



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



64

Section closed until new smart-ass shows up

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

Dr. Sariosus wants to warn everyone about an increasing activity of beasts in this area of the Wasteland starting next week, due to some event he calls "that Killstarter shit". It seems some wacko read his entire bestiary of the Wasteland and wants to cut loose all the crazy creatures included in it. Gas-pumpers, lizardcocks, mongolongs, twistlings... This might sound scary as fuck at first glance, but, if you think about it, all beast hunters worthy of that name can take advantage of this event to get their greedy hands on all those trophies they always wanted but never could hunt down... until now. . So stay tuned, fuckers, because this is your big chance to be winners!



A man with a funny haircut, one crazy eye and some tight pants that make his crotch bulge like somethin' outta this world, showed up in Scrapbridge offering to take care of all our little kids asking nothing in return. He says he has some kind of play-maze where they will enjoy their time, while their parents can go on with their lives not having to listen to their shouting, crying and howling. It seems he also has this minion labor force of goblin workers (some type of small mutards, I think they are, you see?), which are the ones actually in charge of lookin' after the kids. I don't know about you, but this nice fella, who also sings like an angel, offers me the highest confidence.



You know there is always, always a shitload of gossip about the Mines of Oblivion. People have been ranting for years all kind of crazy-ass theories about that place. We usually don't print them in this Gazette because they are tiring as fuck, let's be honest. But now it's not two, or three or four wastelanders, but FIVE, the ones to mention that the huge gates to the Mines are open and what's coming out it's nothing short of unpleasant. It's our job to send our most expendable reporter down there and cross our fingers to have more precise information next month to give to you. So, my son-in-law Ramiro is finally not going to that play-maze with the goblins and he will start an exciting career in journalism.

CLASSYFRIEDS

We all know you lazy bunch of sorry asses, grow with each passing day. Here I am to help you out. I sell all kinds of chairs, deck chairs, hammocks and stools.

REF: Sitting Cool

I sell cards of the Mutard League. I also have a complete set of the last season.

REF: Josele

Expert beautician offered to thicken your lips open-handed.

REF: Yola



MONTHLY NEWS

Yo, yo, yo, dude, check this out. Finally people are slowly not talking about that Ratcutter human scum anymore. We all were urging for a new subject to talk about and it's finally here. The man of the moment is DJ Mongo (we say "man" but we can't confirm that fact, because they are always disguised with a mongolongo rubber head and we can't rule out it's not a stinky mutard under it). Thing is this dude, dudette, octopus or whatever, has blown our minds all accross Scrapbridg with his new hit for the youthlings. You can't enter a single joint in town without everyone singing out loud "The Mongolongo Dance". Yeah, you know it, little bastards, "Menea tu buyate, menea tu buyateeeee".

I personally think that all this shit modern kids call music is just glorified noise... but if the alternative is keep ranting all day long with that "Ratcutter lives" nonsense and similar bullshit, wel... count me in, suckers! "Menea tu buyate, menea tu buyateeeeeee".

DJ mongo crams every local they have been to. More than just the place, actually, as people kept coming and standing out in the streets just to listen to their live music. The truth is that I will never be able to understand these new generations. For fuck's sake! Haven't you learned anything from the crabosaur crisis? "Menea tu buyate, menea tu buyateeeeeeeeeee". But I'm tellin' ya, this new fad is not a big deal. Back in the day when the Mutard Young Cannibals were hitting it hard... aw, that was real talent, mates. But now... "Menea tu buyate, menea tu buyateeeeeeeeeeeeeee".

*Haven't you fuckers listened to DJ Mongo's great hit out in the Podcast? It's just one click away from your twerking ass: **The Mongolongo Dance**.