

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.

Total information awareness. Total... information... awareness.

The NSA boys throw that phrase around all the time. As if it was something to be desired. You now know what total information awareness actually is. It is horrible.

You were so excited about the Resonance project. It was going to be a way directly into suspects' brains for the NSA. No need for cloak-and-dagger tactics. No need for complicated interrogations. Just ask, and you shall receive. So you infected yourself.

Your first taste of true information awareness came during dinner with your wife. She was thinking idly about the day before, when she had met up with your counterpart at the FBI at a hotel room. You were shocked. Suddenly, her eyes met yours with horror. She knew you knew.

You left immediately without a word and have been hiding in your office since. Sometimes people walk by the door. The ugliness in people's minds is paralyzingly awful. You can tell that some people have contracted the virus, too: their thoughts are much stronger.

The call finally came: they were activating the emergency protocol. You must go to the bunker. With the President, most of the Cabinet, military brass, congresspeople...