

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 are in a bed in a hospital ward. It must be a military hospital: there are no windows. It feels like you are deep under ground.

There are a lot of people. Your head is swimming. You almost can't hear your own thoughts for all of the voices. And more people keep coming. The more of them there are the louder the noises in your head get.

829663

The number tumbles into your brain. You know that it is the code to the elevator securing the hospital ward. Someone else just entered it in order to lock everyone in.

*Please god, spare me.*

The thought isn't your own. Someone is praying though and you can hear it. The fear infects you.

*How could they possibly have done this?*

The thought isn't your own. The anger infects you.

*Please, let this work, otherwise we're all dead.*

That thought came from one of the doctors. He has some kind of syringe.

All the emotions from the others around you keep hitting you, harder and harder. You can barely hear your own thoughts. It is all becoming more and more indistinguishable. You can't pick any of it out or control it. It all just keeps bombarding you. You don't know how much longer you can take it. You need the doctor to make it stop. Just make it all stop.