



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



61

Old Ratcutter's tip

"Did I miss any issue? I just woke up and I have no fuckin' clue how long I've been blacked out"

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

Riots in Scrapbridge!!!

A dozen or so of Mutards have gone walking down to the Council building to protest on all the contempt shown to their... race? Sayin' that they are insulted, spitted on, brutalized on the streets, and several other nonsenses like that. You filthy bunch of losers, have you seen yourselves in a mirror?

As you might expect, the Judges were sent down to crack their skulls open at once and get them out of there before the unrest they were causing grew bigger. Luckily the sorry bastards were even unarmed, so the beating was easy as fuck. Citizens of Scrapbridge are really worried about this terrible attack on the glorious institution we know as the Council and many of them are right now asking for a death sentence



Do you remember that asshole that wanted to worm the biggest sand mawworm he could find to the east? Well, this Polo Asteroids, which is his funny name, and a bunch of people who didn't want to miss this show (but a certain distance from a safe place) went out into the Wasteland to find those distant dunes. This guy went all cocky and shit and started poundin' the ground with a bigass sledgehammer to call the worms attention. Then he took a generous kick of "espize" and he didn't even blink when the biggest sand mawworm anyone had ever seen emerged from the ground in front of him. People were literally freaking out around him. The mawworm was getting closer and closer by the second. The sand worm opened wide its huge maws and... it swallowed whole the poor sorry bastard. What did you expect, uh?



Some hundreds of members of the Antimutards League and the V Reich stormed the Council building armed and by brute force, stealing anything not bolted to the floor, and claiming they did that due to the recent events during the brutal Mutard riot. These fair and honorable citizens, defenders of a decent way of life and the long tradition of marrying your own cousins, have been escorted by the Judges to protect their integrity from radical attacks, and invited to a tea party by the Council members after the assault. We want to send them our warmest regards in these hard times for decent humans.

CLASSYFRIEDS

I control addlers at a distance. Offer my services to make crowds in any event: demonstrations, birthday parties, weddings and funerals. Price according to the herd. Please ask.

REF: Bennie the Bobblehead

Searching for a hole in the ground to hide forever. Urgent.

REF: Claus

Come y'all to Francis Butcher Shop. Most freshest sausages in all Scrapbridge.

REF: "Wasteland Medics"



MONTHLY NEWS

So, we can now produdly announce that we are the first Scrapbridge newspaper to send a permanent reporter to Wanderbury. And that's not because the moving village crosses this stretch of land once in an agefuck, or because it's scary as shit to hop on such a huge beast (known to its dwellers as the Walker), or because we are the only thing similar to a newspaper in all the region. It's because we are cool as fuck and that's that, goddamnit.

A fair summary of that strange place would be that it's a madhouse. Living there you can find people from the farthest regions of the Wasteland and beyond, so it's a mixture of languages, clothing and customs. And not only because mutards walk around like anyone else, but 'cause there are entire neighborhoods full of weird people. For example, according to our reporter, there is a small quarter inhabited only by folks who go everywhere completely naked. At night, when cold settled in, it was quite a show seeing them with their tiny balls shrunk into peas and their nipples hard enough to cut glass.

The only requirement to anyone wanting to live there is to accept five very basic rules:

- You won't harm the Walker in any way.
- No one is more or less than any one else.
- There won't be violence unless agreed upon.
- A tenth of your earnings is for Wanderbury.
- When you have lived in Wanderbury for 30,000 paces of the Walker, you will let the Hooded Ones take you away for a month.

No fuckin' clue about what that last point is about. Our reporter could not find out who the Hooded Ones are, where they take you to or what the hell they do to you during that month.