

# TITLE

1. Noun
2. Noun
3. Noun
4. Noun
5. Conjunction
6. Conjunction

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I can't fight in a \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_, so I get myself some new \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ from the Pit before I walk to the training room for my last fight. I hope it's with Peter.

"Hey, where were you this morning?" Christina asks when I walk in. I squint to see the blackboard across the room. The space next to mine is blank- I haven't gotten an opponent yet.

"I got held up," I say.

Four stands in front of the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ and writes a name next to mine. Please let it be Peter, please, please.....

"You okay, Tris? You look a little.....," says Al.

"A little what?"

Four moves away from the board. The name \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ next to mine is Molly. Not Peter, but good enough.

"On edge," says Al.

My fight is last on the list, which means I have to wait through three matches before I face her. Edward

\_\_\_\_\_ Conjunction \_\_\_\_\_ Peter fight second to last- good. Edward is the only one who can beat Peter. Christina will fight Al, which means that Al will lose quickly, like he's been doing all week.

"Go easy on me, okay?" Al asks Christina.

"I make no promises," she replies.

The first pair- Will \_\_\_\_\_ Conjunction \_\_\_\_\_ Myra- stand across from each other in the arena. For a second they both shuffle back and forth, one jerking an arm forward and then retracting it, the other kicking and missing. Across the room, Four leans against the wall and yawns.

I

stare at the board and try to predict the outcome of each match. It doesn't take long. Then I bite my fingernails and think about Molly. Christina lost to her, which means she's good. She has a powerful punch, but she doesn't move her feet. If she can't hit me, she can't hurt me.

As expected, the next fight between Christina and Al is quick and painless. Al falls after a few hard hits to the face and doesn't get back up, which makes Eric shake his head.

Edward and Peter take longer. Though they are the two best fighters, the disparity between them is noticeable.

Edward's fist slams into Peter's jaw, and I remember what Will said about him- that he had been studying combat since he was ten. It's obvious. He is faster and smarter than even Peter.