doubt see more clearly in *Catching Fire*, when we meet the tributes of the Quarter Quell.

## Many Smolders

Jackson Pearce

I've seen *The Hunger Games* movie twice now. I adore it. Seriously, adore. The Capitol! The shots of District 12! The chariot entrance! The final moment with the berries!

And, of course: Gale!

Gale the Cowboy. Gale the Knight. Gale the hero. Gale the badass.

Smoldering.

(Let's face it, he spends pretty much the entire movie smoldering. Not that that's a problem or anything. Smolder looks good on him.)

First up, we have Hunter Smolder. See how clever he is in the woods! Note his playful nickname for Katniss! But it's not long before we see the revolutionary in Gale, when he talks about how effective it would be if everyone simply didn't watch the Hunger Games one year. He talks about the idea with such conviction, such certainty, that it seems cruel of Katniss when she immediately shoots it down.

Gale follows this up by talking with Katniss about running away together and living in the woods, out of the Capitol's grasp. Katniss reminds Gale about his obligations to his family, then tells him that they wouldn't make it five miles, which he follows up with a confident, "I'd get five miles."

Gale's words aren't merely an offhand statement—they're almost a challenge, a bet with himself that he is capable of far more than the Capitol thinks him to be. What's even more interesting, however, is that he's not disputing the fact he might get caught eventually. In Gale's mind, defying the Capitol is clearly the end goal. Actually making it long term is secondary. Furthermore, the fact that he is already focused on rebelling against the Capitol above everything else—even his obligations to his family, who without him would starve—shows the audience

just how willing he is to sacrifice for the greater good. A few moments later, when he unflinchingly tells Katniss that his name is in the lottery forty-two times, we get the impression that maybe Gale *wants* to be selected. I don't think he would have shed many tears over taking down tributes from Districts 1 or 2, in the very least.

What's interesting to me is that, at this point, even with actors who know where their characters' arcs will go, there's really no romantic tension between Gale and Katniss. Gale is friendly, playful, but there are no meaningful gazes. There are mouthed jokes and exasperated sighs, there's the moment when Gale silently carries Prim away, but familiarity is not the same as romance. Gale and Katniss seem, if anything, partners—soldiers, knights, cowboys who can rely on one another when things get dangerous, who would fight to the death for one another . . . but who likely wouldn't cuddle when all was said and done.

And then comes Goodbye Smolder before Katniss leaves District 12, the chance for the Katniss-Gale-Peeta love triangle to pick up full force—only instead, the platonic familiarity continues. In the book, as Gale is pulled from the room, knowing this may be the last time he sees Katniss alive, he cries out, “Katniss, remember I—” before the door is slammed shut, leaving many readers (me included) suspecting his next words would have been “love you.” In the movie, however, the interrupted line is removed entirely. Instead, Gale gives Katniss advice and when being yanked out the door promises he won't let her family starve. Partners, not lovers.

Then we begin Frustrated Smolder—scenes where Gale looks on while Katniss seems to fall in love with Peeta during the Games. But why would Gale care who Katniss chooses romantically when, so far, he hasn't appeared to see her in such a light?

While it's possible that Gale simply didn't recognize his feelings for Katniss until he had competition, I think the Frustrated Smolder is more because Gale sees the world in black and white. Good and evil. The people of the districts and the Capitol. People who care enough to fight back, and people who give in to watch the Games every year. Gale is willing to abandon his personal relationships to defy the Capitol, and perhaps he thought that, eventually, Katniss would be too, perhaps when Prim grew older or the Capitol grew crueler. But there she is, on screen,

seemingly building a new, powerful personal relationship, falling in love with something *other* than a cause (a cardinal sin in the realm of knights—you can't ride off into the sunset if you're in love). I suspect Gale's Frustrated Smolder is less about Katniss' romantic choice, and more over the fact that he is losing his partner to what he considers lesser pursuits.

