



# THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



# 68

Section closed until new smart-ass shows up

## **BREAKING NEWS** **BREAKING NEWS** **BREAKING NEWS**

Working in the shadows, created just some months ago, a shady courier company called Mary Stuart; yeah, it shares name with the yatch of the bloody queen, I mean, the empress, the fuckin' ace of the whole racket, the one and only Yoly of the Wasteland, as she herself tells me to write down with a big-ass knife put to my throat.

This company, according to the drawings in their leaflets, is ruled by a half-martyr, half-sure-asshole woman dressed as a divinity of the Old World called Stuart, who is always in the company of several little kittens disguised as fat angel kids.

The courier is focused in making their clients happy and pleasing them in unthinkable ways, whatever they mean with that. It is said that their offices are located in the very Titgrab quarter, delivering love and miniatures as if there was no tomorrow. Eyes peeled, buddy, 'cause you can be the next asshole to get a parcel...



Finding corpses or body parts everywhere around Scrapbridge is no odd thing, but lately people have been spotting an unusually large number of right legs and left arms. But that's not the weirdest of it all. According to a local sawbones, all thoes limbs belong to the same person. So, local authorities are now looking a citizen who is missing 6 left arms and 4 right legs. Whoever the fuck has the smallest clue about all this, please report to the Judges. Truth is, we don't know what's scariest: the guy dismembering people around the town or the victim.



You are but a bunch of motherfuckin' assholes with very little to spend the day doin', so we're pretty sure you're about to shower us with a shitload of critics againts the style of our new writer: I mean, you are goin' to hate it to your guts. This one here has then a tip for all you, boys and girls (we always give equal opportunities when tellin' people to fuck off): you can shove your thumbs up your sorry asses and play dead. All mouth and no trousers you are, you little bastards. Blessings.

## CLASSYFRIEDS

Friendship is magic.  
REF: Horsecock

The Fraternity of Devotes of the Blackblood Children is asking for donations to rebuild the Saint Bin-Diesel chapel, Patron of the Burnt, which is rather falling apart.  
REF: Our Family



## MONTHLY NEWS

Dirty Wastelanders...

Next weekend will begin the VI Monger Games right here in the heart of Scrapbridge, feast we hold not to improve the crop season or the fuckin' trading connections with neighbor lands, but to watch a bunch of assholes beating the crap out of each other, which is one of the few distractions we can have around here.

Representing Festung Germania we have the one and true Sir Van Ham, natural born loser who is going to die out there for sure if no one gets in the way. Speaking of which, Fatwind is sending Sweet Tooth, a guy fond of pulling out his rivals' teeth with his iron anchor and making beautiful necklaces with them. From the Tex'co refinery comes Brum Brum, called like that because he loves speed both on the pavement and in bed. Equally renowned is the competitor from Samanthia, a tough fighter called MaCGüiver the Researcher, capable of using a chewing gum and a lighter to make... a burned chewing gum? Whatever. And representing the very pool of our Scrapbridge we have Cutratter, said to be first cousing or second brother to the late Ratcutter, with an uncanny ability to play dead all the time.

Don't miss the annual competition of the century, not only the century, motherbangers, but of the millenium: non-stop killing, an epic struggle about to begin. All fights will be to death or absence of life, until only one survivor is still standing. Well, or until all of us get tired to see a bunch of losers kicking their balls out of their misery, too tired to continue the fight. All that mocking the Jay up there in the balcony. That's that.

Fighters get ready to rumble! Let the VI Monger Games begin... We are not really hungry here, but we have a nasty bad attitude to give away for free, you pieces of shit!