Fan Fiction: The Scorch Trials:

written by

Jordan

Provided to you by

AllTheTests.com

You can read also this RPG/Fan Fiction online by clicking here.
Guys! Since you all loved my Maze Runner fan fictions, I decided to make a Scorch Trials one too.
I was asleep, haunted by the wonderful memories of what we had to go through to get here, when Teresa spoke.

'Guys, something's wrong,' I woke up, none too gracefully, and spluttered.

'What? What is it?' I asked, my concern growing. I was exhausted, but I couldn't shake the feeling that something was actually very wrong.

'I don't know. And Thomas won't wake up.' I snorted.

'Figures. Hold on, I got this.' I took a deep breath and switched the focus of my energy from Teresa to my brother. 'Thomas! Wake up!' I screamed. I felt his subconsciousness ripple, then sink back into the black abyss of exhaustion. I didn't blame him. He'd been through the most pain of any of us here, not including myself and Newt.

There was a thud, then another, and the Gladers started waking up. I tried something I hadn't tried before; I called out to Newt. He wasn't getting up, but I could feel him under me. Then glass broke somewhere.

'Newt. Newt, wake up.' I pushed with my mind, and I felt a return of energy. He'd heard me. He'd heard me! But before I could get too excited, something snapped. It was like loosing an organ, a part of my brain. I couldn't feel Teresa anymore. Quickly, I checked, and I could still feel Thomas and Newt; only Teresa was gone. I looked for Thomas, who'd finally waken up. Our eyes connected, and I could tell he'd felt it too. I'd been sitting in my bed, trying to stay calm, while people tried to get through the windows from outside. They all had the same crazed look in their eyes as the woman that had grabbed Thomas the day before, when he was running to the bus. I had stayed on my bed mostly because of my leg—which the people who took us here had wrapped properly—but also because I realized that I was safe where I was. At least for now.

Minho and Newt ran over to the door and all the other Gladers just stayed away from the windows.
I watched as Minho and Newt walked up to Thomas and started talking to him. I couldn't hear the whole conversation, but I heard Newt say, "We need to find another room, have a Gathering. All this noise is driving nails through my buggin' skull." I nodded absently, even though he wasn't even talking to me.

I carefully climbed down from the top bunk and limped over to the door; whatever they did to wrap my knee was working wonders. I could at least walk on it, but I didn't try running yet. I rattled the door handle, then stepped aside to let Minho try. He didn't do much of anything either, and neither could Newt.

"It's locked." Newt muttered when he finally gave up and let go of the door handle.

"Really, genius? I had no shucking idea." Minho crossed his arms over his chest and Newt rolled his eyes.

"Get me something to break the handle off with." I muttered to the boy next to me, and he nodded, walking off. Newt and Minho had exchanged more than a couple more smart-aleck remarks when the boy returned and quietly handed me a fire extinguisher.

"Thanks." I said and smiled at him, and he gave me a small smile back. Pushing my way through the mob of Gladers, I reached the door. "Shut up, you two, would ya?" I said, and smashed the handle off in two hits. Tossing the crushed can aside, I took a deep breath and opened the door.

I was met by pitch blackness, and limped inside. It smelled really bad, and I walked about ten steps before hitting something. I let out a yell, then realized it was just hanging there. "Guys, be careful. There's some...weird things hanging from the ceiling." Minho crossed his arms over his chest, and Newt had walked in after me, followed by my brother. Newt let out a grunt somewhere to my right, which was followed by metal squeaking across the floor.

"Tables." he announced. "Watch out for tables." I smirked; it would be Newt that hit the table. I reached the wall and slid across it to where the lights were.

"Found 'em!" I said, clicking all the switches, and moments later, the room was flooded with fluorescent lights. It took me a couple seconds for my eyes to adjust, but when they did, I couldn't believe what I was seeing.
"Holy..." I didn't even finish my sentence. The people that had rescued us the day before were hanging by their necks from the ceiling. By the looks of it, they'd been dead for more than a couple hours. I looked at them in horror for a couple minutes, then regained my common sense. We didn't have anything to defend ourselves with if the crazies broke in, so I started walking in-between the bodies, grabbing the few small knives I found-they would work for throwing-and all the bigger ones I could find. I kept two of them, gave two to Minho, and there was one for each Thomas and Newt. Then I remembered Teresa. I'd told Newt and Minho about the telepathy, and Thomas was there with me when I told them.

"Guys, I can't reach Teresa." Thomas shook his head miserably.

"Neither can I." Newt and Minho exchanged a glance, then Minho turned to the group.

"Alright shanks, spread out, look for the girl. She has to be here somewhere." Newt looked at me, his question plain in his eyes, and I just shook my head; I would answer him later. I watched as Thomas busted off the handle to another room and went inside with Newt and Minho, who came out a second later to gather everyone else. Our eyes locked, and he nodded slightly, so I followed him.

"I don't think she's in there." Minho said, and I shook my head.

"She's not here. Min, there's no way she's here. I can't explain it, but the connection shut off. I can't feel her, and if I tried to call out, it wouldn't work." He frowned.

"Let's go look then. Just in case."

"Ok." I knew she wasn't here, I just knew it, but we checked every room just in case. As I'd predicted, she wasn't there, and when we went back to her room, we found Thomas and Newt talking to a stubborn looking boy with his arms folded over his chest, one that hadn't been in the maze with us. He paled slightly when he saw me, but then Minho walked in, and the stubborn expression returned.

"Who is this shank?" I asked.

"Aris. We don't know who he is either." Newt said.

"Hmm." I sat on the one bed that wasn't made-probably his bed-and asked, "Well then, Aris, where did you come from?" He paled more visibly then.

"The Maze. I came from the Maze."
Chapter 4

I couldn't believe my ears. He couldn't have come from the Maze. "I think you should sit down." I said, patting the spot next to me. "We have a lot to talk about." Thomas shook his head.

"We need to find Teresa first. She must be in another room." I shook my head as Minho responded.

