

1 down. 100 to go.

Day 1:

I wake up to a cold bed. It's 5:07am and I'm wide awake. I can't feel my toes, I'm so cold. My eyes finally adjust to the darkness, and I look around the blank room. The loud air-conditioning blows warm air around the room. The snowy wind whistles through the cracks around the and a small pile of snow has gathered just near the door. I can't wait to leave this place. I get dressed in the usual. Black thermals, white puffer jacket, black pants and a neon orange vest. Then I have breakfast. As always soggy cornflakes with cold milk. I scoff down the cornflakes and open the door.

A cool winter wind whips my face. I sigh. Another day. More samples to take. I close the door and walk up to the nearest piece of ice. I scrape a little bit into the test tube using my knife. 1 down. 100 to go. I slowly trudge through the thick snow making deep footprints behind me as I go. The sky is empty apart from the occasional bird, gliding swiftly through the paper sky. I stop for a break. The time is 12:46pm. I hungrily unwrap my lunch, it is the usual. Cheese sandwich with a bruised apple. I quickly devour it down, chucking the apple core in the snow. I stand up reluctantly and slowly start to trudge on. I take the next and the next and the next samples. I count the samples. 97. 3 to go. I walk slowly collecting the final 3 samples, then I trudge back, following my deep footsteps all the way back to the front door of what was meant to be my *home*. I fumble with the keys through my thick gloves and unlock the door. I step inside, brushing my boots on the doormat. Home sweet home. I flop down on the hard, unforgiving bed and fall straight asleep.