When I wake up, I’m still trapped in my cell. In a way, it’s a good thing. As weird as that sounds. It means the scientists didn’t move me in my sleep. It’s never a good thing when that happens. But it’s even worse when I wake up alone and realise they’ve taken my brother.

Thankfully, that didn’t happen last night. My brother’s still asleep beside me, our shoulders touching. Each night, we pull the two mattresses of the bunk bed, throw them into the centre of the cell, pile it high with