"She's not. We checked every room in this whole shuck building." I nodded when my brother looked at me and his face fell. He walked out to check if there was a hidden door, while everyone else pulled the top mattresses to the floor and sat on them or the bottom bunks. Aris sat next to me, close, but not touching, and I noticed that Newt was staring at him a little too closely. Almost protectively. Did he think I couldn't protect myself? I almost laughed, but then Thomas walked back in and sat down.

Aris started explaining, and he basically sounded like the Teresa of his group. He was the last person to come up in the Box and was the only boy in a group of girls. Thomas asked about the telepathy, and I watched as Aris stared right at him. I felt his consciousness brush against mine, but he apparently didn't sense me. Aris and my brother were talking with their minds. I knew Thomas and I could, and I hadn't tried again with Newt, but did this mean...Aris was replacing Teresa?

"What?" Newt asked, looking between Aris and Thomas. "Why're you shucks looking at each other like you just fell in love?" I snickered under my breath; it was a very real possibility for Thomas. Newt glanced at me and winked, noticing how I'd laughed. I shook my head at him, a smirk on my face.

"He can do it too." Thomas said, almost under his breath, but never took his gaze off the new boy. I lightly touched Aris' arm and he shivered. I took my hand away and slid back on the bed so my back was against the wall. I wasn't used to boys responding to my touch, and I wanted to get away from that, but I still wanted to hear. I closed my eyes and listened as he explained about how he'd gotten here and all that, and I heard someone say, "What's that on your neck?"
Chapter 5

I opened my eyes and scooted back up next to Aris. There was some black lettering on his neck; I was surprised I hadn't noticed it before. Pulling his shirt collar aside, he shuddered under my delicate touch. I ignored it and read the blocky letters on his collarbone out loud.

"Property of WICKED, Group B, Subject B1: The Partner."

"What the shuck does that mean?" Minho asked, leaning forward, and I let go of Aris' shirt.

"I have no idea." I confessed. Minho let out a sigh of exasperation and leaned back on his mattress, and I caught a glimpse of black on his collarbone. "Shuck, Min. You've got a tattoo as well."

"What?" He exclaimed and tried to read it. I went over to him and pulled his collar aside, and read it to him.

"Property of WICKED, Group A, Subject A7: The Leader."

"Shuck it. You've gotta be shucking me." Minho stood up and followed Aris to the bathroom. Everyone else started catching on, and collars were pulled aside, tattoos read out loud.

"What's mine say?" Newt asked me quietly and I pulled his shirt aside, reading his tattoo to him.

"Subject A5: The Glue." I had to reread it, just to make sure I read it correctly.

"The Glue? Really?" I nodded, fixing his shirt.

"I think it's because you kinda hold us all together." Newt grunted, and I sat down awkwardly next to him. "Do you...could you read mine?" I asked. Newt hesitated, then gingerly pulled the top of my shirt aside.

"Subject A3: The-" Newt was cut off as Thomas plopped down next to me, paler than I'd seen him.

"What is it, little brother?" I asked, and he gave me a slight smile before remembering what it was he came over for.

"It's my tattoo. I'm A2 and it says..." He trailed off, subconsciously rubbing his collarbone where the tattoo was.

"What does it say, Tommy?" Newt asked in a quiet voice. Thomas looked up, fear showing in his eyes.

"To be killed by Group B."
Chapter 6

We stared at Thomas, then an alarm started going off. It took me a second, but I realized it was the Box alarm.
"It's the bloody Newbie alarm!" Newt shouted, hands over his ears.
"I know that, Newt!" I shouted back. "But why's it ringing?" He shrugged, moving his hands back down to his sides. Moving away from everyone, I sat on a bunk, closing my eyes.
'Aris?' I tried reaching out to him. 'Aris.'
'Who is this?' he replied, shakily. 'Who is this?' he said again, more forcefully this time, and pain started stabbing through my skull.
'I thought...you sounded like...nevermind.' realized that I must have sounded like his partner, the one he could talk to. "Tell Minho to get his shuck butt out here.' I said and cut the connection.
Minho and Aris walked out of the bathroom, and Minho walked up to me. "You have a tattoo." he said quietly. I nodded, and absently rubbed my collarbone. He moved my hand aside and read it, then paled slightly.
"What?" I asked. He shook his head.
"Nothing. Why's the shuck Box alarm going off?" Shrugging, I looked at Minho for the first time since he walked out of the bathroom. He put on an air of authority—which is probably why he was chosen as the leader—but his eyes betrayed him; he was scared. Really scared. I took his hand and squeezed it. He squeezed back, grateful, and we walked up to Newt.
"Don't tell me we're still going to get bloody Newbies dropped in our laps." he muttered, then noticed me and Minho holding hands. Minho quickly dropped my hand and moved slightly away from me. Grinning, I turned so I was next to Newt and I brushed my hand against his arm. Both Newt and Minho blushed slightly and Newt inched away from me. "Oh come on guys. I'm just kidding with you." I laughed. Minho rolled his eyes, and Newt moved next to him. I watched as he slipped his hand into Minho's and I smiled.
Then the alarm stopped, and the door swung open.
Chapter 7

