When I wake up, my brother and I are still trapped in our cell. In a way, it’s a good thing. As weird as that sounds. As weird as it sounds, that’s a good thing. If the scientists remove me from the cell during my sleep and I wake up somewhere else, it’s never for a good reason. But it’s worse if I It’s always bad when the scientists move me in my sleep. Or worse, move my brother.

He’s still asleep beside me, my shoulder against his. Our cell has two small bunks to sleep in, bolted against the wall. But we ahven