

POWER MAGAZINE

The official Liero Community Magazine

ISSUE #6 - 2007



**Liga Liero
Champion 2007**
Wiraqcza

Featuring:
"Nothing new" and "No interview!!!!"

Most recent ComSer Polls

Are you coming to Hyperm33t 2007?

Huh?	82
No	68
Yes	45
Maybe	34

Total votes: 229

Do you think Gusanos 1.0 will be finished before the end of 2007?

Yes	137
Huh?	88
No	80

Total votes: 305

Playing Liero (or clones) is best..

online	125
IRL	104

Total votes: 229

Do you sleep enough?

No, too little	281
Yes, I do	162
Well, too much	42

Total votes: 485

Next planet they discover should be named after Liero

Yes!	332
Huh?	81
No	72

Total votes: 485



ComSer Column

What is ComSer?

ComSer means “Community Service” and refers to the Liero Community. The full name is therefor “The Liero Community Service”.

What does it do?

ComSer’s main function is to appear as a sidebar or box in a website in which it displays the ComSer newsfeed. The newsfeed comes from the ComSer Forum, and the news are posted by admins. Therefor the webmasters that use ComSer on their sites do not need to update news on their own. Its all centralized. Plus, it is completely skinnable to fit any website.

ComSer is one of the pillars on which the Liero Community rests. Since its birth in 2001 it has worked to become the main newsfeed in the community, and currently, no other site offers anything alike it.

The ComSer team is therefor proud to present the **POWER MAGAZINE** which is just one of many products from ComSer. We hope it will extend the width and reach of ComSer and bring deeper understanding of the complexities of Liero.

*Regards
The ComSer crew*

The issue without demands, content or purpose, except to be published. Its almost time for a hyperm33t, so we will need something to read at night ;-)

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Mail: wei@liero.be

Date of Issue: May 1, 2007

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a word from the editor!

Hi!

The editor has nothing to say, nothing to write about, and nobody to write to. Still he is going to write at least one column of text here just to make it pretty. Ok, here we go.

This issue is quite a bit thinner than earlier issues of POWER MAGAZINE. No wonder really. There is nothing to write about anymore. Liero is almost gone from our planet now. Killed by global warming no doubt.

I wrote a little bit about **Hyperm33t** in this issue, and if it is a good event, I will probably write about it afterwards as well, similar to last years lovely hyper-magazine.

I also wrote a little summary of the latest **Liga Liero tournament** in Poland and a short summary of that nothing happened.



What happened

By: Wei-Zhi-Hui

Nothing at all of any great notability has happened in Liero for a long time now. The last thing was probably the Liga Liero Championships which I was too lazy to write about. Now I make this POWER MAGAZINE, and there is nothing amazing about it, except that I'm making one.

Anyhow, this has happened: In 2006 we had the Hyperm33t, which is now about to be repeated in Warsaw in 2007. After that there was not much going on. There was some modding for Gusanos and probably a lot of LieroX stuff going on. In november Liga Liero had its fifth tournament in 6 years and the winner was Wiraqcaza.

After that, there was nothing much. Gusanos development is as good as buried in a deep hole. Nothing worth mentioning has happened either way.

Some people spent a lot of time playing Worms Armageddom, some did not. Some made comics, some just went to school. It is safe to say that the old Liero community is dead now.

For the future, there is only one thing on the horizon. The 2007 Hyperm33t. It is of course sad to see that the great Liero community has finally ebbed out and scattered in the void of the earth.

Maybe one day, we will rise again. ■

Hyperm33t 2007

By: Wei-Zhi-Hui

I won't bother writing lots of pages about this like I did last year, but here we go. We have decided to play the 2007 Liero World Championships at the "hyperm33t" of 2007. Taking place in Warsaw, Poland it is unlikely anybody not polish will win the trophy, but still, it will be fun.

For the first time, Jonny will come to a Liero meeting, and that is possibly the greatest news of all about this tournament. Apart from him, we will probably see most of our familiar faces, such as Tim and Koen, EdgeCrusher (native to Warsaw), NoMind, Greybrow and of course, me.