The lights were off again, like we'd never been there in the first place. "Looks like they want us to go out there." Minho said, and Frypan snorted.
"Why don't you go first then?" He said sarcastically, and Minho rolled his eyes again, already moving to the door.
"My pleasure. Maybe we'll have another new shank to pick on when we're bored." He stopped and looked back at Thomas. "We could use another Chuck." His voice was surprisingly soft as he said it, then Minho turned and plunged into the darkness. And I followed him.
"Jamie, is that you following me?" He asked, only a few feet in front of me, and I smirked.
"Of course it is, Min. I'm the only one crazy enough to follow you into inevitable death." He snickered.
"Well then make yourself useful and find the lights." I walked quickly with my hand on the cold stone wall to the light switches.
"Got it!" I called, and flipped the switches. Blinding lights flooded the room, and for the second time since I turned the lights on, I couldn't believe my eyes.
The bodies were gone, with no sign of them ever being there.
"What the shuck?" Minho whispered, materializing right next to me. I scanned the room for anything, anything at all, that would show how they got the bodies out of the room in less than twenty minutes. Breathing deeply, I realized the stench was gone too. 'What the bloody hell is going on?' I thought to myself, making sure I didn't accidentally say it to Thomas or Aris.
"Hey, those crazies stopped screaming." Winston said. It was the first tome I'd head him say anything since we'd escaped. Minho cocked his head, then nodded.
"I thought we just couldn't hear them from Aris' room, but you're right. They stopped." Minho suddenly turned and ran towards the room we'd slept in last night, and I bolted after him without a second thought. It didn't take long for everyone else to follow us, and when we reached the room, Minho yelled, "No way!" then disappeared through the door. Going in after him, I stopped in surprise, then walked up to one of the windows, placing my hand on the cool brick outside.
"Even if they were quick with those bodies, they sure didn’t have enough time to throw up some bloody brick walls. What the shuck is going on?" Newt said as Minho went up to another window, also pressing his hand against the brick.
"Solid." He grunted, then slapped it.
"And the mortar is dry too, so it has to be some kind of trick." I stated, earning some low mumbles from the Gladers.
"But how did they trick us?" Frypan asked, and Thomas shrugged.
"I mean, we jumped through thin air into an invisible hole in the Cliff, so who knows what these people can do?" He said, and I nodded.

For the next half hour, everyone wandered around, looking for more differences. All our old clothes were gone, replaced with clean clothes in the dressers. They marked one for me—since I didn't want the Gladers finding my underwear and things. I quickly got changed; the pajamas were too constricting, even if they did look cute on me. Stuffing the new watch in my pocket, since I was still wearing mine from the Glade, I stood up and started looking around for Newt.

Before I could walk anywhere, a voice exploded in my mind. 'Get out of my head!' I crumpled onto the bed behind me. Thomas sat up, then stood. It sounded just like Teresa, but...there was something different. Like it wasn't exactly her.
'Teresa?' I heard Thomas say, and watched him press his fingers to his temples. 'Teresa?'
'Whoever you are, get out of my shuck head!' the girl screamed. I groaned, putting my palms on my head. Pain was shooting through my skull, right behind my eyes.
'What are you talking about? Teresa, it's me, Thomas.' I wished he would shut up. Couldn't he tell it wasn't really Teresa? There was something wrong.
'Shut up! Just shut up! I don't know who you are! Just leave me alone!' she yelled, sending more pain through my head.
'But...Teresa, what's wrong?' The girl paused, as if she was collecting her thoughts.
'Just leave me alone, or I will hunt you down and cut your throat. I swear it.' She said, disturbingly calm, then disappeared.
Chapter 9

I watched with a breaking heart as Thomas laid down on his stomach on the bed, pressed his face into the pillow, and cried. It wasn't loud or anything, so no one else noticed, but my older sister instincts kicked in. Walking over to his bed, I sat down quietly next to him and placed my hand on his back. He must have known it was me, because he didn't try to get me to move. I rubbed my hand in circles over his back, almost subconsciously; I must have done this a lot when he was younger.

Eventually Thomas' breathing slowed, and he fell asleep. I slowly and silently laid down next to him, since he was facing the wall, and scooted close to him. I was exhausted and he was warm. I hadn't slept very well last night and Teresa had woken me up at four this morning.

Thomas shifted, so he was lying on his back with his head facing the room, and I laid my head on his chest. Breathing in his smell, I was reminded when he would lay on my chest. 'I guess the tables have turned.' I thought to myself and smiled slightly. I didn't mind though. My brother had grown to be a very strong, tall, and stubborn young man. I snuggled in closer, taking in all his warmth, and fell asleep.

Then the memories started again.

I saw men and women standing over me in green suits, masks over their mouths. Voices.
"We'll have to cut deeper with her and the boy."
"This is amazing, you know."
"The Flare is rooted inside of her!"
"She might die."
"Or worse yet, she might live." Then, finally, a voice that didn't make me want to shudder in disgust.
"Or she and the others could save us. Save us all."
I woke up when Thomas did. "Glad to see you two still know how to take a nap." I squinted in the light and saw Newt standing next to the bed, a smirk on his face. I realized Thomas had his arm around my waist, but I didn't do anything about it; I was still cold and he was still warm. Besides, he was my brother. It's not like we were together or anything.

"How long's it been?" Thomas asked. Newt looked at his watch.

"Couple hours. When people started noticing you two had laid down, they all started relaxing a bit. I mean, it's not like we can do anything except sit around and wait anyways."

I nodded absently and looked around. There were a couple people sleeping too, some were doing hand games on the floor. In one corner, there were a couple people making up a dance and failing miserably, and I giggled.

"What were you doing, Newt?" I asked, looking back up at him. He blushed slightly and ran his hand through his hair, looking away. I snickered, and Thomas looked at me. "Him and Minho..." I whispered in my brother's ear, and he snickered too, covering his mouth with his hand. Newt glanced at us and rolled his eyes.

"You two look like a couple of bloody schoolgirls that just heard a big secret." I looked at Newt with one raised eyebrow.

"So, is it true then? You and Minho did-"

"Shut up, Greenie." Newt said, cutting me off. I smirked-I still loved when he called me that. "You know bloody well Min and I have never done anything like that." I couldn't hold it back anymore. I burst out laughing. A couple Gladers glanced over at us, then went back to what they were doing.

"I'm sorry, Newt. I just...and your face...I couldn't..." I managed out between breaths from laughing so hard. Newt rolled his eyes and pulled me out of bed. He had to put his arm around my waist so I could stand; I was still giggling.

"Come on, I wanted to talk to you." Newt guided me out of the room, and I managed to stop laughing. "Jamie, it's...it's about Minho."
"He's been acting strange lately. A little angrier with me, nicer to Thomas, flirty with you. And I don't know what's going on." I sighed; I should have seen this coming. "Ok, well, first of all...you know there's nothing going on between us. Me and Minho, I mean." He nodded. "I just...when I saw you two holding hands last night, and then again today, I couldn't help but wonder."

