

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year I
Issue V
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"Raise crows... and you will have plenty"

BREAKING NEWS

BREAKING NEWS

BREAKING NEWS

The renowned Mutard Travelling Fair is coming to Scrapbridge. Now you will be able to laugh at their disgusting faces without feeling guilty.



Vikdel Barbas gang is mounting up an expedition to hunt a live specimen of highjacker in Gleamingtowers. No one has ever captured a living flying beast like that, so he expects to earn a shitload of bullets if he is the first to make it. But then, if no one has ever captured one alive is because all the fools who tried have been utterly gutted to death. But hey, if any of you is really desperate to join such an adventure...



It has been established the first Circle of Yes We Mute in Scrapbridge. It is intended to be a place where the mutards can gather, express their opinions and call those so-called meetings. The Council has tried to take the heat out of the matter, because "they are just a bunch of freaks and long-haired punks".



Covenant Square will be closed for sale during next week. Some of the hucksters that gather there have complained about a plague of cockrats that wasted their goods in their stalls, so the Council has decided to shut it down and pay everyone who wants to help in whacking this vermin: a bullet for each dozen dead cockrats.



The enrollment period for the new combat season of pit fights in Nowater has open. Apart from the professional, slave or indentured fighters used by the Pit Lords, the fighting season is open to anyone who want to test their luck in the trade of professionally gutting, stabbing, maiming, smashing and cutting people. You have to earn a living, dude.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

We put up poles for any kind of fenzes. Now also delivered at home.

Ref. 700 - "Incoming" Martínez

We trade with corpses, recent or creamy. For recreational uses only. He's dead, but you still can earn some bullets.

Ref. 101 - A. B. Normal

Interceptor MFP for sale. Has no gas at all, but it is cool as hell.

Ref. 1979 - M. Rockatansky

Guys, I have lost my Enchiridion, I will pay anyone who helps me find it. Much better if we can have a mathematical adventure.

Ref. 101 - Fynn



NEWS OF THE MONTH

Finally the war between the Blue Blades and the Three Fangs has ended.

Although there were rumours about a pact between the Council of Scrapbridge and the people of Samanthia to send a joint force and cut short all this shit, everything has gone down in a most surprising way.

Nine days ago the heads of Rhona "the Mower", kaiser chief of the Blue Blades, and those of the three dudes that give (or, more accurately, gave) name to the Three Fangs gang, have shown up nailed to some pikes near the old highway. Near the heads was a hand-written sign that read: "You just can't bust my balls".

The rest of the gangers in both bands, seen the facts, have decided to give it a rest and mind their own shit.

From Samanthia and Scrapbridge all involvement in this whole affair has been quickly denied. Every finger points in the direction of Santoro, famous warrior of the Was-teland who offers his services to those who can afford them. It is rumored that both gangs contacted him and offered far less than his regular fare of bullets, so he was really pissed off when he left the area.