

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 name Joachim von Ribbentrop echoes in your mind. The Nazi Foreign Minister was eventually hanged for war crimes. Will you be hanged one day, too? You feel as though almost all of you who had any knowledge of Project Resonance should be. After all, you've been party to the death of billions...

You're in something of a state of shock. You have been ever since the reality of the situation actually began to sink in. You've played the part you were given, a hollow shell, for weeks now. At night you've tried to sleep, but woken to nightmares every time.

You knew some. Perhaps not enough, but you knew some. Enough that you should have been concerned. Enough that you should have asked more questions. Enough that you should have done something, before it was too late.

It is too late now. It is far too late. You tried telling the Secret Service Agent that you didn't want to come, but they insisted. An empty shell, you followed orders, coming down here into this bunker in the final hours. Only, you were to be saved. These were not your final hours, but the final hours of the world beyond. And in the aftermath, all these men and women around you... the world will be theirs for the taking.

You don't know what to feel anymore. You just keep thinking about the noose around Joachim von Ribbentrop.