

**EDITION #6**

cover image by splatters



# KOZELSK

A map everyone loves to hate!



**LIFE ON PR  
TEAM**

AnimalMother

# AMBUSH!

A fictional story based on PR

**A COMIC AND MORE**

# EDITORIAL

## First up

Hobbnob again, and for this months editorial I'm going to tell you about life on our team. I think it's safe to say we've finally settled down after our previous delays and problems, and this months issue has been completed without a single hitch. By next months issue we may have Spyker2041 as our new sub-editor, and our new writer whathe12 has been eager to get stuck in and be a part of the team.

I think it's also safe to say our forums wouldn't exactly pass an R-MOD inspection. Barely a week goes by without a discussion on breasts or Wicca converting RC to a lads mag with himself as the star. However the RC forum seems to be one of the few places that are absent from the hype currently going round about the patch to PR:BF2 and the new PRAA mod coming out soon. It's great to see that the team are mature enough to keep that stuff to the relevant outlets, as I'm sure many of you have seen the hype get to people in bad ways recently.

Admittedly I am looking forward to the releases though, although since dates are never given I'm not getting my hopes up, as it may be a case of the cheeky use of timezones to put us off again. 0.96 has the Panther which I'm looking forward to trying and PRAA is looking pretty damn good. One gripe I have with it though, it's players. I've noticed idiotic questions seem to be more common on the PRAA forums than the PR:BF2 ones. I realise that the communities are in completely different situations so it should be fine, but at the end of the day players are hardcoded, the good ones and the bad.

On that somber tone I leave you. If you feel you can contribute in any way shape or form to RC then send me, Cyberzomby or Wicca a PM and we'll see how we can help.

One last thing: PR Community, keep doing your thing. You're all awesome.



# INDEX

What are we packing?



## IN THIS MONTHS ISSUE!

### KOZELSK

p3

One of the bad boys?

### JUDGE AND JURY

p4

The art of being an admin

### GREENHORN

p5

Flanking the enemy!

### WORKING WITH WICCA

p6

A madman!

### FOOTSIES ON KOKAN

p8

Getting around on foot

### COMIC!

p9

FAIL

### LIFE ON PR TEAM

p10

AnimalMother

### PRTA

p12

The alliance is growing

### AMBUSH!

p13

Moving in for the kill

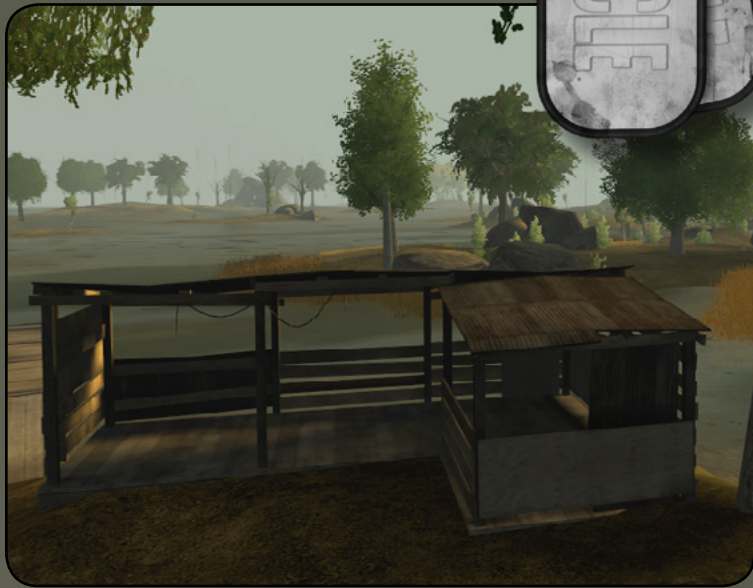
# KOZELSK

One of the bad boys!



**Kozelsk. Everyone loves to hate it. They say it is so boring and nothing happens but flat, woodland warfare, where you see everything or nothing. I hate to say it, but in most cases, these naysayers are right. Kozelsk has nothing but woodland action going for it. At least I would have said that before I started making new skirmish layouts.**

To make a new layout, you have to have to get the sculpture, from the sculpture. That is, you have to scout out the best and most interesting parts of the map that offer a good amount of cover and equal amount of open ground, and then carve out the best places. So I hopped in my trusty green PRBot and went out among the Chechen tulips. We have all seen the masterfully crafted bunkers in the east and the training camp in the north east. But have any of you truly soaked in the center of Kozelsk?



