

Interviews

- **Matthew:** Somehow, I'm one of the three to still be alive.

He pauses as he looks out into the distance.

I don't quite know what to think. Also, sorry Paye, for holding hands with someone else.

Another pause.

This is weird, y'know, I'm a klutz, didn't think I get this far. But, hey, thanks, guys, for not killing me yet!

- **Cornelius:** Damn you, bandit... How dare you use underhanded techniques in our battle. Was I not prepared enough? No, I am certain I was outsmarted, but I will be more cautious in the next games if I ever participate again.

- **Shimon:**

- **Kokoro:** (Damian Brighte, Kokoro's author: Maybe Kokoro shouldn't've teamed up with Kaitlyn yesterday!

Kaitlyn might've observed her weak points and/or figured out the intricacies of her Quirk yesterday. Why didn't she just grab a sword or something? Well... she's the kind of person who wouldn't use a knife in a fight if she wasn't sure she'd be good at it. Besides, her fists and cheap tricks got her this far, didn't they? But it wasn't far enough.)

- **Kaitlyn:** Okay. Okay okay okay. I can do this. There's only about three of us left. I know that Matt person is around somewhere - we hung out last night, but that fight with Doom has left me wary. And then... um... not sure who else. I saw Farah die, which is a real pity - but better her than me, I suppose?

I can do this. ARGH, what was I thinking?

- **Kkukttak:** [waves a hand at the interview drone, his other hand carrying a list of swears, which has been wrapped around some sort of weapon] No comment.

[the drone continues to follow him]

No. Comment.

[a few more insistent questions later]

I'd like to congratulate Farah on poisoning someone. As to anything else, no comment.

- **Farah:** [scowling] Gods-rotted arena, gods-rotted traps, I'm going back to the RC to take a shower and then find out how Kkukttak pulls this off.

[spots one of the brawls in Rudi's on the playback as she's leaving]

He killed Aulhar? That is going to make things so awkward. Ugh.

[renews her flounce]

- **Aulhar:** [groans] Getting my face bashed into the bar ... even virtually, hell of a way to go. Didn't even see the guy coming.

I have to admit, I'm surprised I lasted this long. Maybe I still look like someone not to mess with.. Could be the scars.

[Aulhar pulls out his phone and starts tapping at it, then smiles at the camera.]

You sure did a good job getting people interested in the games, at least going off how much cash is in the betting pool.

[some more tapping]

Wow, some people have gotten creative while I was out. There's even an options market — who in their right mind would even do that?

Sarkan, interviewer: It's the PPC, I guess!

Aulhar: Yeah, fair enough.

The Final Days Begin

The logo of Nutmeg TV fades, but instead of revealing the commentator's booth, a slideshow takes up the entire screen. Ominous piano music plays in the background as words appear in the center:

THE FINAL THREE

Matthew, the prodigy of accidental murder. The screen shows the bodies of his victims - first Doom, then Katalina - staring blankly skyward. Matt himself is shown in various situations: first hiding under a table during the Bloodbath, clutching a medical kit to his chest. Next he is shown at the wheels of a car barreling down the halls of HQ, notably tense. Finally, Matt appears as he does in the present: resting in the shelter of a makeshift camp, his few supplies - a medkit and a pair of hatchets - off in the corner.

Kkukttak, the resourceful rat. The first image shown is of him receiving his first weapons— two hatchets which, like Matthew's, were granted by the Mysterious Hatchet Sponsor. The screen then shows him in action: shrouded in darkness, approaching Shimon's camp and escaping with stolen supplies. Next he is seen running from the Sleep Mellon, ducking behind a corner just as a rain of bullets pepper the floor and walls past him. As he is now, the kif rests in the Cafeteria, holding a gently humming weapon by his side made unidentifiable by the scraps of swear-list he has wrapped it in.

Kaitlyn, the veteran tribute. Most of the images that follow the first shot of her face involve other competitors - talking with some, actively hunting with others, fighting, killing two. The ones that don't include socializing show her sitting alone. **Kaitlyn questions her sanity**, the captions helpfully note. Then Kaitlyn is shown in the now - walking down the halls, only a bow and a sparse selection of arrows on her person, her expression unreadable.

With the three tribute montages complete, the camera fades to dark. Large, red letters in bold font appear on the screen, in sharp contrast to the jet-black backdrop.

NIGHT 5

The camera comes into focus to show a small, homely camp - Matt's camp, to be precise, though the tribute is nowhere in sight.

From the night-dimmed halls emerges Kkukttak, barely visible as a silhouette. He seems to glide across the shadows, approaching the camp. After a moment's pause, he enters, and the camera pans upwards.

DAY 6

The view pans back down to the next morning, the area now lit up by the Holo-Arena's artificial daytime. While most of the camp is untouched, where Matt's supplies used to be lies an empty patch of Generic floor instead, scraps littered about.

