



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



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Section closed until new advisor

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

As incredible as it might sound, the news of Ratcutter's passing have put all Scrapbridge in shock. But more than that, not only we have seen true shows of grief, joy or whatever the fuck according to your feelings for that human wretch. Some citizens went out in the streets with banners reading "Ratcutter lives!", "They are lying to you", "Wake up, people" and shit like that. They believe this whole Ratcutter's dead is just a set-up of some kind and the guy is alive and kicking, hiding somewhere.



Are you still a bit shocked? Well, we have just began. Apart from that group of crackpots claiming Old Ratcutter is alive, let's call them conspiranoics, a cult devoted to the figure of the old Tunnel Wacko has sprung out of nowhere. They are still putting things together and there are tensions even among their own ranks. Some of them say Ratcutter will come back from the dead to punish us for our sins, while others claim he will come back to make us sin big time. Others say he won't come back, but his soul is now alive in all Scrapbridge. Thing is don't panic if you see people fuckin' around with Ratcutter imaginery.



And the shitball grew bigger. This whole cult thing had always been more or less under control in our settlement; we didn't kick them out right away and in exchange they knew they couldn't mess with us beyond some extent. But these new assholes from the Ratcutter cult have given the other cults' assholes wings to go out in the streets to yell their nonsenses about gods, spirits, goats, or whatever. So here comes the Path of the Morning Wind, saying the message from the gods can be listened to in the loud morning fart you let go when pissing for the first time after waking up. Don't forget about the Happy World bunch, who spend their days smiling and being nice to everyone just because, and they are just creepy as fuck. Oh, and the worshippers of the Shifting God, who have the costume to make human sacrifices but at least they tell you right away and are not some filthy sneaky rats.

CLASSYFRIEDS

We write nonsense on demand. We experts in lovin' notes and advertig... advingt... adventi... adds for the Gazette.

REF: Neumococo13 and Ignatius SL

Iddle richman wants seeds peeler. Demonstrable experience.

REF: Laziness

I offer meself as bait for ambushes. Good looking and artistic abilities.

REF: Hanna

Looking for a manual breeder to cross buffamels with landsharks. Landshamels? What can go wrong?

REF: Stumps



MONTHLY NEWS

Ricky Durango.

Possibly that's the most common name you have been hearin' this last month. Well, at least the name of someone who's still alive, not the name of the fuckin' Ratcutter dude we can't get rid of even after being cold dead. Shit, don't get me wrong, but sometimes I even wish he was still alive. Well, to the point. Ricky Durango, the most famousest private eye. The guy who found the daughter of Urgo Bifoot after she ran away and caused his employer's death, as the daughter chopped his daddy's cock and made him eat it while bleeding out (further investigations unearthed that the daughter fled her home with her girlfriend after his dad tried to rape her a couple of times). The guy who found out in just one day who the Eyelid Stitcher was after a month terrorizing Yellow in which not even the Judges of the Council could learn shit about his true identity. The guy who, if you break the law and someone can pay the fees to hire his black ass, knows you have made the biggest mistake in your life and he's gonna bust yo' balls.

Thing is that, as we had already told you last month, he decided to investigate Ratcutter's death for some reason without having any declared employer. He has been walking the streets since then, asking questions, smashing faces and even traveling to other settlements looking for no-one-knows-what.

And he is already the talk of the town. First, because it never took him this long to solve a case. And second, because the questions he's asking are weird as fuck and not a living soul in this city can figure out what the hell is going on.