



# THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



# 62

Old Ratcutter's tip

"Ya'll miss me when I'm gone, ya bastards!"



## RATCUTTER IS DEAD!!!

Old Ratcutter, that mean character known to all in Scrapbdrige, disgusting as fuck and who you wanted to be better away than close, but even thou charming and an important part of our settlement... is gone.

Ok, everyone expected him to die any moment due to all the shit he put into his body during his life and the unhealthy ways of life he had. But most extrange of all, he didn't die due to an overdose, alcohol poisoning or neuemo... pnoume... penmo... death of cold. He has suffered the wildest of attacks..

As many of you know, Ratcutter was formerly a "Tunnel Wacko". That people earned a living sneaking into sewers or old undergrounds from the World of Before used to dump shit and the like. They used to kill many vermins or worse creatures, stopping them from breeding like mad and cause plagues like the cockrat invasion in the twenties. As shocking as it might sound, Ratcutter was one of the best in his times doing that job. Until that day when he went full into Tunnel 666, the one rumors say it's the deepest of them all and it's banned from that day on. And it was just for a stupid bet, a classic "don't you dare do that" we all know. He went missing for 3 full days. He came back pale, covered in sweat and some kind of goo no one knew whether it was blood or whatever, a blank stare in his face and two words coming out of his toothless mouth: the horror... the horror... the horror... He lost his grip from that day and he became the human waste you all know now. Not much more to tell in the next years. He has been living in the streets, working as less as possible and getting as high as possible..

But here is the weird thing. A couple of weeks ago Ratcutter began to behave in an odd way. And we are talking about a guy capable of sleeping on a bed of his own vomits, who usually is shouting arguments with the voices in his head or gives the weird tips you can (or... could) read on this very Gazette, so you can get an idea of what "odd" means. He was constantly mumbling about "something" that had returned. He was on the edge of his nerves, always scared or hiding in nasty places. At least he tried, because his own smell gave him away instantly.

And finally... his utterly ravaged corpse has been found exactly where his madness began: at the mouth of Tunnel 666. His features have been left unrecognizable (I had to look this word down), but he was wearing his classic rat fur cape, that bear cartoon t-shirt and his funny sneakers. No one knows if he was attacked by a person, a mutard or a beast, because the corpse was a bloody mess.

It seems that for some reason Ricky Durango, the famousest (and also most hated in the guts) private eye in Scrapbridge has taken the issue as something personal and is gonna look into it. For free.

Wherever you are (hopefully far, far away), rest in peace, Ratcutter.