There I found beautiful vistas that would make a guy simply want to leave his computer alone, turn up the volume of the ambient sound and take a nap. In the west center of the map I found emotionally warm trenches that wrap you in the blanket of fantasy that smothered you as a child in your neighborhood fort. In the north west I found cold and complex bunker systems that have so much detail and effort put into them that you forget they are in all of our favorite maps, but you begin to believe you are in an infamous 90's movie about radical ultra-nationalists seizing power in Moscow to reestablish the old Soviet empire, and something about Sean Connery and Family Guy. However, I am sure that many of you reading this wouldn't know very much about these vivid and frankly amazing attributes of Kozelsk.

**"begin to believe you are in an infamous 90's movie."**

## So learn about them.

The next time you play Kozelsk on your favourite server, do what you can to make those first few flags easy. Maybe only send one squad to defend against the Russian onslaught. You can tell your team that you need to set up defenses. They won't mind, especially when they experience that epic firefight in the trenches of Kozelsk.

## If you have enjoyed a firefight so deserving of the adjective "epic" then tell me about it!

I want to know the best possible places in the world of PR, that make the most adrenaline pumping experiences. I'll write about it and it will give me new ideas for close engagements as I continue my work on new skirmish layouts for all of our favorite maps.



# JUDGE AND JURY

## The art of being an admin

**All servers in PR have them, either in a large number or a few that have high dedication. When a server has no admins, the chance of someone breaking a rule and getting away with it, increases to 100%.**

Rules are there for a reason, some rules are made because they utilize something alot of people lack, common sense. The rest are there for experience.

Some people break rules, and they must be punished. Some people break rules, get punished then scream about how unfair it is. They must be silenced.

However, there are always those who end up being punished for something they didn't do. This article is dedicated to them. The lost and angry men of unjust jurisdiction.

PR is a game of violence, it's a game where it takes alot of effort to cooperate and get anything accomplished. Where communication and teamwork is essential and where the only times you have fun is when you are with your friends. By god, if someone was to create any unbalance in those moments of true fun. Blood will boil and sweat will turn to steam as people who know far more than these wrongdoers clearly see their work shatter. When people get this angry on a regular basis, it starts to turn into a common practice, anyone who maybe even does something slightly wrong, gets a full lead feeling of being in the wrong.

I have felt that sometimes, those games, where we take everything very seriously, Al Basrah, building a fob. Being coverd by an APC, SL comms are right, your squad is the dog's bollocks. Then suddenly you see one guy running in with a sniper kit alone. With no cover.

You start to get that itch, you just want to kill that sniper so bad. That itch slowly turns into a sentence, "(x/#) lonewolf".

As your team approaches this impossible cache, with all your manpower with your huge vehicles and big guns. Your men slowly dying, your APCs getting blown up, yourself seeing red blood on your screen. You can't help but notice that filthy lone son of a bitch sniper is still alive.

So you use your god given powers and you ban this person. For the greater good.

Well let me tell you one thing, you sir are in the wrong. One does not ban people for being snipers. One does not ban in a hurry, and you do not ever kick anyone just cause you don't like him.

Admins must be cool, they must be level headed, and unbiased. This is hardly possible, but perfection shall always be striven to be reached.

## "Admins must be cool"

We must all admit we make mistakes, and if you judge another admin of misdoings, then somewhere down the line, something will happen, when you see that what you told that admin, just happened to you, and now you are in the wrong aswell.

Which is why I want to finally say, forgive each other. Try again, you learn most after you fail. Both players, and Admins.

// Wicca out #



# GREENHORN

## The successful but completely unintentional flank...



### So I'm pretty much a new guy to PR.

A n00b as the kiddies call it.

My best experience so far in PR was a couple of days ago in Muttrah City. I was a MEC Rifleman, basic ground pounder. I know much of the basics of PR like deployments, requesting kits, AA/AT use, Medic abilities, etc., but I still have much to learn on the flow/pacing of battle on most of the maps.

I was guarding a crate with a squad member but he told me there is no use of two of us being here as it was a generally small area (like 10 by 20 ft). I agreed and nervously checked my map to see where other squad members were so I can meet up with them. I run a bit ahead towards where they were but eventually they died before I can get to them (the SL and an AR).



