

# Hunger Games/ Uglies

Tasks / Activities		Materials	✓
1.	<b>Starter activity</b> Survival: what would you wish to find in your backpack? Agree on ten items to get you through two weeks	your notes	
2.	<b>Brainstorming on issues and themes</b>	-	
3.	<b>Listening Comprehension</b> Classic and contemporary inspirations <a href="http://www.scholastic.com/thehungergames/videos/classical-inspiration.htm">http://www.scholastic.com/thehungergames/videos/classical-inspiration.htm</a> , <a href="http://www.scholastic.com/thehungergames/videos/contemporary-inspiration.htm">http://www.scholastic.com/thehungergames/videos/contemporary-inspiration.htm</a>	HG 1	
4.	<b>Quotes for discussion</b> Look at the quotes provided, discuss them and group them according to categories, answer these questions in writing for 5 of them: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Into which category would you put it and why?</li> <li>• Why is this quote important/typical/ interesting?</li> <li>• What does it draw attention to?</li> <li>• Why did you choose this quote?</li> <li>• What is the relationship between the quote and the book as a whole?</li> </ul>	HG 2, paper	
5.	<b>Symbolism:</b> Work with a partner and do some research online. Try to answer the questions on HG 3-5 <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• <b>Meaning of Panem</b></li> <li>• <b>What's in a name?</b></li> <li>• <b>Food symbolism</b></li> </ul>	HG 3-6	
6.	<b>Live-Shows:</b> What's behind the scenes?		
7.	<b>OPEN YOUR EYES:</b> Both <i>Hunger Games</i> and <i>Uglies</i> deal with important issues in our society. Let's inform young people of these issues  <b>1.Group research project</b> Go together in groups, choose a topic from the list of "issues and themes" and research a specific aspect connected to it. Find information, examples (in history and/or nowadays) and find parallels to the book you have read. Think of possible solutions, reasons, effects...)  <b>2. Prepare a flyer for an info-campaign called: OPEN YOUR EYES</b> In your flyer inform young people of the problem. Give examples and suggest possible solutions. Design flyers that could be handed out to movie-goers who are about to watch <i>Hunger Games</i> or <i>Uglies</i> . Every group member must contribute at least one text (about 400 words). Layout your flyers nicely, including a title page (OPEN YOUR EYES!!!) and some pictures. Upload first drafts of your texts to moodle for feedback and corrections.  <b>3. Video-campaign</b> Use the information you have collected in your flyers and present the facts in a 5-minute video-spot. Use lots of pictures/drawings and hardly any writing. Record your video- soundtrack on MyBrainshark.com and paste the link into the moodle database for the presentations.	internet  moodle  MyBrainshark.com	
8.	<b>Presentation:</b> present your video-campaign and your flyer to the class	19.06	



Homework				
	Tasks / Activities	Deadline	Materials	✓
1.	Write your text for the info-flyer and upload it to moodle	by Sunday evening, 10.6.		
2.	Revise your flyer text carefully and layout it nicely for the project flyer.	by 19.6.		
3.	Prepare your video-campaign clip and record the soundtrack on My-Brainshark.com	12.6. in class, finish by 19.6.		
4.	Finish and clean up your reading diary for this year. Enter all the books you have read into the reading log and write a personal reflection about any new books that you have read. ( <i>Including Hunter Games/ Uglies</i> )	by 22.6.		
<b>Optional TASKS (to improve your final grade)</b>				
2.	<b>Creative Task:</b> Choose one creative task from below and write about 200 words.		Task sheet	
3.	<b>Quotation:</b> Choose a quote and write down your thoughts, ideas, connections, etc. (50 words)		IV E HG 2	

## Issues and Themes

- Dictatorship, oppression, human rights, power and control, punishment (politics)
- Hunger and poverty, injustice (society)
- Violence (on and off screen)
- Moral issues, struggle for survival, personal values
- Reality TV, appearance (cosmetic surgery)

## Optional Creative Tasks

### 1. An Additional Chapter

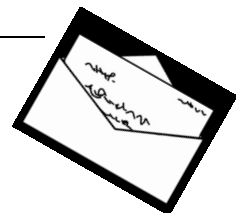
Do you have the feeling that you could add another chapter to the book?  
What is going to happen next in your story?

