Fan Fiction: The Maze Runner:)

written by

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Hi guys! I know you're all tired of looking for some good fan fiction, so I'm gonna write some for you ;) 
Be Aware: this is written from a first person perspective and you're a girl! (surprise, me too lol)
I jolted awake, shivering. "Where am I?" I wondered out loud. Looking around, I tried to take in my surroundings, but it was pitch black. The air was stale, forcing me to take shallow breaths. I stood up slowly, one hand resting on my churning stomach and one on the wall. Judging by the way it felt, I was going up. I walked the perimeter of the area, bumping into boxes and cloth bags. Back in my corner, I sank to the floor. I was in a cold, metal box with stale air. I stood up again, determined to figure out what was exactly in here with me. Before I could take a step, the box lurched to a stop. I was thrown back to the floor, banging my head on something sharp on the way down. I groaned, throwing one arm over my eyes—which were squeezed shut—as the top of the box opened and warm light flooded in. There was fresh air, and I sucked it into my lungs. Seconds later, I heard a thud and a shadow blocked the light from hitting my face. Peeking one eye open, I was shocked to find an attractive boy inches away from my face. I quickly shut my eye, but not before I saw a soft smile form on the boy's lips. "It's a girl." He called back to someone in an astonished voice. And oh, he had the most adorable accent. I heard a lot of low murmuring and risked another peek before shutting my eyes at the sheer brightness of the day. I saw a lot of boys standing in a circle around the box opening when I opened my eyes in that brief moment, and I opened my eyes again when the shadow fell over me, and I looked up at the boy. "Name's Newt, Greenie." I almost smiled, then realized that I couldn't remember anything. However, this boy...this boy seemed familiar. I know I saw him before. I had a brief flash of him being this close to me before, closer even. I closed one eye and cocked my head, trying to think, but I couldn't remember. Holding out one hand, he helped me up. I was fine for about five seconds, then he had to catch me. I almost crumpled to the ground; my head hurt really bad where I had hit it. I dimly heard another voice telling everyone to go back to work. I gasped and held my hand to the back of my head. "Hey, what's wrong?" The boy-Newt-said. I shook my head, and he removed my hand from my head. Seeing the blood, he quickly and gently pushed my hair aside and inspected whatever I did to it. "It hurts." I managed out, and he nodded. Swaying on my feet, he picked me up, bridal style and handed me off to another boy.
"Alby, take her to the med-jacks. Quickly." The new guy nodded and jogged towards a hut. With half-closed eyes, I watched as he opened the door and carried me to a bed. He tried to be gentle, but he dropped me onto the bed, causing me to cry out in pain, then black out.
I woke up gasping for air. There was someone in a chair next to me, and I looked around for a potential weapon. Spying a needle on the table, I reached over and grabbed it, hiding it under the covers as the boy woke up. I didn't know where I was, but I was going to find out.

"You're awake. How are you feeling?" He had a soft voice, but that just put me even more on edge. I didn't trust soft-spoken people, the one exception being the boy that jumped down into the box. It was...Newt, right? That sounded right.

"I want to see Newt." I told him, staring into his eyes. He ran a hand through his hair before responding.

"I'm sorry, I can't do that."

"And why not?"

"Because I can't. If you don't like it, talk to Alby." There that name was again. It was slowly coming back to me. The cold box, hitting my head, a muscular black boy carrying me here and setting me on the bed. I whipped out the needle and held it as if it were a knife.

"I told you, I want to see Newt. And I really don't want to use this on you." He backed away, eyes on my makeshift weapon. Inclining his head to a boy that just walked in the door, he whispered,

"Go get Newt. And tell him to hurry, the Greenie wants to see him." I didn't like the way this boy said 'Greenie.' He wasn't as nice as Newt was.

It couldn't have been more than a couple minutes when Newt burst into the shack, the other boy trailing on his heels.

"Greenie, what are you doing?" he yelled. I didn't like when he yelled, and I wanted him to stop. My head still hurt, but I wasn't about to put the needle down. I glared at him as he walked up to me.

"Newt, sit in that chair." I pointed the needle at the chair that the first boy was in. He hesitated, then sat down. I breathed a silent sigh of relief that he actually listened to me, and set the needle on the bed, inches away from my hand, in case I needed to snatch it up.

"Three questions. What's going on? Where am I? And why can't I remember anything?" I folded my arms across my chest as I shifted so I was sitting on the edge of the bed, facing him. Newt let out a sigh.

"I don't know why you can't remember anything. None of us can. The only thing that any of us remember is our name. As for where you are, you're in the maze. We don't know who
sent us here, or why we're here. We just try to survive." I raised an eyebrow at his explanation. However stupid it seemed, it was the only thing I had to go on, so I decided to just go with it.

"You say that you remember your names, right?" I asked, and Newt nodded. "Then why can't I remember mine?" He sighed.

"It'll come eventually. I remembered mine on my third day here. Some people remember theirs as soon as the box opens, sometimes before. Minho didn't remember his until he was knocked upside his shuck head by Gally." I frowned. Two more names I would have to remember.

"Is that Minho?" I asked, pointing at the boy who had sat next to me as I slept. Newt laughed, drawing a resistant grin from me.

"No, Minho is out in the maze right now. You'll have the chance to meet him later."

"Hmm." You laid back down, giving Newt the needle, trusting him that he wouldn't kill me while I slept. "I'm going to go back to sleep now."

"Ok Greenie. Let me know when you remember your name."
Chapter 3

I was nearly asleep when a single thought pierced through my brain. "Jamie." I whispered. Newt sat straight up and looked me dead in the eye.

"What did you say?"

"Jamie. My name is Jamie." I managed out, before sinking into the black abyss that was unconsciousness.

When I woke up, I found that someone had laid a thin blanket over me, and Newt was sleeping in the chair next to my bed. I smiled, sitting up. The bed creaked and Newt looked over at me. Hmm. Guess he wasn't sleeping after all.

"Hey, Jamie, you're awake." I took his hand and stood up. I stumbled and Newt caught me, one arm circling my waist. I gritted my teeth, forcing down my instincts to reach around, flip him over my shoulder, and run. As soon as the adrenaline rush faded, I found that I actually did need his help to stand. There weren't any more bandages on my head, but it still hurt and I was dizzy. Putting my right arm over his shoulder, he kept his arm around my waist, and we walked outside.

Newt was met with some jealous glares and I was thrown multiple hungry looks. I chose to ignore them and he led us to another shack-looking-building. Inside, the boy that had carried me to the other shack was standing there, his back to the door. Alby, I think his name was.

"Alby, this is Jamie, the Greenie." With me no longer needing support, Newt stood next to me. Alby turned around and looked me up and down. It wasn't how the other boys looked at me though. No, it seemed as if he was merely deciding if I was dangerous or not. After a second, he nodded and stuck his hand out.

"Jamie, was it? I'm Alby." I took his outstretched hand, and in a flurry of motion, he was sitting on my back with me pinned to the ground. I smiled and suppressed a laugh. He obviously had no idea what he was up against. Seconds later, I was sitting on his chest, pinning him very effectively to the ground. I had a sudden feeling that I'd pinned men before, some twice his size. I reached for the memory, but, like the last thing I almost remembered in the box, it flitted away, like a kite that lost its string.
Alby tried to get up as soon as he got over the shock of being pinned to the floor, but I held him there without a problem. After about 2 minutes, to my surprise, he started laughing. I grinned, and Newt made a strangled noise. We both looked over at him.

"Jamie...what...how...and Alby..." I couldn't help but laugh at the shocked look on his face. "I seem to have finally met my match." Alby remarked. Getting up, I helped him off the floor. "No one's been able to unpin themselves, much less effectively pin me." he said as I walked back over to a very astonished Newt. I just shrugged.

"It wasn't that hard. Your form was relaxed and you were pinning my shoulders instead of my elbows or forearms." Alby looked at me with his eyebrows raised.

"Well well, it looks like we have a fighter in our midst." I blushed slightly at the praise as another boy ran in. He was young, a little chubby, and he didn't look any older than maybe thirteen.

"Alby, the runners are back." Alby frowned.

"Why? They shouldn't be yet."

"I know, but Minho won't tell anyone why until you're there. Says he doesn't feel like telling the story twice." Alby sighed and started walking towards the door.

"Thank you Chuck. I guess I'll have to see to this myself." There was his name again. Minho.

"Who's Minho?" I whispered to Newt as we followed Alby outside.

"He's a runner. He goes out in the maze everyday with other runners and they map it all out." I glanced at him; there was a darkness clouding his face and a sudden realization hit me.

"You used to be one. A runner."
Chapter 5

Newt sighed. "Yeah, I was. I don't like to talk about it."
"Oh, I'm sorry." I needed a friend, so I couldn't push too far too soon. I always managed to do that. 'Did I?' I couldn't help wondering where all my memories were. I had a vision of a box, draped with chains and a lock holding it all together.
"It's fine. Maybe another time." He smiled sadly at me, then frowned as Alby and an Asian guy started arguing. 'That must be Minho' I thought. We jogged over there, and I was shocked to see that he was drenched in sweat. 'Is the maze really that big?' I wondered. But I was overcome with a sudden urge to become a runner. I didn't even want to try doing anything else. I wasn't listening to their conversation until I heard my name.
"Alby, there's never been a girl here. She's going to need someone to watch over her as she works." Minho wanted me to stay safe? Well, there's a first for me. Alby laughed, a short, bitter laugh.
"Minho, she's not going to need a bodyguard."
"We can't have some shuckface idiot trying to take advantage of her."
"Minho, not only did she get out from under my pin, she pinned me back on the ground."
The muscular Asian raised his eyebrows and turned to me.
"You really did that, Greenie?" I nodded. "Not even I could do that. And I have muscles."
Minho flexed and I couldn't help but laugh. Scowling at me, he asked, "What's so funny?"
"This." I simply stated, and pulled back my sleeve and flexed; even Alby was surprised. Minho's muscles and mine were evenly matched. Newt let out a low whistle.
"Well, I guess she's ready to fight them shanks off, huh?" That made everyone laugh, even Minho.
"I'm gonna like having you around, Greenie." Minho said. I grinned at him.
"Don't worry, you'll be seeing a lot of me." I said and winked. He raised one eyebrow at that.
"Will I now?" he asked, looking me up and down. I knew he didn't mean it and I started laughing.
"Yeah. I want to be a runner." I said. That killed the mood. All the blood drained from Newt's face, and even Alby looked a little pale. Minho, however, looked interested, maybe even a little impressed.
"You want to do...what?" Newt whispered.
"I want to be a runner." I said again. Minho looked like he was contemplating it, while Newt and Alby were shaking their heads at me.
"No no no. You can't." Newt said.
"Nope. Not happening." Alby chimed in.
"And why not?" I challenged. "I have the muscle. The endurance. The drive." I looked pointedly at Minho. "Can't I be a runner?" He sighed.
"We don't normally give that job to Greenies, but I don't see why not. But," he looked at me, a fire in his eyes, "be ready for a race at the bonfire tonight. That's how we determine the runners. I plan to leave you in the dust."
"And I plan to beat you." I fired back, winking at him again. I could get used to this kind of playful banter.
"Ohhhhhh Minho, you may finally be beaten." Alby said before falling into laughter with Newt. He frowned and started walking away, but not before I saw the smile tugging at the corners of his mouth.
After they recovered from their laughing fit, I turned to Newt. "What did he say about a bonfire?" Newt grinned, obviously enjoying whatever it was he was thinking about.
"Every month, when a Greenie comes up in the Box, we throw a bonfire in celebration of their arrival or something. I think it's just an excuse to have some fun every once in a while." So. There would be a massive fire in honor of my arrival. And I would race Minho.

And I would win.
Chapter 7

It was nearly dark when they got the fire going. I washed up and did my hair. It was about halfway down my back when it was brushed. There were some strips of cloth that I used to tie it up in a neat twist on my head. Looking down at my clothes, I wished they sent me some better things to run in. After a minute, I went to Newt and asked if there were any clothes I could borrow for tonight, and he very generously gave me his old runner's outfit. Hoping I didn't look to dumb a slightly oversized shirt and my tight pants, I walked to the bonfire with Newt at my side. There were cheers and whistles as I strolled into the circle of guys. Alby met me in the middle and nodded as I walked up to him. Shushing the rest of the guys—was there something I could call them?—he started talking. Really loudly.

"We have a new Glader in our midst!" Oh. So I called them Gladers? Weird, but ok. "As you can obviously tell, she's a girl, but I want you treat her with the same respect that you treat me, Newt, or Minho. Speaking of Minho, she plans to race him for the position of a new runner. And she plans to win." There were some scattered snickers, a 'yeah, good luck with that,' and Minho calling out "Good luck Greenie! You're gonna need it."

"You'd better keep that luck, Minho, 'cause you'll need it more than me." I fired back. There was a collective 'oooooooh' from the Gladers and Minho laughed.

"I like your spirit, kid." he called back. I grinned and made my way over to the first Glader I met, sitting down next to him. Someone called out.

"What's her name?" I stood back up.

"It's Jamie. Any more questions before I sit back down?" Alby chuckled.

