

36° 15' 23" North – 32° 43' 02" West

More than two thousand miles from the small café in Washington D.C. where the crew of the *Pingarrón* are sitting, the North Atlantic seems to slumber in a supernatural calm, as if still recovering after the fury of past storms.

Without wind, waves, or a single cloud to cover the moon shining over the absolute still ocean, like a mirror returning the reflection of even the tiniest star studding the heavenly dome.

Because of the quietness, a strange object floating in the middle of nowhere stands out. A tiny illogical anomaly breaking the surface of the water.

A small airtight aluminum box.

But then something unexpected happens to disturb the night's peacefulness.

It is a sound. A distant mechanical purr growing in intensity as it comes closer.

A ship.

A trawler sailing through the night with its position lights off, to hide its presence.

It is sailing with nets extended, ready to catch any fish swimming near, and it is heading straight for the exact point where the metallic box is floating. The container in which the strain of a virus is kept alive thanks to the freezing temperature of the sea around it.

Patient, as only an immortal form of life can be.