



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



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Section closed until new smart-ass shows up

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

The Great Council of Scrapbridge urges all assholes in the settlement to get the fuck outta here as soon as possible, so please fuck off.

Unless you are some rich assholes with bullets to spend, in which case you are most welcome here. Or vengative assholes that can come back with a gang of violent friends to take revenge. Or assholes with nice shiny things to trade with. Or really hot assholes, we always want beautiful, hot bimbos walking around. Or Council assholes, because, shit, those are from the Council and won't get away!



We recently received the visit of a couple of shabby individuals who claim to have gone into the depths of the Living Forest. We don't believe a single fucking word of what they say, but our job is to tell you the news of this city and so we do repeating what we were told.

They say that as weird as the outer zones of the forest can be, the deepest area is plain crazy. Extensive areas filled with impossible plants of bizarre colors where reality seems to expand itself forever (please, don't ask), living beings that seem taken out of some cheap space soap opera from the World of Before, places where physics don't work as they should and, last but not least, some creatures they called the Forresters, half men and half plants with the ability to control vegetation.

Yes, I know what you are thinking: those two have gone high as fuck this last weekend and now they are just recalling their "trip".



It's now official: the Irradiated are real and not just a distant myth. A band of gangers minding their own business down the Great Rift area stumbled upon a small raiding party of these wackos and things ended up as usual: beating the shit outta each other. The gangers won the fight and they also managed to capture one of the cultits alive. So far the woman has only confirmed that they are really fucked up on their heads and their main hobby would be starting a holy crusade to eradicate all life from the Wasteland. Shit you, little parrot!

We have sent a correspondent down there to keep their eyes peeled and luckily we will be able to tell you all in an exclusive article next month.

CLASSYFRIEDS

I sellin' some fancy sextoys with verry litle uze, 'cause my man is un insipid fuck with a really tigh' ass hole.
REF: Tomasa

Soul seeker offered to get the hell outta there as soon as paranormal shit begins.
REF: Craven

Smelly armpits? Drypatch deodorants offers their main product manufactured with local buffamel dung treated with our secret formula.
REF: Poo poo fresh



MONTHLY NEWS

We are receiving some alarmingly (wow, that was not easy to write) surprising news from the Titgrab quarter. It seems that the famous whor... hook... prost... nope? Aight, harlot, they say I must write, but fuck me if I know what that means. Well, to the fuckin' point. So, "Two Cleavages" Ramona, who probably was the only female mutard really well accepted in Scrapbridge and surroundings, WAS A FUCKING SCAM! She was doing her job as usual in one of the Titgrab alleys, when suddenly there was a great, loud bang and her client shitted on his pants. Ramona's middle boob had just exploded! Just like you are reading it, fellas! It seems it just was a really well done implant she got from a strange dude she met a couple of years ago near Candlebreaker. He told her he was a famous doctor expelled from one of the Megalopoli of cool people, just because they were jealous of his geniusly art and he started calling them "flaccid cocksuckers".

This is the first case we have ever heard of in our lives of a good (or bad, goddamnit) person that willingly impersonates a lowly mutard. There have been cases of misundersetandings (wow, I'm really good at writing today) with really ugly or misshapen people, or with those who fart like pigs, or men with some colossal dicks, or whatever. But a person wanting others to think he or she was a mutard is some new level of sickness. Looking at it from the good side, this discovery has made half Scrapbridge sleep a little better now knowing they haven't actually paid for banging a filthy mutard.