

# THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year I  
Number II  
1 bullet

## GAZETTE



### Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"Best mutard ever is the dead 'un. Unless it's a pretty female with three boobies, that is. Or a mean pit beast willing to put up a fight for ya. Oh, or 'un of those that jump so high and grab things ya can't! What a bunch of nice fellas, those mutards..."

### BREAKING NEWS

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There have been spotted several posters all over the city promoting the cause of Prometheus, the self-proclaimed big fish of the Twins. The Council has spread the word that will take action into this matter, as "inside the city limits it is strictly prohibited the exaltation of any of the factions of the Wasteland". Mutards are now seen with mistrust by other citizens... well, at least more than usual.

It seems that Monroe, owner of the well known local joint that bears his name, has been the victim of a scam. A "young girl with ponytails, fine body and a little kitty in her bag", as he described her, has snatched nearly 50 bullets from his belongings with "evil trades". But as Monroe has refused to give more details about the whole incident, embarrassing gossip has already began to spread painting him as nothing short of a sucker.

Something is rotten in Nowater. Well, that is a fact well known for everyone, but this time we are talking about the so-long-awaited combat fought last month between The Underfaker and Splash. The pit beast bit the dust after a single blow that many spectators swear that didn't got even near it. And, coincidentally enough, The Underfaker died that same night in an "accident" at home after falling from a window while celebrating his victory. The Pit Lords firmly deny any accusation of rigging the fight... while they count the bullets they have hoarded.

Nothing has been heard yet about the members of the last expedition sent to Gleaming Towers, and as time goes by, dire gossips are beginning to spread. If anyone gets any info that is not clearly a black lie, please notify it at once at the Council office.

The southern lift is working again after last month's landslide. You won't have to walk any more to get home, you lazy pricks!

### SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

I'm looking for Jax, of the Sons of Entropy, who went to buy cigarettes and never came back. Write, you bastard!  
Ref. 690 - Tara

You hate mutards as much as we do? Join NOW the Fifth Reich! We are recruiting pure, sober, hard-working humans to clean the garbage out of the Wasteland.  
Ref. 88 - Aaron

We are giving away a cute mongrelmorph puppy. It barely lets scabs off and still can't tear human flesh.  
Ref. 184 - Elizabeth

Lost cool leather jacket with a pair of angel wings on the back. Family memento, I pay good if you give it back.  
Ref. 274 - Daryl

### NEWS OF THE MONTH

The exclusive information given firstly by this Gazette on the previous issue seems to get a solid confirmation due to the recent events unfolded around the zone known as the Final Waste.

The alleged explosions heard by two members of the Wasteland Warriors have continued to happen regularly, if you can trust the words of another eyewitness around the area. Although he prefers to remain anony... amony... ayonim... with their name secret, this person usually hangs around with the scavengers that search for valuable things everywhere and are not afraid to enter bad places, so I will buy what they say.

This person even claims to have seen a huge column of smoke rising on the horizon, although it allegedly did not last long and when the witness left the area before sunset it already had faded out.

Weird things are going on in this area and now, more than ever, the editors of this Gazette would like to advise everyone not to get near the Final Waste, not even for all the bullets in the world.