I wonder if these small but significant decisions were made to heighten our understanding of Gale's devotion to the greater good—specifically, bringing the Capitol down. Personally, I'm looking forward to seeing how they approach Gale's character in the next two movies—specifically when we get into Revolution Smolder territory.

## Divide and Conquer

Mary Borsellino

How do you survive if you're part of a herd of prey animals? There's one saying that points out that the secret to being a successful gazelle isn't being able to outrun a lion—it's being able to outrun another gazelle.

This is an often-overlooked element in the psychology of the Hunger Games and of the district systems, and one that some of the changes in adaption from book to screen reduced the potential power in.

The Hunger Games series draws so much of its iconography and so many of its themes from the ancient worlds of Greece and Rome, so it seems fitting to use a phrase of Latin origin to describe the situation: *Divide and conquer*. The idea is that, if you're a leader with one big army at your disposal, it's going to be much easier to defeat a bunch of little armies than it would be to take on one huge one.

"A bunch" is a fairly vague number, so let's get more specific. Let's say twelve.

And where do the gazelles fit in? Let's say there's twelve of those, too. Gazelle 11 doesn't need to be the fastest of all the gazelles in order to escape the lion chasing them. It doesn't even need to stay faster than the lion for very long. It just needs to be faster than Gazelle 12, because if the lion catches and kills Gazelle 12, it no longer cares about the other gazelles and they can get away.

So what do these two rather disconnected metaphors have to do with the *Hunger Games* movie?

The tributes fight to the death, with an audience, instead of simply being outright killed as the ritual sacrifices that they clearly are. This is partly for the entertainment of the Capitol, of course, but it's also a way to reinforce the idea that the districts are in direct competition with one

another. There can only be one survivor—or, in the unique case of Katniss and Peeta, the two survivors come from the same district.

If District 1 spends all its time training children to be the best contestants possible in the Games—in other words, to be as successful as possible in murdering children from the other eleven districts—then it's always going to think of the other districts as the competition, rather than as potential allies.

If you divide your enemies from one another, they are easier to conquer. And the Capitol conquers so easily, year after year, because its subjects are so divided from one another.

In the books, this mentality reaches into the individual districts, as well. There are clear class hierarchies among the residents of District 12: Peeta and Madge are blonde and fair, and live in relative comfort compared to the hardscrabble lives of the dark-haired, dark-complected Katniss and Gale. Katniss' mother is blonde but fell in love with a miner, and so came down to his level of living.

If even your tiny, hugely oppressed community is gripped by wealth inequalities and class divides, you are never going to be able to look at someone from different circumstances and say, *That person is another human being just like me, we should be allies*. Instead, everyone is competition: someone to envy, or someone to subjugate.

By casting a fair-haired, white-skinned girl as Katniss and simply dyeing her hair dark for the role, the film lost a huge amount of narrative shorthand surrounding the divide-and-conquer tactics of the ruling powers in Panem. Suddenly, all of District 12 is equally under the thumb of the Capitol, a village of poverty-stricken pale people. There is no sense that Katniss had a much harder life than Peeta prior to their reaping.

To take away many of the indicators of how divided the people of the districts are from one another, even on the most fundamental levels—the film does show that nobody in Peeta's family tries to support and encourage him when he's selected, and that Katniss and her mother are barely on speaking terms, but these moments are played as personal dramas and not as indicative of any greater systemic disconnect—takes away a lot of the shocking power in the

later actions of the tributes.

Katniss is the first and most obvious example of this unexpected selflessness, when she volunteers to take Prim's place and later when she weeps for Rue and tends to her body with flowers, and it's Katniss who later becomes a figurehead for the revolution. But she's not the only person to seek connection with another child during the Games, not by a longshot. Rue keeps Katniss safe for days while she recovers from her poisoned stings. Thresh spares Katniss. Peeta and Katniss protect one another, even when it would be a greater benefit to one of them to abandon the other.