Image: <http://www.seonoobie.com/wp-content/uploads/2010/11/blog-writing-tips.jpg>



### 2. Dear Friend,

One of the characters writes an email to his/her friend, telling him/her about what's going on at the moment. What are his/her problems? Try to stick to the contents of the book as much as possible. Image: <http://www.schulbilder.org/brief-t13365.jpg>



### 3. News, News, News

Imagine one of the events connected to the Hunger Games would be reported in a local newspaper (in the capitol, the districts). Write a newspaper report about that specific event, provide important information (who, what, when, where, why) and find a good headline. You can even interview your characters as eyewitnesses or experts. Image: Clipart

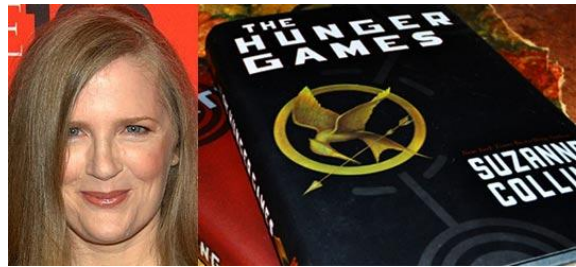


## Listening Comprehension: Interview with the Author

Watch the interview with Suzanne Collins about her novel, *The Hunger Games* (2008), on the website:

[www.scholastic.com/thehungergames/videos/suzanne-collins-message.htm](http://www.scholastic.com/thehungergames/videos/suzanne-collins-message.htm).

Take notes and answer the questions below.



### Classical Inspiration

1. What story inspired her to create *The Hunger Games*?
2. What message did Crete give to the people of Athens?
3. How is the story inspired by Roman times?

### Contemporary Inspiration

1. What are the modern day inspirations for the contents of the book?
2. How did Collins put a contemporary spin on *The Hunger Games*?
3. The games are required viewing not only for entertainment purposes, but what is the second (and most important reason) the citizens are required to view them?
4. What do you think? Did you think of these aspects while reading? Do you see the connections now?

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Image: <http://www.filmofilia.com/wp-content/uploads/2011/03/Suzanne-Collins-The-Hunger-Games.jpg>



## Quotes from the Hunger Games

“Barbarism? That’s ironic coming from a woman helping to prepare us for slaughter.”

All I can think is how unjust the whole thing is, the Hunger Games. Why am I hopping around like some trained dog trying to please people I hate?

They do surgery in the Capital, to make people appear younger and thinner. In District 12, looking old is something of an achievement since so many people die early. You see an elderly person, you want to congratulate them on their longevity, ask the secret of survival. A plump person is envied because they aren’t scraping by like the majority of us. But here it is different. Wrinkles aren’t desirable. A round belly isn’t a sign of success.

“I don’t know how to say it exactly. Only. I want to die as myself. Does that make any sense?” he asks. I shake my head. How could he die as anyone but himself? “I don’t want them to change me in there. Turn me into some kind of monster that I’m not.”

I bite my lip feeling inferior. While I’ve been ruminating on the availability of trees, Peeta has been struggling with how to maintain his identity. His purity of self. “Do you mean you won’t kill anyone?” I ask.

“No, when the time comes, I’m sure I’ll kill just like everybody else. I can’t go down without a fight. Only I keep wishing I could think of a way to. to show the Capitol they don’t own me. That I’m more than just a piece in their Games,” says Peeta.

“But you’re not,” I say. “None of us are. That’s how the Games work.”

“Okay, but within that framework, there’s still you, there’s still me,” he insists. “Don’t you see?”

“A little. Only. No offense, but who cares, Peeta?” I say.

“I do. I mean, what else am I allowed to care about at this point?” he asks angrily. He’s locked those blue eyes on mine now, demanding an answer.

I take a step back. “Care about what Haymitch said. About staying alive.”

Everything is brand-new, I will be the first and only tribute to use this Launch Room. The arenas are historic sites, preserved after the Games. Popular destinations for Capitol residents to visit, to vacation. Go for a month, rewatch the Games, tour the catacombs, visit the sites where the deaths took place. You can even take part in reenactments. They say the food is excellent.

This was no tribute’s campfire gone out of control, no accidental occurrence. The flames that bear down on me have an unnatural height, a uniformity that marks them as human-made, machine-made, Gamemaker-made. Things have been too quiet today. No deaths, perhaps no fights at all. The audience in the Capitol will be getting bored, claiming that these Games are verging on dullness. This is the one thing the Games must not do. [...]The game has taken a twist. The fire was just to get us moving, now the audience will get to see some real fun.

