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As winter approached, the draft that penetrated the thin, bare walls made us shiver under our threadbare blankets, and we woke in the mornings to a layer of frost on our floor, our noses feeling partially frozen. The stove barely worked enough to cook our food before it sputtered and died and provided no warmth to the small flat. I went to sleep fully clothed, my gloved hands up to my nose, watching my breath form little clouds through my fingers. Soon, our meals became a repetitive mix of potatoes, watered-down soup, and bread. “Not again,” the twins protested daily. “When can we have something sweet?”