

# --SECTOR 12--

*'So you can fight. That much is obvious...but can you think too? At least you know when to shut up. Problem is we got no need for fighters, not walking the streets taking their troubles out on law abiders, we like the law here, law's for everyone, keeps us safe, safe from what's out there.'*

*'You got different ideas though right? Different way of thinking? Might be useful but you been running with a wrong crowd, not good, you is young though, maybe get you turned round, maybe. Too late for your mates though, too old to retrain, one went down the tunnels other two straight to recycling, best thing for 'em if you ask me.'*

*'Now don't look like that, you know what the world is we are dealing with, no room for dead weights and strollers, everybody works so everybody eats and I've got a job opportunity come across my desk this morning might suit your type. Very dangerous, probably kill you, but you'll be free of this place, free of them bracelets, no walls and only the rules your Pathfinder gives you.'*

*'You catch on quick. You heard about SECTOR 12? Its real alright, up north. Opened up 0600 this morning, convenient for you really or there would be no conversation happening now. Just like that? Sure just like that, frontier starts to flickering then POW! Taking longer this time, size of the place and all, so nothing big is getting through, small teams only, hard like, self sufficient, long range.'*

*'You'll be the first boots down, looking for anything we might need here. Supply dumps, water sources, intelligence maps, local populations, flora, fauna, viro conditions, that sort of thing. We need to know what's in there, what might get out. Sure I'll kit you out, put you with an experienced team too, always looking for new men, old hands see, keep you alive, maybe. Strictly a onetime offer though kid and I've got other places to be. You decide now and you'll be on your way outta here. Look at it this way it can't be any worse than the tunnels, right?'*

*Interview with potential GreenWing*

*Name and Date Redacted*

## INTRODUCTION

Welcome to SECTOR 12, a solo skirmish wargame set in a post-apocalyptic world.

Just what that apocalypse was no one is quite sure, what is known by those that survived is that it was global in its extent, fatal to billions and all over within twenty four hours. If that were not enough, it also changed the Earth and the nature reality itself, apparently forever.

The survivors formed the Settlements, rudimentary specks of civilisation sited within the scattered pockets of reality that the apocalypse left behind, the Sectors.

Of the eleven sectors so far identified, only five are habitable. The latest, and apparently the largest, is SECTOR 12, it has just rejoined this level of reality and so is prime real-estate for the impoverished and overcrowded Settlements.

But colonising is no simple matter when the barriers between the sectors themselves can be fatal. Mistakes from the past still haunt the memories of a fledgling civilisation still living on the brink. Mistakes that cannot be afforded this time.

So before colonisation can begin small scouting teams, each led by a Pathfinder, are sent through the flickering frontier to explore, investigate and evaluate this new land, quite what they will find once they get there is anybody's guess but go they must.

This is where we begin.

You take control of one of these small teams of hard nuts, outsiders and adventurers, crossing the border to a new world, hoping to save the one they are leaving behind.