

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.

*Oh, Lord, what have you done? What have you been a part of that has brought the world to this?*

Your mind reels as you oversee the sealing of the hospital ward deep within a bunker. You enter the code 829663 to lock down the elevator and look around at those who are gathered here. All of you, in some way or another, bear the weight of what has been done. The destruction of the world. The end of civilization. The end of humanity, save for those of you gathered here and at a few other bunkers like it across the United States.

You are a loss as to what to do now. The thirty or so of you have been gathered and locked away. The antidote to the Resonance virus is to be given to all of you. There has been little time for testing and there is no knowing how many of you will survive it. And even if you do, what then? What then?

You truly do not know. Some part of you hopes that you do not survive. Then you will lay down the burden at last. The burden of "defending" others, when in fact you have been a destroyer such as the world has never seen...