



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



Nº 48

Old Ratcutter's tip

"Dont get urselvs 'ny rascals, its enouf pain in da ass dealing with all of ya."

BREAKING NEWS **BREAKING NEWS** **BREAKING NEWS**

BOMBSHELL: Guess whomst came check'n out Scrapbridge? Nonother then Mongodrile Dundee himself. Apparently, Sue Hogan our errand girl in da Gazette (because her daddy gives us a bullet to keep her around here) whomst went in search for da Golden Mongolongo, stumbled upon him. And now she's showing him around so he gets to know da city.

So, all da girls in Titgrab wanna meet the Great Mongodrile Dundee and figure out if dat nickname of his it's only because he hunts mongolongos. But as da saying goes, "not all dat stinks ai shit". Da V Reich (those loonie lads) don't want Mongodrilo near "Titgrab's good folks"; dunno what kind of shit their smok'n but they could chill out a bit. And on the top of dat their saying their gonna make a hell of an uproar, as if they didn't regularly.



Our brave cumspoon... co-respondent... boots on the ground are up to everything to get ya da info about da expedition to The Final Wastes (we only had to bully them a bit). Ok, Lizzie is thrashing da hell outta them so much dat not even their mutard mama would recognize them but we feel in our guts dat she's growing tired of fighting our lads, so maybe (after a couple more jobs) we could bring ya da info.



After a while being shut down due to da 100 Dead Road's incidents, Boner is hosting again races, bets and all sorts of scams. The peddlers there swear they have hired enough muscle to keep da deaths where they should be, dat is in da field... well and a bit all around, but not a lot. For da "Dickus Magnificus Circuit" reopening da bonkersaurs riders return, those giant geckos so big and fast dat they usually miscalculate their skid and kill themselves smashed against some rock. Cool, ain't it?

CLASSYFRIEDS

Ya feeling worried? No compass? Dunno know which direction are ya headed and feel a knot in yur insides? No doubts, ya need my services. Come see me in my exam room and leave yur big fat sewer trout in my carpet. I'll analyze it deeply and I'll tell ya whatcha need to know to ease yur burden; I'll even tell ya whatcha ate yesterday (da caca is part of my payment).
Ref. YSG - The Sharp Witch

Wanted owner of a mutard I found the other day eating from da trash bin. Answers to da name "Filthy" and he's very likable. Unless claimed in a week, I'll keep it to do some errands and eat my pests. Oh, and his eyes shine in da dark, just in case somebody mistakes him for another mutard.
Ref. MTR - Cropolino

Soon in Max's butchery we'll have a very special delivery. Stay alert because when I'll flip the sign it'll be over. I'll bring ya da best lip-smacking meat.
Ref. - Max Da Butcher



MONTHLY NEWS

Just so ya know soon enough there will be a fair, but not in Scrapbridge but in Umbrellastand (they wanna rev... devit... boost trade). A lotta merchants and other freaks will go there to get their hands onto something cheap (or free). There will be gambling, games of chance, games of no-chance, all sorts of games... well, let's just say dat things will probably go nucking futs and there will be several diseases... deareas... dead and injured.

Ya can't miss all dat fun combined. Moreover, we've been told this Gazette's future depends on how many people go their, and here their's a lot. On da top of dat, very reliable sources (Rose; whomst everything knows), have confirmed the utterly famous Caronte will be there. So, ya better get there quick or all may be already burned out.

And so ya know, this servant of yurs will risk his life to get ya the EXCLUSIVE info from Caronte. Let's see if I get anything at all, haven't grown a single hair since the last time I "saw" him.