



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



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Old Ratcutter's tip

"I really hate when people talk at me while I'm interrupting someone."

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

Since the Deconfringement began, the crabosaurs infection has risen again. People thought everything was fine, and thinking with their tight blue balls they just started fucking around quite literally. Everyone is skipping any protection because it's not comfortable at all and they get all sweaty in their balls and slits.

From their fortress-refinery, the leader of the Tex'co cult, Cunnilingus Igni, said that drinking gasoline can get you clean of crabosaurs and many of his followers have... followed his advice. And at the end it turned out he was right, as crabosaurs really don't like to live in a corpse.



If there is one thing in which we can really notice we are getting back to normal is in the "people appearing out of nowhere" front. In the settlement of Wounden they have seen a blondie boy with a yellow raincoat (you may think the raincoat is the rare thing, as much as we haven't seen a single raindrop in years) but no. He started to talk bullcrap about coming from the future, or the past, it doesn't matter. He is not the first to claim such things, so that is not the weird part either. He got all naughty and shit, and turned out that his auntie turned him on like an animal, he couldn't resist and finally put her on her four. So all hell broke loose in his family, because upon uncovering the affair it was also discovered that his aunt's father was cheating on his own wife with this boy's mother. Now, that's a real slutty thing to do. And not to mention who-knows-who's mother, which was also his daughter. And a friend, which happened to be his father-in-law's grandpa. Folks in the settlement are having the trip of their lives trying to figure the whole story out, but they have not lynched the boy yet until they can draw a decent family tree of this weird story.



From this Gazette of yours we gently ask for calamard ink donations to help keep our production running. We are getting low on that shit and last issues have been poorly printed. Not to mention your own drunkenness and the poor scholarship we have around.

CLASSYFRIEDS

Chickenpox patient wants scratcher by the hour. Urgent. No fingernails left already.
REF: DaPox

Hernias made on demand.
REF: Harry the Hammer

Join the Copuland Party. Populating the planet today for the world of tomorrow.
REF: CP

Blood bags freshly harvested for sale. Perfect for transfusions, high spirits or vegan food.
REF: Condemor



MONTHLY NEWS

The issue with the Yellow quarter fluids is getting from nasty to plain scary as fuck. The blackish liquid falling down the walls and staircases of that neighborhood has now began to move by itself, joining together into bigger pools, scanning the surroundings with black tentacles, adopting weird shapes and, according to some neighbors, even whispering in an ominous (scary as fuck, you morons) voice. Hell, dudes, if that thing is not alive and planning something wicked, it's a really good liar!

Those Tex'co followers that came here on the very first second the puddles started to turn black, now have been joined by three or four other groups of derailed cultists now worshipping the Black Goo, which is how people have started to call this thing. Some fellas popped up with the intention of destroying it, everyone with their own reasons, such as that it's a gateway to Hell, the blood of a monstrous mutard god, something alien capable of controlling people's minds, or, just plainly, some disgusting filthy goo dirtying all the floor. But so far, all intents to destroy the thing have been useless. no fire, no water, no soap, not even saying "Shoo, shoo, motherfucker". The Council has now "taking its time to debate a joint line of action that brings a satisfactory end to the issue". Which, translated into common language, means that they don't have a fucking clue about what to do and they are just letting time go by with the hope that the problem will go away by itself. That said, it seems that's the way most problems disappear in this settlement.



Yuri Three-nipples recipes



Heyya kiddos, it's me: Yuri, the most famousest cook from Fat Pig Pub. In this issue I will give you a couple of advizes on how to buy the best meat in your nearest stalls or shops of your neighborhood.

First. Meat has not to have a greenish color or some white hair growing from it. That means addler or rancid meat. Unless it is a chunk of moldy swamp lizard meat, in which case it should be green and hairy and very edible. More or less, because it tastes like shit.

Second. Smell. Stick your finga in your belly button, your asshole or between your toes. Compare that smell with the meat's. If it looks similar to you, but stronger, just discard that meat, fucker.



