



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



51

Old Ratcutter's tip Yoly's pearls

"Don't work too hard, one thing is rimming someone and another thing is eat shit like there is no tomorrow..."

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

As you may have noticed, old Ratcutter isn't rambling about his dumbass tip on this issue. He came like he was all business (yeah, all business right... with his looks and... smell) asking for a payrise like he's more important than the rest. All workers in this Gazette know that without constant hard-work I won't be able to buy a better shack. So, if I start giving rises this ain't gonna happen. So that drunkie is best where he belongs: The fuck out of here!

As replacement we got ourselves Yoly, who has recently become famous in Radio Scrapbridge and yet hasn't got on her head.



Orfartus Instrument's shop has suffered a terrible fire. Not only all their raucous thingies but that same night, Eury (the owner's chick) has gone missing. Orfartus has asked his neighbors to help him with the search because he doesn't believe she's scorched in the fire. They agreed, since he wasn't asking to recover one of these pieces of junk that grinded all day long and were getting to their nerves.



It seems like the Wastes went nuts recently. Not only the Crazies are getting more and more numerous and keep pillaging and razing villages near the Final Wastes, but apparently there's much more weirdos around there.



In the zone near Acid Lands people have seen the legendary long-legged riders outside their lifelessness lands. Majauchsuwi inhabitants (or however it's written) have gone far beyond their limits and are messing around there. Every time there are more and more Prowlers stalking and snooping around, gives me the creeps so much that I can't even shit behind a rock there. And the Craabians are starting to be a pain in the butt extending Craab's work around the wastes, have these guys ever seen more water together than the one in a barrel?

As my father used to say: "May you never live in interesting times"

CLASSYFRIEDS

Fatass Big iron for sale, cheap. Doesn't work but instils respect and you can smack awesome blows with it.

Ref. AED - Shishbutt

Vault to rent with all comforts. Loft kind, diaphanous and with cesspit. Short let, but don't die inside with the door closed and screw my business. Will ya?

Ref. DEF - Sillyface

I bite off nails.

Ref. ClaK - Backtooth

Skinner's Community in Dark Arsehole hill has lost a naked Granpa. Answers to the name of Adolf. He's tall, bald, scrawny and skin weather-beaten like the leather. Should someone see him, send him our way, we've got attached to him and we'll even pay.

Ref. ARSHL- Pluto



MONTHLY NEWS

PETAM (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals and Mongolongos) association, defenders of Mongolongos' feelings "because they're people too, well... almost and in some ways, even better (wink, wink, nudge, nudge)" freed the Mongolongos from Mongologic Park in their visit to Scrapbridge to stand for their firm opposition to "such elderly? exhibicionist practice in cages. Like they're Titgrabs' workers".

Well, it really got to hot water because the mongolongos caught a good bunch of Forgophant's pearls collectors with their arms in... shit (literally) since a herd was found dead nearby the afternoon before and to top it all they interrupted the interesting debates going on in Pact's Square (with stick and guns, like is always the case in such a civilized society like ours). More than one received sound, "big" and "solid" arguments by those beasts, that made them change their composure, which they'll keep during some weeks.



Yuri Three-nipples recipes



Heyya kiddos, it's me: Yuri, the most famousest cook from Fat Pig Pub. In this new issue I'll tell ya how to cook a Deconstructed Landshark Omelette.

First thing is to get a Landshark egg. You have the option to go to an area where there are Landshark nests and bet your balls to get one without them devouring you. Or there is my way: since I've so much bullets I can pay other losers to do it and bring them to me.

Second is get some potatoes. I dunno, buy them in the market, you poor bastards you should have enough for some.

Onion is optional, it depends if you want it to taste like onion or omelette.

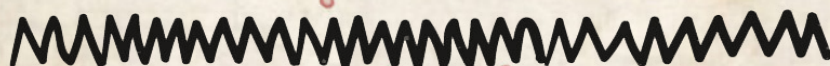
The point is mixing all ingredients we have gathered together inside your customer's mouth. Then you smash his/her face repeatedly until everything is mixed up properly (teeth are the delicious final touch). All done.



SHOWS AND ENTERTAINMENT



- Participants in the 1st Championship of Stone-hoisting in Crappy Mines, are starting to wonder if all was a bluff to make them clear the tunnels scot-free. The 1st qualified was supposed to rebel, but since he's winning...
- Cancelled the concerts of clarinet, tambourine and bongos because the instruments are burned out.
- These are the associations which will have the right to ramble in Pact's Square: Mutards before Mutation, Petroleum Party, Junker's, Voice's Reich, Labrador's Party and Potheads Without Borders.
- Before the increase of members of the Blue Oyster band, the BDSM Club of Titgrab is doing a collection to get leather clothes, because there is a shortage.



DAVID JUANES' LEGEND

Chapter 2: The Deep Wandering and Monster Island, Bermuda.

The Wandering Fool is the flagship of David Juanes. It sails through dead's and alive's seas with it at will, carrying the curse or inherited charge in his shoulders.

The Deep Wandering is a galleon-type ship, it is said their design is from the big Ba-da-boom the planet suffered to many years ago. No one I know has been able to see it enough time to catch more details. Some even describe it like very different ships, having in some stories big wet sails and in other great chimneys covered in diverse molluscs pouring a dark and thick smoke. But everybody seems to agree in that it's build out of souls, souls that David Juanes' crew ripped apart. Although I have my doubts about what kind of soul build or is part of...

The Deep Wandering is attributed many characteristics, like being a vehicle capable of going to the great beyond and come back to the lesser here without any issues. Also teleporting and dive. Devouring other ships to feed, etc... My hippothesis is that the ship is only an inherited name depending on which Captain controls its gruesome hellish powers. Hence I say that even the ship can be just a big mutard in permanent and persistent mutardation.

As I continue investigating I hip from some gossip and texts, that point to a lair in the earthly world beyond Fatwind. It's a forsaken island that moves at will. A nightmarish beast turned into an Island. They call it the Bermuda.

As for the Monster Island Bermuda little is known. Some sailors in the area (those who I was able to bribe) believe it's more island than beast, they say this is the place where sailor's souls end up if they've been good at their job. A paradise with thousands of chicks, buddies of all sorts for all tastes and vices. Endless brawlings in taverns with more beer than oxygen, a true paradise... To others, they say it's more beast than island and torments the sailors souls, digesting them for all eternity.

There are rumours too that the island is real, disappeared decades ago and where there was to be found David Juanes' chest. I've enough evidence to call at hearts and minds of the most greedy go-getters in the area, to start an expedition to the great Island Bermuda. Sure if I ever find it, the article will be spoken about for years. I'll come up with an award to the best article and I'll give it to myself.

Scrapbridge Gazette's investigator