

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.

You knew it. You knew it. You never were convinced that Project Resonance was safe, not completely, not for a moment. There was always the nagging fear in the back of your mind that you were dabbling in something too dangerous for you to handle. And now, with the world in shambles as the virus spreads and destroys everything in its wake, you see that you were right all along, more so than even you had feared. The lot of you tried to play God, and as any mere mortal finds, you were not up to the task.

How could you have allowed this? How could you have just signed on and carried out your orders? How could you have consented to be part of something you knew in your guts was a terrible mistake? You let your fear of being shut out of laboratory research shove aside your judgment and turn you into a docile work dog. Perhaps if youd stuck to your guns and refused to let them silence you, none of this would have happened. You could have done something thengone to the papers, to the news stations, blown the top-secret project wide open so that everyone could see the dangers you saw.

Perhaps then, if someone with more spine than you could see it, something would have been done to stop this.