Even the team-up of the more aggressive tributes, collecting the supplies in one huge trap and hunting as a pack, is not the every-kid-for-themselves situation that the Hunger Games are intended to be. Even under such terrible conditions, where the children each explicitly know that their survival depends on the deaths of those around them, their first instinct is to band together into packs. Cato and Glimmer, who are "career tributes" and perhaps know better than anyone exactly how any temporary loyalties will eventually end, start up a teen romance. The drive for connection overrides all their training and better judgment.

Of course, the nature of the Games means the instinct to band together is dismantled as quickly as the technicians in the control room can choreograph its destruction. Every time it looks like there might be a potential harmony between the tributes—and, by extension, between the districts—it's undermined as quickly as possible. Only Katniss and Peeta, threatening to commit suicide rather than kill one another, manage to triumph over the Capitol's relentless determination to divide the children from one another and thereby conquer them all.

And while this moment still carries huge power in the film, it could have carried even more. Because if a desperately poor, black-haired, olive-skinned miner's daughter and the blonde white boy who decorates cakes in a popular bakery can find love instead of hate and fear when they look at each other, what might that say about the power of the districts to band together?

By making Katniss and Peeta appear to come from an identical racial and class background to one another, a small but deeply important part of the series' message—the need to

have all people uniting for a common future—is lost.

## Occupy Panem

Sarah Darer Littman

In retrospect, the publication of Suzanne Collins' *The Hunger Games* on September 14, 2008, couldn't have been more timely. Four days later, on September 18, then-Secretary of the Treasury Henry Paulson and Chairman of the Federal Reserve Ben Bernanke arrived on Capitol Hill for an emergency meeting with members of Congress.

According to former Senator Christopher Dodd (D-CT), "Hank Paulson [said] to us in very measured tones, no hyperbole, no excessive adjectives, that, 'Unless you act, the financial system of this country and the world will melt down in a matter of days.'"<sup>1</sup>

The emergency passage of the \$700 billion Troubled Asset Relief Program (TARP), signed into law by President George W. Bush on October 3, 2008, helped to prevent a complete meltdown, but nonetheless, the United States plunged into a severe recession, one from which even now many are still suffering the lingering effects.

Watching the film adaptation of *The Hunger Games* in March 2012, I couldn't help thinking how prescient Suzanne Collins was with her narrative of an extremely wealthy ruling class—let's call them the 1%, in keeping with the current zeitgeist—keeping the majority of the country, the 99%, subjugated through vast economic inequality and control of the media's messages.

The extreme contrast between the deprivation and hunger of District 12 and the wealth and opulence of the Capitol is clear from the moment Katniss and Peeta step on the train bearing them towards the arena, where one or both of them are expected to die. We see Katniss' amazement as she takes in the unlimited rich food, including mouthwatering desserts, and comfortable beds made up with soft, luxurious linens. It hardly seems possible, and yet it's her

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<sup>1</sup> Transcript, "Inside the Meltdown," *Frontline*:  
<http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/pages/frontline/meltdown/etc/script.html>

new reality: one that is real and yet false at the same time. Haymitch urges Katniss to create a new “likeable” persona to attract sponsors, because this will be crucial to her survival in the arena.

It’s been seventy-four years since an uprising against the Capitol resulted in the creation of the Hunger Games to punish the districts for the sin of raising their collective voice to power. Not only are the districts kept hungry, stripped of their natural resources for the benefit of the Capitol, but young residents can opt to add their name more times to the Hunger Games lottery in exchange for additional food for their family. That’s how Gale ends up with his name in the glass bowl forty-two times and Katniss twenty. This aspect of the lottery is perhaps the sickest part of the Capitol’s Games—it twists love and compassion, our highest instincts, into a death sentence.

Vast income inequality is inherently unstable, in real life and in fiction. Over the past twenty-five years, there has been a tremendous concentration of wealth in our own country, mirroring that of Panem. In 2007, the top 1 percent of Americans took home 25 percent of the nation’s income. In terms of wealth as opposed to income, the top 1 percent of households controlled 40 percent. Twenty-five years ago, those figures were, respectively, 12 percent and 33 percent.<sup>2</sup> The last time the top 1 percent took home such a high percentage of the nation’s income was in 1928. The following year the stock market crashed, and the nation entered the Great Depression. In 2008, the stock market crashed and we entered a major recession.