"Newt, I would never do that to you. Besides, Minho is fully and truly gay. There is not one thing straight about him." Newt snorted. "Second of all, he might just be nicer to Thomas because he just went through some major losses. I mean, Chuck was hard on all of us, but that was Thomas' best friend. And Teresa and I were close, but she and Thomas were closer, and he just lost both of them in two days." Newt looked more thoughtful now, and I kept going. "And the only reason I could see him being angrier with you is because he's stressed and he knows you can take his klunk and serve it right back to him." He laughed, and I smiled. "So yeah, don't worry about it. You guys are fine." Newt smiled and took my hand. "Thanks, Jay. It means a lot to me." I grinned back.

"Not a problem. But, Newt...there's something else on your mind, isn't there?" His smile faded and he dropped my hand, running his other one through his hair. "Yeah. Earlier this morning, did you...I mean, how did..." He grunted, unable to explain. I had a feeling I knew what he was talking about though.

"Are you talking about when I talked to you telepathically?" I asked quietly. "Yeah. How did you do that? I thought you could only talk to Thomas and Teresa." I shook my head. "I don't know, Newt. But I can't talk to Teresa anymore; it's like she just vanished. And now I can reach Aris too." It was Newt's turn to shake his head.

"This is all so bloody confusing."

"Tell me about it." I said.
"But do you...could you do it again? If you tried." I sighed.
"I don't know. Maybe."
"Well, go on. It doesn't hurt to try."
"Yes it does." I mumbled under my breath, but I closed my eyes anyway. 'Can you hear me?' I could feel Newt's consciousness and I pushed against it, trying to get through to his mind. 'Can you hear me?'
"I heard you!" Next exclaimed. "It was only a whisper but still!" He laughed, and I smiled. Taking advantage of our raised levels of energy, I reached out again.
'Newt.'
"It was really clear that time!" Newt pulled me into a hug, and I sighed in contentment. Breathing in his smell, I laid my head against his chest, leaning into the embrace. I tried to keep some of the weight off my left leg, since I was still disabled.
"What does it sound like? My voice in your head." Newt cocked his head and thought for a second.
"It sounds pretty much just like your voice, maybe just a little more feminine." We laughed and pulled apart. My brain was spinning, working up ideas. Suddenly, I crumpled to the floor, my knees giving out. Newt was instantly on the floor next to me. "Jamie!"
"I'm fine, Newt. Just tired. It took a lot more energy than I thought it would, talking to you." Newt made a 'hmmph' sound as I picked myself up off the floor. "Really, Newt, I'm fine. I'm just going to go to bed. Take another nap."
"Fine. But don't think you're going to go unsupervised." I giggled. Newt watching me while I slept? Sounded like a dream. As long as he didn't wake me up, like he liked to do in the Glade sometimes.
I climbed up to a top bunk and laid down, thinking about what I did differently, talking to Newt versus with Thomas or Teresa. 'Don't think about Teresa right now.' I thought to myself. As much as I didn't want to, I was starting to really like Teresa. As in, LIKE like her. I turned on my side, facing the room. Newt was sitting in a chair in the corner, facing the room as well. He looked up at me and smiled, and I smiled back.
How could I? I liked Teresa, who obviously liked Thomas, and I liked Newt, who obviously liked Minho. And Minho was also obviously starting to like Thomas, even though he liked Newt too. I sighed and closed my eyes; it was all too confusing right now.
"I think it has something to do with energy levels." I told Newt the next day. He furrowed his eyebrows.
"What do you mean?"
"I mean...when I tried before, I could barely get through to you, but when we were laughing, our energy levels were raised, and I could get through to you a lot better."
"So if you're like happy or scared, your energy levels are raised? So when you're sad, they're lowered...would it work then too?" I thought for a second.
'I think so.' I thought to him, and watched as his face lit up.
"You did it again! And it was louder this time too." I smiled softly.
'I'm glad you like me doing this. Maybe you'll even learn how to respond.' I said without moving my mouth. Newt hugged me again.

* * * * *

"Could you do it with Minho?" Newt asked me two days later. It had been three days without anything changing.
"I don't think so. I think it only works with people I have a strong emotional connection with." Newt smirked.
"So you have a deep connection with me?" He asked, then snickered. I rolled my eyes and not-so-lightly punched his arm.
"Shut up, Newtie."
"Hey! I'm still older than you!"
"Not by much!" I called back in a sing-songy voice as I waltzed out of the room. I heard him sigh, and I glanced back over my shoulder to see him shaking his head and smiling. A warm feeling started growing in my chest, and soon it was flooding my entire body. Climbing into a lower bunk so he could watch me better-and not worry about me falling off onto the floor-I laid down and faced the wall. The warmth was still there, and it wasn't until I was nearly asleep that I realized what it was.
Hey shanks! *lol*
I'm glad you all liked my Maze Runner fan fiction so much! Hope this one is just as good!
Fan Fiction: The Scorch Trials:) 2

written by

Jordan

Provided to you by

AllTheTests.com

You can read also this RPG/Fan Fiction online by clicking here.
Introduction

You pretty much know what to expect by now ;)

"Jamie." I heard a small whisper in the darkness that was my mind. I groaned and rolled over onto my back, covering my head with my pillow; I had a splitting headache. "Jamie, come on. Get up." Raising my head, I glared at the person standing next to my bed.

"Minho, go away. Can't you see I'm trying to die in peace?"

"Slim it, Jamie. You can't die, you shuckface. You're the only thing holding us all together."

"You slim it, Minho. You know bloody well that you guys don't need me. Besides, Newt is the Glue, not me." Minho rolled his eyes and threw something at me, hitting me in the side.

"Ow. Shuck. What did you throw at me?" Looking down, I saw something I thought I would never see again. "An apple? That's great. Now take it and leave." Minho sighed and walked over to Newt, whispering something in his ear. Newt nodded, his face paling slightly, and he walked over, sitting next to me on the bed.

"Hey Jamie. Glad you're awake."

