



# THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



# 54

Old Ratcutter's tip

"If there is an exception to the rule, then there's no rule."

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

We had been a while whitout knowing from them, and during this hell of a quarantine we didn't care much either, but it seems that the Mycological Society of Scrapbridge has run out of members after their last tasting. If anyone is interested in joining to keep the members fees running, speak out.



We know that the fixed time to lean out our windows and throw insults and curses to each other is sacred, but please calm down a little and stop throwing rocks and other heavy things at your neighbors. You all have a fuckin' shitty aim and you never hit your intended targets and other citizens suffer without knowing, and you know, it's hard as fuck keep track of the neighbors you have to curse next time.



There are news about a couple of settlements that decided to skip the quarantine due to these crabfuck infestation, claiming that the whole story was made up by those filthy mutards. It seems that now that the body piles are starting to hamper movement around the place, they are beginning to reconsider. Situation is so bad they have started to attack each other in such a violent way that if some Amok run by, they would leave in a hurry sayin' "We didn't want to interrupt, compadres".



It seems that during this forced quarantine some beasts are beginning to show up in territories they never paced upon. According to some tales, a mongolongo has been drinking tea in a waterhole he swore he would never go back to after some drops were spilled all over him while being served, a land-shark has returned with an old ex, and a highjacker has been spotted walking around, whistling and enjoying the feel of the sand in his feet. But... but... what kind of shitty news do you send me to be published! Holy shit, this is serious crap! This is an earnest business, for gods' sake!

## CLASSYFRIEDS

Can't sleep at night? I'll smack ya so 'ard you will stone drop for the whole day.

REF: Mittens

Farts bottled under request. Make an stilish gift.

REF: Smelly LLC

The Association of Sad and Miserable People doesn't want anything. In case you wondered.

REF: ASMP



## MONTHLY NEWS

We are all so fucking fed up of this quarantine. It seems the crabfuck infestation is growing smaller, but the Scrapbridge Council is more scared than a martabbit during a exam and won't let us out yet.

There are of course many citizens that didn't heed to the warnings, because they HAD to get out of their places to get laid, get fucked or even get feed! But the Judges have been merciless and after the first 27 murder-death-kills people finally have begun to understand the situation and stay inside.

The Grabtit quarter is now a ghost place, with all their business and places closed for good. But the owners need not to worry, because the Council has said that, if they have serious income losses, half of their workers have died, they can thread a needle from 10 feet away and can fill without any mistake the relevant 318 documents to be delivered at their office, they will have the right to cash in a public aid during the next 36 months. If they keep paying their taxes, of course, because the bellies of the Council members won't be warmed by themselves.

There are many critical voices, of course, mainly of so-called candidates to Council seats, roaring that things are not being done properly and that if they were in charge their bellies would be the ones to be fed and warmed by all the tax incomes. That would be really more appropriate, according to them.

But I don't give a flying fuck because the Patron system is working just awesomely fine, and the icing of the cake is that Ratcutter doesn't dare to go out his shack so I don't have to see his ugly face around here.





## Yuri Three-nipples recipes



Heyya kiddos, it's me: Yuri, the most famousest cook from Fat Pig Pub. I'm mad as a monkey because I have been forced to close my joint, and I honestly don't give a fuck if ya all die as long as bullets keep cashing in. But anyway, in this new issue I'll tell ya how to get piggy fat without leaving your places.

You know what? Eat like piglets. Gobble food down 'till you explode. Do you have anything better to do? Enjoy your fuckin' life, for gods' sake. Fuck more. Or some, for a change. And once you are round, fat and happy, and all this situation goes away and nothing less than half a dozen lizard-cocks can satiate you, come to my Pub and order food like madmen. Then, with all the bullets I will get I will be able to open a couple of new places. And then franchises in other settlements. And they will have to accept me as a Council member because I will shit bullets. Finally, I will be the one and only ruler of Scrapbridge... what am I saying? Of the whole Wasteland! And... and... and... you know what? I'll pass, it sounds crazy tiring.



## SHOWS AND ENTERTAINMENT



- The dodgeball match has been suspended. I think. Don't know. Anyone noticed?
- All cultural shows have been suspended as well this month. I think. Don't know. Anyone noticed?
- The sand hockey league has finally been suspended too and cheers to our local team because the current results stand as final for the season. The team has thrown a big-ass party to celebrate this year's table position after their first victory ever and the Judges massacred them all for skipping the quarantine. Scrapbridge then threw a big-ass party to celebrate their deaths. At home. We are not that stupid.
- All recreational stonings have been suspended this month. People waiting to be stoned have gone out to celebrate the good news and the Judges massacred them all for skipping the quarantine.
- The Council has also suspended... Jesus-fucking-Christ, everything has been suspended, right?! I won't be writing a zillion stupid notes for every single thing going out, much less for the shitty salary I get.



## Daryl's letters



Your gonna trip yo' ass out with these news, dude!! I shuld be arrivin' to the Twins by now, but just when I was 'bout to I found this fella all strange with a shiny as fuck armor and this big-ass lasgun like those said to be only in the old big cities, walkin' around with a weird critter green like a martabbit without any fur and with bulgy eyes! **(I hope you overdose with all the shit you take)**. So this guy was one of those famous Muffdadorians that go around the Wasteland bashing people's faces for cash and muffediving all along!

This fella was hired at the Twins 'cause it seems those assholes from the V Reich prisoners in that mutard joint "From Husk till Pawn" were part of a bigger lot that went around the area hunting and torturing mutards just for fun, so this muffedguy was contacted to go after 'em and fuck 'em good.

These mercs are hard as fuck and real badass, so I decided to go along with him and help in anything I could killing those V Reich nunsies. The guy was not pleased very much, but I don't give fuck, and the green critter was really funny and made very nice tricks making Fartbox hover around which made the mongrel mad as fuck!! **(I would really be impressed if it made you hover the fuck out of this planet)**.

So, we arrived to the cave where those V Reich weirdos were hiding and the Muffdadorian said that we should go in quietly and we wouls go killin'em one by one while Fartbox and the little green man waited outside the cavern.

Watching this dude workin' was awesomin'!! This guy was killin' all this fachists with a hell of an ability and coolness!! We then came to a bigg hall were there where at least thirty-twelve of those bastards! The muffedalorian started waving at me with some strange hand movements, pointin' at all those fuckers, but it looked funny as hell so I had to concretate with all my strength not to laugh out, but finally I couldn't resist it and I farted so hard it echoed in the entire place!! **(how can you be still alive being such a shithead, you little piece of shit)**. Those guys went bananas and jumped on us faster than you can say youlittlemaggotiamgonnatearyourgutsawayandthenmakeacollaroutofyourfathersballs!

Eight or five of those natsis rushed against the muffedalorian and his lasgun went flying and landed at my feet!! So I grabbed it and rushed away like been chased by a mongolongo in heat!! I guess that muffedalorian didn't find it funny at all, but I couldn't care less because right now that guy must look like a rotten addler and guess what! When I got out of tha cave I saw that Fartbox had eaten up that nasty little green dude and only his head was rollin' around as the happy mongrel played with it...

Since I left Scrapbridge only fuckin' awesomin' things have'en happenin' to me, and now I have a lasgun, a black ear and a mongrelfriend coming along with me! **(and some mental drawback the size of this bridge)**.

Yo, dude, bye!