So I'm pretty much in enemy territory now as they just captured West City Center. Nervous and not sure if I should just head back through enemies I take up shelter in an alleyway. Hearing fire from above of a nearby building I decided I should take a look. Lo and behold it's a whole squad of enemy.

The first one I saw was a designated marksman, laying prone looking the opposite direction. I wanted to knife him, but I was nervous about being taken out if I do - and I wanted to kill them all. So I line up my sights on the back of his neck and let a rip, one down. I moved quickly from the staircase into the left side entrance into some apartment. Soon as I get to the doorway it's a bunch of guys looking out the windows

in the opposite direction.

Whoa. Free kill heaven, but can I pull it off? I'm a nervous n00b after all.

One headed back to the door and ran right pass me, I quickly turned around and sprayed the entire room I just came from and luckily got him but now they definitely noticed me. With not even a second to spare I prime a grenade and wished for the best. Surely I thought these guys would kill me before I can even lob the damn thing.

I somehow managed to back pedal to the staircase as I felt the blurry effects of a familiar THUD, must have been shot in the process which was bound to happen but nothing a field dressing couldn't fix. I nervously re-equip my weapon and reload. Aiming down my sights and slowly make my way back into the apartment.

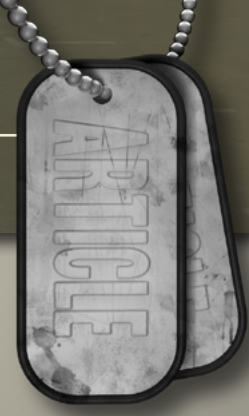
There lied 3 bodies (5 with the runner and marksman included), a sigh of relief and a very urgent need for a cigarette - I quit smoking a few years ago though.

This is probably standard fare for you guys but for a greenhorn like me, that was pretty damn awesome.

I held that building surprisingly, killing a few strays in the streets below from the top story windows. I got an adjacent firing position on the Mosque and help my cut off squad take it back via the roof with some suppressing fire. We (the team) eventually take back West City Center and moved forward.



# WORKING WITH WICCA



## A madman!

**The first time I met with Wicca was when me and Brainlaag were pubbing on PRTA during the PRT.**

Suddenly we had Wicca in the channel screaming that we should seed the 128 test and get as many CATA people in there as possible. I also remember him asking if I was from Sweden, and if I was I should totally join his World Cup team, Nordic Battlegroup. I barely started speaking before he said: "JUST JOIN!"

And then he was gone. I didn't see him after that for some time. PRT went on and one evening I was chatting with Bonsai and some new recruit when Wicca came into the PRT TS again. This time I watched him move between all NATO-channels. Quite confused I asked Bonsai what the heck he was doing. Bonsai just responded:

"It is Wicca... Who knows what goes on in his head..."

Then Wicca jumped into our channel, sang a song and said goodnight. Then he promptly left - again. By this point I was quite perplexed with whom Wicca was. I knew he was related to PRTA, so I ventured to their website for the first time. I also went to the WC website trying to get a grip of who this Wicca guy really was.



Finally I added him to Xfire due to the whole WC Nordic Battlegroup thing. Straight of the bat he got me onto the PRTA TS and into a channel. There I spent 2 hours listening to him singing obscene songs along with another norweigan guy. He didn't only sing though, he probed me (dirty...) for my experience in PR in order to get a role in the Nordic Battlegroup (NBG). After that I didn't really hear from him much more for a month or so. After that month had ended he came screaming to me, telling me to go CO for Nordic Battlegroup and whatnot. In the end I agreed and this is where I started working with Wicca. Working with him is a matter of keeping up, thinking as fast as he does and being able to counter all of his random arguments. If you don't he overwhelms you with all of his ramblings.

My first work together with him was to organize NBG. Most of my things here were pretty straightforward work tasks. Re-working organizational structure, re-working the comms and that sort of stuff.

This is when I encountered Wiccas Visions. This man has visions for how everything is going to work out. With comms he wanted to have all grunts moving about between platoons for different purposes. It was all extremely complex. This is where I fell into a role I still keep today. Keeping things real. Imagine Wicca as a guy holding a string of 100 weather balloons. If you do not pop some of them he will die. That is pretty much my job, pop his balloons and hopefully make him land safely on Earth again. In short, where Wicca envisions the skyscraper, I start building the foundation.