"Yeah, well, I'm not. You'd all be fine without me." Wincing, I brought my hand up to my throbbing head. "I just want all the pain to stop." I whispered, almost to myself.

"I know how you feel, Jamie." I rolled my eyes. "No, I'm serious. Did I ever tell you how I got my limp?" My eyes traveled down his body, resting on his left leg, then flicking back up to his eyes.

"No, you didn't."

"I didn't think so. You see, back when I was a Runner, I'd lost all hope. I knew there was no way we were getting out of the Maze alive. I hated the place, Jamie. Hated it. So one day, I climbed halfway up one of those shuck walls and jumped right off. If it weren't for bloody Alby, I wouldn't be here right now." I took his hand in mine.

"Newt, I had no idea. I'm so sorry."

"It's alright. I'm much better now. But that's mostly because of you. If you hadn't come, Jamie, I don't know what I would have done." His eyes met mine, searching for something. He must have found it, because he smiled softly and stood up. "Now come on. Eat the bloody apple, because I'll be back with another one for you and a couple for Thomas."
"He still isn't up?" I frowned. "I thought you guys would have woken him up by now. If he hadn't already gotten up."

"He's not responding." Newt sighed. "Minho and I tried everything. The most we got was him looking up at us before going back to sleep. But his eyes were just...empty. I don't know what's going on with that shank." I looked over at Thomas and nodded.

"Thanks Newt. I don't know what I would do without you." He winked at me, handed me a few apples and a couple granola bars, and left to go find Minho. Looking at the food in my arms, then over at my brother, I nodded again; I knew what I had to do. It worked every time when we were younger.

Walking over to his bunk, I tossed an apple on his bed, purposely hitting his side. "Thomas, dude, get up." I took a big bite of my own apple, making a solid crunch. He glanced up at me, then at the fruit laying next to him.

"Where?"

"Just eat it." I took another bite and watched as he stared at me, then pushed himself up on his elbow and took a bite. With a muffled noise, he attacked the apple, eating it down to the core before I was even halfway done. "Slim yourself. You'll throw it up if you keep eating like that. Here." I tossed him the last apple and a granola bar and he deftly caught them; his strength was returning already. "Take this one nice and slow." He took a bite of the new apple and sighed in contentment.

"This is so shuckin' good."

"You still sound like an idiot when you use Glader slang." I snickered.

"Where'd these come from?" Thomas looked up at me.

"No idea." I shrugged. "Newt and Minho brought them to me. I'm assuming from in there." I pointed to the common room-that's what the rest of the Gladers were calling the big room where we'd eaten pizza that very first night.

"Well, why don't we just go in there? Maybe they have more food." I snorted.

"You're starting to sound like me." My brother rolled his eyes and I shivered; I was cold again. "Come on, maybe it'll be warmer in there." Thomas looked at me with a funny expression on his face, but I was already walking towards the common room.
Chapter 3

Walking into the room, the first thing I noticed was Newt and Minho. They were sitting together, their heads bent close and their fingers intertwined, furiously whispering. Looking up, Minho saw me, and he whispered something to Newt, who then also looked at me. I walked over to them and inclined my head.
"What's he doing here?" They glanced over to the other side of the room, then back at me, and Newt shrugged.
"He was here this morning." Minho answered. "There's this weird invisible wall around him too." I frowned and looked over at the man sitting at a desk, reading. My eyes flicked up to the top left hand corner; 'I knew it' I thought to myself. It was a force field. I could see the nearly imperceptible electronic ripples. As Thomas walked into the room, I watched as he did a double take, then walked towards the man.
"Careful." I called, but it was too late. He smashed into the force field face-first, and it took all of my self-control to not laugh; I did snicker, however, covering my mouth with my hand. Holding his hands out and frowning, he walked forward again until his hands met the wall and he walked the entire length of it. My brother was a curious soul, so I just let him do his own thing and turned back to Minho and Newt.
"I see your brother met the mysterious wall."
"Min, it's really not that mysterious. It's not even a wall."
"What is it then?" Newt looked genuinely concerned and glanced behind me.
"It's a force field." Minho opened his mouth to say something, but I held up my hand and he stopped. "You see that ripple? Top left corner. That's how I know." Both Newt and Minho scanned the corner, but neither of them saw anything. I sighed; what had the Creators done to me? 'It's Rat Man' I thought to myself as I took a closer look at the man sitting behind the desk.
"Me and Newt here came up with a name for that guy." I focused back on Minho's face.
"Oh yeah? What's that?"
"Rat Man. He literally sounds like a rat. Damn shuckface is lucky he's behind that wall." I did a double take and stared at them, mostly at Newt.
"That name doesn't sound familiar? In any way?"
Newt frowned. "No, why would it? Did you have another memory come back?" I swallowed hard and nodded.
"That's what we used to call him all the time." Newt shook his head and stared me straight in the eyes; he knew. He knew about it. 'Dammit,' I thought. 'Of all the people to find out, it had to be him.'
"Jamie." Newt said in a low voice. "Talk to me." I sighed and shook my head.
"I don't want to talk about it, Newt." Minho looked back and forth between us.
"What the shuck is going on between you two?" He asked and Newt responded for me, but his eyes didn't leave my face.
"I'll tell you later, Min. But for now, Jamie and I are going to go have a talk in the other room." Newt stood up and walked around to my side of the table.
"Newt, leave me alone. I don't want to talk. Besides, my knee is starting to hurt again." He sighed and pulled me to my feet, leading me to the other room and sitting on a bunk. With an exasperated sigh, I sat next to him and stretched out my leg. It was almost healed; courtesy of whatever the hell our rescuers did to it. It was hard to believe that I'd broken it only a week and a half ago.
"Jay." That's all it took. Newt didn't even have to say anything else; I started bawling my eyes out. Taking me into his arms, he held me while I cried. My head was buried in his chest and his arms were strong as he lifted me onto his lap, then wrapped them back around me. It wasn't long for me to stop crying, but still Newt held me.
After a while, Minho walked into the room. Glancing at us, he wouldn't meet Newt's eyes.
"Come on guys. It's nearly time to find out whatever that shuckface has to say." I nodded and stood up; well, tried to anyway. My left leg gave out and I stumbled into Minho's arms.
"Sorry Min." He waited until I was standing securely on my feet, then shrugged.
"It's fine, don't worry about it." He walked into the room without even a backwards glance, and I snuck a glance at Newt. His face was downcast and he was staring at the floor. My heart broke a little in that moment, and I knew, without a doubt, that I really did love him. No matter what happened. I'd always loved him and always would. Whether he liked me back or not.
"What's going on?" Minho whispered as I sat down next to him. I shook my head. "I'll tell you later." I whispered back. Turning my attention back to Rat Man, I didn't even notice my brother had sat down next to Minho until I heard him being sarcastic. "...and Thomas here'll actually smile for once." I heard Minho saying as I tuned back in to their conversation. I watched with a smirk on my face as Tommy turned to Minho; I knew exactly what was coming. An exaggerated smile stretched across his face. "There, you happy?" Dude," Minho grimaced, "you are one ugly shank." I giggled and Newt gave me a soft smile when I caught his eye. I quickly sobered as Rat Man moved, rummaging around in his desk until he found a manila folder, filled with messy papers. "Thank you all for gathering in an orderly fashion so I can tell you what I've been...instructed to tell you. Please listen carefully." "Why do you need that wall?" Minho shouted, and Newt not-so-lightly punched him in the arm. "Shut up." He hissed, earning an eye roll from Minho. Rat Man proceeded to talk about the Variables—which I could already remember most of what he told us—but then he said something that I could barely wrap my head around. "Everything up to this point has been a Variable. Your escape, the Griever battle, even the murder of the boy Chuck. All of it." I studied him closely; something about the way he'd said that about Chuck made me suspicious. "So you're saying that you knew Chuck would die? You knew the whole time?" I called out. "Jamie, shut up!" Newt hissed, but I could see Minho glance at me out of the corner of my eye; he knew what I was doing. "Yes, that's correct. Chuck was just another Variable." Rat Man proclaimed, staring me directly in the eye. I watched him closely and noticed the slight hitch in his voice and twitch of his eyebrow. He wasn't used to lying. I acted as if his gaze suddenly made me uncomfortable and looked away. 'He's lying.' I told Thomas. He jumped slightly, then looked at me, his face pink. 'I thought you were Teresa for a second. Sorry.' He managed to sound sheepish even though we were speaking telepathically. 'It's all good. Don't worry about it.' I paused for a second, then added, 'Shuckface'. He had to
look away to conceal his smile.
"...now it's time for Phase Two." Rat Man was saying. "It's time for things to get difficult."
Chapter 6

