

The scorch trials chapter 8 summary

Several seconds elapsed before Thomas realized he had stopped breathing. Sucking in a deep pull of the air, he bea to the now empty room. No stench. Newt pushed in front of him, walking forward with his slight limp until he stood in the very center of the room-lined floor. It's impossible, he said, turning in a slow circle, looking at the ceiling where the corpses had been hanging from ropes a few minutes earlier. Not enough time has passed for someone to take them out. And no one else came into this buggin room. We would have heard them! Thomas walked to the side and leaned against the wall as the other Gladers and Aris came out of the small dorm room. A felted sense of fear spread across the group as one by one, each person noticed the missing dead. As for Thomas, he once again felt numbness, as if he could be made to feel surprised at anything. You're right, Minho told Newt. We were in there with the door closed for, what, twenty minutes? No one could have moved all these bodies so guickly. In addition, this place is locked from the inside. Not to mention getting rid of the smell, Thomas added. Well, you, the shanks, are very intelligent, said Frypan with a shot. But take a look around. They're gone. So whatever you think, somehow they got rid of them. Thomas did not want to discuss it, or even talk about it. So the bodies were gone. They'd seen stranger things. Hey, said Winston. These lunatics stopped screaming and screaming and screaming. Thomas put his weight back on his feet, listened. Silence. I thought we just couldn't hear them from Aris' room. But you're right, they stopped. Soon everyone was running for the largest dorm room on the other side of the common area. Thomas followed, intensely curious to look out the windows and see the world outside. Before, with the cranks screaming and pressing their faces against the iron bars, he had been too horrified to have a good view. No way! Minho screamed from above, and then, without further explanation, disappeared inside the room. As Thomas moved in this direction, he noticed that each boy hesitated for a second, his eyes wide-eyed at the doorstep, then went forward and entered the felt from the other boys. All in all, the room looked a lot like what it had when they were out of it more But there was a monumental difference: at each window, without exception, a red brick wall had been erected just outside the iron bars, completely blocking every inch of open space. The only light in the room came from the panels on the ceiling. Even though they were guick with these bodies, says Newt, I'm pretty sure they didn't have time to vomit bloodied brick walls. What's going on here? Thomas watched through the bars, pressing his hand against the red bricks. Solid, he said, then slapped. He doesn't even look fresh, whispered Thomas, having himself to get an idea. Tough and cool. The mortar is dry. In a way, they just cheated on us. Misled us? Frypan asked. How? Thomas shrugged his shoulders, this numbness back. Still desperately wishing he could talk to Teresa. I don't know. Remember the cliff? We jumped into the air and went through an invisible hole. Who knows what these people can do. The next half hour passed in a mist. Thomas wandered, like everyone else, inspecting the brick walls, looking for signs of all that had changed. Several things had, each just as strange as the next. All the beds in the Gladers' room were made, and there was no sign of the grungy clothes they had all worn before changing into pajamas provided the day before. The dressers had been rearranged, although the difference was subtle and some people did not agree that they had been moved at all. Anyway, each had been stocked with fresh clothes and shoes, and new digital watches for each boy. But the biggest change of all, discovered by Minho - was the sign outside the room where they had found Aris. Instead of saying Teresa Agnes, Group A, Subject A1, The Traitor, he has now said: Aris Jones, Group B, Subject B1 The partner Everyone observed the new plate, then walked away, but Thomas found himself standing in front of her, unable to remove her eyes. For Thomas, it seemed that the new label made him official: Teresa had been taken from him, replaced by Aris. None of this made sense, and none of it mattered anymore. He went back to the boys' dormitory, found the bed he had slept on during the night — or at least the one he thought he had slept on — and went to bed, putting the pillow on his head, as if it would make everyone disappear. What happened to him? What happened to them? Where were they? What were they supposed to do? And tattoos ... Turning his head to the side, then his whole body, he clenched his eyes and folded his arms firmly, pulling his legs until he landed in the foetal position. Then, determined to keep trying until he heard of her, he called with his thoughts. Teresa? Take a break. Teresa? A longer break. Teresa! Where are you? Please answer me! Why do you not to contact me? Ter— Get out of my head! Words exploded in his mind, so vivid and strangely audible in his skull that he felt spears of pain behind his eyes and in his ears. He sat down in bed, then got up. It was her. It was definitely her. Teresa? He pressed the first two with both hands against his temples. Teresa? Whoever