

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.

*"[Resonance is] completely nonviolent, totally controllable, and 100% effective. With the help of science, you can perfectly control large groups of people at once. It's a politician's wet dream." - some idiot*

You were wrong. It's painful to admit it, but you were really, really wrong.

Why did you assume that you were going to be the one in control? What made you immune to the Resonance virus?

Nothing. Nothing at all. And now that you're about to enter a room full of other people, all the intrusive thoughts, all the painful memories that aren't yours, all the nastiness and negativity will start again.

All you wanted was for things to be orderly. Controlled. Planned. Since yesterday, when you began hearing other people's thoughts, your life has been chaos itself.

You stayed home today citing illness, which was true. When the emergency call came in, you refused a government transport and insisted upon driving yourself. Better not to risk being too close to another human being. But now you are about to enter the vault with 50-odd other people.

The Resonance project was not totally controllable. It was 100% effective.