The room became so silent that I could hear my heartbeat pounding in my ears. I opened my mouth to make some sarcastic remark but quickly closed it; I didn't want to break the delicate web of silence that had fallen over everyone. Rat Man started talking and explaining what had been happening; the Maze Trials, the sun flares, the disease that was ravaging the earth. They were calling it "the Flare".

"Unfortunately, every single one of you has caught the Flare. All of you." The room erupted into fierce whispers, some louder than others. Including Minho, who was muttering to Newt. "What does that even mean? I oughta kick his pony-lovin' butt." I snorted as Newt shushed him again.

"Phase Two. The Scorch Trials. It officially begins tomorrow morning at six o'clock. You will enter this room and there will be a Flat Trans behind me." I couldn't hear him anymore; my head was spinning with locked-up memories springing free. A couple tears slid down my face before I could stop them. Newt glanced at me, then gently guided me out of the room, walking behind everyone. Rat Man's eyes followed us the whole way but quickly shifted back to Thomas as my brother nodded in response to whatever he had just said. Just as we were leaving the room, everyone started talking at once and Minho yelled over them to shut up.

"Jamie, what's going on?" I climbed up to a top bunk, hoping he wouldn't follow me. No such luck. Coming up after me, Newt ended up blocking my way down by sitting close to the edge. I sighed and ran my hand through my short hair.

"I really don't want to talk about it, Newt. Please don't ask again."

"You told me that if you ever started doing this to push you until you opened back up. So come on, Jay. Talk to me."

"Why can't you see that I just want to be left alone?" I asked angrily. "If I really wanted to talk to you, I would be talking. But I'm not. Now move so I can get down." I didn't know where all my anger was coming from, but Newt seemed to just take it in stride.

"I'm not moving until you tell me something." I just rolled my eyes and swung my legs over the side, jumping to the hard floor before Newt could stop me. I inhaled sharply when I hit the floor; my knee still wasn't in the best shape. Walking to the bathroom, I knocked on it and Thomas opened the door. I slipped inside and shut the door, leaving me and my brother alone.
"So why are you in here?" I asked him after a couple minutes of silence. He glanced up at me for a moment before shrugging and looking back down at his hands.
"It was too loud out there. I couldn't think." I nodded.
"Fair enough." I was about to say something else when Minho interrupted.
"You shanks havin' a party in here?" We both looked at him and Thomas answered.
"I came in here 'cause I couldn't stand it out there. Everyone talking over everyone else like a bunch of babies." Minho slipped past me to lean against the wall close to Thomas.
"Ain't you Mr. Happy? Look, man, those shanks out there are just as brave as you are. Every last one of us will go through that...whatever he called it...tomorrow morning. Who cares if they wanna crack their throats yappin’ about it?" My brother rolled his eyes and I knew that whatever he said next was going to be something sarcastic. It definitely ran in the family.
"I didn't say jack about being braver than anybody. I'm just sick of hearing everyone's voices. Yours included." Minho snickered; at least they were getting along.
"Slinthead, when you try to be mean, it's just freaking hilarious." I snorted. I guess they were getting along better than I thought. Newt chose that moment to walk in.
"What're you all hiding in here for?" Minho smacked Thomas on the shoulder.
"We're not hiding. Thomas was just whining about his life and wishin' he could go back to his mommy.” Newt stopped himself from rolling his eyes and asked another question instead.
"Tommy, you went through the Changing. How much of this stuff do you remember?" I was relieved that Newt hadn't asked me instead, even though I probably remembered more than my brother.
"Nothing that helps. Most of it's fuzzy." Thankfully, the conversation turned in another direction. We started talking about Rat Man and what he'd told us. Some of it was new to me because I hadn't been paying much attention, but some of it I already knew, courtesy of my memories. Newt and Minho had started arguing about something, and Newt brought up the tattoos, which reminded me that I still didn't know what mine said.
Chapter 8