How does the ruling class keep the majority from rebelling against this vast inequity? They have military might, but as we’ve learned from our experiences in Iraq and Afghanistan, an insurgency can inflict major damage on even the most highly trained and best-armed military force in the world. But what if you also control the airwaves, and therefore the messages that the populace hears?

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<sup>2</sup> “Of the 1%, by the 1%, for the 1%,” Joseph E. Stiglitz (Nobel Prize winning economist), *Vanity Fair*: <http://www.vanityfair.com/society/features/2011/05/top-one-percent-201105>

We can thank the 2010 Supreme Court decision *Citizens United vs. Federal Election Commission* for ensuring that the 1% has a disproportionate voice in our national debate. By ruling that corporations are people and therefore have protected speech under the First Amendment, the Supreme Court enabled unlimited undisclosed donations to super PACs. As a result, the spending by outside organizations in the 2012 election season through March 8 is more than \$88 million—234 percent of 2008's numbers and 628 percent of 2004's.<sup>3</sup>

Yet as Donald Sutherland's President Snow tells Wes Bentley's Seneca Crane in arguably the movie's most revealing scene, it's important to give the masses their *circenses*. "Why do you think we have a winner? . . . Hope. It is the only thing stronger than fear. A little hope is effective. A lot of hope is dangerous. A spark is fine, as long as it's contained."

Snow is right that a lot of hope is dangerous. But he's wrong that hope is the only thing stronger than fear. *Love* is stronger than fear. Love is what makes Katniss volunteer to take Prim's place as tribute. Love is what makes Katniss want to give Rue some dignity in death, to show that her short life had meaning and that she was, as Peeta puts it in the book, more than "a piece in their games." That gesture not only leads Thresh to spare Katniss' life, but also ignites an uprising in District 11.

We can take the easy way out and allow ourselves to be numbed by watching the never-ending circus of "reality" shows or we can choose to examine the actual reality of the world around us. The Occupy Wall Street movement helped to refocus the national dialogue from trying to decrease the deficit through spending cuts alone to the huge growth in income inequality over the last twenty-five years. Katniss' loving gesture to Rue, followed by her defiant three-finger salute straight into the camera, ignites riots in District 11 that will soon catch fire over all of Panem. Will Americans be willing to tear themselves away from reality TV long enough to fan OWS' flames?

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<sup>3</sup> The Numbers Don't Lie by Richard L Hasen Slate March 9<sup>th</sup>, 2012  
[http://www.slate.com/articles/news\\_and\\_politics/politics/2012/03/the\\_supreme\\_court\\_s\\_citizens\\_united\\_decision\\_has\\_led\\_to\\_an\\_explosion\\_of\\_campaign\\_spending\\_.html](http://www.slate.com/articles/news_and_politics/politics/2012/03/the_supreme_court_s_citizens_united_decision_has_led_to_an_explosion_of_campaign_spending_.html)

## Bread and Alliances

Bree Despain

First off, I have to say that if you get the chance to see *The Hunger Games* more than once, you should go for it. I've seen the movie twice now. The first time was at a pre-screening two days before the movie came out. (And yes, I did feel like I'd won the lottery when I got my hands on that ticket!) The second time was on Saturday with my husband (who was green with envy that a lack of babysitter prevented him from being able to see the movie early with me). The first time I saw the movie, I enjoyed it. The second time, I LOVED it!

The difference was that the first time I watched the movie, I couldn't get the book out of my head. I sat there with my tub of popcorn and my box of Swedish Fish, comparing the movie scene by scene with the book, analyzing the differences and similarities. I was surprised by how many things were spot on with what I had pictured in my own head while reading, and lamented every little change or detail that was different. However, the second time I watched the film, I was able to push away expectations and let myself watch the movie just as a movie—and enjoy the story the film was trying to tell on its own.

