

Dear Thomas,

This is the first letter I can remember writing. Obviously I don't know if I wrote any before the maze, but even if it's not my first it's likely to be my last. I want you to know that I'm not scared. Well not of dying anyway, it's more forgetting, it's losing myself to this virus, that's what scares me. So every night I've been saying their names out loud, Alby, Winston, Chuck, and I just repeat them over and over like a prayer and it all comes flooding back. Just the little things, like the way the sun use to hit the glade at that perfect moment right before it hit the walls and I remember the taste of Frypan stew. I never thought I'd miss that stuff so much. And I remember you... I remember the first time you came up in the box, just a scared little greenie who couldn't even remember his own name, but from that moment you ran into the maze, I knew I would follow you anywhere. And I have. We all have. If I could do it all over again, I would, and I wouldn't change a thing, and my hope for you is when you're looking back years from now, you'll be able to say the same thing. The futures in your hands now Tommy, and I know you will find a way to do what's right, you always have. Take care of everyone for me, and take care of yourself. You deserve to be happy.

Thank you for being my friend.

Goodbye mate,

Newt