"Sit down Jamie. And the rest of you shanks, don't badger her with questions. We'll most likely have time for that another day." Alby said, then found a spot and sat down himself. Turning to Newt, I found him drinking something.

"What's that?" I asked as he took a sip.

"Gally's secret mix. No one knows what he puts in it, but you get used to it after a while."

"Hmm. Can I try some?" I asked, swiping his drink before he could answer. I tried a sip and gagged, nearly spitting it out. "Ugh! How do you guys drink this stuff?" He laughed, gently taking it back and setting the cup on the ground.

"Like I said, it takes a while to get used to."

"Clearly." We were talking and laughing when his eyes flicked over my shoulder, then back down to me. Before I could turn around, Minho lifted me up by my waist from behind, and I
nearly punched him in the face before I realized it was him.
"It's time to race, Greenie." I exhaled a breath of relief; at least he wasn't rude. or a perv.
"Are you ever going to stop calling me that?" I asked him and he grinned before answering.
"You have to earn the right for me to call me by your name. Now come on, let's go."
I followed Minho to the 'start' line, which also happened to be the 'finish line.' "So where are we running to?" I asked.
"We're going to run all the way to the pond, circle it, then run back." He smirked at me. "I'll warn you, I have an unfair advantage. I've run this track so many times, I could probably do it with my eyes closed." I smiled sweetly back.
"I always love a challenge." He snorted and walked to the line drawn in the dirt. Sauntering over next to him, I got in a running stance. I heard some snickers from behind me, but I just rolled my eyes and got ready, placing all my weight on the balls of my feet. Minho got down next to me, mirroring my stance.
"Are you shanks ready?" Alby asked. We nodded and looked straight ahead. I was determined to win this race. "Three, two, one, go!" I bolted ahead, a single stride ahead of Minho. As we neared the pond, he started to inch up until we were side by side.
"Go away Minho." I managed out, panting.
"Not a chance, shank." he replied, also panting. At least I was causing him to be out of breath. We circled the pond and started running back. He kept inching up until he was half a stride, one stride, two strides ahead. I couldn't see them, but I could hear the Gladers cheering. As we rounded a corner, I saw the bonfire, a glimmer of light in the distance. My hair started falling out and whipping into my face. Closer and closer it came. I put on a final burst of speed when I could make out Alby's face, and ended next to Minho as we crossed the finish line. I ran off to the side, Minho following me, and we stood there together, wheezing with our hands behind our heads.
"Good run, Greenie." He said as soon as he could speak again. "Not many people could make me run as fast as you did. Usually I end up jogging next to them, laughing, then beat them easily. But you...you almost beat me."
"She did beat you Minho." Alby said from behind us. Whirling around, my hair hitting me in the face again, I brushed it out of my face and gaped at him.
"I did? Are you sure?"
"Yeah, you did. Barely, but Minho...looks like she showed us both up. And in one day, no less." Minho stared at Alby for a long second, then started laughing. Alby joined in, and I started giggling. Before long, we were all in tears. As we wiped them from our eyes, Minho shook my hand.
"Well, shank, looks like I owe you an apology."
"You do?"
"Yep. But I'm not gonna say it. Nice race...Jamie." I beamed.
"Thanks Minho. I look forward to seeing you early tomorrow morning." He shook his head.
"If you're serious about being a runner, come see me in two days. Then I'll decide if you can come with me. If I decide that you're worthy, then I'll wake you up to go running. If not, well, you'll wake up whenever you wake up." I sighed. So I just raced the fastest Glader, and beat him, possibly for nothing?
"I'll see you tomorrow morning, Minho. Bright and early." I told him, and we walked back to the bonfire, shoulder-to-shoulder.
Chapter 9

We were met by cheering and catcalls. Someone started the chant, "Jamie won! Jamie won! Jamie won!" and I couldn't suppress the smile that grew on my face. When somebody called out, "how does it feel to be beat by a girl, Minho?" he merely shrugged.

"She was better, so she won, fair and square. Now stop that chant before I go over there and knock your shuck teeth out of your mouth." Minho found a spot and sat down. Almost immediately, whispers and low laughter erupted from over there. I myself sat by Newt, my only friend; although, I suspected that Minho and Alby were starting to like me. I sighed, resting my head on his shoulder.

"Jamie, that was...amazing. I've never seen Minho have to run that fast to beat anyone." I smiled.

"And he still lost." I said.

"And he still lost." Newt agreed. Sighing again, I reached for his almost empty cup and finished off his drink.

"Ugh, it's still gross. I will say though, it has a certain appeal." He laughed as I set the cup back on the ground and put my head back on his shoulder. "You know, I don't think I was this close to any guys before now." As soon as I said that, I could feel in my gut that I was right.

"Really? I would've thought that you weren't really close with any girls, with the way that you're acting. I mean, you pinned Alby down, you're not afraid to joke around with us, you just beat Minho, for crying out loud." I thought about it. Newt wasn't wrong. "Think about it, Jamie. I just think you fit in here."

"I know Newt, and you're totally right. I just feel like I didn't get along with much of anyone. Well, until I met you guys anyway." He smiled down at me.

"Minho's a real sweetheart. He acts all tough, but if you get on his good side, then you can see just how gentle and protective he really is." I turned to face him and raised one eyebrow.

"Sounds like you've been on his good side before." Newt blushed slightly; it might have just been a trick of the light from the bonfire. Clearing his throat, he went on. 'He was definitely blushing.' I thought.

"Alby is tough, but if he likes you, he likes you. He can be overprotective at times, but it's all good."

"I think he likes me." I said. Newt smiled as I rested my head on his left shoulder once
more, my eyes fluttering shut.
"Yes, I think he does too." I heard him say before I fell asleep.
Chapter 10

I woke up the next morning in a bed. Looking around, I saw Newt lying on the floor next to the bed.
"Newt." I whispered, quietly at first, then a little louder. "Newt." No response. I quietly got out of bed, still clothed in Newt's old runner outfit, got my shoes, and walked out the door. I was up at the crack of dawn, but it felt normal to me. Putting on my shoes, I jogged around, looking for the kitchen. I figured there was probably some random food out that I could swipe before anyone else got up. Unfortunately, someone had the same idea.
"That's the last apple, shank, and it's mine. Let go." said a tired voice from behind me. I grinned, recognizing who the voice belonged to. He must not have realized it was me.
"You sound tired, Minho. Run a little too much last night?" Turning around, the apple still in my left hand, I faced the runner with the smirk clearly showing on my face.
"Greenie, I don't have time for this. Just give me the apple so I can get going." I cocked my head to one side as I tossed the apple between my hands. Left, right, left, right. He made a wild grab for it, but I carried it behind my back and tossed it over my head, catching it neatly above his head.
"Hmm...I dunno. I want something in return."
"What? What could I possibly give you for an apple?" I tapped my chin, pretending to think.
"I want to go running with you. Tomorrow." Minho seemed to finally wake up when I said that.
"No way. It's too soon. I told you, give me a couple days to decide."
"What more do you want from me, Minho? I already proved myself last night."
"Just no. Alright? Now give me the apple." Oh, I was going to give him the apple. I sighed, feigning defeat as the wheels in my head turned this way and that. I handed over the apple, but not before I took a big bite out of it.
"There you go. Have a nice day...shank." I said, earning myself an exasperated sigh and eye roll. I watched as Minho walked to a wall and sat down in front of it, seemingly waiting for something to happen. Well, something happened all right. With a loud boom and some screeching, they started to slide open. The doors to the maze. I watched as Minho got up and disappeared. With a sigh, I started jogging back to wherever Newt was still sleeping.
I hit him with a pillow. "Wake up sleepyhead." Newt groaned and rolled over onto his stomach, hands shielding the back of his head. Laughing, I rolled him back over and sat on his chest, the same way I sat on Alby's. He just glared at me tiredly.

"Jamie. Why are you up so early?"

"I was technically up before Minho." He surrendered, knowing that there was no way he could get up.

"You were up before Minho? That shank gets up at the crack of dawn." I grinned down at him.

"I was up before he was, and he fought me over who gets the last apple." I remembered the look on his face when I told him if I gave him the apple, then I get to be a runner. 'I swear, Minho is hilarious without even trying.' I thought to myself.

"Wait...so you were up before him, and you're not even tired? We were up really late last night." Newt said. Looking down, I stopped pinning him and shifted so I was sitting on his stomach, cross-legged. He propped himself up on his elbows and stared at me.

"My body wouldn't let me sleep anymore, so I got up. I don't know, it didn't feel natural to stay in bed." He grunted, then laid back down, folding his hands over his chest.

"I don't know Jamie, I think you're some kind of superhuman." I laughed with him, then got up and extended my hand. Newt took it and stood up. "You know, I think you're going to be the best thing that's happened to us in a long time." he said.

"I hope so. Come on, let's get breakfast, and then you can tell me what goes on here." Newt smiled and hugged me.

"Whatever happens with your job in the Glade...be careful. Can you promise me that?" I smiled softly at him and pulled him in for a hug.

"I promise that whatever I end up doing, I'll be careful. Unless I'm with Minho, then I can't promise anything." He laughed, tugging a grin from my unresisting mouth.

"All right, Greenie. Let's go get breakfast."
Chapter 12

As we ate, Newt gave me the ten second rundown about what happens in the Glade. About how we're all a family and we all need to do our jobs to keep things running smoothly. *AUTHOR'S NOTE: pun intended lol.* There are Builders and Runners, Newt works in the gardens himself. I planned to work with him today and learn all about the maze before I started running with Minho tomorrow.

"So what's out there?" I asked him. We'd been working for a while, and I'd asked him a lot of questions about the maze. He answered them, hesitantly at first - like he knew what I was planning - then more and more easily. Newt sighed and ran his hand through his hair. I figured it was more of a nervous habit than anything.

"We call them Grievers. No one has seen one and lived to tell about it." I frowned, wondering what they were like. "They come out pretty much only at night and if you...if you get stung, you go through what we call the Changing." My eyes widened. That didn't sound very fun.

"Don't tell me. I don't want to know. So I basically just can't get stung?"

"Pretty much. But Jamie, if you're doing what I think you're doing...please tell me that you'll be careful." We already talked about this before we came to breakfast, and I reminded him of that again.

"I promise I'll be careful. But like I said, when it comes to Minho, I can't promise anything." Newt retorted and winked at me. I was shocked; he'd struck me as the poor, lonely gay boy who was loved by everyone, but was also hard on them at the same time. Because honestly, he was giving out such strong gay vibes, I was surprised that the Gladers hadn't figured it out yet. I knew before the bonfire, for crying out loud, and that was the night I got there.

"I can promise you that, because I get the feeling that you'd be..." I paused.

"I'd be what?" He asked with a smirk.

"You'd be jealous." I said in a sing-songy voice. Newt blushed and smiled wider.

"Maybe I would be. But which one of you would I be jealous of? You? Or Minho?" 'OOOOOHBBBBBB NEWT YOU SNEAKY SHANK' I thought. So he was into girls AND guys. I smirked. 'Just like me.' I thought to myself. 'Wait...how would I know that? There aren't any other girls to be attracted to.' But I just knew.

"Honestly Newt, I'm surprised that no one else has noticed you're into Minho." He smiled
sweetly at me.

"Why, whatever do you mean, Jamie? There's no way I could like Minho. He's just a friend."

"Don't even start, Newt. I've seen the way you look at him. And I'm almost positive that he likes you back."
Chapter 13

Newt stared at me, an incredulous look on his face. "No," he said, "Minho doesn't like guys." I just laughed; I guess Newt was just as clueless as the rest of them. "Newt, I'm sure he likes you. Trust me, I can tell. In fact, I have a feeling that I've seen this happen before. I just can't remember who the two people were." He smiled, a genuine, elated smile.

"Jamie, I-" I cut him off by hugging him.

"You can say thank you another time. Now I'm going to get some fertilizer. Be right back." I walked off, the bucket and spade in my hands, deep into the woods where I sat on a fallen log and cried.

* * * * *

It's been a month, and Newt and Minho have been happily together for about two weeks. No one knows except me, and any time one of them wants advice or needs to know something about the other, they come to me. Once, Minho walked into a talk session between me and Newt, and he just smiled and left.

We'll be getting a new Greenie soon. Only Newt still calls me Greenie and I don't mind it. I ended up running in the maze with Minho that day after I learned everything from Newt. (and cried on the log in the woods...) Minho pulled me aside about halfway through the run and told me that he wanted me to back off from Newt. I laughed and told him I already knew about his crush on Newt and I totally shipped it. I don't know where the word "ship' came from, but I thought it fit. I also let him know that Newt liked him back, and he just lit up like a firefly.

I think they're really cute together, but I can't help my feelings for Newt. I keep telling myself 'you don't like him, he's in a relationship, maybe the Greenie will help get your mind off of him,' but nothing seems to help. I can only wish and wait for the new kid to come up.

And boy, did he turn everything around.
Hey guys, this is the end of my fan fiction! I plan on making another quiz/fan fiction thing soon, so make sure to keep an eye out for that.