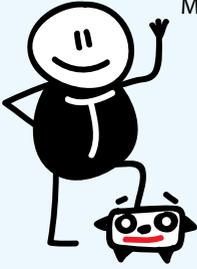
Not much is settled yet, not even the date, but it is almost settled to be August 10-12, 2007. To be announced.

Shiva is coming this time too, severely reducing the risk of ending up on last place. Thank you Shiva.

I hope to see you all there, fellow Lieroists. Get ready to rumble! :D ■



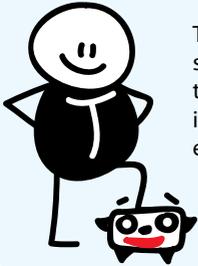
Hi everybody!
My name is Tefat!



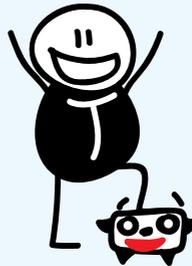
This is Darka, and he
has made something
very special just for you!



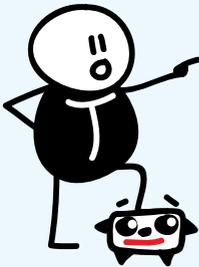
That's right! After
spending a lot of time
working on it, you can now
enjoy my creation!



COMICS TERMINAL!

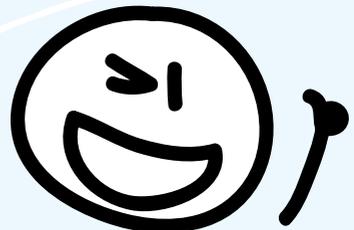


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..by creator

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Just for you!

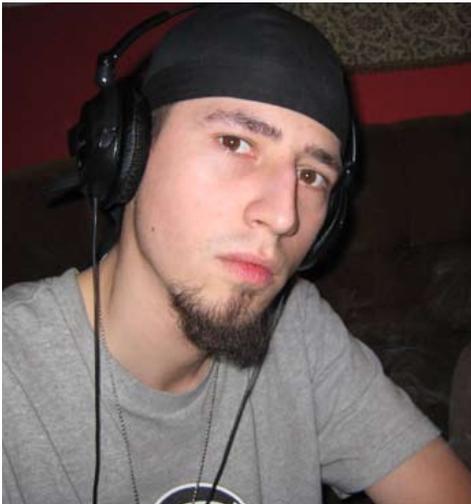
<http://ct.liero.be>

Liga Liero Championships number 5

By: Wei-Zhi-Hui

So, Liga Liero did it again, only it was in november 2006, so its old news. Well, I just thought I would publish some photos of the whole ordeal.

It all started in the internet, where Greybrow kind of arranged the tournament which was to take place in Patrys home in the city of Wroclaw (Breslau). Me and Shiva came one day earlier than the others which enabled us to be drunk catch the attention of some homosexual man in a bar. Then we met Patrys.



After meeting him, we had a dreadful night in a couch in his home, after which daylight came back and soon brought the first Liero player. Volum came quite a lot earlier than the others, and we started playing Liero. It was soon obvious that me and Shiva would finish either last, or second last in the tournament. Which one would it be?!



Volum holding his Wroclaw sign

In the afternoon the others started arriving and it didnt take all that long before people were playing Liero all over the room. To improve on the situation some guy brought a projector so that we had a huge wall-game going on accompanied by some speakers with a subwoofer. It was deafening.



Greybrow inspects the settings

The tournament was played on two laptops and one on the wall. It took some time to get through the group play which was played entierly on the Pokelonia 2 map. Me and Shiva were not winning at all. Not unexpectedly, EdgeCrusher, NoMind,

and BJ dominated a lot, but they were not impossible. Many tough battles were fought that night. Some were tougher than others, but I forgot which. Looked like this tho:



BJ vs. EdgeCrusher. Greybrow at bottom.

On and on went the fighting and eventually, Wiraqca stood as a winner after fighting NoMind in the final battle. EdgeCrusher finished third again.