That being said, even after two viewings, and having thoroughly enjoyed the movie, there were two important parts of the book that I was still surprised and disappointed were omitted from the film adaptation. The first one is biggie: What happened to the scene at the end of the book when Peeta finds out that Katniss was just pretending to be in love with him, and Katniss realizes that Peeta wasn't faking it at all? That seems like a pretty important scene in the shaping of their relationship, and also in the development of Peeta's character. It was that moment outside the train—when I saw just how devastated Peeta is when he realizes Katniss's affections were fake, and how unbearably horrible Katniss feels about it all, and how they were going to have to go on pretending for the safety of everyone they loved—that more than anything propelled me all the way to the bookstore in the rain to pick up a copy of *Catching Fire*. I had to

know how this relationship was going to play out! And after watching the movie twice, I still wonder if viewers who haven't read the book would even get the fact that Katniss was pretending and Peeta wasn't. And does Peeta even know Katniss was faking it? (I need to know this!)

The second thing that I wish had made it into the movie: the part from the book where District 11 pools their money together to send bread to Katniss after she places flowers around Rue's dead body. This may seem unimportant, and probably wasn't missed by many viewers, but to me, it has always been one of the most important moments in the book—a foreshadowing of the alliance between districts that is soon to come in the rebellion against President Snow. Bread is an important symbol in both the books and the movie. In such an impoverished and starving society, bread is life. Bread is hope. The gift of bread can give its recipient the spark to keep on going. When Katniss forms an alliance with Rue, it isn't just out of convenience. Any other tribute may have disregarded Rue, or tried to kill her on the spot as an easy target. But Rue and Katniss form a true bond of friendship, treating each other as sisters, and in turn show the poorer districts that they can work together towards a common goal. When Rue is mortally injured, Katniss could have left her, but instead she stays with her, sings to her until she loses consciousness, and then places flowers around her body and gives the three-fingered salute in order to show the Capitol that they don't own her or Rue. While this act inspires a small uprising against the Peacekeepers in District 11 (as shown in the movie; it doesn't actually happen in the books until the Victory Tour in *Catching Fire*), it also inspires an act of reciprocation (as depicted in the book), in which District 11—one of the poorest districts—does something that has *never* been done before: works together in order to send a gift to a tribute who isn't one of their own.

This simple act of sending bread to Katniss may seem like an inconsequential detail to overlook, but to me, I always saw it as a vitally important act of community between the districts, showing the nation of Panem that they can work together rather than feel isolated from each other. I will probably go on to see the *Hunger Games* movie at least a dozen more times,

but with each viewing, I will still be waiting for that little parachute to bring bread to Katniss from District 11 and give her hope in a moment of darkness.

## The Games: Unmasked

Elizabeth M. Rees

I entered the theater screening *The Hunger Games* with the wariness of Katniss slipping through the nonfunctional fence of District 12. How could any film remotely capture the dark and tangled complexity of Suzanne Collins' series and the cast of characters that populate Panem?

Particularly, how could a two-and-a-half hour movie convey the intricate twists and turns of Katniss Everdeen's evolution—psychological and emotional—from half-starved survivor trying to keep her family alive to the hero of a revolution? Quite a tall order, even in the hands of an Oscar-nominated actress the caliber of Jennifer Lawrence.

To my amazement, in general the film managed to succeed, if not royally. Jennifer Lawrence inhabited Katniss brilliantly in spite of being too well dressed for District 12. (When the film opens she looks more like she's paid a visit to the Gap than the Hob for her duds; to be fair, Gale is also a bit too well dressed for hunting.) I had hoped she'd evidence more anger and menace and general hostility to the world, a la Rooney Mara in *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*, but I can't help feel this may have been a director/studio directive to be sure the film would appeal to a more general audience than only the books' fan base. These are minor quibbles, though. For me, the most disturbing of the many plot changes from the book (some meaningful, some innocuous) was the dilution of one of the major themes of *The Hunger Games*: the game of deception played by the Gamemakers, Snow, the tributes in the arena, and yes, even Katniss herself.