Glancing at my watch that had somehow managed to survive through everything—which was my only thing left from the Glade—I noticed that it was nearly eight-thirty. I left the bathroom as Newt was convincing Minho to take charge and organize everything. I washed up in what had been Aris' room and laid in a random top bunk. Putting my arms behind my head, I sighed and stared at the ceiling. I didn't want to see anyone, but I had a burning desire to see Newt at the same time. I set my alarm for four-fifteen and turned to face the wall.

"Jay? You in here?" Minho walked in and looked around. I went as still as possible and tried to breathe quietly. No such luck. "I can see you up there." I sighed and rolled over to face him, but I kept laying down.

"What do you want, Min?" He climbed up to my bunk and I sat up, making more room for him. "If Newt sent you-"

"I came on my own." He replied, cutting me off. "I'm worried about you, Jamie. I know Newt is too." Sighing yet again, I looked at my hands, which were folded tightly in my lap. "Really, I'm fine. Thanks for asking though. Now don't you have a job to do? Ya know, being the leader and all that." He chuckled and shoved my shoulder playfully.

"I don't wanna be the leader. Honestly, you should have been the shuckin' leader, Jay." I shook my head.

"I don't know the first thing about organizing people and klunk like that. Besides, Newt knows what he's doing. Being the second-in-command and all. I'm sure he'll give you sound advice." Now it was Minho's turn to sigh, and he cupped my face in his hands.

"I'm not here to talk about Newt. I'm here to talk about you." His hands dropped to his lap. "What's been going on? You never talk to me anymore, ya dumb shuck." I grinned; he used to call me that all the time when we ran in the Maze.

"It's nothing of importance." I absently rubbed my collarbone and stared at the floor.

"Thinking about your tattoo, huh?" Minho's voice softened and I turned to look at him.

"I still don't know what it says. No one told me." Shaking his head, Minho looked at my hand, which was still resting on my tattoo.

"Here. You have a right to know." He gently moved my hand and lightly pulled my shirt aside, just enough to see the whole tattoo.

"Well? What does it say?" I was nearly shaking with nerves; I had too much built-up
adrenaline.
"It says..." Minho sighed and shook his head, then looked me dead in the eyes. "Subject A4. The Drug."
"What the hell does that even mean?" I asked hotly when I could speak again. "Am I some kind of Variable? Am I bad for your group? Or are you all going to die because of me?"

"Slim it, Jamie. One thing at a time. First of all, it's our group, not my group. You've been one of us ever since you came up in the shuck Box. Two, you're one of the best things that happened to us, so don't go thinkin' that you're bad."

"But what if I am, Minho? What if this isn't really me? What if I was some psycho killer that's fooling you all?" I was shaking with anger; maybe I did have the Flare after all. But...no, Thomas and I were immune. I could remember that much.

"Jamie, I think we would know by now if you wanted to kill us all in our sleep. We'd all be dead." I gave him a half-hearted smile and looked at my hands. Suddenly, I burst into tears.

"I don't know what's going on anymore." I sobbed. Minho hesitated for a moment, then pulled me into his arms, my head resting on his chest. I realized that no one else gets to see this side of him and I smiled softly to myself. Pulling me tighter, he resting his chin on top of my head,

"We're gonna be fine, okay?" I pulled away and smiled at him, wiping my tears.

"Thanks, Min."

"Anytime." Just then, something washed over me and I stared at Minho; I'd only ever felt this strange urge towards Newt. Minho stiffened and looked me in the eyes.

"You...feel it...too." I managed out. I couldn't talk now either? Minho nodded tensely and I realized with a jolt that the Creators were controlling us. 'Newt.' I thought. 'They're going to make him walk in.' Minho cupped my face with one hand and I looked back at him. His face soft and he looked happy, but his eyes told a different story. He knew what was going on too, and neither of us were happy about it. I closed my eyes and leaned in, while my mind was screaming at me not to. Minho's lips met mine and I was surprised to find out that they were actually rather soft. I kissed back and my arms went around his neck. One of his hands was on my waist and the other one was running through my short hair.

"What the bloody hell is going on?"
I broke off the kiss to look at Newt standing in the doorway. "What does it look like?" I purred. 'What the hell? Shut up!' I was screaming at myself. But I guess the Creators were having too much fun.

"What did you think was going to happen, Newt?" I heard from beside me. "I mean, did you really think we were going to be together this whole time?" Newt's hands balled into fists.

"Shut the hell up, Minho. I was asking Jamie. But I guess you just had to go and steal my girl, didn't you? Just like you did before we got to the Maze." Minho's eyebrows furrowed; was he getting control of himself again? But his face quickly morphed into a smirk.

"Don't waste your breath on him, Min. He's not worth it." I traced some random patterns on his chest and shot a devilish look at Newt. He was nearly shaking with anger.

"I guess you two deserve each other."

'Newt, they're controlling us!' I screamed, hoping the telepathy still worked. He stiffened and looked at me, hope in his eyes. I managed to nod, but my gaze quickly snapped back to Minho. I'll explain later. Go!' I saw him bristle in the corner of my eye and he walked out of the room, but not before he saw Minho kiss me again, and my body melting into it. I still was hating every minute of this.

With a gasp, Minho pulled away, coughing towards the wall, and I noticed that I could use my body again. "Holy hell." I gasped.

"You can say that again."

"Holy shucking hell." Minho gave a breathy laugh and turned to face me.

"If you ever get possessed again, please make sure Newt is in the room and not me." I smirked.

