

It was 2104. A great war had erupted on Earth between the major powers of the day over some long forgotten issue of political confrontation. The war, which later came to be known as The Great Oblivion, had wiped out most of earth's population in a storm of fire blast that was followed quickly by a dust storm that enveloped everything, blotting out the sun for years and destroying all vegetation and extinguishing millions of virus ridden survivors of the initial blast.

Across the globe, a few scattered remnants of mankind remained, however, most unaware of the others' existence due to the complete breakdown of communication systems and the lack of any workable transport.

In the remains of one small town lay the sole survivor of the town's population. His name was Gideon. He lived in the twisted wreckage of what buildings remained of his town. These gave him shelter from the ash clouds resulting from the catastrophe that still swept across the land. He was shocked that particular day to find that he was not mankind's only survivor from the great oblivion as he spotted a solitary figure moving towards the town.

Gideon was afraid. He had hoped he was not alone, but now he felt this new figure might be a threat to him.