

Weird, I thought, staring at the cornucopia. *That couldn't be Mark Hall, could it?*

I'd find out in fifty seconds. And maybe this would be a good Games after all.

The gamemakers had taken away my Bible, and right now I was too nervous to remember any verses. *Please let me get to him*, I prayed.

Don't be afraid, a Voice said in my ear.

When the buzzer sounded, I waited five seconds. Let the others run ahead, the Lord had told me.

Besides the usual assortment of things, this year They had thrown in five special items- including Hall, for some reason.

For such things are- A knotted piece of rope whistled past my cheek.

"S-sis!" I yelped.

She glared but stayed her hand. Thank God.

Numbly, I made my way across the field.

My favorite singer stood waiting for me. "H-hi," I stammered.

"Hi." He wasn't at all fazed by the chaos around him. "I understand you're trying to win, not by might or power-"

"But by the Spirit," I replied with a fleeting grin.

"Uh-huh." He ducked; an arrow nearly grazed his scalp. "Here's what I suggest: kill 'em with kindness."

I nodded my thanks, though I was unsure just what he meant.

"Hey, Ketren, don't forget your Bible." To my astonishment, he lifted it from the table beside him.

It was only later, huddled against a massive banyan tree, that I wondered how he knew my nickname.