I know, I know, Jamie is your typical Newt fangirl, but I thought making Minho gay too was a nice twist. Because honestly, you can't put 30 or so boys in an enclosed space for like 4 years and not expect some of them to be gay... lol

I hope you all have a great day (or night) and please leave me comments so I know if I did well or if there's anything I can improve on. Thanks, love you all! ;)}
Fan Fiction: The Maze Runner:) 2

written by

Jordan

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Introduction

Here's the next part to my fan fiction I wrote:)}
"Newt, can you cut my hair off?" It was two days before the new Greenie was supposed to arrive. Newt looked up from whatever he was doing and frowned.

"Why would you want me to do that?" I looked back in the makeshift mirror I had made and sighed.

"It keeps falling out and hitting me in the face when I'm running. I almost got stung today because of it. If Minho hadn't jerked me out of the way, I'd be going through the bloody Changing right now." After living with Newt for so long, I'd adopted his favorite word. We were living together since I didn't really need a whole place to myself, and Newt was as sweet as ever.

"What the bloody hell Jamie? Why didn't you tell me? You could have died!" I sighed; I loved Newt, but he could be a pain in the butt sometimes.

"But I didn't, Newt. Stop worrying about me, okay? I'll be fine." He grumbled and stood up, walking up behind me, since I had turned around again.

"I can't help it. Someone has to look out for you. Are you sure you want this all off?" He took a lock of hair between his fingers and played with it. I sighed.

"Yeah. It's just too much of a burden right now." He sighed and grabbed my knife. "No, not that one, the small one." Furrowing his eyebrows, he put it back and grabbed my throwing knife.

"And you're positive you want to do this?" he asked me again.

"Yes." Newt sighed and took a chunk of hair, cutting it off. He made a choppy cut that barely grazed my jawline. I gently took the knife from him and started cutting it even shorter. By the time I was done, I looked like a feminine boy. I turned this way and that, looking at myself from all different angles. I turned around and looked at Newt's back.

"What do you think?" He turned around and did a double take. I sat down next to him and he took my face in his hands, turning it side to side.

"It's definitely something, Jamie. You look really different." He colored slightly and let go of my face. I raised one eyebrow and got up, walking to the bathroom we built. As I walked in, I asked him to grab my sleeping clothes, which happened to be one of his shirts and the spare pants that were in the box with me when I came up. I took a bath, submerging myself when he walked in.
After I was clean and dressed, Newt took a bath too. Apparently, the Gladers didn't take baths every day before I got here, but as soon as they all saw me doing washing up in the pond, they started doing it too, usually at the same time. More than a couple times, someone would "accidentally" brush up against me, and I couldn't do anything about it because whenever Alby was there, watching over me, they wouldn't do anything.

Eventually I was fed up with it and asked Newt to build a small addition to our shack. He told me that the Builders could do it, but I wanted to do it with my own two hands, and he reluctantly agreed. After a while, he started washing up every night too, but only because I yelled at him if he didn't. It became sort of our routine. I would take a bath, dump out my water and refill it, then Newt would take a bath. I didn't mind it; I got to see him shirtless every night (heheheheh). I knew Minho was jealous of me though.

"Jamie?" My head snapped up to where he was standing a couple feet away from me.
"Hmm?" I blushed slightly when I realized that he wasn't wearing a shirt, but holding it in his hands.
"I gave you the wrong shirt. This one is yours." He held out the one that he was holding. I blushed fully then; I could feel my cheeks getting hot.
"Oh, I'm sorry." I took the shirt from him and turned around on the bed. "Don't look." I called over my shoulder as I quickly took his shirt off and put mine on. Turning back, I saw his cheeks reddening and he put his shirt on too. I climbed under the thin blanket, scooting close to the wall so Newt could have enough room. Leaving the torch in its holder, he got in next to me, hugging me before turning over. I was glad I was facing the wall. There was something different in him today, but I couldn't place what. He seemed more...blocked off, not as open as he normally was. And he totally looked at my back while I was changing. Don't get me wrong, my back is a sight to see. I had a whole bunch of scars from fighting-and killing-the Grievers, not to mention long, deep scars that were there when I came up in the box. And there were a couple on my chest and arms, but they were shallower. I sighed quietly and looked at Newt over my shoulder. 'He's so cute when he's asleep.' I thought, then quickly turned back over when I saw him starting to smile. 'Crap! He's not asleep yet!'
"Can't sleep, Jamie?" Newt shifted so that he was facing me, his head propped up on his hand. Taking a deep breath, I turned so I was facing him too. "No," I admitted. "I was just making sure that you were still here." He smiled and ran a hand through my now short hair. "Yep, I'm still here. You really do look different with all of your hair gone." Now it was my turn to smile. I couldn't help noticing how tender his touch was, and how tired he looked. Turning back to the wall, I laid down again. "Goodnight Newt. Love you." I heard him shift so he was lying down too. "Love you too Greenie. Goodnight." If only he knew how much those words meant to me.

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"Jamie! Wake up!" Newt shook me gently while whisper-shouting. I sat straight up and looked around wildly. Shushing me, he pulled me into him, and it was only then that I noticed the tears flowing down my face. He held me until I was done sobbing, then I pulled away, disgusted that I had let him see me in such a vulnerable state. "I'm sorry, Newt. I don't know what happened." He touched my face, forcing me to look at him. "Jamie, you had a bad dream. It's ok. I think you may have remembered something. You were screaming and crying, yelling something about a Thomas." I thought he might have had a jealous undertone in his voice, but I ignored it as I sent my mind back to the already fading dream...or was it a memory? Someone-a boy, with dark hair and brown eyes-was staring at me across a screen while a girl watched me from behind a door with a look of jealousy on her face. I snapped back to reality, knowing that I wasn't going to get any more information from the memory. I explained every detail to Newt, who listened closely with growing concern. "Newt, what if the people who sent me here are trying to tell us something?" I finished. "I mean, you guys haven't had any dreams like this, have you?" He frowned, playing with my hair as I had somehow laid on his chest in the middle of telling my dream. "Not that I'm aware of. But Jamie, what if-" I cut him off, my eyes wide as I thought of something.
"Newt, what if...what if he's the Greenie coming up in the box tomorrow?"
Chapter 4

I didn't sleep at all that night. My mind wouldn't shut down, so I finally decided, without waking Newt, to wait for Minho where we met up to get our breakfast. I was laying down on my stomach, my packed bag over my head, when someone nudged me with their foot. "Come on Jamie, I'm hungry." I rolled over, groaning, and sat up. Minho made this weird noise, something between a shriek and a yell. I grinned and stood up; I was only a couple inches shorter than him now. "Jamie, what the heck did you do to your hair?" I laughed, a little embarrassed.

"I cut it off. Duh." Shrugging, I took his hand and pulled him along. "Come on, you said you were hungry." He followed me to the kitchens, we snagged a couple pieces of fruit, and walked over to one of the four sets of maze doors.

"I'm going to take you all the way to the Blades today." Minho said on the way over to the doors.

"Sector eight?" I asked.

"Sector eight." He confirmed. I liked running; it gave me a sense of purpose, even if Minho had already mapped everything out. I'd already memorized the sequence of sections and how the maze was laid out.

We were almost to eight when the questions started.

"So, why did you cut it off? I mean, it doesn't look bad, it's just...different." I sighed.

"You know how yesterday you had to pull me away from that Griever because my hair was in the way?" He nodded. "Yeah, I didn't want that to happen again. Plus, it kept coming out while we were running, and I was just done with it. So Newt helped me cut it off." Minho made a little 'hmm' noise as we ran through the Blades.

"I'm still jealous that you two live together." I laughed, a strong, clear laugh. It occurred to me that I hadn't laughed in a while.

"Minho, you know bloody well that nothing is happening between me and Newt." I told him 'No matter how much I want it to.' I thought to myself.

"So Jamie, are you ready for the new Greenie?" I sighed and shook my head.

"Not really." I admitted. "I kinda liked being the Greenie." 'Plus, what if it's the guy I dreamt about?' I thought. Newt and I agreed not to tell anyone about my dream. Not yet.

Out of nowhere, Minho stopped, causing me to run into him. He steadied me, and we both looked down from where we were standing.
"Holy crap." I whispered. *AUTHORS NOTE: I try not to use too much profanity :)*
Minho pushed me away from the edge and stumbled back.
"That's not supposed to be here."
"I know. The Cliff is in sector three, not eight." We stared at the expanse of darkness less than three feet away. If Minho didn't have amazing balance and quick reflexes, both of us would be tumbling down, down, down, until we hit the bottom. If there even was a bottom. The first time Minho showed me the Cliff, I dropped a rock down there, and neither of us heard it hit the bottom.
"I don't know what's going on shank, but we should get back, meet the new Greenie." I nodded, still a little shaken that Minho and I almost died.
Almost as soon as we reached the box, it started opening. Peering over the edge, I saw a boy with dark hair and brown eyes. 'This is the shuckface that showed up in my dream.' I remembered. Looking up, I met Newt's eyes and nodded slightly. I saw him swear under his breath and look back down. Gally jumped into the box and got pretty close to his face.
"Day one, Greenie." I heard him say. "Rise and shine."
The moment the new kid got out of the box, he started running away. People snickered, and I called out, "We got a runner!" He looked like he had potential, until he tripped and fell flat on his face. I snickered, walking over to stand in-between Newt and Minho. We all stared at the Greenie, then Newt whispered in my ear.
"I think he's yours, Jamie." I laughed and told Minho what his boyfriend said to me, and he laughed too.
"You want to whip this shank into shape?" I grinned.
"Why not? It might be fun." But as I turned back to watch Alby talking to him, my smile faded. I couldn't even look at his face without picturing me, him, and that girl.
Chapter 6

"Does he have a name yet?" Newt asked Alby later that day. I'd volunteered to go with him, since Minho was looking for Chuck. Alby sighed and shook his head.
"Nothing yet. He's more clueless than the rest of them were."
"But he's curious." I countered, folding my arms across my chest. "I mean, that could be a good thing. I was so bloody curious when I came, and look where I am now." Alby nodded.
"Plus, we need another runner anyway. It's been just me and Min for a while." The rest of the runners had quit when I killed my first Griever, saying that they weren't good enough to protect the Glade. Newt shook his head.
"Jamie, we went through this when you first came. I don't want to go through it again with the new kid." I smiled. When I came up, I knew that day that I wanted to be a runner. I had a feeling that the Greenie was going to get in a lot more trouble than I did, becoming a runner.
"Newt, it's fine. Jamie can talk to Minho and tell him about her idea." Alby said. Minho was the Keeper of the Runners, although he made me his second-in-command. I grinned triumphantly; we needed another runner, and I was going to get one.
Later that night, at the bonfire, Alby introduced the Greenie, even though he didn't have a name yet.
"How does it feel Jamie? You're not a Greenie anymore." Alby shouted to me.
"It's amazing, Alby!" I called back. I could see the Greenie's head snap in my direction. Not a surprise. I was the only girl and he couldn't see my face, so he had to go off of my voice.
"Hey Greenie, wanna race later?" I called. His eyebrows furrowed, but then he broke into a grin. I heard Minho gasp quietly somewhere close to me, but I didn't think anything of it.
"Sure, why not? Prepare to be beaten!" Everyone was silent for a second, then the camp exploded into laughter.
"Greenie, I'm the fastest Glader here. Good luck with that." I tried to appear unfazed, but inside I was screaming. I recognized his voice. I wasn't supposed to remember anything, so what was so special about him that I should be able to remember anything?
I decided to go with the same route Minho and I ran the night I got here, and multiple times after, just to make sure I was still the fastest. I was. To the pond, circle it, then race back. I watched as Newt talked to Thomas, then we both laughed as he tried Gally's drink, spitting it out. I walked up silently behind the Greenie. Newt's eyes flicked up to me, then back down to the him. The new kid must not have noticed, because I crouched down behind him and put him into a choke hold. I could see his face; his eyes widened and he looked at Newt, frozen. Newt, however, was struggling to breathe, he was laughing so hard.

"You ready to go, Greenie?" I asked him. He relaxed, making my grip more loose, but tensed up nearly imperceptibly at the same time. 'Hmm,' I thought. 'He knows some things about fighting.' Letting go, I sat next to Newt and held his hand. I wanted the Greenie to know he was taken, even if he wasn't mine. He squeezed my hand, letting me know he knew what I was doing.

"Come on, let's go." I told him and stood up. Walking over to the 'start' line, I waited for him to catch up.

"So...how fast are you?" He asked as he walked up to me. I shrugged.

"Pretty fast. Why, scared you can't beat me?" I taunted, winking. He laughed, but it was a nervous laugh.

"A little bit, yeah." I grinned.

"Don't be scared. You are going to lose. And there's nothing you can do about it." I could tell I was making him even more scared, so I laughed and lightly punched his arm.

"Seriously Greenie, don't worry about it."

"Gee, thanks. What's your name again?" I smiled, seeing myself through his eyes; a feminine looking boy, with somewhat of a chest, and acted like a total dude.

"It's Jamie. And yes, I'm a girl. The only one, I might add." He looked a little impressed, until I went on. "But don't get anything in your head, I'm taken." He laughed.

"I'll keep that in mind."

"Alright kids, are you ready?" Alby said, walking up to us. We both nodded, and Alby told us to get in our running positions. I almost laughed, because he knows I don't have a position, but I mirrored the Greenie when he got down.
"Jamie, you know the rules. No pushing him in the water." Minho said from behind me. I turned around and smiled at him.

