

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year II
Issue IX
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"Fleas are better purged with fire, except if they bite you in your balls. Then it's much better to let them be than setting them on fire, I tell ya."

BREAKING NEWS

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Several people from the settlement of Bearings have been telling really weird stories. They say that a car came out of nowhere leaving a trail of fire after it (yeah, sure, and Old Ruby got married a virgin... all the seven times). Well then, out of the car came a guy asking for a, let me get this straight because those are some tricky words, "a flux condenser". Just like that. Some say his name was Calvin Klein, others claim he was Darth Vader from planet Vulcan, or maybe his real name was Clint Eastwood. The fact is that he scared the shit out of the population, so they didn't stay still for long and beated the crap out of him until he died his death. His clothes are now for sale at the Covenant Square marketplace, if you want to drop by and have a look at his funny garments, while his car remains decorating Bearings' main square.

The Wacky Racer 15, 30 & 45° Wasteland Champion, "Kinky Xtreme" is looking for a new sponsor. After his last race, when he plunged with his engineless racer over a 45° slope and brakes didn't work, he crossed the finish line by getting through his BlueBull patron's trailer. Lucky for him to have that trailer right in his path, because otherwise we would be still looking for his remains out in the desert. Kinky's statement after the sudden and violent demise of his father and sponsor was: "Holy shit, what a high rush!"

Former member of the Citizen Watch, Billy Nicesight, charged with the night shift in the south tower, has been removed from office. After a night of supreme drinking, in which he almost fell off the tower and puked all over his day shift replacement, he scared the hell out of half the city by talking about these metallic USOs ("unidentified swishing objects", as he called them), that allegedly soar over Scrapbridge watching us and taking us pictures with our pants down. After hearing such foolish statements from the man, the Council decided unanimously to lay him fucking off.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Come to Mary Jo's joint to taste the best lizarcock meatballs, uppermost level in Yellow.
00 - Mary Jo

Mercenaries wanted to nail the "Whangdoodle". Reward of 15 bullets, shared among those who survive. Ask at the Toad tavern.

Ref. 199 - Toadorevich

Daddy, Hugo has hit me again, kill him. Go to grandma's field, ask for a shotgun, go to his place, aim at him, ask him to open his mouth and put a bullet in there.

616 - Child Xavier



NEWS OF THE MONTH

Breaking news from the settlement, oil refinery, temple... or whatever Texco's place is. It seems that someone has blown up one of their wells, killing a whole bunch of Children of the Black Blood in the process. It seems to me that the so-called Black Blood would be crude oil, but no way it ain't to them, it is the Earth's Black Blood... pure nonsense!

Well, truth is that these guys hadn't been much of a fuss up until now (but they didn't let a single oil drop get out of their hideout, those little bastards), but now they have started to blame everyone for the attack. The Mutards under direct command from Prometheus, the Fifth Reich wanting to conquer them to mechanize their troops, our beloved Scrapbridge Council out of fear of their weapons, the Junkers wanting to have the monopoly of trading with strange gadgets, and this, and that, and the fucking other. They are completely freaked out and now they are attacking anyone who gets close to their lair... and even some people who don't get close, just in case they are planning to do so.

So ya be warned, beware of this crew. They weren't really loved before this, but now they have become dangerous as hell. And they got fire, a lot of fire. The Wasteland has always been a nasty place, but now it is becoming nasty as shit.