



# THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



Nº 50

Old Ratcutter's tip

"Three times da pages and they pay me da same shit? Madafakas!"

## **BREAKING NEWS** **BREAKING NEWS** **BREAKING NEWS**

We got ourselves a new raper, ripper... news searcher. Ok, he's a Class A weirdo but his writing is freaking awesome! His name is Kremit and he's from Felt (I've no fracking idea where's dat). He's all dressed up in green and he's as weird as a funky monkey with those bulging eyes of his. If you see him around don't bang him a lot... he's nice and we don't pay him.



Our brave Billy "Toothless" got an intercour..., eas-  
tervi... and exclusive chat with Lizzie. When the  
Doctor is done removing da bandages dat hold his  
broken jaw, sure he'll sing like a bird. Stay tuned!



Those looney fanatics of da V Reich organized a  
protest against Mongodrile Dundee whilst he was  
visiting. Specially after everyone in Titgrab met  
the "man" and some ladies said there's no one  
like him. And (of course) those crackheads started  
bitching out claiming dat is was unfair, dat  
theirs were longers than anyone's, and went on,  
and on, and on... but finally da show was over  
when Rubtit's girls told them to quit their whining  
or they could go bang Aaron's dog.



So, a nutt-job has taken to sell minis made outta  
martabbid's shit (forgophant's is too squishy and  
sticky). Those minis are sun-dried.

But the funny thing is this buddy has solded da  
packs before making'em and now is all spunt out  
making minis like crazy and assembling them.  
This Joe Blow had so much success (because,  
who wouldn't want a box of shitty miniatures in  
the form of Nutsy Gangers?) dat the son of a gun  
has cleaned up all Scrapbidge's surrendings of  
martabbid's shit.

Since most of said shit stays in Scrapbridge, this  
bossman has rented a room to our Penny/Lita/Yo-  
landi. She didn't connect the dots about the deal  
being beneficial but stinky...

But the packages are reaching their patrons un-  
like others like The Herochase, which should have  
been released before the Big Bada Boom.

## CLASSYFRIEDS

This is an add to Penny: Let's cee, I love hearing  
ur voice in da radio pogram u make; u gimme a  
boner but for Pete's sake stop swearing so fucking  
much coz they put dat goddam beep all the time  
and it blows my head coz I listen to ur pogram  
with some 'eadphones I stole from a stiff. Plus,  
their is no need to say so many bad words for  
fuck's sake.

Ref. TRL - Willy

Listen up, it's The Honcho. In two nights there  
will be mega fiesta in my pub, the Cremita Magi-  
ca. I'm looking for slav... I mean gimps to attend  
the tables and dance till they di... I mean, give it  
all for a selected audience. Skimpy attire, cleanli-  
ness, handsomeness will be an advantage. I don't  
need no smart-ass bugging me. Salary according  
to what I decide, if you like it good if not piss  
off. Those interested can come to Cremita in the  
coolest street in Scrapbridge or ask about Pedro  
"Baldman", ya know... Screw you losers!

Ref. KOD - Johnny Five



## MONTHLY NEWS

In upcoming Gazettes we'll expand the info (be-  
cause right now it's just newcomers to Scrap-  
bridge whining around and traumatized as hell)  
but it seems who found (or I better say those  
who found) the Wasteland's Thirteenth gang in  
their expedition to Megapolyps have ventured out  
in the moors and just like that they iced a cou-  
ple of settlements. It seems these are not your  
common folk. They just don't go to your place  
and steal, do some killing and rape whoever they  
can. No, they only want to raze to the ground,  
kill every living soul and extensively torture them  
afterwards, chope'em into pieces and eat'em... if  
you're like in this order. Like wild beasts but with  
bad vibes. Seems they dress human skin overalls,  
with pikes and all hole-ridden.

Like we didn't have enough problems and weirdos  
around here... just what we needed.

Some of'em call'em "Eaters", others "Nutsos",  
"Defilers"... but the most commonly known name,  
the one that is short and sticks is "The Crazies".





## Yuri Three-nipples recipes



Hi folks I'm Yuri the famousest cook from Fat Pig Pub. In my this new space in the Gazette I'll explain you how you can cook the most delicious dishes you can taste in my place.

This first time we'll cook Beastick's Balls. As you may already know, this creature seems a dry tree and stands there all day until eating up any bug that settles down on it, but doesn't look tasty at all. After a lot of trial and error I found that its privates, softened during a week in Snailbear slime not only makes them softer enough to chew'em but also if you slow cook'em during 14 hours and marinate them with javasco powder become a delicacy. Truth be told to achieve this results 3 of my sous chefs died and there are eight with still suffering. But that's Brilliance's price... for them. I can't risk it, of course.

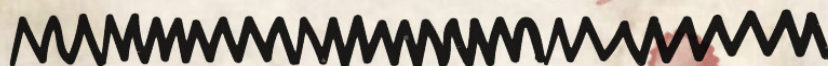
Of course, a side dish is important and here I can only recommend the most fabulous lady or gentlemen you know. Because the most important thing about tasting those dishes is letting everyone know they're expensive. And having handsome one next to you always make you look more powerful.



