



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



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Section closed until new smart-ass shows up

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

It seems the amazon-feminist settlement of Ovarianess is currently a fuckin' mess and no body wants to take care or respons... repansi... respinsa... charge of anything within the place. A group of froilen who had gone on a routine scouting mission found a partially buried container, probably from the World of Before, that had surfaced most likely due to some heavy rains in the past weeks. Inside there was what is already known as the "froilen's doomfall".

We all know those gadgets people use to pleasure themselves. You know what I am talking about, sex toys of any kind: rubber dildos, nasty balls, whips, cheese graters... But the ones these ladies found work on their own, not being you the one that paces the thing to your liking. Rumors say they work as good as ten times the best licker/sucker in the settlement can do, and on top of that, they never get tired!! So the froilen up there now spend their days using those things inside their cribs and fuck the rest of the world... at least until their crotches catch fire or get raw and irritated.



Watch out, watch out, don't take your children near the area around the Boulders settlement! There have been several punkicorn sightings and so far three kids and one adult couldn't help but huggin' those creatures... and well, you know how that ends. Yes, a shower of guts and blood and many women lamentations.



There are increasing rumors coming from the Yellow quarter about having a new elected representative for the Scrapbridge Council. That is making Lucius the Spyglass, former junker and current Councilman for the quarter, quite nervous as he expected to remain in charge for the rest of his life. And that is making him quite more nervous, as it would confirm his suspicions about someone pulling the strings in the shadows to waste him. The situation is so desperate that there are even rumors that he is thinking about stepping down his charge; as little as he wants to do so, that would be better than stepping down from life.

CLASSYFRIEDS

Bullet shells refilled. One out of four guaranteed to work.

REF: BOOM

Widows and widowers made on demand. Seriousness and discretion.

REF: Nicolai



MONTHLY NEWS

We had been receiving gossip from people telling us that down in the South it was possible to get gasoline quite easily, but nobody wanted to speak out loud for fear of pissing out those violent wackos from the Black Blood Children. We all know that for those shaved zealots Earth's black blood is something sacred by the glory of Tex'co and they allow no one outside their cult to use it. That was not too difficult for them, as they firmly control the only working refinery in a zillion square miles around here. But out of the sudden all this status quo (hey, I'm getting smarter by the second) has tilted and we can't really figure out how this whole new situation is gonna end. Turns out that to the East of Merkadome, beyond the Rusted Coast, there is a fortress sitting on top of some massive metal columns that look like legs, which locals call the Sky Fortress (right, we don't like overthinking names too much around here). The fellas living there are called "skyfarers" and so far they had been very happy just by minding their own business in a high ground really easy to defend from any raid. But hear this out, losers: that fortress is actually a gigantic machine capable of extracting petrol from the bowels of the Earth, and that in the World of Before it was off the coast and in the middle of the ocean.

The thing is that the skyfarers, after a shitload of years working on that, they finally figured out how to repair it, or begin to operate it again, or whatever the fuck they have been doing up there. But now they are capable of getting some amount of petrol up from the ground. And they don't worship it or some stupid nonsense like that, but they are pretty happy to sell it to anyone with bullets enough to spend.

Friends, that changes the balance of power in the area forever, as now anyone capable of trading with them can get gasoline and the ability to use wheels or machines so far restricted to the Black Blood Children cult. Those crazy brainwashed fucks won't take this news the easy way, of course, and it's just a matter of time that all hell breaks loose around here.