Wiraqca the winner

And then, everyone went home, one by one. Me and Shiva tried to go home the day after but the danish airline wasn't able to fly so they stuffed us in a hotel with free food instead. We had a nice view of some church. So, thats it. :-)



BJ plays against the only girl in the tournament. BJ struggled.



The view from my free hotel room



Playing some Liero is l33t!

Wurmz Diaries Episode 2

Chapter I

Low they crept, their eyes sweeping the walls for any person (or worm) foolish enough to evaporate in front of their eyes. They were on their way to their objective - their future. Well equipped and fully dressed in black the professional soldiers crept along, never talking, but moving their hands and eyes excessively.

They saw it, the rebel stronghold. Getting inside would prove difficult, due to the guards lining the towers which were placed in seven locations around the hexagonal base. Two pulled out their snipers and took down the worms in the two nearest towers and then scanned the ground, as their comrades moved in using the cover of the old brick walls that had slowly withered away during their centuries on life. Mistakes were deadly, and the team knew it. If one of them was caught, or killed, their mission would fail.

The tower was stormed, quickly, quietly and efficiently. They climbed up 5 flights of stairs before reaching the top. They counted the towers. Only one led down into the stronghold. They had purposely climbed the one they were in so they could reach the objective easily.

The door to the outside was opened and the team rushed through the moat-like passage. One grenaded the door, the entered the next tower and took the stairs down four at a time, cautiously and quickly strafing around corners. They entered the main area of the stronghold.

They sprinted forward taking out the two prison guards. Entering the prison was easy, finding the keys was easy, releasing the prisoners was easy and their valuables, but on their departure, something happened that had not been planned. Something that would change their futures. Something that would expose them.

Pils strafed around the corner, with his guass raised. He was soon followed by Podex, Firearro, Smallandthin and Rumbler. Pils had heard something. He wanted to find out what it was. He found it, it was YH, XIL, Control Freak and Titou. "You guys should shut your mouths," Pils advised in a low hiss. "jeez Pils, don't do that," Titiou replied to her brother. "Lets go," Pils said, leading the way with his Guass drawn.

Krymzon was alone, scouting around the perimeter of the Liga Liero stronghold. He heard something. He pulled his knives from their sheaths and raised one, ready to throw. His knives were thrown out of his hands as he felt extremely hot white balls fly past him. Next thing he knew he had a party standing around him. He stood up and looked at one. It was Pils. He collapsed at his knees and reached for his scattergun. "DON'T, try it," Pils breathed. "We want to talk to BJ about alliegance."

"They want to what?" BJ enquired through his com. "Ally BJ," replied Krymzon. "Tell them yes. Take them into our fortress," BJ said, happily. "Be there in 10 minutes BJ. Krymzon out," Krymzon clicked off the com unit. "So?" Rumbler and Podex chorused. "Yes, he wants me to take you to our HQ," replied Krymzon. "Let's go then. Before someone cathces us," Smallandthin said, looking around the area.

They rushed up the stairs, urging the prisoners to go faster. Barging through the door, and around the corner, racing for the adjacent tower. They were in such a hurry, they didn't bother to grenade the room. It cost them their mission. And their freedom.

The D11 troops and Krymzon had made their way into one of the towers surrounding LL's HQ. They heard heavy breathing up ahead. Krymzon brought out his singed knives and led the way around the corner. A worm, dressed in black, was disarmed by Krymzon's knife, as were 3 other worms that followed. Rumbler and Pils swang into action disarming the other 5 and then marched them back the way they had come. "Prisoners," Krymzon muttered, as he looked over the group of captives. "How the hell did they get out?" Rumbler enquired, confused. "Maybe these armed people," Titou said matter-of-factly. "Nah," CtrlFrk said sarcastically. "Shut-up," Krymzon said.

They met BJ in the Communication room, talking with Greybrow in their natural tongue. "BJ," Pils called casually. "Pils," BJ acknowledged. "Thanks for offering us shelter," Podex said from behind Pils's shoulder. "Who's this riff-raff?" BJ said looking at the escapees. "We found them along the way," Krymzon said, "In the towers, in a bit of a rush." "Lock them up, high security. I'll interrogate them later," BJ said, disgusted.

