



THE SCRAPBRIDGE GAZETTE



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Section closed until new smart-ass shows up

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

A group of mercenaries have come to Scrapbridge telling the story that we are all alive and kicking thanks to them. That we have no fucking idea how close the end of the world has been. There were three girls, one of them with a fake leg, a guy with a ridiculous hairstyle and a mutant with several tentacles and a stoopid face.

It seems that they have tried to get someone to buy them some drinks with that funny tale, but they ended up empty handed apart from some menacing stares. Citizens here have spent many years putting up with the fantasies of Ratcutter, so now we don't buy almost any story we hear on the streets and have mastered the art of not inviting anyone.



It seems that a group of mutards have settled in the swamps south of Gleaming Towers. According to the few people who have seen them, they look pretty scary and dangerous. None of them seem interested in the ongoing strife between Prometheus and Kim's factions and claim to follow someone called Mama Gabé.

The strangerest thing is that they have mainly devoted themselves to ask about Captain Craab and his followers. So it's my guess it didn't take them long to find out that these people are around Fatwind.



After all the time that has passed since the attack on Scrapbridge, it is expected that next month they will finally finish all the repairs in the Titgrab and Facesmack neighborhoods and our settlement will be as great as before. Well, not quite, because the people who have been working on fixing things up and getting them up again are skilled only to a certain measure. But there it will be all set up and accessible. Okay, let's keep our fingers crossed that half of what has been erected doesn't fall down in a couple of months. But come on, don't be so fucking ashamed, I'm sure everything is safe now. Well, as safe as the rest of the areas of the city where almost everyday there is an accident. The thing is... at least what would eventually happen will not devastate one or two whole neighborhoods... again. I for my part do not plan to live in that area no fucking way, I tell you.

CLASSYFRIEDS

Tufts of natural hair from down there sold to make wigs, false crests or whatever you want. Do not worry about the quantity, it is like a jungle.
REF: Ferrer hairpieces.

Lip herpes? I lick them off, I have a tongue like a kitten. Satisfied customers vouch for me.
REF: Tonguer

Toxic water sold to make contaminated ponds. We have our own pit-beast cisterns, sent wherever you tell us.
Ref: Mutard Luxury Enterprises S.A.



MONTHLY NEWS

In recent times several neighbors of Scrapbridge have reported that at night they heard howling, grunting, panting and that sort of suspicious things. Most of them took for granted that there was a couple or a group of people who dedicated themselves to bang like real savages. More than a few citizens decided to look for the origin of this fuckery, mainly to see if they could join in, or at least watch the show, but so far no one had found anything at all.

As it turns out, to everyone's surprise and the tremendous disappointment of most, it wasn't really about any sexual deviation. The fact is that some kind of madman or madmen, because so far it has not been possible to catch them, had a bunch of beasts of the Wasteland in cages down in a hidden basement. And not only that, but they had been doing some very weird things with them, like sewing a gaspumper to a derine. Or even weirder, like trying to form a kind of new creature with the head of a biter (which is almost the whole critter), the tongue of an eyelicker, the sting of a moscorpion and the body of a buffamel. Some people now have the theory that some of the creatures that seem to have been made by putting together a couple of animals, such as the lizardcocks, the cockrats, etc..., have been enginir... ingeneee... ingin... made there. But if so, what was now found were the faulty tests, because absolutely all these experiments were stiff dead.