## SHOWS AND ENTERTAINMENT



- Due to Boner's Circuit reopening and the beginning of the WWF (WeirdWeight Fights) in Nowater's Pits all gamblers and beating lovers have enough entertainment for long while.
- In last week's Jailed Ball game the ball didn't make it out of the jail. Better luck next time.
- Theater company "Give-us-smth" is going to play at Pact's Square representing the Attack on Prometheus. Watching them is more hurtful than removing a tooth with a spoon but the final "throwing things act" is usually entertaining.
- Friday's Orgies in Titgrab Neighbourhood will now occur on Saturdays. In the next one (after the train) it'll be discussed whether or not to change the name. To avoid any confusions...
- The V Reich wants to invite everyone to pay a visit in their next barbecue. Very important: normal people may enter through the main gate and mutards through the kitchen.
- Remember to book your place before using the Bridge's suicide zone.



## DAVID JUANES' LEGEND

### Chapter 1

When the storm beats you, when water strikes you down, when you own body gives up and drags you to the bottom... the oxygen runs out, your body breathes searching for aire but only water find. Tu lungs collapse, only water and salt stealing the life outta ya... and the worst is you know you're gonna bite the dust. Your lungs burn, you drown inside and outside, a minute seems an eternity and you realize... You don't pray to God, Gods, not even Tex'co... you only pray, and beg. You beg him to spare your life... The incarnation of all that is Dark in ocean's depths, the Drowned Death itself, King Pest, Sea Devil. David Juanes.

It is said it appears to those drowning at sea, when you're half dead and half alive and neither at the same time. When your desperation is at its highest. He offers you an extension to your miserable existence. He feeds on your hope and your fear of the Great Abyss. He offers you a hundred years aboard its ship. A hundred years before the eternal darkness aboard the Deep Errand.

The poor bastards that accepts David Juanes' deal have no time to think about the consequences. It's fear that speaks instead of them and accept without giving it too much thinking. They accept a hundred years in exchange of their souls.

Corrupted souls that crackle like sour milk. Twisted so much that it twists the physical body of the crewman. They mutate like a wasteland mutard but at some point they're different. They are rotten souls who inhabit sick bodies.

The moral of the story buddy is that its crew will never cross the big worldly abyss, no doubt. Neither they'll ever get locked inside David Juanes' legendary chest. They'll reach the eternity no doubt, but no in the way these lads were expecting...

They'll never leave the Deep Errand.

*Fatwind's fisherman*



## THINK GREEN

Hello friends, I'm Kremit, the happiest reporter in Scrapbridge. I was told in Samanthia that Caronte changes place more often than a mongolongo's third leg. I don't know exactly what are they talking about I've never seen a mongolongo with three legs. Clues have lead me to a small shack. I've been told this is Caronte's. Just as reach the shack it starts swelling. It's explosion drops me to the ground. I'm afraid I no longer have eyebrows or hair, but I didn't have much before. In the smoke I'm able to make the unmistakably figure. It's Caronte preparing his Dragon Ball while laughing out loud! It appears there's some leak and that's why the small cabin exploded. I wave at him effusively. His warm welcome (while shouting "catch it") makes a tongue of fire explode at me feet. He doesn't want me be cold! Nevertheless these burns will hurt during quite a long time. Here are my questions and his answers:

**There is something all our readers want to know. How did it occurred to you use fire bombs?**

Caronte come closer, ignoring the fire thanks to Carcass..

- *I like creating new things. Boldly go where no junker has gone before. One day it occurred to me to try something new and... I found the appropriate signature for my vocation.*

Caronte busts up laughing while coming closer. The joke he's just remembering must be really good.

**They say you only want to see the world burn... What do you think?**

He's not wearing his mask! Now I can see his little eyes open and reflecting the flames all around us. Pitty my sweat is getting into my eyes and irritates them...

- *You haven't read the books of ancient, right? You don't know that if you make a lower level mage bleed he'll throw a big fireball when he reaches the appropriate level.*

He laughs out loud again. I haven't understood the reference, sure it is also a good joke. Who read the books of ancient, besides the good people of the V Reich in their museum? For a moment the flames' shining light draw something like a sand clock in one of his eyes. It has been a long time since I saw one!

**A Ganger called called Eury says you are so hot at bed like you are in the battle field.**

¿Caronte? ¡Oye! ¿Caronte? ¿Dónde te vas?

Caronte? Hey! Caronte? Where are you going?

I kept calling but he left towards Scrapbridge.

It's time for me to go get some new trousers, these ones are all burned out. See you in the next Gazettes!



## Daryl's letters



Uncle, before I joint the Gazette (which is a pain in da ass job) if decided to get outta their to explore the world and competle my beat-all travel whatever the heck that means (**you are just like your father, a lazy bastard who looks for any excuse and sponge off of others**). I left Scrapbridge tree days ago and heated towards norwest in search of adventures. I carry with me my cool best with dickprick's wings, my crossbow and a couple of volts to shoot and backpack full of food, sticking-blasters, condoms, and a furry dried martabbit in case I get horny... (**pitty you didn't take a straw rope to hang yourself from your balls, lazy!**).

Occurred it to me camping in a caba that smell fanny (all like aunt Bertha's armtits) and it turns out their was a muttmorf of those so cute that try to take your guts out and eat'em but uglier than a dickpig's ass (**yes, uglier than a dickpig's ass but you sure tried to fuck it, degenerate**). All and all the critter was drier than grandma Frederica's bat

cave, so I throw a tin can with landshard meatballs to it so it could it and this mutt it it all so appy and now is my friend and follows me everywhere. I've called it Farty, coz the fucking bastard farts so much the poppy fields run dry (**so speak the one whose mouth stink like a lizardcocks' pen**). I'll keep reporting about my travels buddy and 'bout all mazing thinks that I find in the Wastes, (**yeah, let's hope with some luck you tumble on a crack and we no longer hear from you**).