

# THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year II  
Issue VIII  
1 bullet

## GAZETTE



### Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"Back in the tunnels I was someone, I had weapons and hunted enemies... back here I can't even hold down a job at a lizarcock fast food! Life sucks!"

### BREAKING NEWS

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The Scrapbridge Council is glad to announce that the Winternal season is over with an unparalleled success in the public safety area. Far from last year's 23 dead and 6 injured people, these lovely holidays have left us with a mere 9 dead and 5 wounded (seriously, that's true) people, to whom we have to add four people missing, a kidnapping, 20 violent assaults and three arsons. The Council is delighted by such civilized numbers and encourages all the Scrapbridge population to keep behaving in this polite manner.

One of the most painful deaths of this Winternal was that of Mike "Lardboy", owner of the famous stall "Mike's hot and sweet creamy patties, directly from his oven to your mouth", down at the Beam quarter. With the fine intention of make this holidays happier to his neighbors, he had the bright occurrence to dress like the guy in red described in the leyends, take a sack on his shoulder full of the sweet pastries baked at his store, and sneak into the cribs of the hood to give them away to the children. It seems that in the second shack he got into, Maniac Pete's place, he was greeted with a point-blank 00 buckshot that left him stone dead on the floor before he could even say "Ho, ho, ho". Pete alleged self-defence, as everybody knows, as Mike sneaked into his property without proper invitation, but in memory of the deceased he also added that his pastries were fucking good, after cleaning them of blood and pellets.

If you got blood running in your veins and something hangs from your crotch, you surely have heard those rumours going by Scrapbridge about a female mutard with three boobies, seen around the Yellow and Shelter. Although there have been organized several volunteer searches to find and "take care of her" (whether that be hook or crook), there is no physical evidence that she is still in our settlement, so the Council asks all citizens to stop gathering up in posses through the quarters, because it is most likely that she was only passing by in her way to The Twins.

### SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

Axes, machetes, swords, knives and all kind of cutting and stabbing weapons. Great quality.  
Ref. 39 - Blade

What belongs to you but is used more by others? Say my name three times in a row, and you will get a huge prize for getting the right answer.  
Ref. 1992 - Candyman

I sell the last pastries ever made by Mike "Lardboy" in his life. Take this last chance, as you won't be able to taste them ever again.  
Ref. 117 - Maniac Pete

### NEWS OF THE MONTH

New year, new troubles. It seems that the farms on our settlement's limits, beyond the Footlicker quarter and the relative safety that Scrapbridge offers to all its inhabitants, have fallen prey to unknown raider's attacks once again.

Green Mutant, owned by the veteran farmer McCain and specialized in growing all kinds of fruits and vegetables, has been silent for the last two weeks and the city has not received any shipment from them since then. Although everybody knows that, as the saying goes, "Green is for martabbits" and a true wastelander proud of himself would only eat meat, McCain is a beloved member of our community and we can't allow to let an attack against our farms go unpunished, because we would then be treated like fucking morons and the situation would be more than annoying.

So as things are now, the Council wants to give word to all citizens that The Judges, the band responsible for "keeping social justice, protecting the population and looking out for the good developing of things in Scrapbridge spilling no more blood than strictly necessary", will take the issue in their own hands and go there to find out the cause of this sudden lack of any communication or shipment. The applicable veredict will be executed on the go, as usual.