you are, get out of my flaking head! Thomas stumbled backwards until he sat down once more on the bed. His eyes were closed as he concentrated. Teresa, what are you talking about? This is me. Thomas. Where are you? Shut your mouth! It was her, he had no doubt, but his mental voice was full of fear and anger. Shut your mouth! I don't know who you are! Leave me alone! But, Thomas began, completely to a loss. Teresa, what's wrong? She paused before answering, as if collecting her thoughts, and when she finally spoke again, Thomas felt an almost disturbing calm in her. Leave me alone, or I'll hunt you down and slit your throat. I swear. And then she was gone. Despite his warning, he tried to call her again, but the same emptiness he had felt since this morning came back, his presence having disappeared. Thomas fell back on the bed, something horrible burning through his body. He quickly buried his head in the pillow again and cried for the first time since Chuck had been killed. But the words of the label in front of his door — The Traitor — kept appearing in his mind. Each time, he pushed them away. Surprisingly, no one bothered him or asked him what was wrong. His muffled sobs finally faded in a sometimes harnessed breath, and eventually he fell asleep. Again, he was dreaming. He's a little older this time, probably seven or eight. A very bright light hovers over his head as if by magic. People in strange green suits and funny glasses continue to take a look at him, their heads momentarily block the shine that shines down. He can see their eyes, but nothing else. Their mouths and noses are covered with masks. Thomas is somehow both himself at this age and yet, as before, observing him as a stranger. But he feels the boy's fear. People speak, voices deaf and dull. Some are men, others are women, but he can't say who is who or who is who are men, others are women, but he can't say who is who or who is wh it. He could die. Or worse, He could live, He hears one last thing, finally something that doesn't make him shudder with disgust or dread. Or he and the maze. Thomas and his peers sleep in a dormitory-style dormitory, after being placed there by their rescuers. Thomas a girl talking to him through his head as he is in bed. For a moment, he is afraid to be again in the terrible Box, the craft that delivered him to the Labyrinth. He realizes where he is, and realizes that the voice is Teresa again, with whom he shared a telepathic link before they even escaped from the Labyrinth. Teresa is separated from the rest of the group, group, teenagers. After a little chat, Thomas slips back into a dream. In this dream, a flashback story, Thomas is only four or five years old. He is with his hypothetical parents, who are upset that they have chosen Thomas. Her dreamy mother implies that her parents will go crazy soon. Suddenly, Teresa tells Thomas that something is wrong. While Thomas is struggling to wake up, he hears screaming. Teresa's telepathy is suddenly ripped from her. The other boys are standing and about, and agitation is endemic. A window of the room was broken, where a bleeding, zombie-like man stands, his eyes filled with madness. The man says he is a crank and starts yelling at the boys to kill him. Steel bars always step between the crank and the boys. Minho informs Thomas that these cranks are everywhere, and that there is no sign of their rescuers. Minho and Newt try to open several of the doors that lead, as in a common room they had just used the day before, but everything is locked. Finally, with the help of a fire extinguisher, Newt is able to break through a door. Thomas doesn't feel good about it, but the boys still check the gloom on the ceiling. Thomas finds a yellow door to this common room which, according to him, leads to Teresa's sleeping area. He finds a sign on the door that labels Teresa, mysteriously, as The Traitor. When breaking and entering, the boys hear the sound of the toilet and wait for Teresa to come out. However, a boy comes out instead, saying that his name is Aris. Aris also claims to have come from the Labyrinth, or a Labyrinth, but none of the Gladers has ever met him before. Aris and the Gladers sit down to talk a little bit. Aris has never heard of Teresa. Minho, who has left a little, comes back to inform them that he has checked the whole area, and there are no more doors or exits. Thomas checks alone, lost in confusion, and wonders if their memories have been altered or erased again. The group talks to Aris and discovers that, like Teresa, Aris had been the trigger in her Maze experiment, and had been the girls. Aris also has telepathic speech, and he and Thomas realize that they can communicate with each other in this way. They spot a tattoo on Aris' neck that the boy swears was not there last night. The tattoo says it is owned by WICKED, the largest organization that conducts these experiments, and that it is The Partner. Looking at them, the boys realize that each of them has a apparently stripping them of different roles. Thomas says only Being killed by Group B. Right now, a loud bell starts to rattle. After he stops, the door of the common room squeaks aiar, revealing that the lights, the hanging corpses are all gone. There is also no sound of cranks screaming. The boys discover that brick walls were