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. I can hear his slow, deep breaths and feel the warmth of him beside me. the our shoulders touching. I can feel his Each night, we pull the two mattresses of the bunk bed, throw them into the centre of the cell, pile it high with