



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



74

Section closed until new smart-ass shows up

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

Dudes, what a bad trip I had last month. There's a place in Titgrab called Cinco Lobitas, which has just opened, and as a good informer who wants to give you the best news, I went to investigate there. There weren't five lolitas down there, but I can tell you that you could hear fucking great howling. Good vibes, better people and what to say about the booze... Fuck, that booze... A homemade moonshine that went in smooth as a girl's tights and as soon as you got up, you were on the floor again. This place is highly recommended. You absolutely have to go. Of course, if you have something to do (like editing a gazette, or something like that, wink, wink), you'd better go with time to spare because if you don't, you'll end up losing track of time and with no gazette or anything else. IF you had to edit a Gazette. Not me, for example. Ahem.



I've had to get through a lot of old Gazettes to find where he'd got out of that Yoly's crazy idea of a book to go on adventures with your mates in your mind, pretending you're cool when you're actually a big fat prick in his old man's basement. And on top of that, it has very few drawings! You have to read almost everything, with the bunch of illiterates we have in this fucking city! And have friends to play with! Ha! FRIENDS! I'm fucking laughing my ass off! Anyway, more than a year ago, she ate a big fat shit this big. Well, now he's managed to sneak it in. Yes, guys, she's publishing the fucking book. A rock-playing game, I think they call it. You'll see it around one of these days. At least you can see some explicit illustrations. That's something.



Some dudes are leaving Scrapbridge in a few days who are going to cort... carte... cratro... draw the maps of the whole northern area. Apparently these guys are going to find out once and for all if the stories about monkeys riding dinosaurs are true or what the fuck is going on up there. The brainiacs going there to study the Living Forest and the plants and critters inside it need protection, because they already have enough knowing how to read and add up, so it's in the hands of others to do the bashing. If you need work and bullets, sign up for this mission of uncertain return.

CLASSYFRIEDS

Portraits of faces painted with only two numbers.
I also charge two digits.
REF: Draw64

I buy ground chalk or sacks of used plaster. I pay little, you bastards.
REF: Entrepreneur13

Let's see when you stop editing this fucking shit.
You chicks are so unfunny.
REF: Yoly

I'm selling fucking great sniff, the real shit. Proven quality.
REF: Entrepreneur13



MONTHLY NEWS

A lot of wounded and stiffes are arriving these days to Scrapbridge, because it seems that there was a massive gang fight a few days ago in an area of the Wasteland called Ravpicha or something like that. Reich militants, mutards, blackbloods, gangers and even some of those Amok fucks who can't tell friend from foe apart, got into a big mess over several miles of Wasteland doing a lot of things. They were hunting eyedrones, stealing ungodly books from cemeteries that made one hell of a creep, and even climbed up into the peaks to get some dweebs who live in a hut.

Well, the Family of the Hut finally smashed them all in the face. Father and Mother went on a rampage, cutting necks, cracking nuts and tearing off limbs with such glee that I doubt if the gangs will want to go back there for a long time. By all accounts of those who came outta there alive, the Amok were the best off, because as they already are fucked enough on their heads, they didn't care a bit about the mutilations. But come on, it's not to call them "winners" either. The rest of them, being allowed to run away holding back their guts and their tears, that would be enough.

Hear me out, if you go up there, don't even think about fucking messing with those in the cabin. If you don't exactly know where it is, don't go around busting balls of people who live in cabins. If they live there in the middle of the Wasteland all by themselves, there must be a good reason.