Everyone except Pils and Greybrow lost their footing as the whole stronghold rocked. "GET EVERYONE TO THEIR BATTLESTATIONS," BJ yelled to Greybrow in Polish. "What?" Fire enquired. "I told him to get everyone to battlestations, let's go," he said unsliging his Guass Gun and half sprinting out the entrance." BJ's comm spluttered to life, and in Polish it said "BJ, it's - ARGGGGGGGGHHHHH-HHH".

He had been shot. "Holy sh00t," exclaimed Podex as one of the towers started to lean. "GET ELITE OUT AT THE SOUTHERN TOWER NOW!" BJ was rushing down there

himself. "CtrlFrk, Rumbler, Koen, Titou, go with BJ. We'll get to the prison," Pils instructed. "The prison," Firearro said in a voice of terror, who had forgotten all about it. There was far worse people in the prison than D11 expected. It cost them beyond belief.

Chapter II

Lifeless bodies littered the ground near the shattered remains of the southourn tower. BJ was covering the area from a large brick, which had come flying off the tower. Koen, CtrlFrk, Titou and Rumbler were next to BJ, giving occasional support with their weapons. BJ pulled out his sniper and took down more of the incoming infantry.

Rumbler felt a rifle level behind his head. A shot went off. Rumbler closed his eyes, waiting for the shot that never came. Patrys slid his spent magazine out of his rifle and took cover behind the rubble. "Be more careful next time," Patrys said, annoyed. "I'll try," Rumbler replied.

Pils headed into the prison, which was unguarded. Firearro headed in, Guass Gun extended. Pils followed, then YH, XIL and Smallandthin trailed Pils cautiously. Smallandthin set up his minigun on a tripod at the entrance whilst the others took guarding positions all over the prison. XIL was strolling down a corridor.

He leaned against the wall, sighing. YH was overlooking the dark prison with a grim look on his face. Firearro was strolling near the entrance. Pils was deepest into the prison, scanning the area with the light on his guass. Smallandthin slipped his minigun off his tripod, shouldered it, and ran out of the prison. Right through the line of fire.

Titou was ducking behind a brick, facing the opposite in the direction, panting. Patrys was on her left, carefully assassinating the enemy invaders. On her right was Rumbler, keeping especially low and shoving another magazine into his scattergun.

There was a dark figure in the distance, heading from the prison. "What the hell," she said, raising her sawed-off. Whatever it was, it did not matter, as the body was hit and fell to the ground, limp.

Chapter III

Wormdundee was running around frantically, trying to find another Terror Sabbath member to team up with. He wasn't as cautious as he could have been, but he was still ready for anything. Around the corner, in a cavern, opened the back of it, entered and ran down the corridor. He came to a hexagonal clearing, a nice change from the darkness of the caves.

There on the ground was a limp body with half a head. It was Durandal. Worm crouched down by his leader's side, there was no way he could be alive. Then Worm saw something else. A nuke at Durandal's side. A live nuke.

"Rumbler, Titou, come with me," Koen yelled, between the constant explosions of nukes. "Give us cover fire Patrys," Titou said as Koen sprinted out through the smoke of nukes. Patrys un-slug his minigun and let loose. Titou followed, then Rumbler.

Koen was at another big heap of rubble, giving cover fire to his friends. Titou was almost there. A snap of a sniper rifle and a muffled scream made her freeze. She turned around. There, in the crossfire was a figure coughing up blood. "Koen, cover me," she yelled, running along, bent over. "GET THE HELL OUTA THERE," Koen yelled in reply, aiming his sniper rifle at an aggressor. "NO, I'm going back," she said, unslinging her scattergun.

"PILS, GET HERE NOW!" Fire yelled down the prison after he saw the limp body in the middle of the crossfire. XIL came up, "What's going on?" "Smallandthin has been shot, where's Pils?" Fire asked. "No Idea," replied XIL. 10 minutes later Pils still hadn't come. "Where IS he?" cursed Fire.

