



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



66

Section closed until new smart-ass shows up

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

It seems the beasts of the Wasteland have gone mad after the massive huntings from these past months. I don't know really why, because they were the ones who had free meals everyday and should thank us for that. More highjackers, shredders, punkicorns and such wild critters are being sold than any old fuck can remember around here. Ok, our elders can't even remember what they had for breakfast after a lifetime of beatings, alcohol abuse and sexual transmission diseases, but you perfectly knew what I was talking about, assholes, you always tryin' to catch me out.



For all those of you interested in goin' fuckin' around shootin' people, but also concerned about other general things such as livin' to see a new day, here in the Covenant Square in Scrapbridge you will be able to take bow and crossbow lessons for the whole month. Just like that, for free? Yep, but there is a catch, as they are also looking for the best aims to try and recruit them for their own gang, the Crossbolters. I wouldn't trust them much, either, as in the first days they were around they put up their show shooting at things people had to put on their heads; after three eyes gouged out, two ears bolted to the wall and one corpse, now they just use a target like normal people.



Explorers of the unknown wanted! No aims for survival needed. The goal is to map several locations south of Scrapbridge. After opening a safe route to Merkadome, there are many people interested in finding out if there are other settlements, ruins or places of interest down there they can profit from anyhow. But, of course, some brave idiot must go there first in person to check the surroundings, and that won't be them. So, volunteers will have to scout the area and see if there is any danger, new feral beasts, deadly traps, man-eaters, big-ass toxic zones, killer gangs, hazardous terrain, ear-bashing zealots... You know the drill, fuckers.

CLASSYFRIEDS

Cactus milking home service provided.
REF: Calluses Creed

Trade handed over for retirement. Salt mine, fully equipped with wagons and tools, 3 buffamels and 52 mostly unused slaves. Price to be agreed.
REF: Abelino

Sick of steppin' on all the shit your kids leave on the floor when you wake up at night? I will kidnap them and give them to some slaver or cannibal without anyone suspecting you. Because you deserve some neat feet.
REF: Kidnappa'



MONTHLY NEWS

We are still going slowly to normal after that crazy crabfuck plague we suffered last year, but that's not true everywhere. At the Klinik, where things have always gone from bad to worse amid some bit of chaos, now they are just gettin' worserer.

Now you have to book in advance just to show your ugly face down there. And hey, we don't even have all that tech shit from the World of Before, so to book in advance you need to go down there in person. But if you want them to receive you, you need to reserve in advance. All this is now creating what our local expert calls... wait, I will search my notes to quote him correctly... "a fuckin' spandex-temporal paradox". Accordin' to his vast knowledge, if things go like this much longer around the Klinik they can create a... wait, quoting again... "a rip right in the middle of reality's ass that will first suck the entire building, then the 'hood, then all of Scrapbridge and then the whole Oneverse".

Then he went through explaining it again very slowly, with drawings and mimics, according to him "just like if you were watching a fuckin' Nolan film, because I know most of you are retarded in the best case scenario".

We have no goddamn clue what he was babblin' about, but personally I think nothing will happen apart from people gettin' really pissed off with all this shit until they burn the fuckin' place down. But hey, what would I know...