

The world is ending, at least as everyone knows it. With the Resonance Virus running rampant among the population and having developed an immunity to earlier cures, an assortment of the elite and those who happened to be near them at the time have been herded into bunkers across the nation. At one such bunker, scientists who were involved in the Resonance Project have been working around the clock on a new cure. As the hospital ward in the underground bunker is sealed, all anyone can pray for is that they will be among those who survive this apocalypse.

So it has come to this. You have lost control of the situation. The governments of the world are powerless. And here you are, cowering in a bunker like a coward.

Despite Cahill's assurances, General Rosen's confidence and the best intentions of the best and the brightest scientists of this generation, the Resonance virus got loose. It is tearing through the population like wildfire right now. No sooner had you heard the news than the secret service burst in and demanded you come with them. You and your top aides were herded into vans and driven for miles and miles.

Once you arrived at the bunker, it became clear that not everyone had made it. There were perhaps thirty of you; the emergency plans had been made for fifty or more. You don't even want to think about what happened to those left behind. You also can't shake the feeling that you are not safe here. Who's to say that one of you isn't infected? The quarantine could well be for nothing.

The American people placed their trust in you. You failed them.