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, Zeta. It brings nothing but anger and fear. Anger that he’s likely being hurt and I’m not there to protect him. And fear of not knowing when – or if – he’ll return.

Thankfully, they didn’t take him 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, side by side. We call it our nest. It’s so warm and comfortable. It’s one of the few luxuries we’re allowed to experience.

Zeta lets out a snort and I turn to look at him. His shoulder-length brown hair covers half his face. There’s a trail of drool leading from the corner of his mouth to the pillow beneath him. I smile.

This is one of the only peaceful moments I’ll have all day, and I do my best to savour it. The only sound is Zeta’s deep breathing