Jeremy Stevens woke on the morning of June 3, 20___ to find that everyone in the world had vanished. Not necessarily dead--there were no bodies--but gone.

At first he noticed a preternatural silence, an observation made before even rising from bed that first morning. He searched the empty house for his parents, sister, and grandfather, but there was no sign, even though the Land Rover and Subaru were still in the garage. He turned off the stove to keep the bacon from burning. After fifteen minutes he started yelling “Mom!” and “Dad!” and “Ashley!” Then he stopped calling for them, because his voice in the midst of the immense silence freaked him out, and made him feel even more alone.

In a moment of hopeful inspiration, Jeremy turned on the television. Some stations were broadcasting familiar programming--cartoons, sitcoms, and the like--but live shows like newscasts revealed deserted and eerily quiet sound stages.