



# THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



# 52

Old Ratcutter's tip Yoly's pearls

"I like my coffee strong and black, just like men."

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

Some enlightened Dynamo had the brilliant idea of building a giant slide for Scrapbridge's dwellers to go down quickly to the lower levels and leave the south section elevator free for ascension trips only. The crew of gears and pistons took over a week to complete such a massive work of scaffolds and metal sheets.

After 17 deaths due to lethal falls and steep turns, the Council decided that neighbours had had enough fun already and closed the thing to the use of any person, animal or mutard due to its overwhelming dangers... but then they thought about it twice and reopened it again, because if you are dumb enough to slide down that thing, maybe you deserve your fate and you won't need to be feeded ever again so that's a win-win for the city.



The settlement of Suckers is really pissed off. The local sucker, who usually had his ass kicked by the patrons every now and then, has received the visit of his cousin from Juicy. He is a big, muscular guy and pretty intimidating... so now the newcomer is the only one beating the crap out of the poor guy... and takes all the fun out of the thing for the rest of the people.



Orfartus is searching for his girlfriend Euri, missing since the fire that took place last month. No body could be found and he thinks she might have been kidnapped, or even worst, she's cheating on him surely with some dude younger and more handsome. Orfartus is looking for certified investigators to go out and look for her, but now that his store is completely burnt down, I wouldn't count much on getting any payment.



Yes, ok, maybe our sales have been crushing down since stinky Old Ratcutter is not around with his tips, but... the truth is we no longer have a fuckin' clue about where his sorry ass might be.

So we are willing to pay some kind of reward to anyone who can bring him here, not necessarily safe and sound, because that's impossible, but at least in his usual poor and lacking state.

## CLASSYFRIEDS

Business for transfer: the beer factory "Buffamel Piss" is selling their shack with all the stills, jiggers and stuff necessary to keep it running. Just bring your will to work.

Ref. CC - Pisswasser

Master forgophant asshole scavenger to hire by the hour. Long arms, small hands. Worth my weight in bullets.

Ref. OGT - Tact

Teeth sharpened by hand. No cannibals allowed, as I have only six fingers left.

Ref. DEN - Stumps

The guild of the most devotee Children of the Black Blood asks for donations to rebuild the holy chapel of Bin-Diesel, Patron Saint of the Burned Ones, as it is one step away from falling down for good.

Ref. F&F - Toreto



## MONTHLY NEWS

So far we all knew that the area North of Dustbin was so radiated that not even mutards were supposed to live there, and that if you went near the place you would be lucky just to spend a couple days pissing bright colors and losing some hair. But surprise, news arrived about people (well, what they think it's people) have come out of there alive. They go around covered with heavy hoods and strange clothes, apart from talking non-stop about the world being cursed and blah, blah, blah. They talk about "mankind" having to suffer and succubus... sucbum... bumsu... die from radio-action so the planet can have a new dawn.

If they ever come to Scrapbridge, they will have to form a line with all the rest of fanatic wackos around here bashing our poor ears with all that nonsense around the Covenant Square or knocking at our doors at any hour of day or night.

The group of scavengers that found these guys is literally falling apart in a pool of fluorescent goo, but no one knows if that is just because they got too close to the dangerous area or the newcomers have infected them somehow.

What we know is that they seem to refer to themselves as the Irradiated.



## 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 some lizarcock nuggets.

The first thing you have to do is getting a lizarcock egg, nurse it, feed it and let it grow up until it's a really first class animal. Then you will have to put it down, so I advise not to get fond of it or name it to avoid unnecessary tears. Yes, you also have the option to go to some meat store, buy one already dead and clean, and take it home. Sissy.

It's very important to choose the best and most tasty parts of the animal, and put away the nasty stuff such as fat, cartilage, guts and the like. Then, once selected, take the delicious bits and store them away for some other real meal, and use the disgusting waste to smash them into a pulp with whatever you have at hand. I recommend a good hippocow tooth, which is what's supposed to be used for. You will get a revolting bulk of nasty looking vomits, but don't worry: it's the way it should be.

To make things right you need to add to the mix a portion of cockrat pee to cover the stench (please, don't use armsquirt unless you are planning an orgy after the meal) and buffamel milk to even the color.

Then it's just a question of breeding it with some crunchy insect and deep fry it for good. And you are ready to go!



## SHOWS AND ENTERTAINMENT



- The Scrapbridge sand hockey league has again started. Our team has the bonus of playing this match at home, and also it will be able to line up all its players, not like the visiting team which has lost half their roster in their way from beyond Pigsty. The cons for this match is that THEY SUCK BIG TIME, and I say that even when my son is in the team.
- The children's choir has stopped rehearsing at nights, because they scared the shit out of anyone who could hear them and see them in their white robes.
- This month's body count for killed clowns and mimos has been the lowest in the past two years, at just 12.
- After their last meeting, the "Friday Orgies" in the Titgrab quarter will finally be known as the "Orgies previously known as the friday ones but that we now hold on saturdays unless most of the people can't attend for having previous commitments or whatever".
- So far, dodgeball is still dodging everything we throw at it.
- Down in the Covenant Square, the Samanthia Itinerant Theatre Company is playing three plays they were able to rescue from the World of Before, titled "Village of the Rammed", "Sharknado 14" and "Annual summary of the bank accounts of Smith and Smith Real Estates".



## Daryl's letters



Yo, the Wasteland is an awesoming place!!! Full of places to be and really wicked peoples around!!!

Someone blew one of me ears with a blunderbuss shot (**a pity it wasn't your head, seeing the amount of use you give to it**), when I decidez I want to see first the Twins and see what kind of guys live around tha place. Watch this, as we were goin' down there Farter and meself hear this loud sound of heavy fighting very krazy and of course we went to see what was goin' on. They were four dudes shooting like madmen at a pigeep farm.

I chosed to hide behind a pile of rocks and wait for the shootin' to end, and see if I could loot some of the bodies or maybe take a fat pigeep to eat later, but Farter did not think the same and next thing I saw was he had already tear the faces off of two of the guys and was chasing the shit out of the rest o'them. When I got nearer the bodies to see if they had somethin' interestin' to take for meself, the farmer showed up with his daughter who was a very meaty gal with an awesoming rack like that of me cousin Paty (**you piece of shit, your cousin Paty is my daughter**) and to thank us for saving them and as it was already getting dark, they invited us to spend the night with'em.

So, as the stuffed martabbit is already getting old, and the rack of the daughter reminded me of Paty so much and how we played doctors without our uncle knowing shit (**now you better don't come back around here, you son of... my sister**) I decided to pay a nighty visit to the thick chick, but with my horniness and the dark of the room darker than a Black Blood Children arsehole, maybe I choosed the wrong bed and when I grabbed those fat titties they were the farmer's fat belly instead. Dude goes postal, grabs the blunderbuss and I had to get the hell outta that place, that man was krazy as fuck, and that was even before noticing that Farter had killed all the pigeeps of the farm.

You see, as we ran like we were chased by some crazy ass mongolongo, a blundershot ripped one of me ears off and that bastard Farter swallowed it whole as soon as it touched the ground. Mothafucka he is, I am still waiting for him to shit the thing and see if I can stitch it back to me head.

So uncle, I contonue my way to the Twins, I hop things are alright in Scrapbridge and say cousin Paty I really want to see her again and hug her tight (**I am the one wanting to see you again and hug your neck with both hands, you filthy piece of shit**).