"What could you be talking about, Min?" He rolled his eyes; I'd pushed him into the pond once while we were racing. Turning back to the Greenie, I explained. "We're running to the pond, circling it, then running back. Good luck, kid." He nodded, acknowledging that he heard me, and I got down, placing my weight on the balls of my feet, ready to race.

"Alright you shanks, ready? And...go!" We both exploded off the ground, with me two strides ahead of him. I could hear Newt and Minho cheering for me, and I smiled. Glancing back, I saw the Greenie inching up on me. 'I guess he's actually pretty fast. It'll be like racing Minho all over again.' I thought, still smiling. We reached the pond, circled it, and started racing back. I slowed down slightly so we were next to each other.

"Having fun?" I panted. He nodded, too winded to even say anything, but he grinned. I stayed next to him, speeding up when he did, until I could see the bonfire. I pushed forwards, ending a stride and a half ahead of him, and he followed me as I ran off to the side to cool down.

"Nice race Greenie. You did pretty well." I said. He started to sit down. "Don't sit, it makes it harder to breathe." Now standing next to me, he looked me up and down.

"Are you sure you're a girl?" I laughed.

"I don't know," I replied. "You'd have to ask Minho."

"What are you asking me?" Minho said from behind me. I turned around and hugged him. When we pulled apart, I kept one arm around his waist and he left his arm on my shoulders.

"Greenie wants to know if I'm a girl." Minho chuckled.

"I don't know, Jamie. Are you girl?" I shrugged.

"The Glade may never know." Newt took that moment to walk up behind us.

"We may never know what, Jamie?" He asked, taking my hand. I could see the Greenie getting confused; I was holding Newt's hand and hugging Minho with the other.

"Greenie here wants to know if I'm a girl." I said, looking up at him. Newt laughed.

"Oh Jamie, there's no doubt about it. Remember when you bled?" I grimaced. That was the worst week of my life. Well, at least that I could remember.

"Girls bleed?" Greenie asked, a look of shock on his face. Before I could answer, he got a weird look on his face and sat down.
"You ok?" I asked, crouching down next to him.
"I remember my name. It's Thomas."
Chapter 9

"You're sure? You are absolutely positive that your name is Thomas?" I asked him. He nodded slowly.
"Yeah. It's the only thing that I'm sure about right now." Standing back up, I flashed a look at Newt that clearly said 'we will talk about this later'. He nodded almost imperceptibly, and I stuck out a hand.
"Come on...Thomas. Let's go introduce you to everyone."
Back at the fire, I shouted at everyone to shut up.
"Guys! Let's shout it out for Thomas, the boy who raced me and lost." Everyone started cheering, and someone started the chant, "Thomas! Thomas! Thomas!" I walked over to Newt and Minho, laying my head on Newt's shoulder. Minho shot me a look of jealousy-since he was only holding Newt's hand-and I stuck my tongue out at him. We stayed like that for a while, until I started falling asleep.
"Alright, let's get you in bed." Minho said, picking me up bridal style. Newt looked at me jealously too, and I just smiled at him through half-closed eyelids.
Minho set me on the bed, and walked outside, waiting for his boyfriend. Newt whispered into my ear, "I know you're not really asleep. I'll talk to you when I come back inside." I just rolled over onto my back and acted like I was sleeping. He sighed and walked outside.
I heard them whispering and laughing quietly, then a short, sweet smack. 'OMG OMG OMG THEY JUST KISSED!' I thought. It took all of my self-control to not smile or squeal out loud, since I heard someone peek inside to make sure I was still asleep. As soon as I heard Newt say, "Ok Jamie, we're alone," I sat up and started quietly screaming.
"Oh my god Newt! Since when did you two kiss!" He blushed.
"Just a couple days ago. You were in the bathroom the first time, and the other time, you were asleep, so I went over to Minho's and we talked for a while, then I kissed him good night and walked back." I was shell-shocked. Newt, the most innocent Glader, kissed Minho? Multiple times? I couldn't believe it!
"Jamie. What were you going to talk to me about?" My smile faded as I remembered Thomas. Sighing, I patted the spot next to me, and Newt came over and sat on the bed.
"It's him. He was the one who I dreamt about." Newt cursed under his breath, just like he did when Thomas first came up in the box.
"And you're sure it's him?" I nodded; I don't think I was going to forget. We were close
before, I could tell that much. Maybe not as close as Newt and I once were—because I was sure that Newt and I were together once—but he and I were definitely close. I couldn't tell Newt, but I remembered Minho gasp at the bonfire when Thomas grinned. What had he been thinking about? Never mind that, what was I going to do about Thomas?
Chapter 10

Newt woke me up again that night. "Jamie. Jamie!" I rolled over, awake now, and buried my face in his lap, then moved up to his chest. He held me tightly, but I pushed away, furiously wiping my eyes. "Jamie, are you ok?"

"I'm fine, Newt. Go back to sleep." I said angrily. He just folded his arms and waited for me to calm down. I took multiple deep breaths as the tears subsided and my body stopped shaking. "What...what did I say this time?"

"You said, 'Thomas, don't let them take me!' and then you started kicking and screaming." I stared into his eyes, his beautiful, light brown eyes. Taking a shuddering breath, I told him, "I think I should talk to Alby. But first, I need to talk to Thomas."

The next morning, I told Minho that I couldn't go running with him today because I needed to sort some things out here, in the Glade, then I told him to be careful, and watched wistfully as he disappeared into the maze. I sighed and turned back to the Glade. I was going to work in the gardens with Newt and Thomas today. Before any of us could lift a finger to help, however, an alarm started going off. 'I know that sound.' I thought, and by the look on Thomas' face, he knew it too. Newt and I started running to the box, Thomas following us.

"What's going on?" He shouted over the noise. Newt walked over and said something to him, involving the words 'bloody' and 'Greenie', then ran off to the Homestead (the place where everyone slept except for me, him, Minho, and Alby). Chuck walked over to Thomas-those two had become pretty close already—and started talking to him. I smiled softly; the Greenbean needed a friend. Chuck winked at him and I saw Thomas roll his eyes. They walk away together, and I couldn't help but watch them, my eyes following them as they walked away. I knew Gally didn't like Thomas; that much was clear. But did he have to be so obvious about it? I watched protectively as Gally and one of his cronies glared at the duo. Chuck was like my little brother, so if he ever got in trouble, he came to me. I had a feeling that the Greenie was going to be the same way. I watched as he threw a longing look at the maze doors. 'He's the exact same as me.' I thought.
"Jamie!" I turned around.
"Minho? Why are you here?" He was breathing hard, harder than he ever did.
"I sprinted back when I heard the box alarm go off. What the shuck is going on?" I gave him my water and he took it gratefully.
"I don't know Minho. I was just about to head back over there, since it'll be opening up any minute now." He nodded and we walked back to the box, his hands behind his head. Pushing our way through the crowd, we watched as Newt and Alby opened up the box, and Newt jumped inside. Since I was one of the shortest people, I was in the front.
"Bloody hell." I whispered.
"What? What is it, Jamie?" Minho asked from behind me.
"It's another girl." I told him. "But I think...I think she's dead." Alby and Newt hoisted her out of the box, and everyone crowded around her, including me. Just looking at her, I felt a connection. She was small, shorter than me, with tar black hair, flawless skin—although it was as white as a pearl—and perfect lips. I had seen her before...but where? Newt looked at me, and as I met his eyes, a realization shot through me. 'That's the girl who was in my dream.'
"Get the Greenbean." I told him, and the crowd parted. Newt pointed at Thomas.
"Greenie, get over here." He said, his voice firm. Thomas walked slowly up to Newt, eyes fixed on the ground.
"You know this girl?" Alby asked, managing to sound angry. Thomas looked shocked.
"Why would I know her? I don't know anyone." Alby sighed.
"That's not what he meant, shank. Does she look familiar at all?" I piped up. Thomas looked back down at his feet, then back at the girl.
"You're sure?" Alby pressed. Thomas looked up at him, matching his glare. I could almost tell what he was thinking. 'How could I have anything to do with this?'
"YES. Why?" He seemed to realize something and his expression turned into one of horror.
"You don't think I..."
"Slim it Greenie, we're not saying you bloody killed the girl." Newt said. Before he could say anything else, the girl shot straight up, into a sitting position, and her eyes snapped open. Looking around wildly with her ice-blue eyes, her gaze rested on Thomas and she spoke in a hollow voice.
"Everything is going to change." She said, then seemed to faint, a piece of paper falling out of her hand as she fell. I rushed forwards and grabbed the paper, standing between Newt and Alby.

"She's the last one." I read out loud. "Ever."
"What the shuck does that mean?" Newt asked after we laid her on a bed in the Homestead.
"That's obvious, Newt. They're not sending any more Greenies." Alby retorted. I just stared at the girl, silently watching her chest rise and fall.
"Alby," I heard myself say in a small voice. "Something's been happening." His head snapped to me, and Newt sucked in a sharp breath, but I didn't pay any attention to them.
"Jamie, what is it? Do you know her?" I shuddered and sat down gingerly on the edge of her bed, taking her cold hand between my own. I explained about the dreams, never taking my eyes off of her, and Newt added what he could.
"And you're saying this has only happened the last two nights?" I nodded.
"She was going to talk to Thomas today, but then the box came up." Newt said. "We wanted to double-check that he didn't have anything to do with it, but I guess he does."
"What did I do?" I finally ripped my eyes away from the girl, looking at the doorway as Thomas stood there awkwardly. I smiled reassuringly at him and patted the spot next to me. He walked past Alby and Newt, not looking at them, and sat down next to me.
"Hey Tommy, I just wanted to ask you a couple questions." He nodded slowly. "Did you have any dreams last night?" He hesitated, then nodded again. "Can you tell me what it was?" He hesitated again, glancing at Newt and Alby. "It's ok, I trust them with my life." I told him. Thomas took a deep breath.
"I don't remember a lot, but I remember you. You were looking at me across a screen, then someone came and took you, and you were screaming."
"Do you remember what I was screaming?" I asked in a soft voice. His face scrunched up, like it was hurting him to think. "It's ok, take your time."
"I...I don't remember."
"Was it something like, 'don't let them take me'?'" Newt asked. Thomas studied Newt's face, but it didn't show him anything he was looking for.
"That sounds...yeah, something like that. But then it changed, and I was staring at her instead," Thomas inclined his head towards the sleeping girl, "but it was only for a second, and then I woke up."
"Alby, we're all connected somehow." I told him, but he shook his head.
"But how, Jamie, is the question?" I shrugged.
"I don't know that yet, but I'm going to find out." I said, turning back to the girl. "I'm going to find out, and I'm going to get us out of here."

The next day, Alby saved his shuck butt. Ben—one of the former runners—had been stung and gone through the Changing. He flipped out and attacked Thomas in the graveyard. If Alby hadn't been there, Thomas would most likely be dead right now.
"Thomas, what the shuck happened?" I asked him as one of the med-jacks wrapped his shoulder, then his ankle. He just shook his head and clutched his stomach, although by the looks of it, he'd already thrown up. I remembered the screams I'd heard when Ben was going through the Changing. I wouldn't let Newt sleep on the floor because that was one of the few things that scared me, and that's how we started sharing the bed.
"Thomas, I... just come see me when you want to talk. I'm with Newt." He nodded, not meeting my eyes. I sighed and walked back to see the girl again. Minho and I had already gotten back from the maze, but I hadn't eaten yet. Sitting next to her, I took her still cold hand in mine again, massaging it to bring back some of the warmth.
"Hey, thought I'd find you in here." Newt's voice came from behind me. I turned around, surprised to see that he had some food in his hands. "I figured you'd want to eat." He sat down next to me and looked at the girl, smiling softly. "She's pretty, huh?"
"Yeah. At least I think so." I told him.
"Well, she's not as pretty as you are." Newt said, then looked at me. Turning, I stared at him. "Did you just... Newt!"
"What? You are prettier than she is!" We both laughed, and I looked back at her.
"At least she's alive." I whispered. I knew she probably wouldn't like me. It's a female thing, trying to be the most dominant, but if only she knew.

If only she knew.
Hey guys! You've reached the end of my fan fiction.
I know, Newt has a boyfriend, but what happened at the bonfire between him and Thomas? Why did Minho gasp when Thomas grinned? And hey, what about Jamie and the girl? Find out in the next part I write!
Please leave me comments below on how to improve, or if it was good! Thanks guys, love you all ;)

Chapter 14
Chapter 1

We were all there, watching, as Ben was Banished. Thomas was there too, and my eyes kept drifting over to him, no matter how much I tried to keep them on Ben, Newt, Minho; anyone else, really. I managed to watch as Ben was thrust into the closing maze, but I couldn't help noticing how Thomas cried as the doors shut. It wasn't a lot, just a few tears, but it made me feel protective over him. He had compassion for someone who tried to bloody kill him, and I couldn't help wanting to be like that. The worst part was that I knew; I knew we were connected, but I didn't know how yet.