"Aww, poor baby Minho didn't like that." I made a pouty face and dissolved into snickers. He rolled his eyes.

"No, I didn't. But you, Jamie, are a wonderful kisser." I guess his goal was to shut me up, but I was hardly fazed.

"I'll bet you're having second thoughts about me now, aren't you?" I batted my eyes at him and giggled. He rolled his eyes again and started climbing down the bunk.

"I need to go find Newt and explain."

"Don't worry about it. I'll do it in the morning."

"But he-"
"I already...you need to sleep. I don't need as much rest as you do. Go to bed." I was about to tell him that I could speak to Newt telepathically, but it wasn't time for that yet. Soon. But not yet.
Waking up was hell. My whole body hurt and my knee was throbbing. With a groan, I turned off my alarm and rolled over. Great, now my head hurt too. The day hasn't even started and I'm already dying. I forced myself to get up and do some push-ups, sit-ups, and plank holds. I had to pull a couple blankets off various bunks for the plank holds so that my arms would be pushing against the cold, hard concrete. At five-fifteen, Newt walked into the room to find me on my third round of my workout.

"Jamie, how long have you been up for?"

"An hour." I panted, my arms starting to shake as I kept going.

"What the hell? Why?"

"I haven't done anything...for almost two weeks...and I have...too much energy. Not to mention...I've felt myself...starting to lose...muscle." With a grunt, I finished my last push-up and collapsed onto my stomach. I held up a hand to show that I was okay and he didn't need to do anything. Rolling onto my stomach, I started on more sit-ups.

"Jamie, you're going to need your energy for today." I shook my head.

"I don't really care. You know how I am." Newt sighed.

"Yes, I do. Unfortunately. Once you're done, we'll all be in the common room." I nodded and he got up to leave.

"Newt?" Stopping at the door, he turned around to look at me; I'd shifted so I could see him too. "What you saw yesterday...that wasn't real. It could never be real because..."

"Because why?"

'Because I love you.' I thought. "Nevermind. It's nothing." I said to him. "Go eat. You need your strength more than me." He nodded and left the room, and I rolled over, setting my watch for eight minutes instead of six. 'Pain is good.' I thought. 'It means you're getting stronger.'

'Pain is good.'
I took a shower immediately after my eight-minute plank hold. There was only one towel, so I hoped that no one had used it before me. Drying off, I looked at the makeshift chest-binder I had been using; my bra just wasn't enough. I hated when I ran and my chest would move with me, so I'd been holding it down with a long strip of cloth. It wasn't wide enough anymore. I sighed and put my clothes on, then walked out to the room to cut up a bed sheet.

"Jamie? What are you doing in here?" Newt walked in again and stopped. "What the hell?" "I'm cutting it for my chest. The old one isn't wide enough anymore." Newt's eyes flicked down my body and back up, and he shrugged.

"You look fine to me."
"But I know it won't work. Trust me, Newt." He sighed and tossed me some food. An orange and a granola bar.
"That's all you get. The rest is going in your bag."
"My bag?" I was confused.
"We all get water and some food in these." Newt held up a rough bag made out of bed sheets. I snorted and finished cutting up my own bed sheet. "What?"
"They never took my pack and can'teen away from in the Glade. So I guess I'm the only one who has an actual way of carrying stuff." Newt rolled his eyes, but he had a grin on his face.
"Come on, it's already five-forty. I'll meet you in the common room."
"Good that." I nodded and he left. I guess we weren't going to bring up what happened yesterday again. I wanted to explain, but I knew he needed to be thinking about what was going to happen, not be caught up in relationship drama.

At five-forty-eight, I walked into the room to find people starting to sit down in front of the force-field; it must have reappeared this morning. Sitting down next to Newt, I took his hand.

"What's going on?" He was shaking his head and he felt warm to the touch.
"I just got a buggin' headache." He mumbled. "It's not a big deal." I frowned and fished some leaves out of my pocket.
"Chew on these. It'll help."
"What the shuck is that?"
"Mint. Now chew on them. Trust me." With a grunt, he took a couple of them and shoved them in his mouth. I couldn't let him die before I said anything.
Chapter 13

My stomach started cramping seven minutes before we had to go through the Flat Trans. 'Oh no.' I thought. 'Not now. Why today?' It always came at the worst times. But this...this was just the icing on the cake. I ran to the bathroom to use my cloth strips I'd made in the Glade and got back out to the rest of them two minutes before six. Everyone was either pacing or whispering to others.

"There you are, Jamie!" I turned to see Minho coming up to me. "No one could find you."
"I was in the bathroom. What's the plan?"
"I'll go into the...whatever he called it first. The Flat Trans. I figured either you or Thomas would go last. The other one is coming in right after me." I nodded and told him that my brother would go last just as the wall changed.

"Minho." I gestured to the force-field and he paled slightly when he turned, but his face quickly hardened into a mask, devoid of any emotion.
"Come on!" Minho yelled as he pulled his pack over his shoulder. "Don't mess around—we only have five minutes to get through. I'll go first." He pointed at Thomas. "You go last—make sure everyone follows me before you come." My brother nodded and Minho stepped over to the Flat Trans. "See you shanks on the other side." I watched as Minho disappeared through the wall of grey. I knew I should follow him, but I started having a panic attack; I'd only ever used a Flat Trans one other time, and that was before I met my mom. A time long forgotten. A time I'd tried to never remember again. The time when my name...was Deedee. I took a couple deep breaths, shuddered, and plunged into the Flat Trans after Minho. We were wasting precious time, and I couldn't think about that now. Why now? Why me? The Creators were messing with my head again. I could remember everything. Mark, Alec, Lana...and Trina. Trina was the best person that ever happened to me. And I watched her mind succumb to the Flare right before my eyes.
Hi! I'm so glad you guys liked my fan fic! I hope I'll be able to write more soon!

Remember that you need sleep and food. So make sure to drink lots of water, rest as much as you can, and get that homework done that you've been procrastinating on for three days! Love you guys, have a great day <3