But that is the more complex visionary projects that we work on together. I've also fallen into a place where I help Wicca out with certain media things. The new PRTA logo is one, the failed 300 player test event is one and a bunch of other stuff. Whenever I am doing something like this it starts out like this:

Wicca: "HAI!"

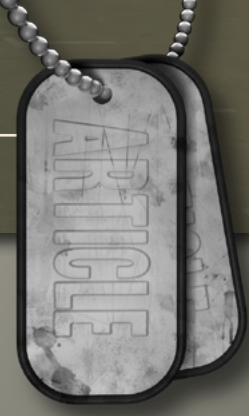
Me: "Sup?"

W: "I need a this and that. It should look like a two penises fighting with swords."

M: "Mkay... I'll do it my way instead."

W: "Okay." >>

# WORKING WITH WICCA



## A madman!

5 minutes later

W: "Is it done yet?"

M: "No. You can have an WIP of it to look at?"

W: "YES!"

M: "[www.wiccalogo.com/penisswords](http://www.wiccalogo.com/penisswords)"

W: "COOL! No penises though... Great looking though!"

M: "Yeah, it is looking quite good. Just needs a few tweaks here and there..."

5 minutes later

M: "Why is my still-not-finished-logo all over the PRTA and PR forums?"

W: "IT WAS DONE!?"

M: "GOD DAMMIT WICCA IT WAS NOT DONE!"

Working with Wicca is something that I do enjoy. It is interesting and things are always happening somewhere. The fact that he does rush things and envisions skyscrapers when he only has a single brick can be annoying, sure. In the end all the fun we have together working on projects and all sorts of things weighs up for that. His extreme enthusiasm is something we should all appreciate, the work he does for PR as a whole is amazing. He has united a lot of clans and communities to improve PR, he has created a map, he has helped the 128 testing a lot, he founded RC itself, he has done his best to fix a extremely broken WC (kudos for that, I know he spent a lot of nights working instead of sleeping just to make the best of it for you all) and will continue to create projects in the future. I think that overall, we should thank him for his efforts. To Wicca! #

Image by splatters





# FOOTSIES ON KOKAN

get around Kokan on foot



Even though Kokan is 2 Km, it's still pretty hard getting around on foot, especially when you're in a middle of an intense firefight. As well as this you obviously don't want to use a vehicular asset if you know it's just gonna get shot up. So here are some great tips and tricks on how to get around Kokan on foot (or stomach).

Tip one: When a cache is being attacked, one of the safest ways of getting around would be crawling in the wheat fields. Even though it takes a while to crawl across a short field, it is still very safe. If the enemy were to spot you getting into the wheat field, then they would only know your general direction. The only possible ways of being seen would be having a birds eye view of the field or if they saw you stand up which would most definitely give away your position.



Tip two: Stay together. One of the worst possible things that could happen is your squad getting split up. Most squad mates don't have a clue what to do after their squad leader goes down. Usually they just crawl up in a ball and cry in a corner until they're made into trophies by the enemy. Also, if you stay together there's a lesser chance that you will be snuck up on if you both look in different directions. For instance, me and my mate were back to back (literally!) one time when we had a squad charge us from different sides. It gave us that awesome badass feeling after we confirmed the kills. If it weren't my mate being right there and then, we could've been seeing god's secretary to enter heaven (or hell)

Tip three: BEWARE OF THE BUSHES! (or any other low visibility area.) The only good thing about close engagements is that there is a slight chance of you knowing where they are, as opposed to being in a wide open field where you don't know whether it's a sniper about to blow your brains out or just some stray bullets from that firefight you're heading to.

If you really want to find out if those bullets are aimed at you or not, then just stand up and stay still. If one hits you, then you know you've got company. If they continue to hit around you, then they're probably not aimed directly for you. Being in a close quarters environment also means your group is more likely to be taken out all at once, rather than having your squad spread out in an open area where one grenade won't blow all of you up at the same time.

