

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.

The UN has become a madhouse. A furor has grown like none you've ever seen before in an outcry over biological weapons, mind-altering viruses, and secret government cover-ups. The delegates from other nations have assaulted you with questions about United States involvement in this, but you have no answers to give them-- not because you aren't allowed to tell them, but because you have no idea what this is all about.

You can see now that something has been going on for a long time and no one has seen fit to tell you about it. You have been kept shamefully out of the loop, and you're not going to stand for it any longer. How could you be expected to do your job when every other delegate was in an uproar over something that had been kept from you? You had to confront President Carroll over what has been going on behind your back.

You went to Washington immediately to arrange a meeting. But when you arrived, you found yourself hustled to a secure bunker with thirty or so other high-ranking people. You were interrogated about the current state of your health, badgered with questions that made no sense to you. And no one would explain to you why.

What is happening? Why are you being sent into quarantine? All you can get so far is the surety that something has gone terribly, terribly wrong.