Rue’s eyes widen. “Oh, no, we’re not allowed to eat the crops.”

“They arrest you or something?” I ask.

“They whip you and make everyone else watch,” says Rue. “The mayor’s very strict about it.”



I can tell by her expression that it’s not that uncommon an occurrence. A public whipping’s a rare thing in

District 12, although occasionally one occurs. Technically, Gale and I could be whipped on a daily basis for poaching in the woods — well, technically, we could get a whole lot worse — except all the officials buy our meat. Besides, our mayor, Madge's father, doesn't seem to have much taste for such events. Maybe being the least prestigious, poorest, most ridiculed district in the country has its advantages. Such as, being largely ignored by the Capitol as long as we produce our coal quotas.

My wounds recovering, my mind still a bit foggy from the venom, and the warmth of Rue at my side, her head cradled on my shoulder, have given me a sense of security. I realize, for the first time, how very lonely I've been in the arena. How comforting the presence of another human being can be.

I can't stop looking at Rue, smaller than ever, a baby animal curled up in a nest of netting. I can't bring myself to leave her like this. Past harm, but seeming utterly defenseless. To hate the boy from District 1, who also appears so vulnerable in death, seems inadequate. It's the Capitol I hate, for doing this to all of us.

Gale's voice is in my head. His ravings against the Capitol no longer pointless, no longer to be ignored. Rue's death has forced me to confront my own fury against the cruelty, the injustice they inflict upon us. But here, even more strongly than at home, I feel my impotence. There's no way to take revenge on the Capitol. Is there?

Then I remember Peeta's words on the roof. "Only I keep wishing I could think of a way to show the Capitol they don't own me. That I'm more than just a piece in their Games." And for the first time, I understand what he means.

I want to do something, right here, right now, to shame them, to make them accountable, to show the Capitol that whatever they do or force us to do there is a part of every tribute they can't own. That Rue was more than a piece in their Games. And so am I.

A few steps into the woods grows a bank of wildflowers. Perhaps they are really weeds of some sort, but they have blossoms in beautiful shades of violet and yellow and white. I gather up an armful and come back to Rue's side. Slowly, one stem at a time, I decorate her body in the flowers. Covering the ugly wound. Wreathing her face. Weaving her hair with bright colors.

They'll have to show it. Or, even if they choose to turn the cameras elsewhere at this moment, they'll have to bring them back when they collect the bodies and everyone will see her then and know I did it. I step back and take a last look at Rue. She could really be asleep in that meadow after all.

"Bye, Rue," I whisper. I press the three middle fingers of my left hand against my lips and hold them out in her direction. Then I walk away without looking back.

The birds fall silent.

Haymitch couldn't be sending me a clearer message. One kiss equals one pot of broth. I can almost hear his snarl. "You're supposed to be in love, sweetheart. The boy's dying. Give me something I can work with!"

And he's right. If I want to keep Peeta alive, I've got to give the audience something more to care about. Star-crossed lovers desperate to get home together. Two hearts beating as one. Romance.

At this late stage in the Games, with an important event like the feast, school will probably be canceled. My family can either watch on that static-filled old clunker of a television at home or join the crowds in the square to watch on the big, clear screens. They'll have privacy at home but support in the square. People ⇔ will give them a kind word, a bit of food if they can spare it. I wonder if the baker has sought them out, especially now that Peeta and I are a team, and made good on his promise to keep my sister's belly full.

I won't close my eyes. The comment about Rue has filled me with fury, enough fury I think to die with

some dignity. As my last act of defiance, I will stare her down as long as I can see, which will probably not be an extended period of time, but I will stare her down, I will not cry out. I will die, in my own small way, undefeated.

Maybe he wasn't always a drunk. Maybe, in the beginning, he tried to help the tributes. But then it got unbearable. It must be hell to mentor two kids and then watch them die. Year after year after year. I realize that if I get out of here, that will become my job. To mentor the girl from District 12. The idea is so repellent, I thrust it from my mind.

For the first time, I allow myself to truly think about the possibility that I might make it home. To fame. To wealth. To my own house in the Victor's Village. My mother and Prim would live there with me. No more fear of hunger. A new kind of freedom. But then. what? What would my life be like on a daily basis? Most of it has been consumed with the acquisition of food. Take that away and I'm not really sure who I am, what my identity is. The idea scares me some. I think of Haymitch, with all his money. What did his life become? He lives alone, no wife or children, most of his waking hours drunk. I don't want to end up like that.

