



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



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Old Ratcutter's tip

"If I have been married, you say? Indeed. We wife and I were very happy for some 20 fantabulous years, and then we met."

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

We are freaking out here, dudes. We have been editing this Gazette for years now and selling it for just one bullet, scrapping out a living with the earnings. And now we know that our readers are fuckin' rich! Those coming to buy our monthly issues are their servants, butlers, buffamel drivers or whatever.

So you, yes you, the one reading this. What the fuck, man? Why aren't you drowning us in bullets? We, among all the newspapers in this area, in fact the only one, don't we deserve equal riches than that overmong you give all your bullets to? But of course, you are livin' large in your mansions up on the Gross Way, or your vacation homes, and can't care less about us unfortunate souls.



Everyone knows that the Great Waste to the west is an empty place, where only scary predating beasts live, and there are no settlements, no water, no food... or any will to go wandering around there. But there are incresingly rumors and gossip coming from those lands about a kickass lady riding a giant cat, ready to sell her skills to the highest bidder (the one who pays her the most bullets, but nicely said). They say she only has a limited knowledge of our language, but she hits so hard her blows can even change your zodiac sign. And that's what we are talking about here.



News say that the Amok have already reached the outskirts (they are near, for fuck's sake) of Fatwind. The Craabian Cult has taken advantage of this to regain a big chunk of power among the dwellers of the settlement, and the first thing they did was setting on fire many of the shipwrecks that allowed people to cross the bay and reach the place. So now if you want to trade with those people, that's a triple no. There are Amok around the area, Fatwind itself is no longer accessible from land, and what the fuck, that seafood they trade with is disgusting for any sensible folk, no matter how much weird people like to eat it.

CLASSYFRIEDS

We paint you with shotgun shells. The artwork tends to be reddish.

REF: Art Nuvó

We make custom pillows on demand with navel fluff. Special prices for bobbleheads.

REF: Flex

We can bleach your anus with the brand new procedure of pumizing your ass good.

REF: Marie



MONTHLY NEWS

Everyone likes going on adventure, getting strange items from the ruins of the World of Before, beating the shit out of some punks who try to steal your bullets or driving your wheels pedal to the metal through the Wasteland. But all those things that sound sooo good, actually mean hunger, privation, loss of limbs and probably an unpleasant death.

So the guy currently living with La Yoly has released a so-called "book" that you can use to do all those things... with your imagination (you have to read the last part with a funny voice, or you will sound more stupid).

This idea works like when you have you say your miss or gent that she or he can play some role to be a different and more interesting person who can turn you on... that is, anything but what she or he usually is.

We can spot several inconveniences to this idea.

First of all, trying to sell somethin' you then have to read is a fuckin' bad idea. We know the pain of having those illiterate Wastelanders to read this monthly pages, so try and give them a whole "book" full of page after page of letters.

Secondling, people is going to run all those adventures to get loaded with bullets and then live large forever. That is very perfect to imagine all of it, but the try to go to your local waterhole and pay for your drinks with imaginary bullets. The chair they will break on your head won't be imaginary at all. And threerd, if you gonna make people imagine somethin', try to invent somewhere nicer than the fuckin' landfill we live in.

But hey, you are free to buy it if you like.