



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



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Section closed until new smart-ass shows up

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

You won't believe this, but either there is no paper, or there is no ink, or the unfortunate Bartolo steals our cookies from the tin and then nobody comes to work because they really only come to eat like pigs, because Rula's nephew makes them cookies for us: he is very skilled but it's better not to ask him what he uses as ingredients. Let's see, the thing is that we have not been able to publish this Scrapbridge Gazette when it was due, well, and for a while when it was not due, but we are here, many of you have asked for us. Okay, this is a lie, nobody gives a damn about what we do. But you are going to put up with us whether you want to or not.



Many of you will not remember it because you are too young, but a lot of years ago some greenhouses were created in Scrapbridge that should save us from starvation in bad times. The thing is that they put something in the plants there that made them grow so fast that they started to eat people. So to get rid of them they opted for the wildest solution and set fire to everything.

Well, the thing is that an old man from the Arm-pit neighborhood, called Ambrose, spends the day watching a plant that has grown near his house, because he says it is the advance guard of the killer plants that will return to take revenge on humans. Now, you should see that plant, which is like a half-dried thistle no bigger than a hand and that is sitting there doing nothing. If Ambrose wanted to, he would pull it up and that's it, but he says he doesn't want any unpleasantness when his cousins come.



Do you know the tendency of people to talk about strange places that are full of things to do, but that are far away and nobody can get there? Well, today it's the turn of a place known as the Unholy Lands, where, theoretically, every badass and badass thing you can imagine is running around and whoever enters can never escape.

Credibility? Same as a chicken's shit. If nobody manages to get out of there, let's see who the fuck has been able to tell anything about that place.

CLASSYFRIEDS

SS size clothes wanted.
REF: Aaron

I am looking for a very ugly chick for arranged marriage with my son. Lack of hygiene and halitosis will also be considered. Fuck Andy, he's got me up to my balls.
REF: Father Courage

The Tick Protection Society has started again its sponsorship campaign. Become a foster family: don't be a bastard.
REF: Scratchy



MONTHLY NEWS

Mutards in the V Reich? Yeah, I know you must be thinking I've gone into something very strong, but there are already several cases of people who have encountered freaks in clashes against people of that faction. They are lately fighting against some huge folks, very big and with bad temper that if you see them you would say "That must be a fuckin' pit beast!". And that's not all, the typical subhumans that nobody wanted to say it, but we all thought they were armored little addlers, now they are even weirder. They have been seen with some kind of big limbs (no, not one of THOSE limbs, we mean arms and legs), with traps instead of jaws, that explode when they approach you and some other version that seems to be taken out of old ladies' tales to scare people.

As we were freaking our bloody brains out, we decided to talk to a representative of the V Reich. He told us that they are all improvements made by the most advanced scientists of Fort Germania. That this is science and not fucking mutations of nature. That if they are born like that without order or concert it is bad, but if it is a guy in a white coat who transforms them into beings that are clearly not human, that is good. He said the Reich is dedicated to the improvement of the human race and its progress.

We here at this Gazzette we are not entirely decided on what to think, because it sounds damn close to what Kim says the mutards are. But what do I know, the point is that they dedicate themselves to hate each other and the rest of us don't get hit by the shit. Then, they can say whatever they want.