

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year I
Number III
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"It's always funnier from behind."

NEWS NEWS NEWS

It seems that the indiscriminate hunting of martabbits in several areas of the Wasteland has made the price of their hides to drop quite a bit, as buyers are overflowed with tons of merchandise and are no longer willing to pay so much for them. So watch out, folks, because if you keep beating the shit out of these creatures like that you will only get to screw business for everyone.

Finally the Pit Lords of Nowater will get away with it and nobody is going to bother investigating any longer into the combat between Splash and The Underfaker, that took place two months ago. Bets have broke many people who have been forced to leave the area or, even worse, to enter indentured work as pit fighters for the Pit Lords. Abundance of cannon fodder for the Pit has fueled a new season of tournaments, leagues and exhibition combats without precedents, that promises to draw in more expectators than any other and that has already been nicknames as "The Great Blow".

There are in town a couple of members of that strange cult of Shrine of the Watch, making some casual shopping and trading with animal hides. Everyone remember that it is always better to let them be, because they don't say a single word and any attempted act of aggression will do no good. Let these people alone if you don't want to get in useless trouble.

Two mutards have been expelled from Scrapbridge, under the charges of making speeches and handling leaflets supporting Prometheus, their enigmatic leader from The Twins, as well as talking about a promised new era. They are a big guy with skin that looks like stone, and a woman (or at least, that is what most people think) with webbed fingers and toes, green skin and bulging eyes. If you see them inside the city limits again, lynch them if you have the numbers or inform the Council if not.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Everyone come to the great annual Big Pig Raffle at Pete's Joint. ¡First drik free with your ticket!
Ref. 911 - Pete

You wanna sweat or what? Earn your own bullets and learn a fucking A job! Ask for "Scam" Joe in the upper part of Scrapbridge.
Ref. 1313 - Joe

Can't you doss at your own place? Those huge moscorpions have taken your crib over? Solution guaranteed, delivered at home! Sleep cool with Mosko-Kill!
Ref. 104 - MoskoKill

The first one to reach my place wins a smack in the face.
Ref. 555 - Marta

NEWS OF THE MONTH



The aforementioned Dr. Sarious

Notice is hereby given to the good folk of Scrapbridge and surrounding areas that, mid-last month, give or take a day, in this great settlement of ours was established the Scrapbridge Methane and Meat Electro-proteic Guild.

According to the founding act of this illustrious organization for men of science, to the meeting convened at first, second and third call only assisted one person, the wacky and until now unknown Dr. Sarious, who was therefore invested as president, chairman, treasurer, field investigator and only member of the Guild.

It is yet to be determined what will be the actual occupation of the good doctor under the legal cover (well, all the legal you can get in Scrapbridge) of this new organization, which for the moment has already raised the first complaints to the local Council due to the foul smell coming out from its head office.