Why this happens is certainly no mystery. Movie viewers have no way of experiencing Katniss' first-person thought processes—her inner realizations and conflicts regarding Peeta, her fellow tributes, Gale, her prep team—as film is a far less interior medium than the novel. More has to be *shown* to the audience, as well as demonstrated through characters' actions. But throughout the film, Katniss seems less fraught with doubt as to whom she can trust—and, more

troubling, how she might be able to play her own game of smoke and mirrors, in the name of survival—than she is in the book.

Again, given the quality of Jennifer Lawrence's acting, I feel this was a directorial decision. Here, though Katniss initially reacts with anger when she is sure Peeta has lied during his interview with Cesar—that his professed love for her is really a cruel act—she rarely, if ever, evidences this doubt again. Certainly, when she sees his alliance with the Careers, she is horrified that he has (seemingly) double-crossed her. Once the tracker jacker venom has worn off, it's difficult to tell if she doubts whether she really saw Peeta telling her to run. In the novel it is clear she can't trust her own memory, but in the film she seems to trust again too quickly, as soon as Rue suggests that Peeta is no longer with the Career tributes. By the time Katniss finds Peeta injured in the film, the only doubt the viewer has about her feelings toward him quickly evaporate as she gives him a more convincing kiss for the Panem audience. The ambiguity felt in the book evaporates entirely on screen. In the novel, she constantly wonders: Is he for real? Is he really friend or secretly foe? Is he truly in love or is his love only an act scripted by him and Haymitch? Surely hers is, isn't it? In the book, Katniss comes across as smartly wary, ruled by caution. She doesn't let her guard down so easily. Throughout the film it feels instead as if she is too gullible and naïve to really survive this world built on trickery and deception.

But if Katniss' interior motivations remain opaque to a film audience, the smoke and mirrors that conjure up the Games themselves are made perfectly clear. To me, this is the major weakness of the film. By showing so explicitly, so often, the *deus ex machina* of the gamemaking at work and Seneca Crane's endless directives to the array of eager Gamemakers, the whole veil of deception is stripped from the film. Worse yet, we witness Snow's behind-the-scenes instructions to Crane. His little speech about quenching that flame of hope sparked by Katniss' actions at the reaping and in the arena prepares the moviegoer for the uprisings that flame up in the next book, and thus in the next movie. But the suspense and element of surprise is lost in the heavy-handed foreshadowing. Katniss is no longer just a sympathetic character to be cheered on by Panem's TV viewers. She is already painted as something more, something

inspiring, something to kindle aspirations the less fortunate throughout the twelve districts never dared hope to entertain. Readers of *The Hunger Games* in novel form have no idea that a rebellion is brewing. They are only aware that along with Panem's captive audience, they too have been moved by Katniss' relentless efforts to save the ones she loves—her real love for Prim, and her on-screen (and perhaps real) love for Peeta.

So in this respect this otherwise excellent film fails, killing the suspense and intrigue that permeates the series. By the time the credits roll we are all-too-aware of how the Gamemakers control the environments of the arena. We know exactly what Snow's motivations are and how he operates. We are left with a rich cast of characters, terrific performances all around, and a good compelling plot . . . but a movie that is shorn of the sense of mystery that made the book so great.

## The Problem of Seneca Crane

Diana Peterfreund

In *The Hunger Games* novel, every scene of the story is shown from Katniss' point of view. When other characters move offstage, such as when Haymitch canvasses potential sponsors on his tribute's behalf, we only know it because Katniss, understanding how the Games have worked in the past, realizes that he must be doing so. We learn about how the Games work—sponsors, commentators and reactions from the viewers, a Gamemaker pulling all the strings—because Katniss tells us. In the movie, however, such scenes are shown to the viewer because we don't have Katniss' internal narrative to explain it to us. In the movie, we see all these things outright, and we're also provided the entirely new opportunity to meet the Gamemaker himself.

