

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year I
Number I
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"If ya suspect that anyone has jacked somethin' from ya, gut'im and hang his remains in plain sight, that is. Maybe it wasn't him, but you'll have a great time!"

BREAKING NEWS

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Rumors persist about nasty things happening beyond the Last Waste. Two members of the Wasteland Warriors gang affirm to have felt, when wandering not far from there, sounds "like those from big explosions, but really, really big" beyond the zone that no one that has a little brains should go.

The great kahuna of the gang has also talked to us: "Yeah, but don't trust those two over there too much, half the time they are high on those mushrooms sold by the crazy old bitch living near the Biter Hills. That woman is so damn ugly that no one even tries to go down there to rape her with a stick", that is what he said.

During the next moon we are expecting at least two different groups of junkers here in town to trade their goods. It seems that the folks in one of them have put their hands on a really good number of weapons, so ye be warned: start saving if you want to be on the right end of the barrel.

After the landslides around some of the huts in the upper south side of the city, a group of citizens is working hard to settle things a little bit better. If you think you are related to some of the fellows who fell to their deaths, you can ask for their corpses at Max's butcher shop.

Huge expectation at Nowater. The Pit Lords have persuaded the legendary Underfaker to fight again in a single-night combat, against the monstrous mutard beast known only as Splash, unbeaten in all its combats during the last year.

Samanthia is baron-less, one more time. The self-appointed Clockwork Baroness seems to have ended her relationship with her last husband, boyfriend, lover, mate or whatever it was. This time the rupture has been quite peaceful and he has only been exiled.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Three-titted mutard woman seeks boy with extra limbs, for friendship and whatever comes next.

Ref. 123 - Inés

I buy GOLD: we offer good bullets and no questions asked. We take gold teeth.

Ref. 709 - Gold4Me

You, the bastard that always takes a dump in front of my crib, I'm gonna rip your tank off.

Ref. 666 - Isaac

Strong fellas wanted to sweat as hired muscle, to protect a cargo of pigs taken to Samanthia. Payment on return... if you return.

Ref. 424 - GudJob

NEWS OF THE MONTH

Things are getting worse in the south. In the territory between here and Pigsty the Three Fangs and the Blue Blades gangs are ticking each other off and things are getting out of control fast.

Rhona's men, whom they call "the Mower", have taken by surprise the Caries settlement, known rest and supply place for the Fangs, as well as hideout for many of their relatives. They acted like unchained savage beast and have put the place to fire and sword, no survivors reported. The Three Fangs that lead and give name to that gang, knowing that they are outnumbered but better equipped, have given orders to regroup their forces and are hitting back with lightning strikes and guerrilla tactics, mopping out any Blue Blade they see.

All this is taking its toll in trading operations from the south, that is getting increasingly dangerous, so the local market is suffering. Rumors exist that some factions are not happy with this situation and are planning to call both gangs to order, and if they insist to kill each other, at least do so far away from here and leave the junkers and traders in peace. This is the Wasteland and we all know that some killing now and then is ok, but enough should be enough.