



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



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Section closed until new smart-ass shows up

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

We received news from a couple of different persons about sightings of a fella very similar to the late Old Ratcutter. It seems he was walking around the streets quite confused, with some big-ass bum-beard (now that I think about it, the strange thing would have been him not to have one, according to his low lifestyle, and the fact that no one ever saw him shaving in any way) and clothes that didn't quite match the ones usually worn by our previous tip guy. We all know, although we can't always agree with, that lately there has been a way of thinking that denies the possibility of Ratcutter being stiff as fuck. It's not weird, as a result, that their tiny brains play on them and make them see what's not there, such as Old Ratcutter in any stinky junky. For us part we already paid for the chorus at his funeral, so he better stays dead 'cause if he shows up around we will at once charge him for the costs.



An scholar (a man who knows shitloads of shit) of the World of Before told us that right the date this Scrapbridge Gazette is published this month there were held massive and nasty sacrifices in the old days. He found several texts talking about people "stealing hearts" (although we would prefer to steal bullets, for example), "having butterflies in the stomach" (as I personally saw in some drawings, those bugs were like rustmoths, so my ulcer is now a lesser thing compared to have one of those inside) or "giving the life for others" (I guess that to pay a debt, maybe). This is just another confirmation about why the World of Before went down the toilet quicker than you can say "holy fuck" and became the shithole we now live in. No offence intended to people from Shithole. Well, yes, offend you fuckers.



More rumors ahead. It seems that large buffamel caravans are being spotted carrying massive loads of stuff south of Gleaming Towers. Some people say they have seen some V Reich fellas along with the animals, but they were not wearing any uniforms, regalia or V logos as they always like to do, so we can't possitiblyngly confirm it. These caravans are guarded by heavily armed mercs, so no one ever tried to mess around with them or even get near the convoy just in case. You want to know what they are carryin' south? Go ask them if you have enough balls to face those mother-bangers.

CLASSYFRIEDS

The neighborhood association of the Shelter quarter's Colony 4 warns everyone about hell shoving up the asses of anyone making graffiti on their walls. So fuckin' fed up they are.

REF: 4Col

Agus, shitbag, I dare you to a duel for spitting a nasty green loogie in me beer. Monday evening at the Bone Square.

REF: Vasquez

Dude wanted to crash me into my bunk. You know what I'm talking about.

REF: Julius



MONTHLY NEWS

The Yellow Quarter is still a hell of a fucking social minefield. You're gonna laugh at this one, well, at least you and me are gonna crack up, 'cause Lucius doesn't find it funny in the very least.

So all this thing about changing the councilman turned up to be a giant ball of crap made up by one of our first year interns who didn't want to go around the city looking for real news to publish in last gazette's issue. The problem is that Lucius the Spyglass, former Junker and representative of the quarter in the Council up until last month, fell for it big time and quitted the post out of fear of being wasted by any rival. So the quarter is now with no official spokesperson in the Council nor anyone interested in stepping up and eating the brown storm. And although Lucius blames us for the misunter... midunser... misutre... for the fuck up (and rightfully so, but hey, the joke is on him 'cause... fucking who ever thought we were a legit news media), he already had resigned in front of the whole Council. So now the quarter has to choose a new spokesperson with all the work it brings and the bore it means. We don't know if Julius will run and try to be elected again, 'cause he really liked all those flashy stuff from the post (and he surely got a big slice of the cake), but due to the shameful events that led to his stepdown maybe he would prefer to maintain a low profile for now and be spared of public embarrassment and laughs.

So now you know, if you live in the Yellow Quarter and have enough contacts or popularity to run for a public service post, this is your chance to get a seat at the city Council.