Seneca Crane, the Head Gamemaker of the 74th annual Hunger Games, is never actually mentioned by name in the novel. It isn't until *Catching Fire* that you learn the identity of the man responsible for the fires and the tracker jackers and the psychological horror of the wolf mutations. And at the same time you learn his name, you learn that he was put to death for the way the Games played out—presumably, for his failure to contain the threat that Katniss posed. In *Catching Fire*, Katniss uses that knowledge in the training rooms, hoisting up a “bloodied” dummy painted with the words “Seneca Crane” to remind the observing Gamemakers that they, too, are players in President Snow's giant game of life and death.

One of the most interesting choices in the film was to show that side of the story and give us a glimpse into what is happening behind the scenes. In the film, the young Head Gamemaker Crane (a beautiful and diabolically bearded Wes Bentley) is shown to be inexperienced and, in truth, a little naïve. (He's even shown taking advice from *Haymitch*.) Crane, like many of the Capitol residents, appears to take the Games at face value, arguing to Caesar Flickerman in the

opening scene of the film that the Hunger Games have become a valuable part of Panem's heritage and traditions.

When he visits President Snow in his rose garden to discuss the problems arising in the Games, Snow quickly reminds him that the true purpose of the Games is not the bizarre and myriad cruelties that make up Crane's day-to-day activities in the arena control room. Rather, it is and always has been subjugation of the entire population of Panem. "Why," he asks Crane, with the tone of a weary teacher quizzing a recalcitrant student, "do we have a winner?"

The Hunger Games exist in a precarious balance. They must provide the citizens with enough hope to keep from despair, but not so much that it starts the fires of rebellion. Crane's shout of "Stop!" into the arena when Katniss and Peeta are about to eat the toxic nightlock berries is tinged with the desperation of a man who fears what will happen if he allows them to "break" the Games by denying the population a winner. But his intervention is too late—the threat alone is enough to "break" the Games. By protecting the innocent Rue, by providing Cato with a mercy killing (and much more quickly than in the novel!), by being willing to commit suicide rather than kill Peeta, Katniss Everdeen permanently disrupts the balance of the Games, and of the nation it keeps in check.

In *Catching Fire*, President Snow does not describe Seneca Crane's execution. But the movie reveals its brilliant method: Crane is shown into a beautifully appointed room containing a crystal bowl filled with nightlock berries. The smug Capitol security slides off the face of the poor Gamemaker as he's locked into his own, tiny arena of death. In Panem, everyone is part of the game, whether they know it or not.

## Links for Further Reading

A few interesting Hunger Games-related links from around the web:

### Official Sites

[Capitol Couture](#)

[The Capitol Tour](#)

### Smart Pop

[The Girl Who Was on Fire – Movie Edition book page](#)

[Hunger Games Presentation – One Book Sarasota](#)

[100 Days of Hunger Games: Scenes We're Dying to See](#) - Ned Vizzini, Reality TV

[100 Days of Hunger Games: Scenes We're Dying to See](#) - Leah Wilson, The Mockingjay Pin

### Fandom

[The “Fandom on Fire” YouTube Channel](#)

[The Imagine Better Project: Hunger is Not a Game](#)

### Race and Class

[I See White People: \*Hunger Games\* and a Brief History of Cultural Whitewashing](#)

[Hunger Games Tweets](#)

[Three Great Reasons You Should Check Out \*The Hunger Games\*](#), from [Sarah Marian Seltzer](#)

### Making the Books/Film

[The Making of a Blockbuster](#)

[Dressing \*The Hunger Games\*: Costume Designer Judianna Makovsky](#)

[Hair Guru Linda Flowers Talks Styles and Trends](#)

### More

[Hunger Games Fans Flocking to North Carolina](#)

[What Fans Will Love, and What They Might Not, in \*The Hunger Games\*](#)

[The Disturbing Nature of the \*Hunger Games\* Katniss Everdeen Action Figure](#)

[The War Outside Our Door](#), a review of *The Hunger Games* from [Jacob Clifton](#)