Wormdundee sprinted out of the clearing as fast as he could. But he saw something on the ground. Another worm. Ulvhockey. Clutching his mid-section and coughing up blood, but alive. "ULV," Worm said, amazed. "There's a live nuke back there, comeon," He said rapidly, tugging at Ulv's top, pulling him away. There was a flash of white light as the bombs of the nuke engulfed them.

A hand at his throat, his gun 3 yards away, with the flashlight still lit and had been emptied by his captor. Blackness started to engulf him as he gasped for breath. He was choking, he would die, slowly, painfully, almost certainly.

Chapter IV

Koen watched in horror as fire passed just above Titou's head and backside. He wretched his head away from the scene and concentrated on giving her cover fire. He took out the flamethrower, he blew up in a ball of flame.

Titou threw a grenade to the far side of a pile of rubble, sending it over towards Rumbler and herself. It didn't quite go to plan. Her leg got caught under the heavy stone. She could NOT get her leg free.

Rumbler's only words of support were a slight gurgling sound as blood stained the dirt below. She pulled out her tupolev, and fired, sending small pebbles everywhere. Throwing her tupolev over to Koen, she started to drag Rumbler to Koen.

His eyes were rolling back in his head. His captor was smiling as he tightened his grip on

Pils's throat. "What an awful place to die," Pils thought as he started to lapse into unconsciousness. He saw an explosion of red in front of him before he passed out.

Worm threw Ulvhockey into a small cavern and followed himself. The nuke blast missed them by inches, but had destroyed the dead body of Durandal. "Thankyou Wormdundee," Ulv breathed as he picked himself up and lay against the cave wall. "All in a day's work." Worm was breathing heavily.

Rumbler was behind the safety of the rubble, with Koen by his side. Titou was reloading her tupolev, her eyes set. "SPEAK TO ME!" Koen was yelling at Rumbler, slapping his face. A slight gurgling sound was all he heard. Koen felt for a pulse. It was fading. Quickly.

"PILS, PILS!" Firearro was slapping Pils's face. He had shot the escaped prisoner that had found and captured Pils. Pils eyes opened. He saw the blood stain of his shirt and face. "what, what hap-," he closed his eyes and shook his head. "A prisoner escaped and started choking you, I shot him," Fire said slowly and clearly. "Thankyou Firearro," Pils said, forcing himself awake. "Smallandthin ran out in the crossfire, we think he died." XIL reported, who by now had come down the prison to see what was going on.

Pils, suddenly filled with new energy, rose to his feet, picked up and reloaded his Guass, then started sprinting to the prison entrance. He slid open the bars and re-locked the door behind him. "Had that door been locked before?" he asked himself. As it turns out, it hadn't.

Chapter V

"He's gone," Koen said dryly to Titou, who was still firing, teeth grinding. Koen heard her swear under her breath. "We have to keep

moving. Nothing more can be done here." Koen said. "I know," Titou said, reluctantly. She fired a rocket, then slipped out her scattergun and crouched low, sprinting for the tower.

"I'm going out there," Pils said, starting out the door, followed by Firearro with his Guass Gun raised. Pils panted with every breath. His throat seemed to be closing up. "almost, there. Almost, there," Firearro heard him say under his breath.

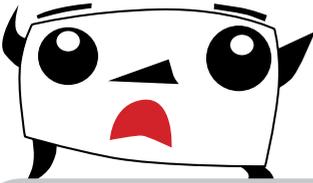
Up the first flight of stairs, strafing to the second. Titou was racing up the tower with Koen behind her, struggling to keep up with her cracking pace. "Hurry UP Koen," said her annoyed voice. She was at the top, unsliging her sniper rifle. She looked out the window, and let out a small squeak of fear.

Worm was running, Ulvhockey following. They were headed back to TS HQ, to get reinforcements. "What happened back there?" Worm asked between breathes. Ulvhockey told his story of how the D11 infantry had come, he'd been shot, Memphis had been murdered, how Dal had gone after them.

He was puffed enough as it was, having lost a lot of blood and breath. "Hmmm, I wonder what happened to SP," Worm asked himself. His question was soon to be answered.

