



# THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



# 53

Old Ratcutter's tip

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

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

Ratcutter is back!

You couldn't shut your gob with fuckin' Ratuctter this and damn Ratcutter that. Hey there, we shut down this Gazette for months and all our indentured workers went out there looking for him to bring him back here. And here he is. But the salary rise we had to agree with will be on you, so we have added a new form of funding in the form of a Patreon where we scam... I mean bleed... you know, we give our subscribers cool things in exchange for their bullets. So that's the deal, if you want this Gazette to keep going out, or even our beloved Scrapbridge Radio station, be a bloody patron.



Due to the increasingly alarming rate of fecal waters poisoning in the last weeks, it is now prohibited to shit into the water tanks without wiping your ass beforehand. People in the lower quarters is fed up with drinking chunky water. Except when they find the occasional crapnut, which are still intact and a really pleasant surprise to the mouth.



Ovarianess, our favorite feminist-amazonian settlement (there are at least other two of them, but chicks are uglier and we don't like them), has been growing a huge prize pot of bullets for the one who manages to wake Prometheus up. One of the women from the village sneaked into the place where he is laying all knocked out and naked, and was utterly awed by his huge "intellect" and wants him to impregnate the whole settlement once he wakes up. But as speaking to him now is the same as doing so with a boulder, this humble writer suspects that the thing that shocked her so much is the unnatural shaft he has which resembles the arm of a kid holding an apple. But fuck yes, that's somethin' worth watching, gargantuan but with perfect proportions. I would hug it forever, kissing and licking it until it's wet happy. Sooooo, as I was saying, those naughty bitches are always thinking about the same.

## CLASSYFRIEDS

Anyone has one of those pointed hoods? I need it for the Ball-kicking Friday Parade (because they will let us out for that, right?). The whiter the better.

REF: Karl Konrad Krowen (KKK)

Bitten by an addler? We are raffling away a lot of experimental cures by leechcrab bleedings. To get in the draw, just send four empty cans of Mostachuelos, licked clean.

REF: SLUGS



## MONTHLY NEWS

You might have heard already about the crazy ass infection of crabosaurs beyond the Shrine of the Watch, and that people had to stay at home to keep from fuckin' each others on the streets. But you wiped your ass with that.

Well, now the infection has arrived to Scrapbridge and it is really fucked up. The Council has announced a quarantine, which for dummies is you stay the fuck home and don't get out unless you have to fetch something to eat. And above all, don't get too comfy with anyone or even attempt to get laid. Chatting window to window at most.

Contrary to the usual crabosaurs, which are annoying but you learn to live and let live with them and even give names to the biggest ones, this new breed is yellower and can kill you in the spot if you are weaker than usual. People is beginning to call them 'crabfucks'.

According to the tales of a traveller back when all this started, at Samantha they closed down the city a week ago and other settlements are more or less the same. Not in the Tex'co refinery, where Cunnilingus said that if you get these crabfucks you better continue working at the wells because he's not stopping pumpin' the Black Blood from the Earth. Rumours go that they don't suffer this plague as much, because their heads is not the only body part they shave clean and these little fuckers slide off.

So ye all be warned, stay at home or whatever you call the smelly hut you live in. I want to be able to go out to Titjob again to mind my usual business, because it's hard for me to get anything done for free.





## 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 survive during the lockdown with stuff you have at home.

First of all. If you are those who got the crabfucks, you can pick one of the biggest and deepfry the shit out of that bloody beast. Mind to cook it until it's crunchy, but not too crumbly or you will make a mess.

If your lucky enough to be clean, I reckon you havent been getin' laid much lately so that's a shame. Think a second about your life and where your gettin', 'cause the Wasteland is a nasty place and you have you enjoy yor time here. If you are ugly or even a Mutard don't give up, 'cause sooner or later (later, mathafacka) you will find another desperate monster to play the two-backs beast with. So... holy hell, I ran out of space. Make a sandwich, losers.



## SHOWS AND ENTERTAINMENT



- It's been 14 months now since the dodge-ball match started and that stupid ball hasn't yet been able to dodge anyone. Or maybe it's too fast for us and we can't even see it dodging the other players, but the whole thing is getting boring and we just go around the playfield when our families don't stand us anymore. We hadn't seen anything this dumb since that mime archery tournament.
- Last month's Wanks of blood contest was a hell of a show! There were 12 ripped off foreskins, 27 wrist sprains and a fractured skull. FUCKIN' ACE.
- This summer's sand hockey league has been suspended due to the quaranfne. Our team had already won a match this year and all fingers are crossed for the current results to be final.



## Daryl's letters



We are founding stranger people evry day now, dude!! **(damn, I pray for you to find a serial killer in your way!).**

Writing from the ruims of a big-ass cool cellar called "From husk till pawn", and theese strange fuckerss Mutards know how to party hard, I tell ya that!!

Tha place was rad dude, three or for walks away from the Twins, and we decided to enter to see if we was able to know new friends and get cozy with a six-boobed mutardess! They also admited mongrels in, so little Fartbox could enter with me **(you should be the one not admited anywhere, bitch).**

T'was the most awesoming place I ever seen, with a cage full of fascist bastards from the V Reich, and you can spit at them, bite them... Speaking of which, I have a new ear for my necklace from a black guy inside there!!

Then in a yard behind the place they had fights with lizardcocks agains mongolongos!! WOW!! Mongolongos tried to fuck the lizardcocks in the ass, but them lizards tore their dicks into pieces with them beaks, and everyone was beting shots of some liquid shit called 'casalleta' (a beverage they make with medical alcohol, gas, gunpoweder and some herbs called marijose, I think).

All this with a crazy ass music so cool, the locals called tekno or som'thin' like that I can not remember now!!

So I didnt found that Mutard with 6 boobies, but I got away with two of 'em with 3 boobs each, and we sneaked into some kind of warhouse were they stored the "casalleta"

Three menutes later I finished my job with them both ladies, and I was smokin' my cigs so relaxed when two

chicks, balder than my uncle Agus' asshole, stormed in shouting nonsenseses about "Not leting mongolon-gos rape our chickins", and started shooting evryone in tha face and leting loose the lizardcocks. Mutis are very peacefull normally, but if you break them 4 or 5 balls, they get furious as fuck so they grabbed them two chicks and threwed them into the mongolongos' den. But the damned little lizardfocks were loose in the place and what a racket they made!!! All were tryin to catch 'em back, but for no good!! The V Reich dudes took the chance to make a scape and started punching the mutis in their way out, Fartbox was having a great time, biting the face off anyone near enough, and those girlz they tossed into the mongolongos pit were shouting "Gimme more, papito". **(I havent yet figured out where this shitty story is gonna end, dumb ass).**

So, with all that fuzz around one of the fuckin' lizardfocks came runing to me and bited me right in my weenie. I yanked and jumped, and shouted loud, and kicked the little bastard into the barrels of casalleta. I ddidnt wait to see what hapenn next, I just run for the door and that Fartbox fuck (one eye to the front, the other to my ass) run right behind me tail... Luckeley, 'cause that place blew up right away with a huge boom **(I knew last week's explosion was related to you, dummy)**, my asshole is still charred and we where founding pieces of people evrywhere, even the head of one of them bald chicks and she was still with a smile!! I think to reckon that place is not goin' to open again in a very while!

Yo, dude, my next letter I think I will be sending from the Twins, say hello to my cousin Pat!!