

Why are they doing this? Why did you have to be dragged in?

You'd never been ambitious. You enlisted in the Air Force right out of high school, because you hadn't had much money, and you figured it was as good a path as any. The aptitude tests immediately stuck you on a path to be a mechanic, and so you remained throughout your first tour, fixing faulty engines and fighter planes. It wasn't terribly exciting work, but it was a living and you stuck with it.

After your enlisted tour ended, the Air Force paid your way through college. You ended up at SUNY Albany, because that was close to home, and drifted around searching for a major your freshman year. Eventually, you found you were more at home with lab rats than people, and so you landed in the biology department. Your professors there seemed to think you were brilliant, but you really weren't doing anything special - anyone could have made the connections you did; it just required someone willing to sit down and think it through.

You had a few interviews with companies after graduation, but they didn't go very well, so you stuck around at SUNY and accumulated a couple more degrees. Soon they were calling you "doctor." That was strange.

One day, a familiar face showed up at the lab. It was Hefetz, one of your old buddies from your military days. Hefetz, now a civilian, ended up in science like you, and eventually landed at Wright-Patterson in Ohio to manage the Air Force Research Laboratory. And when Director Hefetz heard you had become a biologist, well, that was it - you had to join the staff. You'd have to re-enlist, but the pay was a good deal more than you were making at SUNY, and Hefetz promised you wouldn't have to touch any more aircraft engines. After a few drinks, you agreed.

When you got there, though, you found out they weren't doing just any old biological research. Come to think of it, it did seem weird that the Air Force would want a biologist. You'd been brought into a project called Resonance. They were genetically engineering viruses to infect people and modify their brain chemistry in such a way as to bring them more in tune with cues from those around them. The effects were stunning; the autistic children they were testing it on almost seemed normal.

But you worried. They were developing an antagonist in tandem with Resonance, sure, but what could the side effects of the antagonist be? What if Resonance were to mutate and become immune to the antagonist? What if? What if?

But this is the military. You do your job and you don't ask questions.

**Attache Byrne** is General Markoff's right hand brown-noser. There is always interbranch tension in the military, and having these army twits poking around an air force project doesn't sit well with you, no matter how long you have been out of the force.

**Dr. Hefetz** is an old military buddy of yours and is what got you into this project. If it hadn't been for Hefetz, you never would have gotten involved with something like this. Now, you wonder if it's too late to get Hefetz out.

**Dr. Kalish** once punched your old advisor, Dr. Carlson, in the face. Now, Carlson was a stuck up jerk, and you couldn't say he didn't deserve to be taken down a peg, but Kalish is not stable. Kalish accused Dr. Carlson of stealing ideas. Whatever else you said about Carlson (and you have lots to say about Carlson), he was a brilliant and original scientist. Kalish is unstable.

**Dr. Elder** is far too eager to rush in on this Resonance Project. It's a good idea, and there is great progress, but it's simply not ready. There are too many concerns unanswered, and Elder doesn't seem to care.

At first you dismissed **Dr. Pollan** as a compulsive worrier who should have stuck to teaching intro biology, but now that you are growing concerned yourself you wonder if maybe Pollan might have a point.