"But you won't be alone," I whisper to myself. I have my mother and Prim. Well, for the time being. And then. I don't want to think about then, when Prim has grown up, my mother passed away. I know I'll never marry, never risk bringing a child into the world. Because if there's one thing being a victor doesn't guarantee, it's your children's safety. My kids' names would go right into the reaping balls with everyone else's. And I swear I'll never let that happen.

"You're not leaving me here alone," I say. Because if he dies, I'll never go home, not really. I'll spend the rest of my life in this arena trying to think my way out.

"Listen," he says pulling me to my feet. "We both know they have to have a victor. It can only be one of us. Please, take it. For me." And he goes on about how he loves me, what life would be without me but I've stopped listening because his previous words are trapped in my head, thrashing desperately around.

We both know they have to have a victor.

Yes, they have to have a victor. Without a victor, the whole thing would blow up in the Gamemakers' faces. They'd have failed the Capitol. Might possibly even be executed, slowly and painfully while the cameras broadcast it to every screen in the country.

If Peeta and I were both to die, or they thought we were.

I startle when I catch someone staring at me from only a few inches away and then realize it's my own face reflecting back in the glass. Wild eyes, hollow cheeks, my hair in a tangled mat. Rabid. Feral. Mad. No wonder everyone is keeping a safe distance from me.

They chatter so continuously that I barely have to reply, which is good, since I don't feel very talkative. It's funny, because even though they're rattling on about the Games, it's all about where they were or what they were doing or how they felt when a specific event occurred. "I was still in bed!" "I had just had my eyebrows dyed!" "I swear I nearly fainted!" Everything is about them, not the dying boys and girls in the arena. ➡

We don't wallow around in the Games this way in District 12. We grit our teeth and watch because we must and try to get back to business as soon as possible when they're over. To keep from hating the prep team, I effectively tune out most of what they're saying.

I look, very simply, like a girl. A young one. Fourteen at the most. Innocent. Harmless. Yes, it is shocking that Cinna has pulled this off when you remember I've just won the Games. [...]

Peeta? No, it's not about Peeta. It's about the Capitol and the Gamemakers and the audience. Although I do

not yet understand Cinna's design, it's a reminder the Games are not quite finished. And beneath his benign reply, I sense a warning.

"Listen up. You're in trouble. Word is the Capitol's furious about you showing them up in the arena. The one thing they can't stand is being laughed at and they're the joke of Panem," says Haymitch. "Your only defense can be you were so madly in love you weren't responsible for your actions."

When I left the arena, when the trumpets played, I was supposed to be safe. From then on. For the rest of my life. But if what Haymitch says is true, and he's got no reason to lie, I've never been in such a dangerous place in my life.

It's so much worse than being hunted in the arena. There, I could only die. End of story. But out here Prim, my mother, Gale, the people of District 12, everyone I care about back home could be punished if I can't pull off the girl-driven-crazy-by-love scenario Haymitch has suggested.

Caesar Flickerman makes a few more jokes, and then it's time for the show. This will last exactly three hours and is required viewing for all of Panem. As the lights dim and the seal appears on the screen, I realize I'm unprepared for this. I do not want to watch my twenty-two fellow tributes die. I saw enough of them die the first time. My heart starts pounding and I have a strong impulse to run. How have the other victors faced this alone? [...]

Condensing several weeks into three hours is quite a feat, especially when you consider how many cameras were going at once. Whoever puts together the highlights has to choose what sort of story to tell. This year, for the first time, they tell a love story. I know Peeta and I won, but a disproportionate amount of time is spent on us, right from the beginning. I'm glad though, because it supports the whole crazy-in-love thing that's my defense for defying the Capitol, plus it means we won't have as much time to linger over the deaths.

"Nothing you say will be wrong," he says.

And I think, Oh, Caesar, if only that were true. But actually, President Snow may be arranging some sort of "accident" for me as we speak.

We barely have time to say good-bye to Cinna and Portia, although we'll see them in a few months, when we tour the districts for a round of victory ceremonies. It's the Capitol's way of reminding people that the Hunger Games never really go away. We'll be given a lot of useless plaques, and everyone will have to pretend they love us.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see Peeta extend his hand. I look at him, unsure. "One more time? For the audience?" he says. His voice isn't angry. It's hollow, which is worse. Already the boy with the bread is slipping away from me.