**“those bullets are aimed at you”**

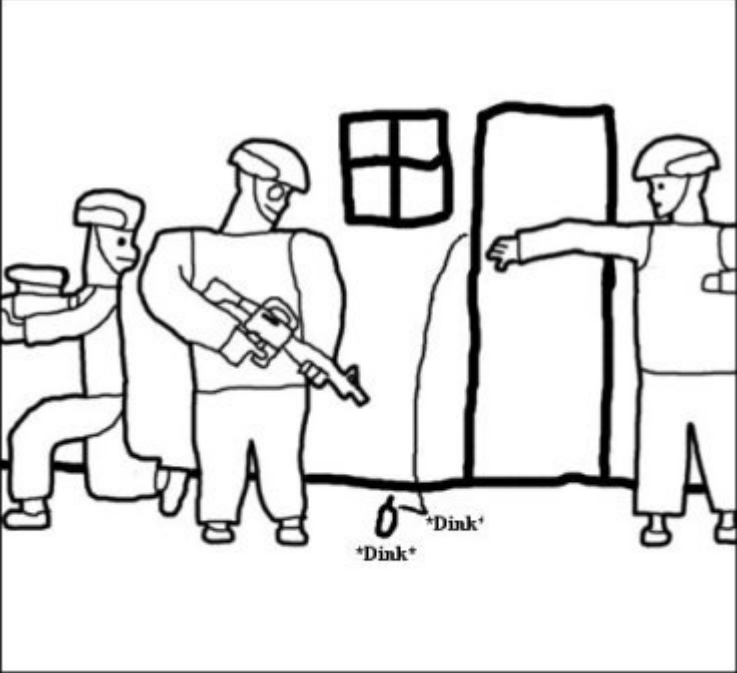
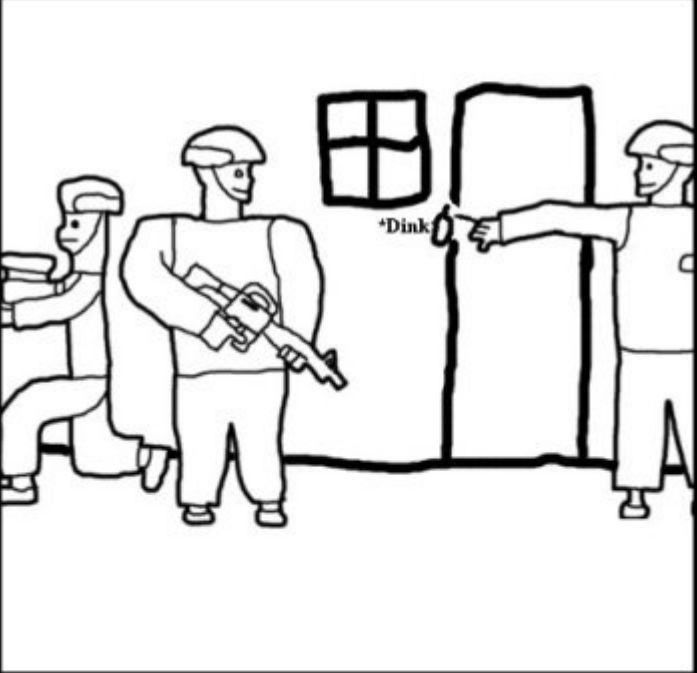
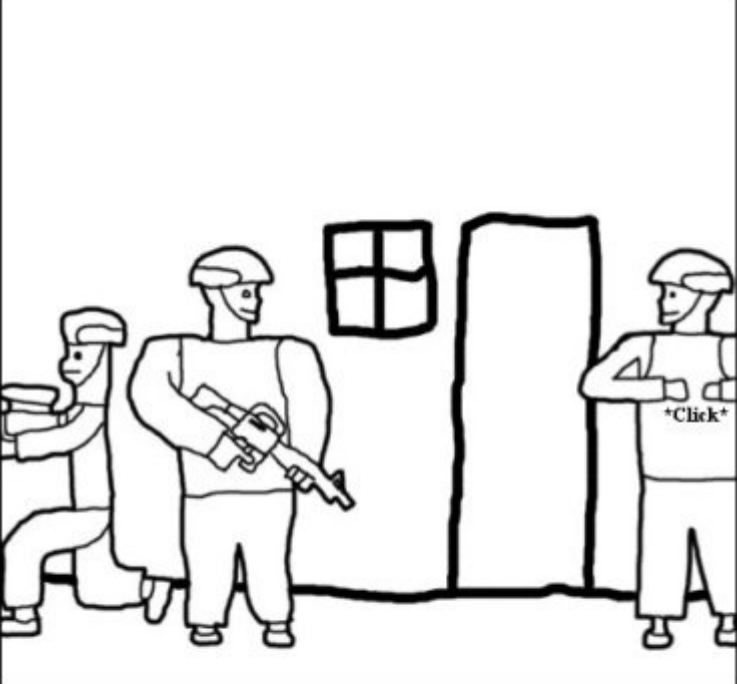
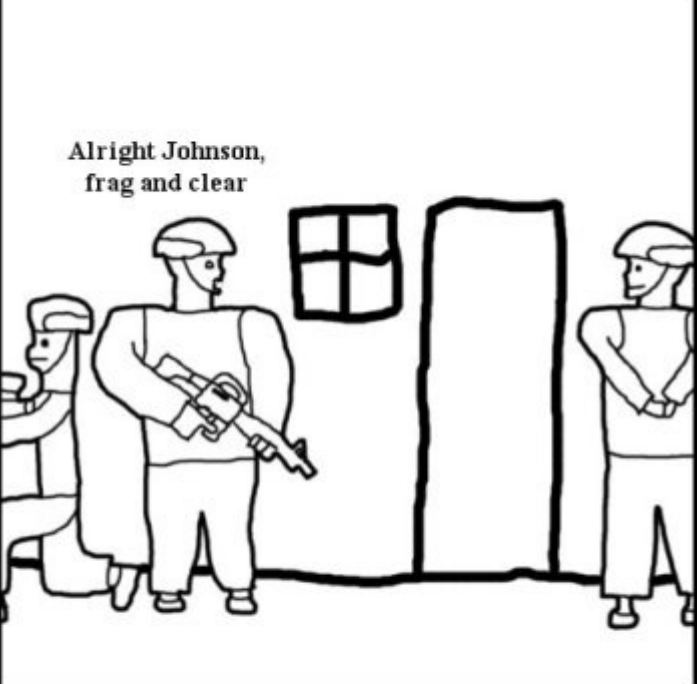
Remember these three tips and you'll definitely have the advantage when traveling on foot when deployed in Kokan. Some of these tips might not work on other maps with similar setting, but still give it a try. #