I'm not sure where he went afterwards. Probably to go lay down, because I didn't see him at dinner that night, nor did I see him when I visited the girl that night. I don't know what made me want to stay with her, I just knew I needed to be with her when she woke up.

Someone cleared their throat behind me, and I could tell it was Newt. He was the only one polite enough to ever give me a warning before speaking, or not sneak up on me.

"Jamie, you need to sleep. It's already almost nine." I looked down at my watch, surprised. It was actually nine right now. Sighing, I threw one last glance at the sleeping girl, then left quietly, Newt following my lead.

"Jamie, you need to st-"

"Newt, don't say anything. I'll tell you later." He gave me a questioning glance, but I ignored it. Motioning for him to go ahead of me, I drew my knife silently and held it close to my side. Not too tight, not too loose, holding the blade instead of the handle because that's how I threw my knives. I ushered Newt inside when we reached our door, then looked around quickly, scanning my surroundings before darting inside and shutting the door. I leaned against it, putting all of my weight on it.

"Newt, help me." I hissed under my breath. He knew better than to question me right now, and he quickly pressed against me, adding his weight to the door. There was a brief moment where I noticed everything; how heavy the door was, how much combined weight we had, how fast that boy was coming at the door. And oh, how perfectly Newt's body fit against mine. I blushed slightly, but quickly sobered when someone thudded against the door. I swore under my breath. My shoulder had taken most of the blow, but my heart was nearly beating out of my chest, and my adrenaline was too high to tell how bad my shoulder really was.

"Let me in! I just want to talk." they said. I swore again and motioned for Newt to move
away from the door. Internally, I pouted for a couple seconds; Newt was warm and tall, and I just wanted to curl against him and never move again. I took a deep breath and yanked open the door.
"Thomas, it's nearly nine-thirty." I scowled at him. "Can't it wait until tomorrow?" His eyes widened as they focused on the knife in my hand—I was holding it by the handle now—but a second later, he looked up, confused.

"Why are you here, Jamie?" he asked, putting a lot of emphasis on the word 'you'. "I was told that this was where Newt slept." I laughed, a short, bitter laugh. Moving to the side, I let Newt step into view before yanking Thomas inside and shutting the door. I watched as his eyes traveled between me and Newt a couple times. I made a face at Newt, telling him that I was too tired to explain. As if to prove my point, I had to stifle a yawn when Thomas looked at me again.

"We live together," Newt started as I walked to get my sleeping clothes. I could hear him explaining it to Thomas as I took a bath. Thinking back, I realized that Newt had already washed up; I could tell by the way he smelled when we were pressed together. I smiled sleepily, and yawned. I hoped Thomas wasn't here when I was trying to sleep.

"Jamie. Jamie!" I heard faintly. "Dammit, wake up. Jamie! You can't bloody die on me. JAMIE!" My eyes opened as I spluttered, coughing up water and trying to breathe. "Bloody hell, Jamie! You can't friggin' scare me like that again." Newt was saying. I waved a hand as I coughed up more water letting him know that I heard him, but he wasn't done. "What the hell am I supposed to do if you die? I walked in here and had to pull you out of the bath because you were drowning, and I saw you. Like, SAW you, Jamie! And bloody hell, if you ever do that to me again, shuckface..." He couldn't even finish his sentence. I looked up at him when I could breathe again, and I saw something in his eyes that I couldn't quite place. There was raw emotion there. Fear, I could clearly see, and sadness. Suddenly, he blushed and turned away, and that's when I realized that I was wrapped in nothing but a towel, and even that had slipped down, revealing the top part of my chest. I pulled it up quickly, embarrassed. So that's what Newt meant when he said that he saw me.

"Is Thomas still here?" I managed out, whispering. Newt sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

"Yeah, he is. I told him to stay in there though. Figured you didn't want some other shank that you barely know seeing you." I hugged him gratefully, and after a second's hesitation, he hugged back fiercely. "Don't ever do that to me again, Greenie. You understand?" I nodded and let a little smile show on my face.
"Now out, Newt. I'm going to get dressed." He grinned, obviously recovered from his momentary horror of 'seeing me'.

"A lot of good that's going to do you. It's too late now." I smacked him playfully and he left, leaving me alone in the bathroom to my thoughts.
Chapter 3

By the time I walked back into the room, Thomas was nodding off in a chair. "Wake up, sleepyhead." I said, snapping my fingers in front of his face. "At least sleep on the floor where you're not going to ruin your back." I motioned for Newt to grab him and lay him on the floor with my right arm, then gasped in pain. Newt was at my side immediately.

"What's wrong, Jamie?" I nudged him away, giving myself a little more space, and grabbed my right shoulder. Gritting my teeth against the pain, I pushed as hard as I could, and with a sickening pop, my joint slid back into its socket. I sank to the floor, holding my shoulder.

"It was...dislocated...happened before with...Minho in the maze." I managed out, breathing hard from the pain. Newt ran a hand through his hair and sighed, then laid Thomas on the floor.

"Jeez, he's heavier than he looks." he grunted, drawing a smile from me.

"We're just going to have to talk to him in the morning." I told him. "Come on, I know you're tired. Go to bed. I'll be there in a minute, I just want to think about a couple things." Newt frowned, but he got into bed.

"Stay where I can see you." he told me. "I don't want to save your shuck butt again." I smiled and sat in the chair that Thomas was just in in. Putting my head between my hands, I stared at Tommy (Newt's nickname for him had rubbed off on me), determined to remember something. Newt watched me worriedly, but I didn't notice at that moment. Staring, staring, staring. Suddenly, a flicker in the back of my mind. My eyes widened and I sat up. Hearing me shift, Newt rolled back over and looked at me again.

"Jamie. Did you remember something?" I looked up at him, tears pooling in my eyes, sliding silently down my cheeks, falling onto my hands which were folded on my lap.

"He's my brother, Newt. Thomas is my brother."
Chapter 4

Newt got up and quickly walked over to me, kneeling down and taking my hands in his. "Are you sure, Jamie?" I nodded, still crying. He took the edge of his sleeve and wiped away the tears running down my face. "Do you want to tell Alby?" I shook my head, then lifted my eyes to meet his.
"I want to tell him though. When he wakes up." Newt nodded, knowing exactly what was going through my mind. I walked over to the bed and sat down, almost in a daze. Newt sat next to me, wrapping his arm around me. I laid my head on his shoulder, and we stayed like that for a very long time.

* * * * *

I was up and ready to go before Thomas was awake, so I decided to tell him later. Minho and I walked to the East doors, since he wanted me to run with him for a couple more days before taking over Ben's section. On our way back, he started talking.
"I noticed you've been spending a lot of time with that girl." I smiled ruefully.
"Yeah, I have been. I feel like we're connected somehow. Me, her, and the Greenbean." Turning around and jogging backwards for a couple seconds, he raised his eyebrows. Laughing, I sped up so we were running side by side.
"So you and the Greenie have history?" he asked, wiggling his eyebrows up and down. I rolled my eyes.
"Not like that, Minho. I remembered something yesterday. He's..." I paused, knowing I could trust Minho not to tell anyone, but still being cautious.
"You know you can tell me anything, Jamie. What is it?"
"Thomas is my brother." Minho let out a low whistle and shook his head. "But Min, you can't tell anyone. At least not yet."
"Ok Jay, I won't, but...you're going to have to tell Alby soon. Does the Greenbean know yet?" I shook my head.
"Not yet. I was going to tell him this morning, but he was still asleep when I got up." I started explaining how he had come to talk to me and Newt yesterday, but conveniently left out the part about me almost dying. It would have been a really dumb way to go.
By the time we reached the Glade, Minho knew everything that had happened. "So I'm going to see the girl again today." I finished, out of breath from running and talking for more than a couple miles. "Maybe I'll remember something from her too." He nodded, and we jogged in silence to the Map Room. I drew the map today, Minho barely having to correct me. As soon as we were done, Minho walked me to the girl and told me that Newt would be up with dinner soon. I nodded, hugged him, and started walking up to her room. As I shut the door behind me, I realized that Thomas was already there. "Hey Tommy." I said softly from behind him. He turned around, a small smile on his face, but it faded a little when he saw me. "Oh hey Jamie. I thought you were Newt. He's the only one who calls me that." I grinned. 'So that's what's going on.' I thought. Sitting down next to Thomas, I took one of his hands. He looked at me, and I took a deep breath. 'Here goes nothing.' "Thomas, there's something you should know. I think you're-" The door opened and I dropped his hand, standing up protectively in front of him. Newt walked in holding some food. I relaxed and sat back down. "Jamie, I brought your food." I nodded, the words that were ready to roll off my tongue now stuck in my throat. He set it on a table near the door and walked up to us. "Tommy, I know you don't remember much, but I need you to try. Do you know her?" Newt asked in a soft voice, softer than it normally was. Thomas looked back down and studied her face. I did too, in case anything happened like last night. After a couple minutes, he leaned back in his chair. "I do know her." He whispered. I looked up at my brother. "What? Who is she?" I asked. "I don't know, but something clicked." "Well, keep bloody thinking-don't lose it. Concentrate." Newt said, and Thomas closed his eyes, shaking his head. "I don't know. She-" He suddenly stopped. 'Teresa' I heard in my mind. I stared at the girl, then looked up at Thomas. By the look on his face, he heard it too. Our eyes met and he looked just as confused as I was.
"You didn't say anything just now, did you?" I asked Newt. He shook his head. Of course he didn't. But did...was it her?
"Did she say anything?" Thomas asked, and Newt's eyes lit up.
"No, she didn't. Why? What did you hear?"
"Teresa." We said at the same time, and stared at each other. Newt looked back and forth between us.
"I didn't hear anything." Newt admitted. "That has to be her name. Must have sprung loose from your bloody memory blocks!" Thomas looked uncomfortable.
"Newt, it was inside my head. Both of our shuck heads." I said, looking at the blond boy. "Don't ask me to explain it because I can't." Newt was staring at me like I was crazy. Just then, I heard, 'Thomas. Jamie.' inside my head. Thomas jumped up from the bed and scrambled to the door, trying to get away from her but I just stood and stared down at her.
"What's bloody wrong with you, Tommy?" He was breathing hard.
"I heard her say my freaking name! And Jamie's!" Newt looked at me for an explanation, but I just nodded, acknowledging that I heard it too. Thomas and Newt started arguing—not really arguing, just Newt trying to get information from him—but I didn't pay attention to them.
'We're the last ones.' the voice said. 'It'll end soon. It has to.' I could see Thomas looking around wildly, trying to find where the voice was coming from. He put his hands over his ears, squeezing his eyes shut.
'You can't freak out on me, Tom. My memory's fading already, and I won't remember much when I wake up. We have to pass the Trials.' The voice kept going on. I was surprised that I wasn't more shocked by it. 'It has to end. They sent me as a trigger.' I watched as Thomas yanked open the door and ran down, away from us. I followed him, shouting out his name as he ran to the Maze. I had to follow him, since he wasn't a Runner just yet.
'Everything is going to change.' The voice said. I knew now, without a doubt that it was the girl. Teresa. I sprinted after Thomas, through the East door and out into the maze.
'It was us, Tom. You, me and Jamie. We did this to them. To us.' I shook my head, tired of hearing her inside my mind, and kept running.
Chapter 7

It took almost an hour for him to finally stop, and it was about time too. The doors would be closing soon. I stopped, my hands on my knees, panting. "Thomas!" I called out. He put his hands over his ears and dropped to the ground, shaking his head. "Thomas!" I called again. "It's Jamie!" He looked up, tears in his eyes. I jogged over and crouched down next to him, hugging him.

"Why'd you follow me out here?" He asked through the tears. I smiled.

"I couldn't let my favorite Greenbean die out here, now could I?" He gave me a watery smile, and I pulled him to his feet. "Come on, the doors will be closing soon. Just because you survived one night in the maze doesn't mean you'll do it again." We started running back, and I let him lead. I knew exactly where we were, and I wanted to see if he could find his way back on his own. Surprisingly, he did, which is probably part of the reason why Minho wanted to give up his position as Keeper of the Runners and bloody give it to my brother. 'My brother.' I thought as we ran back to the Glade in silence. It was weird, knowing that we were related. I mean, we didn't look that much alike. He had dark hair- probably brown- brown eyes, and looked about sixteen. I, on the other hand, had sandy-blond hair, green eyes, and was told that I looked to be about eighteen, almost older than Newt (who was also around eighteen). Looking at our body structures, however, I could see a resemblance. We both had muscular thighs, perfect for running, beautiful endurance, the same face structure, and a fire burning in our eyes. 'He must have gotten his attitude from me.' I thought and smiled wryly.

By the time we reached the Glade, the doors were mere minutes away from closing. He ran to the Deadheads, and I let him, satisfied that he would be safe there. I ran to Newt, who I could see pacing in front of the Homestead. He ran up to me, meeting me in the middle of the Glade. Hugging me fiercely, he whispered in my ear.

"You need to stop scaring me like that. I swear, you have a bloody death wish. You and the Greenie both do." I laughed, pulling away from him.

"I need to go wash up. See you back at home." I said, jogging away before he could ask me any questions.
I couldn't stop thinking about the girl and how I heard her voice in my head. No, not me, both of us. I formed the thought, looking at it from all different angles before sighing and toweling off my body. I really didn't want to take a bath tonight, but I hated feeling dirty. I heard Newt walk in as I pulled my shirt over my head.