SHOWS AND ENTERTAINMENT



- Due to the prohibition to have many spectators... and that means viewers... the Cirque du Lune offers shows on demand at home. You only have to clear space enough for 36 equilibrists, 12 acrobats, 8 mountebanks, the mongolongo dressed up as a bellboy and the killer clown.
- It seems the dodge ball has managed to dodge everyone and escape. Rumors say he has gathered enough money to be appointed Count and now it's plotting revenge against those who imprisoned it (dude, these news get weirder by the second).
- The winning shopper of the last Cartmageddon edition held at the Merkadome has been the pit beast known as Eggstomper.



Daryl's letters



You wont belive this, dude!! I closed that whorehouse I told ya about in me last week letter for me alone for a whole week!!!

*Was I strolling my way through the Wasteland all chill and shitt in me way to Boner, when some toothless addlers crossed me path. As those critters have less brains than a hard flying dickprick, I didnt give a fuckin' fuck and walked away, but suddlen... suddin!... like that some four or nine fellas popped out of nowhere and beated the crap outta them. Then these guys started bashing me ear telling me they saved my ass from the addlers, so I had to give'em everything I had. As I amd very obedient and shit, I gave them Farbox to bit one of them's balls hard enough to tear'em balls apart, while I blew other guy's face off with my brand new lasgun until not a hair was remaining **(you have to be bullshitting me, 'cause it's impossible that a stupid-ass creature like you can survive all this)**.*

As soon as the rest saw this, they all chilled down and they said they were all called Nijan and they belonged to Nijan's Beaters band. A guy like me could very well fit in their ranks, so they said I could meet their leader, who also was called Nijan. Those were some serious assholes, dude, if they were all called the same stupid name, how could their deliver their mail when letters arribed?

So, as I always love to now where all this wacko people come from, off I went with them and it turned out they hade a really nice operation running at their place. With their boss Nijan, other of those guys who put you a big-ass boner as soon as you watch'em and what a silver tonge the guy has. His Beaters band have like docens and eighty of addlers chained and caged, so those bastards can release them near settlements of shitty cowardly people, when the idiots start to shit in their pants because they think the place is gonna be overwhelmed with addlers smelling

*worse than your momma's farts, then Nijan and the Beaters show up and beat the shit out of the addlers. They tell the people in the settlement to give'em half their stuff to take the addlers away and protect them if they ever com back, and if anyone in the place get all cocky and shit, Nijan stomps their brain with a bat all full of nails and shit he has, one he says he would fuck if it had a hole in it, and he calls the bat Lucien or som'thin' like that. I'fe seen people fucking the most weirdestsest of things, but never a bat with nails called Lucien **(I would stick it right up your ass right now, you piece of shit)**.*

Thing is the operation worked very finely for them, becos those guys had stored more bullets than weird guys are living in Scrapbidge, even bossy Nijan wanted me to yoin the Beaters and be called Nijan too, not a fucking clue yet why they would all want to be called the same... But I don't give a fuck about gangs, but I do about bullets, so at night, while everyone in the camp was lookin' at how Nijan tried to bang Lucien on the ground, I took me chance and released all the addlers they had caged, and while they all were busy trying to get them back to the cages and shit, I emptied their safebox and took all the bullets to come here to the whorehouse. I wish I could have stayed to see all their faces, bossy Nijan, lumpy Nijan, bald Nijan and all the other fuckin' Nijan assholes....

*Yo, mate!! I sai goodbye 'cause duty calls and I have plenty of ass to bang instead of that stupid stiff bat Lucien, and I have to get the most of me bullets! Very greetings to all and I hope your not tellin' all these stories to anyone, 'cause if any of these cocksuckers ever learns of me, I'm fucked for good!! **(Oh, they will learn about you, I assure you, because I'm gonna go looking for all those you're messing with so they can have their revenge... in front of my eyes)**.*