-whathe12





## Project Reality Comics: Build .004



# LIFE ON THE PR-TEAM

## AnimalMother

**AnimalMother is part of the PR testing team, meaning before every release he is one of the poor sods that has to go through it all and find the bad stuff and take it out. He can often find himself spending 4 hours a week finding through bugs and glitches and reporting them to the team. The job's not easy, but without him and others like him we wouldn't have a functioning mod to play.**

Testing sessions are usually held on Mondays and Wednesdays (Thursdays for Arma testers) and can vary from half an hour to 4 hours in length. Testing isn't at all boring though. Testers get to try out every new feature before release. That's every new rifle, grenade, tank or even a whole new faction to play around with, and often they'll do just that. Testers are also used to test the actual gameplay, so often testing is just having a game of PR and see how it plays out. Nice life? Yup. However, testing isn't for the masses. Often things will break, and if you flame in the bug section over a single fault then you definitely won't like testing a whole new faction. One such faction is the Germans. The tester team spent months testing every weapon, vehicle, and map that the Germans had to offer, so that it would be bug-free when released. Nevertheless, the team is only human, and they missed something.



The PR team is quite specific in what kind of people they want on their team. AnimalMother and the rest of the tester team have to have endless patience and maturity, as well as an ability to stand there and get shot in order to test suppression effects and damage values. They also need to know whether a bug is from PR or whether it's from vanilla, otherwise some poor dev may spend hours on end trying to fix a problem that can't be fixed.

Testing can often consist of truly surreal happenings, such as throwing as many smoke grenades as possible to see what a server can take or slingloading a bus full of people from an apache gunship.

Although the testing team can go through a lot, AnimalMother doesn't have any trouble with it. The team are reasonable when it comes to real life priorities and the sessions are very flexible. Apparently the most stress a tester can have is when they put in a wrong spawn code and crash a server, not that he's done it or anything. I didn't say that. Nope. Never.



Yeah he did.

To sum it all up, a tester's life is a good one. playing with new toys, breaking new toys and getting shot at. If you feel you've got the qualities necessary to become a tester for the PR team, feel free to apply via the navigation bar at the top of the forums. #



## DO YOU THINK:

You want your writings to be published in reality contact?