"Jamie? You here?"

"Right here." I said as I walked out of the bathroom. He blushed slightly when he noticed my still damp hair; probably remembering what happened last night. I smiled softly as he sat down and patted the spot next to him. Choosing to sit on his lap instead, he wrapped his arms around my waist and I leaned back into him.

"Jamie, I-"

"Newt, if this is about what happened earlier with me, Thomas, and the girl, I don't want to talk about it. It's too confusing. I'm still trying to make sense of it all." He sighed, placing his chin on my shoulder.

"Ok Jay. Let me know when you figure it out." I smiled softly when he used his nickname for me. It was a dumb nickname, but I liked it. Almost as much as I liked it when he called me Greenie.

"Newt, could you...Thomas ran to the Deadheads when we got out of the maze. Could you check up on him?" He nodded and I got up, picking up a couple of blankets folded on the foot of our bed. "Here, give these to him too." Before Newt walked out the door, I kissed him on the cheek. "Thanks Newt. This means a lot to me." He blushed and nodded, slipping out the door. I watched as he jogged over to the Deadheads slowly, then shut the door and climbed into bed. I was almost asleep when Newt came back. I kept my breathing steady and my eyes fluttered shut. In the last moment of my consciousness, I felt his lips on my cheek, then the warmth of his body pressed up against mine. And for the first time in a long time, I fell asleep with a smile on my face.
As I ran that next morning, I couldn't help feeling a pang of loneliness. I had been running with Minho since my second day here, and his sudden absence made my heart hurt. Turning my mind to happier things, I thought of Teresa. She was beautiful...for a girl in a coma. I couldn't help but blush when her face popped into my mind. I knew I liked her, but I liked Newt too. And what about my brother? I knew Thomas liked Teresa too. At the very least, he thought she was beautiful. When she spoke in our minds, I could read his emotions as clearly as if they were written out in front of me. I hadn't gotten much from her, but I threw up mental walls right away, almost out of habit, so that neither one of them could read my emotions. Thinking about it now, I realized that wasn't normal, to be able to do that subconsciously.

Eating lunch, I came to a realization. Thomas was spending his day in the Slammer, but the next day he was going to run with Min. I knew my brother was gay, it was obvious. And Newt came up to me a couple days ago, telling me that he and Minho had a couple arguments recently, so I was a little worried on how their relationship was going to work out. Remembering how Minho had gasped when Thomas grinned at the bonfire, I figured that my brother was the source of their arguments. Shaking my head and standing up, I started running again.

Getting back to the Glade was a struggle; I knew where I was and which ways I needed to go, but I kept making wrong turns because I was distracted. I turned a corner and sprinted into the Glade, putting on a final burst of speed as the doors shut behind me. I collapsed on the ground, overcome by exhaustion. I did not want to be caught in the maze overnight again. Alby had gotten stung by a Grievers, and Minho and I had to drag him back to the Glade. The doors had almost shut when Thomas-the idiot he is-squeezed past and into the maze with us. Minho ran when the Grievers started coming, but I helped my brother hoist Alby up on the wall, then took off after Minho. Somehow, we all survived the night, but I wasn't in a hurry to do it again.
Chapter 10

"Jamie!" Newt yelled, running over, his limp more pronounced than ever. I figured it was due to all the running around he'd been doing recently. Laying flat on my back with my arms stretched wide, I smiled with my eyes closed, breathing hard. "What the shuck, Jamie? You could have been stuck out there again overnight! Just 'cause you lived once doesn't mean you can do it again." Newt yelled at me. I just rolled over onto my back, too tired to respond. He sighed, picked me up so I could rest my head in the crook of his neck, and carried me to our hut.

As I washed up-while Newt was getting me food-I kept thinking. I knew Teresa could talk inside our minds, but shouldn't that mean that I could talk back? Due to my analytic mind (which is both a blessing and a curse), I could already form thoughts as if they were shapes so I could look at them from different perspectives. What if I formed a thought like that, then threw it at one of them? I would have to try it as soon as I saw Thomas again.

"What're you so happy about, shank?" Newt asked as he walked into the bathroom. I was grinning because I realized that Thomas would have to discover the 'Runnie-undies. At least that's what Minho called them. 'Keeps you nice and comfy' he liked to say.

"Just thinking about how Thomas has to discover everything about Runners, especially the Runnie-undies." Newt snickered.

"Keeps you nice and comfy, right?" We both laughed. "Your food's on the table. Don't take too long. Frypan made roast beef and potatoes, and I managed to grab a couple cookies for you too." I smiled gratefully at Newt.

"Thanks Newtie." He rolled his eyes. Newt hated when I called him that, which was exactly why I called him that.

"I'm still older than you, Greenie, so slim it." he retorted, walking out of the bathroom.

"Not by much!" I called after him.
As we climbed into bed that night, I asked Newt what he did last night. "It made me really warm." I told him. "Which actually helped me sleep a lot better." Newt blushed a little. "Lay down," he said. "It's easier if I just show you." Smiling inside, I did what he said, and he laid down next to me. "Now don't move." I nodded. Newt scooted even closer, hesitantly, and wrapped one arm over my waist, the rest of his body pressed against mine. It reminded me of the spoons I'd seen in Frypan's kitchen. 'Spooning' I decided. 'Let's call it that.' Something flickered in the back of my mind; spooning sounded about right. I sighed, content, and promptly fell asleep with Newt's warmth on my back and his arm cradling my waist. And for the second night in a row, I had fallen asleep with a smile on my face.

The next day was just more of the same thing. I still loved running; the way the wind would blow on my face, how I could remember every turn I made, even the way my body hurt afterwards. I was nearly done with my map when Minho and Thomas walked in.
"Hey Jamie." Minho called as he walked in. I nodded so he knew I heard him, but I had to concentrate so I wouldn't mess up my map. I was subconsciously aware that my tongue was sticking out of my mouth, but I didn't really care. Standing up, I stretched, put my newly made map away, and walked to dinner.
"Well well, long time no see Jamie." Frypan said as I sat down. I grinned, reaching for a plate of food.
"Yeah, well, I've been busy. Just the usual, you know. Killing Grievers and the like." Frypan's eyebrows raised so high I thought they were going to disappear into his hairline. "You did what now?" He asked, incredulous. I laughed; clearly the word never traveled to the kitchens.
"I'm just kidding with you. I haven't killed a Griever in like a week. It's getting kinda boring, ya know?" Frypan let out a low whistle and turned away.
"I'm ok with just staying in my kitchen, thank you very much." he said, making me laugh again.
Chapter 12

After dinner, I took a little walk, stretching out my sore muscles and tight hamstring. I found my brother in his new favorite spot by the Deadheads, and we talked briefly. I told him that he was my brother. "My little brother, by the looks of it." I had said, making him laugh. I knew he was tired, so I left, letting him try to sleep. As I reached the door to go inside my little shack, Teresa spoke inside my head again. No, Thomas' head too; I could feel his subconsciousness.

'Tom, I just triggered the Ending.' she said, and I could feel him leave, like he was slipping away. He must have fallen asleep. I quickly formulated a thought. I shaped it as a ball, focused on Teresa's consciousness, and threw it at her, in a way. All it said was, 'Teresa,' but I could almost feel the ripple as it hit her consciousness. 'Teresa.' I tried again.

'I can hear you, Jamie.' she responded, and I smiled so wide I thought my face would crack. Suddenly, I sagged against the door, overcome by the sheer force it took to do that. Some of my exhaustion must have seeped through my mental walls.

'You need to rest.' Teresa said. I managed to make it over to the bed, a headache already coming on.

'I'm fine' I insisted. 'How are we doing this?'

'I don't know' she admitted, somehow sending the mental image of a shrug. 'But I think we can do this for a reason. I'm sure Thomas will get the hang of it somehow.' I snorted.

'It'll take my brother a while, but he'll get the hang of it.' I told her, then somehow, not knowing how, shut off communication with her. I could still feel her trying to get inside my mind, trying to talk to me. It was like someone was probing the back of my brain. But I ignored her, took a quick bath, and fell asleep before Newt even walked in the door.

Forever.
Chapter 14

Welcome to the end of yet another fan fiction! I'm sure you guys have questions, so make sure to leave them as comments, and I will make sure to get back to you as soon as I can! But what's going on between Jamie and Newt? What about Minho and Thomas? And how does Teresa tie into everything? Read my next one to find out! As usual, make sure to leave comments, and ask questions, tell me how to improve, or even just to say hi:) Love you all, have a great day!
Fan Fiction: The Maze Runner:) 4

written by

Jordan

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You can read also this RPG/Fan Fiction online by clicking here.
Guys, you already know what's going on by now ;)

Introduction
Chapter 1

I woke up a grey light. I figured I'd just gotten up earlier than normal, since waking up early wasn't a problem for me, but when I walked outside, I found that the sky was grey. No, not the sky. It looked almost like a ceiling. I woke up Newt, then ran to go get Minho. Little by little, everyone started waking up. I was too busy whispering furiously with Minho, Alby, and Newt to bother waking up my brother. I figured he'd get up eventually. We all agreed that the jobs still had to get done, most of all the Running. I ate quickly and was out in the maze before Thomas woke up.

As I ran, I thought about everything that went on here. I mean, they'd been in here for two years; why was everything going wrong now? It had to be the girl. She even said it herself; they'd sent her as a trigger, that the Trials had to end one way or another.

I'd almost reached the Blades in section seven when my foot slipped on a loose piece of ivy. As I fell, my left knee twisted under me at a nasty angle. Pain exploded through my entire leg and I screamed really loudly. I laid there, clutching my leg, my eyes clenched shut. I'm not sure how much later it was, but somehow Minho found me. And then I passed out.

He dragged me back, with me helping with my right leg when I could, when I wasn't passed out from the pain. Minho's stronger than I thought; he had to drag me for almost three miles. It was noticeably later when we reached the Glade. Both Newt and Alby were pacing in front of one of the doors, but when Minho yelled out, they both turned and ran over to us. Minho dropped me unceremoniously on the ground and collapsed next to me, drenched with sweat.

"What the shuck, Minho? Do you know what time it is?" Alby yelled. Newt crouched next to me.

"Alby, shut your shuck face! I know exactly what time it is. The real question is why didn't the doors close?" Minho snapped, exhausted.

"Jamie, what did you bloody do?" Newt asked me. I took a shaky breath and pointed to my left knee. He looked down and swore. "Alby, I gotta get her to the med-jacks." Alby looked down at me, at my knee, then back to Minho.

"Yeah, I dragged her shuck butt all the way from the Blades, Alby." Minho said. "So don't be getting your panties in a twist about me getting back so late," Alby swore too, then motioned for Newt to pick me up. Newt tried to be gentle, but as he picked me up, he brushed against my knee. I cried out in pain, then passed out. Again.
Chapter 2

When I woke up, I was in the med-jacks' hut. My knee was wrapped and elevated. 'To drain the fluid' I thought. If I hadn't been a Runner, I was going to be a med-jack. 'Guess I'm gonna have to be one now.' I told myself miserably. Thomas would make a good Runner. He could take over my section. Then I remembered with a jolt that the doors never shut. I numbly remembered Teresa talking inside my head about how the maze was a code, but I was so focused on not passing out that I didn't pay attention to her. And something about how WICKED was good. But I could tell she was awake. Pushing out with my mind, she wasn't anywhere near me. She was by my brother in the Deadheads. And was that...Newt? I couldn't sense anybody else's consciousness before then, so why now? Was it because Newt and I were so emotionally connected? I winced; the painkillers were wearing off and I could feel my knee again.

Dragging my mind back to my body, I lightly touched the area around it, taking a sharp breath in when I accidentally brushed the top of my knee. There was no way it wasn't broken. Suddenly, I recalled that the doors never closed. I had to get up, had to get to the Homestead, had to find Newt or Minho. Preferably Newt. I got up, not even bothering to try putting any weight on my left leg. Looking around, I spotted a pair of crutches by the door and I hopped over there. I tried them out in the limited space I had in the med hut, then decided to risk it by going out there. Luckily, the med hut wasn't too far from the Homestead, and Newt was ushering everyone inside. There were a couple stragglers, and Minho was encouraging them to run faster. Classic Minho.

"Newt!" I screamed, and his head snapped up in my direction.

"Jaime! What in the bloody hell are you doing out here?" he yelled at me as he ran towards me. Tired from the use of my crutches, I held them out to Minho, who had also run over to us. He took them into the Homestead as Newt picked me up, also taking me to the Homestead. I gritted my teeth as his hand touched my bad knee, but I managed not to pass out or throw up.

The moment we got inside, Alby shut the door and assigned a couple people to start boarding up the door. The windows were already underway. Newt carried me upstairs to where Minho was explaining to Alby why he had a pair of crutches in his hand.
Chapter 3

Newt set me on the bed, and I started explaining. How I'd slipped, fallen, and how Minho dragged me back. He was a lot stronger than I'd thought. "And now, I'm pretty sure it's broken." I finished. Minho looked disappointed, still slightly pink from the praise I'd given him, Alby looked mad, and Newt just stared. I was sad; there was no way they would ever let me back in the maze now. Well, maybe Minho would, but Alby wouldn't, and Newt definitely wouldn't. The best I could hope for now was med-jack, now that I couldn't be a Runner anymore.

