I wake up and immediately check my surroundings. 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. He’s still asleep beside me. Each night, we pull the two mattresses of the bunk bed, throw them into the centre of the cell, pile it high with pillows and blankets, and curl up to sleep. We call it our nest. It’s so warm and comfortable. It’s one of the few luxuries we’re allowed to experience.