You want your screenshots to be featured in this magazine?

You have written some nice after action reports that you want to see in here?

You have written some how to's or even full blown tactical guides?

You can do better than this or just want to help out?

## LET US KNOW!

We can always use cool or fresh content for next months issue.

Leave a reply in the thread or contact Wicca

## The alliance is growing!



**About a year ago I took a step back. I looked at all my experiences in PR, and all my previous failures and successes. I looked at the people I had befriended in this game, and the people who had left me. The communities that had risen and fell, either quietly into the grave, or out with a bang.**

As I looked, I imagined a better PR. With more cooperation, more stability and more fun. The Community always seemed to reach a certain point, then fall down and crash.

What I imagined was a unity in PR, which has never been seen in any gaming community. I wanted people to cooperate, from the grunt on the ground, to the head of communities. I wanted to give everyone a voice, and create a common identity for all PR players. A common ground where we all could stand.

The Alliance is a group of friends, or friendly entities who share a common goal, and interest, we enjoy a good game of PR.

Since most people who play PR like it for some reason, it is not too hard to persuade them to join in to make PR better. What I created was a group of clans, communities, squads and players sharing a common goal. To make PR a better place, any means necessary.

We have started to make PR a better place from a community point of view. Even if alot of us are playing on different servers, we might talk different languages or live on different continents, but we all want to see PR succeed.



Right now we have 32 Clans, communities, squads and groups of players who all agreed to share a common goal. By being together we have manpower, server space, skills and the dedication to do almost anything for the community. We want to show people, that PR is the best and most cooperative game in the world. It has the best community and gameplay, and we want to show it to everyone!



So if you want to give something back to this great community, or if you just want a place to belong, we wish to provide just that to you. Join us at [www.prt teamwork.com](http://www.prt teamwork.com)

In the end I just want to say, if the grunts in the servers are not cooperating, if the squad leaders are not communicating and if all the server admins are complaining to get a full server, we won't have a community to brag about in the end.

So be thankful of what we have, and remember, United we stand, divided we fall.

// Wicca out #

# AMBUSH!

## Moving in for the kill



**Bravo quietly muttered as he adjusted his webbing belt. They'd been in ambush position for the past couple of hours. In cover, hidden from sight. Invisible.**

The trip up to the position had taken a couple of days. They'd been fighting there for years now and they knew the terrain well, but that didn't change the fact that it was harsh and unforgiving. As they passed through the village of Landigal they received food and blessings from the villagers, and were shown the local weapons cache that they called upon, should they ever need to defend themselves.

Intelligence was vague but the team knew they had to get to the lying up point (LUP) as fast as possible, so they stopped rarely and moved quickly. The team had come under long range fire mid journey, and although noone was hurt it put the team on edge. They weren't safe.

Bravo liked reliving the past, it took his mind off of the pain of lying on the rocks. He was nervous that the long range fire might come again, and this time it may hit someone. The contact was 4 days ago now and stopped just as soon as it started, but he couldn't help the feeling that maybe someone knew they were there.

A shout from Delta brought him back into reality, his thick accent and aggressive tone filling the valley. He pointed down the road and the team set up positions. The heavy weapons were all placed so that they all had good arcs of fire and the team waited for the command to fire.

The intelligence was spot on. The small road below was flanked by hills on each side and had little to no cover. Alpha quickly took out his cellphone and started dialing as the vehicles drove towards the kill box. Alpha was the leader of the team, and took pride in that fact. His AK-74 had been modified with a shorter barrel and folding stock, and he was respected by everyone who knew him. He was head of the Taliban cell in Korengal valley, and his team were targeting and American supply patrol headed for their forward operating base.

Alpha screamed to Allah and detonated the IED. The blast was huge and the concussive blast shook the whole team as the convoy was engulfed in dust. Bravo watched in awe as the weapon was detonated, then recoiled as Alpha slumped forward with a crack of a rifle behind him. Bravo was scared out of his mind and sprinted to Alpha whilst shouting his

last words. He found him with blood dripping down his shemagh into his eye and fragments of his forehead pointing in different directions. Bravo then heard another crack behind him and felt a sharp pain in his chest. Another crack and Bravo's world went black forever.