Thomas walked in with Alby and Newt sitting on the bed with me, and Minho in one of the two chairs, and he sat down. Suddenly, a wave of exhaustion hit me and I was struggling to keep my eyes open. Newt took my hand and rubbed his thumb over the back of my hand. Through half-closed eyelids, I saw Minho shoot me a jealous look and I just smiled sleepily back. I closed my eyes. That way I could listen to what was going on without having to make a decision or add my own ideas, but when I closed my eyes, I actually did fall asleep. I woke up to someone's mouth on my cheek. Then Newt whispered in my ear. "I put two of your throwing knives and your maze knife on the table." I nodded, suddenly awake. But Newt hadn't noticed I was fully awake yet. He squeezed my hand and walked out, closing the door.

It was about two in the morning when they came. The Grievers. I hadn't realized just how scared I was until then. I was all alone with a broken leg. And my weapons weren't even by me. I was overcome by a sudden urge to get out of the room and downstairs; I couldn't stay up here anymore. I stood up on my right leg and hopped as quietly as I could to the table, then downstairs.

Newt and Thomas were looking out through some cracks in the boards over the window when I came down. As soon as Newt noticed me, I heard a Griever start climbing up the Homestead. I froze in fear. Newt backed away from the window. "Thomas, get away from there." He hissed and I realized that I was only a couple feet away from my brother. Making us both not safe. I grabbed his arm and shoved him towards Newt and the rest of the boys, then hopped backwards.

Then the door burst open.
"Shuck, it's Gally." I gasped. He started screaming things, but I'd stepped backwards, forgetting about my knee, and I fell to the ground, overcome with pain. I watched, stars dancing before my eyes, as he punched my brother on the side of his face. I attempted to get up, but Newt pushed Gally away from Thomas. Then Gally, the shuckface, started ripping the boards away from the window. I reached for my throwing knives, but it was too late. As soon as the last board was ripped away, a Griever started climbing inside. It got halfway in before I took aim and threw. my knife hit it right in the middle of it's body. The Griever recoiled, but it was coming right back in after a second. Taking a deep breath, I threw my other knife, this time hitting one of the mechanical arms. But another one reached in, searching for a victim.

Chuck couldn't get away fast enough and an arm grabbed him. He started screaming and Thomas and Minho grabbed Chuck's arms and tried to pull him away from the monster, but to no avail. It was like everything happened in slow motion. I watched as the arm with the needle came up, ready to sting Chuck. Minho lost his grip, and Thomas was pulled away from Chuck from behind. Newt was still out cold from when Gally hit him with a window board, so there was only one thing to do. Adrenaline coursed through my veins as I stood up, braced myself, and jumped. I knocked Chuck out of the way just in time. He didn't get stung, but I did. Surprisingly enough, the Griever started retreating. Somehow, Thomas got ahold of a cut-off needle, with stuff still in it, and I watched as he turned it over and over in his hands.

"Don't let him do it." I whispered, my voice nothing more than a croak. Pain was coursing throughout my body, the worst spot on my back, right above my right hip. That must have been where I got stung. My eyes were fluttering shut as I watched my idiot brother plunge the Griever needle into his stomach.

'You Shank.' I thought. 'Stupid.' Then I passed out for the millionth time that day.
Chapter 5

Chapter 6

I opened my eyes groggily. "She's awake!" someone shouted. "Go get Newt." I looked over to the person. Minho was sitting there, looking at me.
"Hey shuckface." I croaked. Minho snorted and lightly punched my arm.
"Glad to see your sense of humor hasn't left you." I smirked.
"Nope, not yet. How long was I out?"
"Four days. Thomas woke up yesterday." Newt chose that moment to walk in the room. He sat in the chair next to Minho. Min slipped his hand into Newt's and the blond held on tightly. I smiled when I saw that; at least they were still together. With all the crap going on, I wouldn't have been surprised if they split, but I was happy to see that they were still together.
"How you feeling, Jay?" Newt asked, concern in his eyes. My smile faded and I sighed.
"I've been better. I...remembered things. It's no wonder they didn't want us to remember anything. If we knew..." I shook my head. "I can't tell you guys. It's too...it's horrible."
Minho nodded, understanding, but Newt looked at me with a confused expression on his face. I sighed again. "Don't ask me to explain, Newt. Please." I hated pleading, but I couldn't talk about it. Newt looked at Minho, a question in his eyes, and Minho nodded. I was really sore, and stretching, but stopped when I saw them exchange glances.
"What? What is it?" I asked them.
"If you won't tell her, I will." Minho said. Newt nodded, and the Asian turned to me. "Your brother-"
"That shuck idiot." I said cutting him off. "I know exactly why he did it, but he's still bloody dumb." Another shared glance and an exasperated sigh from me. "Sorry. Please go on." I said with mock innocence.
"Thomas, your idiot brother, remembered something important." Minho said. I frowned; maybe we both remembered the same thing.
"What'd he remember?" I asked and the happy couple glanced at each other again. "Come on guys. I'm getting really tired of these looks you're giving each other. Just tell me what's going on." Minho rolled his eyes, a tiny smirk barely showing on his face. Newt inhaled sharply and looked at me.
"He knows what we have to do to get out of this shuck maze." Newt told me. I just rolled my eyes.

"Well, it's about bloody time. I know what we need to do too. So he stuck himself with a shucking Griever pin just to remember the same thing as me?" Another shared glance and another sigh from me. "Just get his shuck butt in here so we can talk." Both Minho and Newt got up, still holding hands, and walked to the door. "And Minho? Don't stand outside the door this time." Minho wrinkled his nose and I grinned, and they left the room in search of my brother. A sudden realization hit me; Minho was here. That meant he wasn't out in the maze today. Did he really care that much about me? And where was Teresa? I closed my eyes and reached out with my mind. I felt her somewhere close, but she was in the air. 'She must be in the lookout tree.' And there was Thomas, getting higher and closer to her. And there was...Newt, on the ground. I didn't think I could talk inside his mind, but it was nice, knowing where he was. After a while, Thomas and Newt started making their way back over here, and I opened my eyes while cutting off the connection. A minute later, Thomas walked into my room, Newt following closely behind.

"Here you go, Jamie."

"Thanks Newt." I said. He nodded and left the room. "And tell Minho to leave too!" I shouted as he closed the door. I heard a muffled curse and I snorted. Classic Minho. Turning to my brother, I looked him up and down. "You don't look like you've been stung at all."

"I'm still sore and hurting. I feel like a pile of klunk." I laughed, wincing at the pain in my back. "Does it still hurt?" he asked me. I nodded.

"Yeah. It feels like a cross between a bruise and a splinter." Thomas frowned, then grinned.

"Why are you so happy?" I asked.

"I was just thinking...you saw Mom right?" My face clouded over.

"Yeah I did. Why did you see her too?"

"Yeah, and she was all happy and stuff." Well, that explained why he was so happy. He remembered her as she was before the Flare wrecked our family. But then again, he was barely four at the time, whereas I was about six and a half.
"Yeah," I managed out. "She was happy. Remember when she made us those cookies with dozens of sprinkles?" Thomas laughed and I smiled. It was nice to see my brother finally happy. He hadn't seemed truly happy at all yet, so it was nice to see a different expression on his face. But he quickly sobered.

"Jay, did you...you know we made this place, right?" I sighed and ran my hand through my hair.

"Yeah, I know." I said. "But I also remember something important. Do you remember anything about the Cliff? Anything at all?" Thomas scrunched up his face in concentration. I studied his face and decided to talk to him in his mind. 'Think, Thomas. I need you to remember something.' His head snapped up and he gaped at me.

"Jamie, did you just-" I cut him off, speaking in his mind again and making sure not to move my mouth at all.

'Yes, I did. Now think.' He just shook his head and I left his consciousness, but made sure that he could still feel my presence. After a couple minutes, his eyes widened.

'The Griever Hole.' Thomas spoke in my mind, and I grinned as I realized that he and Teresa must have been talking already. A fading memory flashed before my eyes. We'd used that silly nickname for the hole that the Gladers could escape from, since that's where the Grievers came from. I smiled as a plan formed in my head. Quickly, I spoke to him telepathically, since he had to go somewhere. I couldn't walk and using crutches were a lot of work, so I made him promise to talk to the Keepers about it; call a Gathering. He agreed and I rolled over on the bed, already going crazy since I couldn't be out in the maze, running.
'I did it.' Thomas said. I closed my eyes and searched for him, finding his consciousness next to the Box. But what was that over there? My mind wandered over to the Homestead. I had been detecting Newt; his energy levels had risen, making his consciousness shine like a beacon. I sighed audibly.

'What did you do?' I asked.

'Well, I may have...um...' I rolled my eyes at him.

'Just tell me.'

'I may have said something I probably shouldn't have.' He sent a watery image of a shrug. I sighed again.

'I can tell that much.' Thomas gave me the ten second rundown of what he'd said.

'So you volunteered to be a sacrifice? Bloody hell, Thomas. Of the two of us, I must have gotten all the brains.' He smiled.

'Teresa's coming.'

'I know she is. I can sense her.' I told him, then cut off communication; I stayed right on the edge of his consciousness though so he knew I was still there. Right before I opened my eyes, I could tell he and Teresa were holding hands, and I smiled. At least he was happy, even if he was oblivious to the fact that Minho was starting to like him.

Newt walked in not too shortly after. "Jamie, your brother-"

"I know, Newt. I was the one who came up with the plan. I would have come to you guys myself, but I couldn't get out of this shuck bed." I said, sitting up. Newt stared at me, shocked.

"YOU came up with this bloody idea? Shuck it Jamie, I thought you were smarter than this. And Thomas bloody volun-" I had to cut him off.

"Yes, Newt, he already told me about how he was a bloody idiot, volunteering to die for us. That wasn't part of my plan at all. But I know why he wants to." I took a deep breath. "But Newt...you can't let him die. Please." I was shocked to find tears sliding down my face, but I made no move to wipe them off, staring at Newt. He nodded slowly, then hugged me.

"I won't let him die. I promise, Jay." I hugged his waist, since that was the highest I could reach.

"Thank you. Now you've got a job to do." I told him, wiping the tears off my face and sniffling. "Gather the Gladers that are going, food, weapons, all that klunk." Newt nodded
again and started to walk out the door. "And Newt?" He paused, halfway out the door. "Make sure you don't forget about me." He turned back, a half-smile on his face. "I could never forget about you, Jamie." He said, then walked out.
Chapter 10

Soon afterwards, I couldn't do it anymore. I stood up on my right leg. Placing a little pressure on my left leg, then a little more, then a little more, I found that I could stand on it if I happened to stumble; I couldn't walk though. So I grabbed the crutches, picked up my knife off the table—since my two best throwing knives were stuck in a Grieaver somewhere—and started making my way out to the kitchens. Minho met me halfway there and I told him I was going with them.

"Not surprised, Greenie. I don't expect you would stay behind even if both your legs were broken." I laughed, then realized Minho had used Newt's nickname for me and I smiled even wider; that made me inexplicably happy.

"I doubt I would either. I'd probably just crawl through the maze." We both laughed then and walked into the kitchen. The mood was somber, and Minho, Newt, and I were whispering to each other in one of the corners while Thomas and Chuck were talking in low voices at another table. Minho raised his voice once so he was almost talking, and a couple people glanced our way, but me and Newt shushed him.

Minho went to talk to Teresa by the doors while Newt and Alby gathered everyone; it was time to go. I tossed my crutches aside and slid my other two throwing knives into my pockets, my fighting knives on my back. Newt walked back over and picked me up.

"And you're positive you can carry me that far? Your limp was looking pretty bad earlier." I had to confirm that he would be okay, since I knew his leg was hurting him.

"I'll be fine, Jay. Don't worry about it. Besides, your limp is worse than mine." He smirked and winked, and I punched him lightly on the arm, grinning.

Newt carried me to the doors where Minho and Teresa were going over the plans for the escape code.

"You ready, Min?" I asked. He nodded. As the rest of the Gladers walked up to us, he called to them.

"Are you shanks ready? Thomas, this was your idea, so it better work. If not, I'll kill ya before the Grievers can." I hid my smirk behind my hand. If only he knew it was actually my idea. Well, most of it anyway.
Newt started talking as soon as everyone had quieted down. I tuned him out; we had already discussed at dinner what he was going to tell everyone. Hopping over to Minho, I leaned against him, my arm across his shoulders and his arm supporting my waist. Newt glanced at us out of the corner of his eye, but didn't say anything.

"Shouldn't someone give a pep talk or something?" Minho spoke up. Newt nodded at him.

"Go ahead." Everyone turned to look at us.

"Be careful. Don't die." I almost started laughing; I wasn't surprised though. Minho was never really good at that kind of thing.

"Great, we're all bloody inspired." Newt replied sarcastically. *AUTHOR'S NOTE: That's my favorite line in the whole series ;) * "You know the plan." He continued, and I tuned him out again, since I did know the plan. I hopped behind Minho and draped my arms over his shoulders. With me on his back, Minho ran into the maze after Newt, the rest of the Gladers following behind.

