



# THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



# 60

Old Ratcutter's tip

"I think we are missin' out somethin' here. Have ya had a good look at me? Do ya really want ME to give advises to YA?"

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

So, let's see. We have to rectify last month's notice about our public readers. The Yoly says that, after not being able to sell a fuckin' single issue of her game-book of imaginary adventures, people are poor as ratcroaches. Well, she also swore a lot of curses, bad words, insults and things like that. But we prefer to keep the few readers we still have left, so we are not going to print here all the nasty things she called them. But we don't want to anger Yoly neither, so we won't mention that maybe the book was not as good as she thinks it was.



We are informed that, after a few sightings, if it doesn't change direction, Wanderbury will be crossing some miles south of Samanthia in a couple of weeks. Remember Wanderbury is a settlement which grew on top of the back of a huge-ass creature (we mean, big as fuck) that goes wandering 'bout the Wasteland minding its own business. We will try to send a volunteer journalist out there to interview the citizens, and we will tell ya in our next issue of the Gazette.



From the dunes to the East we get reports about a crazy fella that wants to ride the sand mawworms. I know the kind of people reading these pages, and I want to make clear that by "ride" I mean travelling on top of 'em, not bangin'em. Maybe riding is just for horses. Talking about mawworms, it might be worming, aight? Man, that's cool. Worming it is, then.

So, this guy goes around boasting shit about him being the chosen one, messiah or somethin' like that. But we also heard that she really likes to consume, specially a really weird local drug that goes by the name "espize" and that makes his eyes turn gleaming blue and scary as fuck to look to.

Thing is that he is putting up quite a show around the area, not because he has managed to get many followers, but because people wants to enjoy the entertainment of watching him trying to worm during a espize trip.

## CLASSYFRIEDS

I grow mushrooms behind my ears and in my belly button. Tasty and yummy.

REF: Mushy

Saturday at six, in the Pacheca terrace, face slap-pin' tournament. Buy your tickets ahead of time, because blood doesn't reach the last seats!

REF: Flex

Hunchbacks flattened by shoveling.

REF: The Shoveler

The non-profit organization "Wasteland Medics" is opening a new campaign of blood and organ donors. Please spread the word.

REF: Francis Butcher Shop



## MONTHLY NEWS

Hear this shit out! A group of survivors from the Amok attack against the Asscratch settlement say that, the mean kickass lady leading the incursion, who goes by the name Mother, wants to talk with some of the local leaders of the Scrapbridge factions. Yes, we know what you are thinking, this is somethin' like Prometheus Part II. But this time our glorious Council of wise men and women has said, word by word, "She better go to talk to Granny, or specifically, her own fuckin' Mother's Mother, 'cause we ain't goin' near her not for all the bullets in the World". One thing is that the leader of the Mutards, which we have a few walking around our city and, unpopular as it is to say it aloud, not all of 'em are bad fellas, wants to come to talk some issues with us, and that's ok. But a completely different matter is that this lady-leader of a bunch of psycho-cannibals-sadistic-killing-assholes who only know to ravage, maim, rape and burn our settlements to the ground, has the balls to ask anything or wants to do shit with us. No way, Manuel!

The Council has sent some messengers to speak to the leaders of other important settlements and see what they plan to do. Out of curiosity, if anything, not because anyone sane enough would ever think about sittin' at a table with the Amok.

Even so, this whole issue has taken almost everyone by surprise, because so far we all thought the Amok were just savage beasts razing anything in their wake, without a rational plan, much less the ability to speak.