**16th August, 06:24 AM**

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. I go crazy with 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, and I spend a few minutes watching him sleep. This is one of the only peaceful moments I’ll have all day, and I do my best to savour it. It’s quiet, except for the sound of my brother’s deep breaths. It’s soothing. His breathing is deep and soothing.

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