After a bit, Newt fell back and tapped my arm. "You should lead now." he said quietly and Minho nodded, moving to the front. I knew the way to the Cliff, but he knew the way better, so there was no need for input from me. However, he kept asking me where and which way to turn. I think he realized that I needed something to do, since I couldn't run. I whispered the answers in his ear, grateful for his understanding.

We reached the turn that led to the Cliff and Minho slowed down, holding up his hand to signal the others to do the same. I peeked around the corner, since I would have a better view, and I jerked my head back quickly. I looked again, just to be sure, and turned back, whispering in Minho's ear what I saw. He paled and also peeked around the corner. "Oh no," he said. "Oh no." Then the Grievers made some noises. There was at least a dozen, maybe fifteen, just waiting for us. Newt said something but I was staring down the corridor at more Grievers coming at us. I was the only one that could see them since I was on Minho's back and higher than everyone else. I didn't have a chance to warn them because the approaching Grievers made some loud noises, and everyone turned to watch them coming at us.
"Shuck." I cursed under my breath. Then something moved in the corner of my eye. I whipped around to see yet another group of Grievers coming towards us. We were surrounded. "Minho, put me down. Now." He obeyed, but kept a hand around my waist to support me. I made no move to get him to let go, but I slowly grabbed a knife off my back and a throwing knife out of my pocket. They compacted together, forming a tight circle around us. I was sandwiched between Newt and Minho, and I was saddened to notice that Newt was trembling. However scared he was, he didn't show it in his voice.

"I don't know what they're bloody waiting for." he said, almost mumbling. I was standing on one leg, having pushed Minho off so he could get his weapons out. I leaned against Newt ever so slightly and was a little surprised when he leaned back.

"Who's going?" I whispered, surprised to find my own voice trembling. Newt turned to me and looked deep into my eyes.

"Not you, or Thomas, or me, or Minho. Or Teresa either, I guess. We'll make it out of this alive, I promise." I nodded, and a single tear slid down my face. Newt kissed my cheek and turned away, watching as Alby started walking towards the Grievers closest to the Cliff.

"Alby? Get your shuck butt back here!" But Alby started running, straight into the Grievers. "Alby!" Newt screamed. But Alby kept running, jumping right on top of one of them. Newt started to move, trying to push through, but Thomas and I each grabbed one of his arms, holding him back. There was no point in losing him too. "Let go!" Newt yelled, trying to break free.

"You can't do anything!" Thomas yelled.

"You can't help him!" I yelled at the same time. I couldn't watch as Alby was ripped to shreds, but finally Newt gave up, stumbling backwards into my arms, I managed to hold him while still on one leg.

"I can't believe it." Newt whispered. "He's actually gone." I took control; Newt was on the edge of a breakdown and I couldn't find Minho.

"Listen up! We have to get through them," I pointed at the Grievers by the Cliff, "so Tommy can punch in his shuck code."

"Push them towards the walls, make a path!" Minho shouted, suddenly materializing next to me. I nodded at him and he smiled grimly back, but there was no humor in his expression.

"Now!" He ran forwards, into them, with me and Newt following closely behind.
Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Chuck running towards us, a knife too big for him in his hand. "Thomas, get Chuck!" I yelled—maybe it was out loud, maybe it was in my mind...I'm not really sure which—and turned back to the Griever in front of me. I dimly heard him tell Chuck that he was going with him, and I watched out of the corner of my eye as they made their way to the Cliff. I kept fighting, trying to ignore the screams from all around me. Somehow, Minho, Newt, and I all ended up back to back, surrounded by the slimy things. Adrenaline was running through my veins, boiling hot. I couldn't feel my injuries and I took advantage of that.

As we were fighting, Minho slipped and a Griever grabbed him. He screamed and went limp. In one fluid motion, my throwing knife was in my hand, then in the mechanical arm that was holding Minho. The Griever made a noise that vaguely resembled a scream and dropped him. I grabbed my other knife and threw it at the other Griever that was reaching for Minho. I was down to one knife now, since my other ones were embedded in Grievers.

"What's taking you so long?" I screamed in Teresa's mind.

'It won't let me type push!' she screamed back.

'Look around for something!' I yelled at her, then turned back to Newt and Minho.

"What's taking them so bloody long?" Newt yelled, smacking a Griever arm aside.

"We only have to hold out for a couple more seconds!" I yelled back and slammed another Griever off of Minho, who was still lying unconscious on the ground. About ten seconds later, just like I'd predicted, they all shut off. I collapsed to the ground, exhausted. Looking to the side, I saw Minho groan and roll over and I grinned, wheezing for air. I watched as Newt fell to the ground next to Minho, blocking my view. Hoping Min was ok, I sat up and looked around to see who else was here, and I counted twenty-one in all. Half of us. I heard another groan and turned to Minho, watching as he stood up. He was fine, but covered in scratches and cuts on almost his whole body.

'Is it ok down there?' I asked Thomas and he said yes. Shakily, I stood up, the adrenaline starting to fade.

"Let's go. We should get through the hole." I told them. Minho and Newt both nodded and I limped to the edge of the Cliff. "Well," I said to myself, "here goes nothing." I took a deep breath and jumped.
Chapter 14

As I passed through the hole, a wave of cold crashed over me. I slid down into a room where Chuck, my brother, and Teresa were all staring at the spot I came out of. I landed on my bad leg and cried out, collapsing to the ground. Thomas rushed to my side and helped me get up.

"It's clear!" I shouted back up, and a couple moments later, Minho came tumbling out of the chute with Newt following closely behind.

"It was a bloodbath." I started, then paused, not sure how to continue. Everyone else was down by then.

"We lost a ton of people." Minho managed out between gasps. "Then they all just shut down."

"And the rest?" Thomas asked, fear in his eyes.

"Half of us." Newt confirmed. "Dead." No one spoke for a long time, then Minho stood up a little straighter.

"Half of us might have died, but half of us shucking lived. And nobody got stung."

"Let's just bloody get out of here." Newt said. "Which way do we go, Tommy?" My brother pointed down a long tunnel, and I nodded. Minho started walking as soon as I was on his back; I don't know how he still had the strength to carry me. Thomas went last, and no one argued. We reached a slide at the end of the tunnel and I went first, since I was in the best shape to defend myself, even though I hurt like bloody hell.

After a bit, the chute began to twist in a spiral shape, slowing me down, and I eventually flew out of the tunnel. "Come on!" I shouted up and I heard Newt shriek as he started sliding down. I almost let out a giggle, but then I started looking around and the laughter died in my mouth. I had barely taken everything in when Newt fell onto the floor with an "oomph" noise and Minho landed on top of him. Then I did laugh, just a little giggle, but it made them both smile. Or maybe it was because they were looking at each other, but either way, it was nice to see that expression on their faces. Minho pulled Newt off the floor and kissed him really quickly, then moved out of the way as the Gladers started tumbling out of the chute, landing on top of each other. I smiled as they kept coming out, one after another, into a big, grumbling heap on the floor. Teresa came, then Thomas landed on top of her, but he quickly scrambled onto his feet blushing slightly. Everyone subconsciously gathered into a group somewhat resembling a circle. Suddenly, my knee gave out, and I would have
collapsed if Newt hadn't been right next to me. He took one arm and Minho took the other, and together, they supported me, helping me stand. Behind twenty or so different tinted windows, there were people staring at us, analyzing us.

The Creators.
Chapter 15

A silence fell over the Gladers as they stared right back at the Creators. A beeping noise came from somewhere and I craned my neck around, searching for the source. I noticed movement on my right and looked that way, at a couple of doors that were opening towards us. A woman walked in with a boy at her side, but his hood was covering his face. "Welcome back." she said. "Over two years and so few dead. Amazing." My eyebrows shot up and Thomas' mouth dropped open.

"Excuse me?" Newt said, putting a lot of emphasis on the word 'excuse'. I watched as she scanned the crowd until she found him.

"Everything has gone according to plan, Mr. Newton. Although we expected quite a number more of you to give up." I almost laughed out loud; who did this woman think she was? She turned to the boy at her side and pulled his hood off. He looked up, his eyes glistening with tears. Everyone sucked in a breath of surprise. It was Gally.

"What is HE doing here?" Minho shouted, and I grabbed his arm, keeping him from doing anything. I was worried that he was going to do something rash. I got a hint of laughter from Thomas and I asked, 'What's so funny?' in his mind.

'I wouldn't mind seeing him punch her in the shuck face right about now.' he responded, and I suppressed a snicker. The woman glanced between me and Thomas and shook her head ever so slightly, but if I hadn't been looking, I probably wouldn't have even noticed it.

"Gally, what's going on?" Newt asked quietly. Gally's face paled; he looked as white as a sheet.

"They...can control me...I can't..." He managed out before his hands went to his throat, choking himself. Then suddenly, he stopped and his face calmed, his body relaxed. In one fluid motion, he whipped out a knife and threw it at Thomas. Time slowed down; I should have seen it coming. But I couldn't move, only watch as the silver flipped over and over in the air towards my brother. There was a blur of movement in front of him, then a scream as the blade buried itself to the hilt in Chuck's chest.
Chapter 16

Chuck was lying on the ground, convulsing, while blood spilled out of his chest and pink spit dribbled out of his mouth. "Chuck!" Thomas screamed and fell to the ground next to him, pulling Chuck's body into his arms. I started quietly crying; I needed to be strong for my brother, but it was Chuck. He'd been the funniest kid ever and he was so young. I didn't understand. Why Chuck? Why not Winston, or Frypan, or anyone else of the twenty of us? Why him? I couldn't do anything as Thomas held his best friend and cried.

Then something snapped. Thomas got up and threw himself at Gally, knocking him to the ground. My brother held him down as he beat him nearly to death. Minho and Newt dragged him off Gally, and he fought them for a couple seconds before throwing them off and running back to Chuck.

"No. No, no, no, no. No! I promised him!" He yelled, then completely broke down, sobbing. "I promised him." Thomas whispered, holding Chuck's lifeless body.

Some time later, he quieted down and Teresa helped him to his feet. He didn't let go of her hand, but no one mentioned it. We all knew he needed the support right now more than anyone.

There was a commotion over by the doors. The woman visibly paled and turned to the doors where a bunch of people in grimy pants and wet coats burst in, yelling something unintelligible. I heard a lot of gunshots as they fired at the woman, but I looked away, not wanting to watch. The newcomers circled us, and one of them spoke.

"Just follow us. We don't have time to explain. Run like your life depends on it." I climbed onto Minho's back—which I don't know how he found the strength but he carried me through multiple hallways and we came out into the rain, and climbed into a van with a lot of dents and scars on the sides and cracks on the windows. I looked back in time to see Thomas pulled to the ground by a crazy looking woman.

"Thomas!" I screamed. One rescuer turned back and pulled her off my brother, yelling at him to get into the van. The crazy woman ran towards the van as we started moving, and the front went up, then the back. I realized with horror that we'd run over her, but I couldn't say anything or do anything except hold Newt's hand and lean my head on his shoulder. It took a long time, but I eventually fell asleep.
Chapter 17

I woke up as the van came to a stop. We shuffled into a building without anything on the walls, outside or inside, and up the stairs into a huge dormitory with bunk beds on two adjacent walls. On the other side, there were dressers and tables, even a mirror, and windows covered with curtains. It was a splash of color against the grey that had overcome me since Chuck...

They assigned beds, and they tried to have me and Teresa sleep in a different room, but I refused. Teresa went reluctantly, but she still went. They tried to take me, but I fought them, and Minho, Newt, and Thomas wouldn't let them take me either. Eventually, they gave up and let me sleep in the room with them.

They gave us pizza for dinner. The greasy stuff. I'd never really liked pizza, but I ate half a slice and some stuff I'd had in my bag, which somehow lasted through the whole ordeal.

Back in the room, Minho took a top bunk, above Thomas, and I took the top bunk right next to Minho, with Newt under me. As I settled onto the mattress, I heard Minho speak from behind me.

"Hey, Jamie?" I twisted around so I was on my stomach looking at him.

"Yeah?"

"Do you think we're safe with these people?" I thought about it for a second.

"I think so." I laid on my back and stared at the ceiling.

"Hey, Jay?" I heard again, and turned back around.

"Yeah, Min?" He looked sad.

"What do you think happened to the Gladers that stayed behind?" I hadn't thought about that.

"I don't know. But I wouldn't want to be one of them right now." A tear slid silently down my face; Jeff, one of the med-jacks, had taught me a lot about their medicine and how to treat wounds and stuff, and he was one of my close friends. But he hadn't come with us. Minho reached over, since his head was by mine, and wiped the tear off my face.

"It'll be ok." I replied with a watery smile.

"Thanks Minho." He nodded and I took his hand, and I fell asleep holding his hand across the bunks.
Hey guys! Sorry this one was so long:/ but I hope it was good! Make sure to leave comments and tell your friends about it!
I'll be continuing with "The Scorch Trials" soon, but homework comes first *cough* lol no it doesn't *cough*
Love you all, make sure to have a good day (or night)!