Don't Worry Tommy

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1592.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	Other, Slash (M/M), General (non relationship-focused)
Fandom:	The Maze Runner - All Media Types
Relationships:	Thomas (The Maze Runner) & Newt (The Maze Runner), Thomas (The Maze Runner) & Minho (The Maze Runner)
Characters:	Thomas (The Maze Runner), Newt (The Maze Runner), Minho (The Maze Runner), The Gladers
Additional Tags:	Hurt/Comfort, Angst, Canon Compliant, canon to books, The Scorch Trials, he just got shot, Thomas is oblivious, Thomas is the Main Character, Queer Awakening, WICKED is good (no it isn't), Ivy Trio, First Fic, The Author Regrets Nothing, Author Regrets Everything, newtmas
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-10 Words: 660 Chapters: 1/1

Don't Worry Tommy

by solangelos_actual_child

Summary

SPOILERS FOR SCORCH TRIALS BOOK!!!!

Thomas has been shot. He is alone. Here are his thoughts :).
or
realizing his feelings for newt whilst thinking hes dead

Notes

this is my first published fic and my first maze runner fic!! mainly writing it to introduce this website to tmr but also thought it would be fun. sorry its so short but um enjoy and ty for being here!

The light is so bright. Why does the light have to be so bright? Where is Thomas? What happened to him? He remembers the blonde man finding them just as they had escaped. He remembers the gun. He remembers people all around him. He remembers hearing Minho's shouts and curses not far away, and Newt's gentle words much closer to the ground where he lay. Thomas does not remember the looks on any of their faces. Maybe that is for the best.

He hears more voices around him, but he cannot open his eyes. All he can see is that burning white light, frying his eyelids and muddling his brain. Or maybe that is the intense, overwhelming pain radiating from his shoulder. Now he remembers some more. The bullet, and the word he thought of so many times as he drifted in and out of consciousness, seeing flashes of familiar faces and hearing conversations his injured mind couldn't think to understand: infection. Maybe it has already killed him. Maybe a homemade surgery wasn't enough.

Why should he have left his life in Jorge's - almost a complete stranger's - Crank hands anyway? He just hopes that, if anyone had helped in any way, Newt had been the one to do it. Him or maybe Minho. They are the only ones he still completely trusts, wouldn't mind leaving his fututе up to them. But if he really is dead, or has been taken away by WICKED, he just hopes they're safe. The group needs Minho, they need a real leader to get them through the horrors that are the Trials and to a place they can finally be safe. And if anything bad happens to Newt... Thomas would be glad he was already gone. He wouldn't be able to live much longer knowing Newt wasn't going to be by his side.

"...rust and dirt.....sterlized....wasn't in the Variables.....back as soon as possible..."

Thomas can hear more snippets of conversation from around him, and the light melting his skull is beginning to dim slightly. This should be a good sign, but his wound is still agonizingly painful and somehow feels worse than it had before. That haunting word flashes through his mind again, bringing with it a pounding headache. Infection. He blocks it all out. Everything that has been plaguing his life for the past couple of weeks - the Maze, the Grievers, Gally, WICKED, Teresa, the Scorch, the Flare, the Cranks, Group B, death - is shoved into a dark corner far from everything else, leaving room for, if these really are his last moments, positive thoughts.

The immense pride he felt when he was first chosen to be a Runner. The sense of brotherhood he felt when he was no longer just 'Greenie', but Thomas - a part of the team. The faces of those from the Glade, smiling, oblivious to the truth. The fleeting moments of almost happiness he had spent with his friends since then, sometimes coming very close to laughter. The expression on Newt's face when Thomas said something remotely funny, argueably one of Thomas' favourite looks. The way his hair glints in the light, the way his eyes soften when someone is upset. The way he comforts Thomas, but also sets him straight when he is wrong. The quirks of his voice and the tone he uses when he is mad. The bravery to speak up, even if he may endanger himself. He really is The Glue. That shank.

The voices continue around Thomas, his shoulder still aches. He vaguely notices someone moving things around beside where he is lying, something touching his arm. He doesn't really care. He's a little bit distracted. A smile creeps across his face, eyes still shut tight, as he

begins to drift off to sleep. The last thing he sees in his mind's eye is the tall boy with the kind eyes and handsome face, telling him:
"Don't worry Tommy. We'll be fine."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!