erected just outside the iron window bars. The last change is the plaque in front of Teresa's door: where he previously listed Teresa and her designated role, he now has the label of Aris, the same of his neck. Thomas continues to try to reach Teresa by telepathy, and suddenly receives the violent response to the telepathic injunction to get out of her head, teresa saying that she does not know who I homas is. I homas cries in his pillow, and slips into another dream in which people discuss his potential to save humanity. I homas wakes up a few hours later to find everyone who's still waiting. Several days pass, everyone slowly slumping. I here is no food in the property. In the middle of the third day, a buzzing begins from the common area. Minho wakes Thomas up and gives him an apple. He says they found apples and something is. He finds a man in a suit reading a book behind a desk. The man is sitting on the other side of the room. Thomas tries to get close to him, but there is a kind of glass force field barrier. This barrier prevents anyone from reaching man. It exists, invisible, about ten feet from the office. The man acts annoyed. He says they have forty-seven minutes until he is supposed to implement the next part of the trials. The boys eat and replenish themselves while they wait. The boys begin to call the man Rat Man for his appearance as a rodent. Rat Man is starting to talk. Thomas catches a suspicious look between Rat Man informs the boys that he is a wicked representative. WICKED uses these mazes and experiments to find a cure for the Flare in the name of the human race. The human race, inflicted by the Rocket, needs to understand certain killzone models in the brain in order to be revived. Rat Man says the maze was the first phase of the tests. All the variables on the Gladers were designed to measure brain wave patterns. He difficult. Rat Man tells them about the flare, which is a disease caused by devastating solar flares. This disease turns people into crazy cranks to help heal flare. Rat Man says the boys were all with the Flare virus, and to be cured of it, they need to complete the Scorch tests in two weeks. They have to leave tomorrow. The boys start getting ready, packing and saving food. Thomas is concerned about the tattoo on his neck about the tattoo on his neck about his supposed and imminent death. Thomas realizes he no longer knows what is true and what is no longer true. next morning, a Flat Trans portal-shaped operation appears on the invisible wall of the common room. The boys are coming by. Analysis The first part of the story opens with Teresa conversing with Thomas through their special telepathic bond. This sets up its importance to him for the rest of the story. Now that the Gladers are all out of the Labyrinth, it is particularly significant that Thomas and Teresa are separated. When Thomas starts having his flashback dreams, he remembers that they also worked closely with WICKED. Suddenly, Teresa screams at Thomas, and then she gets out of her head. There is no longer a connection there — Thomas no longer felt this comforting feeling of his closeness (6). When Thomas and his friends wake up in front of crazy cranks in front of crazy cranks in front of their windows, Thomas wants to go back to bed, and even thinks of his parents, but acknowledges that someone had to take matters into their own hands—they needed a plan if they were to survive this too. Thomas has already begun to establish himself as a leader. He is a prominent voice in the group. This is an interesting configuration for a leadership dynamic that will be played out later in history, as Thomas and Minho's leadership styles will complement each other. Anyway, Thomas is a natural leader, and a natural planner. It does not act immediately, or does not act recklessly. His first reaction is to ask guestions, and feels a strange guiet wash on him (8). After Thomas and the Gladers found Aris in place of Teresa, they also find that their necks have been tattooed with labels. Their tattoos don't just indicate the roles they can play. Their tattoos also bear the label PROPERTY of WICKED has been, is, and will continue to treat its subjects as property. It's almost as if WICKED forgot that he works with objects. The Gladers are all a little confused by these tattoos. Tattoos are basically planned roles for them to play, whether the subjects want it or not. Newt and Thomas discuss their thoughts on what they are here for, and Thomas to be careful what he wishes, he says, Maybe they will send something worse. While this may be a slight foreshadowing of the terrible things that happen in the tunnel and burning, it's also a twist following the first book in the series: instead of WICKED send things to the Trials, instead of the other way around. When the rat man has finally delivered instructions to the Clairières, he is condescending to The boys don't answer him, he asks him if they can understand him. Thomas once noted that the play should have been panicked, but no one said a word (60) and Thomas's tongue felt dried at the time. The Gladers are so used to being controlled and driven around that now, faced with potential danger and commanding authority, they can only remain silent and follow orders. Commands.

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