Titou saw a fully armoured squad of Terror Sabbath Tupolevers. They had their weapons aimed at the tower she and Koen were in! "Prepare for a bit of a fall Koen," she said in a resigning tone.

Pils and Fire reached a pile of rubble near Smallandthin's lifeless body. They suddenly heard 5 rockets go off. Their heads turned to the sound of the blast. They saw a big fiery explosion as one of the towers, began the long decent to the ground. ■



ALLT (quotes of intrest)

[23:29:34] <jonny3> how do you disable the lines in mIRC
[23:29:39] <jonny3> whatever they are called
[23:30:17] <Wei-Zhi-Hui> um
[23:30:27] <Wei-Zhi-Hui> ctrl+f4
[23:30:31] * Parts: jonny3
[23:30:34] <Wei-Zhi-Hui> :DDDDDDDDDD
[23:30:38] <setrodox> lol xD
[23:30:40] <Gliptic> :D
[23:30:41] <Qualitiam> loooooo
[23:30:44] <Qualitiam> ALLT?
[23:30:44] <Wei-Zhi-Hui> PWND!!!
[23:30:46] <Gliptic> NOOBALERT
[23:30:48] <Gliptic> oob
[23:30:57] * Joins: jonny3
[23:30:58] * Wei-Zhi-Lie sets mode: +v jonny3
[23:30:58] <Gliptic> I will ALLT
[23:31:01] <Qualitiam> :::::::D
[23:31:01] * L sets mode: +o jonny3
[23:31:02] <Wei-Zhi-Hui> lolol:D
[23:31:03] <setrodox> haha ^^
[23:31:13] <jonny3> >:O
[23:31:19] <jonny3> +b for all
[23:31:19] <Qualitiam> :')
[23:31:24] <Gliptic> :>
[23:31:38] <setrodox> :D
[23:31:40] <Gliptic> ALLT'd
[23:31:46] <Qualitiam> long time no allt



Random Wiki page

D11 (or **D11 Clan**) was a Liero and Soldat clan founded by **Pils** and **Titou** in May 2001. Later **Podex** joined as a webmaster to make people's eyes not bleed when they visited the site. After a while Podex was promoted to co-leader of D11. Titou later retired as clan leader.

D11 was originally only a Liero clan. But after a few months, following NEX Ab-solution, the first Nex7+ clan (loosely related to Terror Sabbath), it created a Nex7+ branch. After a while (about a few years) since Nex7+ was dead, the Nex branch was converted into a Soldat branch.

After many waves of activity/inactivity D11's website (then located at www.d11clan.net) vanished from the Internet in July 2005 effectively killing it. Although some attempt has been made to revive it, D11 is still pretty much dormant as of October 2006.

Read more about Liero at the Liero Wiki <http://comser.liero.org.pl/wiki/>

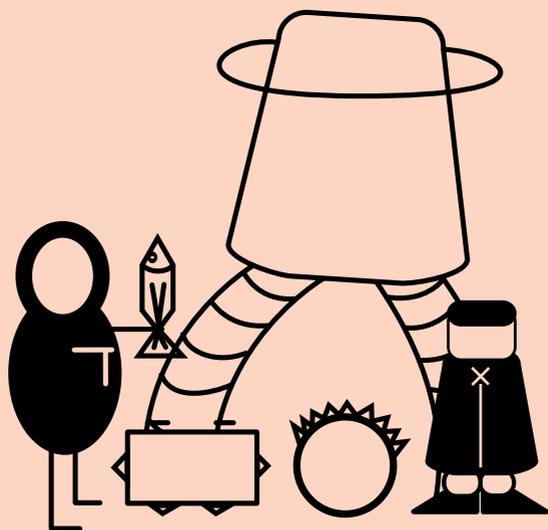
The comic!

By: Wei-Zhi-Hui

Tefat has a job!!!!

A flashback from Tefats past where he had a job answering the phone. In this flashback however he was naughty and got fired. This was the start of his career as a phone answerer. Check this out, and more coolness at ct.liero.be!





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