

when they didn't know he was watching, to see how they behaved. He peered in through the window of a year-seven science lesson. At first glance it looked pretty normal. The teacher was asking questions and it looked like an ordinary busy classroom. But as he watched a little longer, he saw something wasn't right.

The girl near the front kept raising her hand. And every time she did, the boy beside her would drop his pencil. The teacher pointed to the same word on the whiteboard, then a kid in the back row took a sip from his water bottle. The same pattern, over and over again. Hand, pencil, whiteboard, water. They were robots in a museum, acting out a lesson. If Leo had only glanced into the room as he passed, he wouldn't have thought it looked strange.

Creepy.

How long had he been here, stuck inside whatever this was? Why had it felt so real when it

