THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year I Issue VI 1 bullet

CAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"A birth in the hand is worth more than being in the hands of a giant mutard bird. Specially if it is a fucking man-eater winged beast, right? What were you thinking? You must be crazy. Go fuck off, man..."

BREAKING NEWS BREAKING NEWS

On this next day three-ten of the month the seasoned (and quite excruciating) D'ostender, famous retired ganger, will conduct one his usual speeches in Covenant Square. This time the topic of his oration (and I copypaste what that wacko has given me, this is not my fault) will be es "Fighting among Wasteland gangs. The election of a suitable battlefield and why there is always some contaminated pool fucking around". If you attend, take some chow with you, because this dude can be talking nonsenses forever.



At last begins the Scrapbridge's Sand Hockey League. As you will know, and if you don't it is because you are as thick as shit and I can't imagine why are you reading this, the league had been delayed because of the huge hole caused by a sand mawworm that showed up in the middle of the third quarter of the local derby, ruining the game for all of us. And if you don't know which teams am I talking about, go fuck yourselves and watch out if I see you on the street. Janett "Da Nigga", star player in The Beam Hockey Club, will be out for injury, not hers but the referee she beat the crap out with her stick after the penalty made by Crazyhand, captain for Service Road 32 Sports Club. Let's hope that the mutard referee gets well, but I don't know why he has eyes in his back if he can't see a penalty behind him or the stick going at his face.



That crazy bitch at Crooked Point, at the end of the cliff east of the bridge, who claims to have ultrasenti... ultrosinso... weird powers to know things, and that all the folk around wonders why noone has yet burned her alive for being a filthy mutard, has sent a warning note to the redaction of this Gazette: "Those born this month of the cockrat will have a bad time regarding love and money, because as usual every year hundreds of these disgusting creatures will pop up everywhere, ruining all your dates, shitting all over your clean clothes, and eating all the food you have stored at home". Said it is.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Fertile man looks for a farrowing female for having some descendence.

6969 - Sam Hell

I need a highjacker claw to impress my father-in-law, or to stab him with it if the need comes.

Ref. 443 - T. Dunphy

Assorted pins available for sale. Don't ask again about that one with the weird lizarbat like the one on the bottles that "Cirrhosis" Pete gobbles by the dozen, or that with the smiley with the blood drop. I don't have any more of those, you boring dicks!

Ref. 79 - Gonzo



NEWS OF THE MONTH

The coolest music band in all the Wasteland, the Earls of Funk, Dukes of Cool and Ayatollahs of Rock-and-Roll-a, are coming to Scrapbridge on the last day of this month, which is also the same day chosen for the Great Annual Freestyle Slingshot Contest!

That's right, the hardest and most fistro-punk band of recent history, "Eat shit and die", will be playing some of their classic hits that have made them legends everywhere they go and have earned them a legion of groupies (although there are many young men that also identify themselves with them) who follow the band to every corner mimicking their style of torn clothes, tacks and metal by the ton, colourful hair and a destroyer attitude. Although now that I think about it, that description fits most of the people around here...

Well, as I was saying, if you don't want to miss face-melting biggies such as "You need a fucking map?", "Tell that to my face if you got the balls", "I have an serious issue in my hands", "A highjacker up your ass" o "You're returning home toothless", you better take place now in the esplanade near the sand hockey stadium, because there is no use for tickets, reserves, pre-orders or preshits here. The fastest people to get there get laid, and the rest... EAT SHIT AND DIE!!!