



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



55

Old Ratcutter's tip

"Never look a gift buffamel in the mouth... it can bite ya face off!"

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

We've been noticing for a couple of weeks that the yellow-ish tones of the Yellow quarter are becoming more like red-ish. We would like to utterly advise all neighbors in the upper levels of such quarter to visit the nearest sawbones to get their kidneys checked... or their dicks or twats in the inside, you know. It's not unusual to piss some blood, but that much can't be normal and gives the creeps to all citizens.



According to the Council the day you are reading this Gazette we will be in Phase 4Alfa6Zeta88Beta of the quarantine. You people better know what you can and what you can't do in this new phase, because they are quite lost by now. At the end of the day, the Judges will beat the crap out of your sorry ass if they feel like it.



Kim, the supremacist leader of the Mutards, has gathered her host and according to some sources they are heading to The Twins which lacks a clear leader since Prometheus left the building. It doesn't seem viable that the current inhabitants of the place can defend it against her troops if she wants to take power. And from there, no one can guess what that crazy ass bastard can do. We still remember when we hated Prometheus to his guts, and now we would pay anything to have him back with his peace and good vibes nonsense.



Drink Jizz-Cola!

If you just want to look cooler. When you feel sad after arriving to your sorry crib. To get social with your few friends. As an excuse after beating the shit outta someone. When you have to clean the rust from some bolts and nuts.

iJIZZ-COLA! The drink of someones, not the rest of no-ones scum.

This ad has been published by the journalist following his own free will, according to the quality of the product and not influenced at all by the number of armed people waiting outside the building.

CLASSYFRIEDS

Bitten by a vampirat? We are raffling betatest vaccines. To enter the raffle, just send four empty cans of Bigotry, licked clean.

REF: Vangelsio

Corky ass? Dough Laxatives son lo más! Made with salfo root. Your gonna shit yourself!

REF: Let It Go

I found this gold ring with an inscription: "Always together, Goyo and Petra". Im not giving it back, fuck you.

REF: MyTreasure

I make underwear with fishing nets. Keep your lower self cool.

REF: MenderBender.



MONTHLY NEWS

It seems the area south of Gleaming Towers, that was crowded with beasts of the kind that will fuck you up for good for no reason, is quite safer after a group of Amok went through it. Now the Wasteland is a nicer place as a shitload of creatures and Amok have been wasted in the showdown. It seems they had a great time, though, as now the lands south of the city of the World of Before is crowded with limbs, blood pools, guts and all kinds of gory things.

As soon as all this stupid quarantine thing is gone, we will be trading back again with those bastards in the Merkadome area. We all hate those tight-ass fuckers who think they are better than the rest of us for living under a roof and havin' power now and then, ruled by the most famous Cherif. But we also like having those shiny cool things only them bastards create or grow.

Even so the trip will be long and dangerous, and so far only the bravest bands of junkers and a caravan from the RRRR (Road Runner Rough Riders) have shown any interest in opening back the old routes. They also want to explore the area better, to check if the rumors about mega-giant robots, hooded guys, the girl from the curve and all the shit they tell about the place are real or not.



Yuri Three-nipples recipes



Heyya kiddos, it's me: Yuri, the most famousest cook from Fat Pig Pub. In this new issue I will tell ya how to cook some tasty human meat without freaking out.

We all know there are a lot of prejudices about eating human meat. This is disgusting, this is immoral... Hear me out, kiddo, we are not telling you to kill people to eat (you can kill them for any other reason and then use their corpses, of course). But if they are already dead, at least put their bodies to good use. Most probably they were fuckin' useless in life, so now they have a chance to be good neighbors.

Nonetheless, as you may have heard, eating meat from your same species can have some adverse effects. But not all... the trick is... eating the ass. Yes, yes, that very same thing you liked doing to your partner in life, you can still do after death.

And then spices, lots of spices. Adding enough spices to cover any smell, I have served dung dishes in my place and no one noticed. I mean, I could have done it if I ever wanted to, because I always serve the best quality, guaranteed!



SHOWS AND ENTERTAINMENT



- The next sand hockey league will begin with no crowd in the stadium due to this crabosaur plague. Thanks to that, this year more and more players are signing in (and we have a full roster to fill back again, as you have probably guessed from last month's news). Apparently, not having to bear with the bunch of motherfuckers threatening your life from the bleachers, throwing rocks at you and beating your ass after the game, is a great incentive to make people wanting to play this sport again.
- The pit fights in Nowater have also been resumed with an especial event. The Primal Rumble, in which two of the best fighters from each Crib will face each other in a free-for-all engagement to kill or throw off the pit their foes to win.
- After we open again the route to Merkado-me, we will be able to bet again in Cartmageddon, the most wild and exciting death races on shopping carts of the Wasteland. Join in in the Patreon, we are rollcalling everyone!



Daryl's letters



Dude!!! Fartville is SO-A-WE-SOM-ING!!! T's a place full o' Mutards, all cool and shit. To strat with, they've these fat ass cool critters called pancholins, or som'thin' like that which are tasty as fuck, yo. Their scales can be used to brew this soup that can make you're dick hard for hours! **(I wish you died right there of a blueballitis).**

I was told that I was the first normal guy visiting there, and they were even more susprised that Fartbox hadn't eaten me alive yet, but I suppose that little bastard an' me have become very best friends.

Theyr boss there is a big honcho all fat and bald, with yellow skin and the smartesest guy I have ever met in me life, called Homero, sayin' that he's been livin' in Fartville since before the World of Before went crashing down the toilet, and that The Twins went kaboom in a way that you can't imagine!! So, this fella offered to show me around the place and I haf to say the muties are very humbel people but who know how to party hard alright! They have this sport they say comin' from the World of Before they call cocker, or som'thin' like that, and as I never watched a cocker game, Homero took me to a place they call studium to watch one and man, that was RAD!! All fullled with people with shirts of their favorite teams, shoutin' names of their favorite cockers like Christian Oswaldo or Lío Mess!! In this game of Mutards, the cocker, twenty and two addlers of those without the brains follow a ball made of somethin'

like a martabbit skin all rotten and bloated, stitched together **(your own rotten head they should be chasing, you bastard)**, and they 've to put it between two barrels with simbols weird as those yellow and black I been watching all the way to here.

The addlers don't even notice this ball thing in the fields, so they start bitin' each other, tearin' their flesh with claws and push around everyone, but that is what makes the muties crazier of all and they just cheer and insult another addler in black they call the reference. Don't know what he does, actually.

The thing is as everyone was throwing shit and calling names this reference, and insulting the other addlers, I kinda got cocky and took my lasgun out aiming for the reference, but my aim must've been dusty 'cause I hit one of those barrels with green smoke and that blasted big time and the lid of the barrel chopped my buddy Homero's head clean. The hole it did in the field was big as ten regular holes and the limbs of the addlers must have reached even down to Scrapbridge.

The rest of the muties seemed to like that a lot and they wanted to name me new big honcho now that Homero was gone, but I am a educated man of the world and I want to see more cool things I can find in the Wasteland.

So I am not cuming back to Scrapbridge yet **(you better don't, because if I see your ugly face again I will kick it good)**, Fartbox and I will leave The Twins and go to Boner.