

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year I
Issue VII
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"There is no crab too big, if the outcome is good enough."

BREAKING NEWS

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There is a sandstorm big as fuck coming this way, so it is recommended for everyone to stay at your cribs and not letting even your nose out of the window.

Note: as I will take the Gazette to the printing press next week, when you read this news the sandstorm will have already passed by. Fuck you all, if you bought more issues I would have the cash to publish it weekly!

The moneylenders guild has informed me that the cost of fuel has increased, due primarily to another rise in the value of shells for the third month in a row. Now a bullet costs nine shells, and one ounce of fuel is worth six shells. At the end, it will be cheaper to buy the wheels than the fuel...

Ganon Dolf has hanged the body of that silly scumbag dressed up in green, who spent the nights trespassing into his farm and kicking his lizarcocks and breaking all the jars from his... jar-export business. The remnants of this asshole will remain hanging in the open until the vultures eat him, or some meat pie vendor can find a better use for them.

Last month's "Eat shit and die" concert has been a brutal success of face-breaking people, endless riots and orgies involving prostihookers, alcohol and any hallucinogenic substances anyone had at hand. Oh, yeah, and music, of course, let's not forget about the music.

To say something bad, from the Scrapbridge Council they have talked trash about all the motherfuckers who attended the concert for leaving a balance of three dead bodies, four-ten wounded, serious property damage and all the area around the stadium so deep in shit that it won't be totally cleaned up in the next two years. But what do these dickheads know about music?

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Lizarcock for sale. Almost new. Includes cage and fodder for a month.

558 - Eustaquio

Katy, you are the woman of my life, pretty, clean, smart and hard-working. I feel the luckiest man in the world. Will you marry me?

Ref. 13 - Pat "Pacman" Pakupaku

Girl of all trades. Pretty, smart and with big boobs. Very clean and smart, ideal as companion for events with a happy ending. I work your underbody as no one else.

Ref. 14 - Katy

NEWS OF THE MONTH

That date of the year so important in the World of Before, because it was the birthday of some dude in red who went around the world giving away wafers, wine and presents, or putting two bullets in your chest if you had been naughty, is coming close again. As you all know, it is the Council's desire to keep this nice tradition in our settlement, so it is now officially open the Winternal season (although due to the scorched post-nuclear weather we have in the Wasteland, you can barely tell one season from another).

Make good use of your past year's hard-earned bullets and invest them in the local business, you tight-fisted bastards, and not only in booze and whores for your personal pleasure. This is all about having a nice gesture with the people around you, a gift for that special girl, an appreciation for that guy that saved your ass more than a couple of times, a knife between the ribs of that slimy Mutard that rubbed his tentacles one too many times around your ass.

And if everything goes smoothly and these last days incidents in the concert are not repeated, the Council promises to hold a great party in the Coventan Square with a short speech, followed by two or three days of drinking, eating, whoring and shopping. Whatever are your plans, little stygian dogs of the Wasteland, have a really merry Winternal!