The camera swoops away, passing through the Holo-Arena's walls when it has to, then pauses when it finds Kaitlyn Jackson trying to sleep in an abandoned RC. The drone stops completely, watching her for several seconds, as if waiting for something to happen. However, it seems she's resolved to try to sleep, so the camera moves on.

It flies further through the Holo-Arena, past crumbled passageways and through bullet-riddled walls, then comes across Kkukttak in the Cafeteria. The camera zooms in as he raises something to his mouth - it's unclear what exactly it is, but it seems he pulled it out of the Cafeteria stockpiles, at least judging by the opened wooden box in front of him that reads, "FOOD, PROBABLY."

With an abrupt, echoing *BOOM*, the camera smash-cuts to Kkukttak lying face-down on the floor, dead.

NIGHT 6

In the silence of the halls, Kaitlyn Jackson can hear so much. The sound of her footsteps on the Generic floor, every breath she takes, every pulse of her heart. But it all seems... a little *too* loud, though.

Her vision is blurring at the edges. As she walks, the halls seem to twist, floor becoming wall, walls becoming floor. Lights blink in and out of reality.

Kaitlyn stumbles, then falls. The ground rises up to meet her.

...

Matt is walking alone in the halls, dangling a newfound medicine kit by his side. Everything is deafeningly quiet - he can barely hear his own footsteps. Then there is a noise, and he stops.

A second passes, and suddenly the silence is shattered. Messily.

The air itself blasts out cheery kazoo music and the halls of the Holo-Arena are suddenly plastered with rainbow-colored confetti, coating the floor, ceiling, and Matt himself.

"Well done!" rings out the cheery voice of Ligma B. Matterhorn, echoing around and down the halls of the Holo-Arena. "Well done, champion!"

"Viewers and listeners, the winner of the Sixth Occasional PPC Hunger Games is... Agent Matthew, of the department of Floaters! Congratulations, and good night!"

The kazoo fanfare crescendos into a grand, drawn-out harmony as the screen fades to black.

To our viewers, thank you for enjoying our broadcast of this year's Games, brought to you with help from the Nutmeg TV volunteer staff. We thank you for bearing with us - delays, technical difficulties, and all - and we hope to see you again sometime!

Transcript (Night 5)

Kaitlyn quietly hums.

Kkukttak destroys **Matt's** supplies while he is asleep.

Day 6

Kaitlyn tries to sleep through the entire day.

Matt takes an emergency care kit from Medical.

Kkukttak eats the Cafeteria food and dies in seconds.

Night 6

Matt taints **Kaitlyn's** food, killing her.

MATTHEW is the champion!

District 1	David Null	Matthew 3 Kills
District 2	Kokoro 1 Kill	Hiromi
District 3	Thalia Quinn	Deem
District 4	Caprice	Shimon
District 5	Ocotillo	Jarrod 1 Kill
District 6	Farah Tahar 1 Kill	Aulhar Tauran 1 Kill
District 7	Agent Noman	Taq
District 8	Vanille la Vix 3 Kills	Rebecca Buch 1 Kill
District 9	Charlie	Katalina
District 10	Kkukktak 2 Kills	Boadicea
District 11	O'Ryan Keys	Kaitlyn Jackson 2 Kills
District 12	Cornelius 1 Kill	Holo Acacia

Random Statistics

Matthew and **Vanille la Vix** shared the record for most kills, at three each.

Six duels resulted in the loser being spared.

Five tributes were killed by poison.

Four tributes were slain by the Sleep Mellon.

Three cars were discovered.

Two pairs of hatchets were gifted by the Mysterious Hatchet Sponsor.

One. Hm. **One** winner, I guess? Sounds rather generic, but it'll do for now.

Credits

Volunteer Staff:

Ligma B. Matterhorn, delegator and commentator
Nybble, emotional support and provider of swear lists
Jiwon Kim, drone pilot and pianist
Winfrey, Arena technician and commentator
Sarkan, interviewer and commentator
The Sleep Mellon, Arena event

Author Credits:

The Hunger Games Simulator used for this entire event belongs to Brantsteele.
Nutmeg TV, Kaitlyn Jackson, and Holo-Acacia belong to Huinesoron.
Brooder's Bluff was created by Soap.
The Sleep Mellon was created by Alleb.
Nybble belongs to FourMoonsWatching.
Matterhorn, Jiwon, Charlie, and Ocotillo belong to OrangeFox.
Noman, Sarkan, and Winfrey belong to Sierpinksi.
Shimon and Caprice belong to Neshomeh.
Kokoro and Hiromi belong to Damian Brighte.
Thalia and Doom belong to Scarlett.

Rebecca and Boudicea belong to Clairebook.
Aulhar, Kkukttak, Farah, and Taq belong to Tomash.
Cornelius, Vanille, Katalina, and Jarrod belong to Literature's Hanafuda.
Matthew, David, O'Ryan, and Paye belong to Kittyauthor.

Well, that about wraps things up. Hope you enjoyed the show!

-OrangeFox