

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year I
Issue IV
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"The Wasteland is tough, so always keep a last bullet for you... because you will want for sure to spend it later in the company of some slut"

BREAKING NEWS

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The Scrapbridgers Union for Moral, Decency and Family held a protest rally in the Badwaters quarter last week, against "the lack of modesty" showed by almost every ganger girl seen around, and demanded a city law about that matter.

The demonstration was dispersed by the Trini Gang through the legitimate use of force.

After this incident, just after the one for the alcohol regulation law in the city, we suspect that there are not enough members of this Union alive or kicking to keep pestering the good folks in the neighborhood.



A couple of weeks ago Scrapbridge was full of anticipation before the arrival of a group of Sons of the Black Blood, those fellas who worship who-knows-what kind of god and think themselves better than the rest of us because they have shitloads of fuel. They showed off their cool rides trying to convince some brat to join their cult... and the bastards succeeded, so their ranks had increased in 8 people when they finally left the city in a cloud of dust.



A jumble sale is gonna be held on the upper part Scrapbridge, organized by the neighbors to earn some bullets or anything that helps to build a new ramp to connect two of the levels.

The Council encourages anyone who can contribute with something to drop by and set up their stalls with their shit stuff, as this is really a nice initiative for the improvement of the city (and the only way to get things done around here).



The whereabouts remain unknown for the author/s of the dick-shaped graffiti on the Council doors, but they should not get too confident. Your teeth will fly, scum.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Do you wanna have two daily meals, offer a service to society and beat the shit out of people you don't like? And would you like to get paid for it? Jester Salgado needs you and people like you for his Anti-Mutard Repression Force. Because decent people have what it takes, not tentacles or those nasty things.

Ref. 43 - Jester

Green mutard woman seeks man for dendrophilous relationship.

Ref. 312 - Pamela Lillian

They come out of the desert in the night, grey shadows under steel clouds. I have seen them and they have seen me, but I am too trivial. Anyone else seen them?

Ref. 799 - "Rattle" Joe



NEWS OF THE MONTH

If you can heed the rumours, and if something I have learnt in these four months writing the Gazette is that in the Wasteland you always have to heed the rumours, the Eye of Fire cult, whose members gather in the old abbey known as the Shrine of the Watch, are plotting something wicked and nasty.

Information comes first handed from a neighbor of a friend of the cousin of a decent and exemplary citizen known as Rosy the Bristles. This fine woman Rosy was fetching some goods at Carlos Bismark's General Store, when she came across three sinister hooded men from this order, who surely had come to town to buy canned food, clothes and tools (but they never buy soap, those filthy pigs). Without any provocation, one of the men looked at her while passing by, cracked a menacing smile and said "Good day" to the woman, with what Rosy described as "a so ill-feigned sincerity like that of a bitter that wanted to tear your ass apart".

Such unheard of display of manners in one of the usually quiet and silent followers of this Eye cult has to be a clear indication that they are up to something. Something evil that will bring no good to the peaceful folk of Scrapbridge. Ye be warned.