



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



77

Section closed until new smart-ass shows up

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

Do you want to know who the inhabitants of the Living Forest really are? What's hiding in the Oblivion Mines? What is the coolest neighborhood in Scrapbridge? Do you know the best local drinks? Or maybe you fancy discovering our recent history?

Well then, now it's your turn to throw a few spare bullets because all the answers are in the brand new Scumbag Guide to Scrapbridge, the pamphlet that we bring out from this same publisher to make you look smart in any conversation with your friends and stop dropping the usual quips. On sale soon in our store in the Beam Quarter or in any good store that deals with those things.



More and more reports are coming in about the presence of V Reich forces in the Merkadome area. Many people think that all these patrols cannot come from Fort Germania and there are rumors that this anti-Mutard group must have set up some kind of base there, although so far no one has confirmed it to us (or anyone, really). Let's see, it's not that it worries us too much because that's the Merkadome people's problem and they can suck an egg for all I care.



As you all know, the neighborhood of Footlicker is named after the monster, creature or whatever it is that lives in the puddles and shallow waters that you have to cross when you walk there, the one that likes to lick the feet and ankles of passerbies. Well, there have already been countless occasions when someone has wanted to capture the sucker. But so far the thing has always come to nothing, because people of the neighborhood defend that it does not harm anyone and that once you get used to it, it even gives you some pleasure. So they have avoided any attempt to hunt their most famous inhabitant. But this time it is not clear if they will succeed or if they will be blinded by the reward offered by a visitor who calls himself Hans. He has promised to pay no more and no less than 500 bullets to whoever brings him the creature. Of course, many have already tried to sell him bogus shit passing it as the sucker, from a slug from the greenhouses to a mongrelmorph puppy or an ugly mother-in-law

CLASSYFRIEDS

Newly created gang is looking for a lot of cool masks at a good price. We go bare-faced and we don't even scare an old lady in a dark alley.
REF: New Kizs on da Block

Scort miss offers to tell you what you want to hear.
REF: Alexa Siri of the Cortanas

We are looking for a not-that-ugly mutard for a clothing promotion campaign.
REF: Desigal



MONTHLY NEWS

Have you heard about those weird people with feathers who live west of Pigsty in a place called Majanchuchisonofabitch? Anyone with two cells in their brains knows that they have signs posted around their homes warning that if you cross their borders they will turn you into a stinky pile of poo. Until now the thing was easy, you just had to avoid going up there and that was it. But yes, some asshole did it with the idea that something big and expensive had to be guarded there, explaining all the fuss about protecting it so much. But look, you only have to open your eyes to see those people put their arrows where their mouths are, and behold the remains of previous people hanging on their borders as a warning for others. The only good thing so far was that these people never left their turf. Not a single one of those feathered people had ever been seen outside their land... until recently. A group of traders walking near the Shrine of the Watch encountered a band of these weirdos. Fortunately they did not attack them, but talked to them. After about 57 attempts to get the merchants to pronounce the name Machanjucocksucker correctly, the strangers ended up telling them that they could call them just "Unami, goddammit". They said that a force was growing and that it was their duty to help fighting it and stuff like that. And if all of that wasn't strange and scary enough, all the Unami were talking at the same time, all at once. But not like when you are with your buddies in the bar and one of them is just saying what the other one is saying, no, this was as if they were all one voice speaking through several mouths.
Weeeee, nice, more weird people around here!