

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year II
Issue XII
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

"Scavengers, junkers, grave-robbers... I don't give a fuck how you call 'em. Their chicks are smolderin' hot and their fellas can smoke your ass with chewin'gum and a paperclip. My advise is for you to buy one of their starter packs right now... Ewwmmm... And I don't know why I just said that."

BREAKING NEWS

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The Council wants all Scrapbridge dwellers to get the message that you are a bloody bunch of lazy pigs. Stop thinking with your tiny half-macho weenies or your trucker butch eggs, and instead of looking for stupid made-up revenges against Mutards, Eye of Fire cultists, Black Blood children or any other poor bastard coming close to the city, get pitched once and for all and help in the reconstruction of those quarters and levels all fucked up after the terrorist attack. Volunteer crews are assembled daily in the Covenant square but each day comes less and less people, you suckers. You know know that you have free food and drink for each labour day, as well as the neverending gratitude of this settlement.



It was an open secret, so we don't really need to confirm the news to our clever readers. Crazy Mel, the legendary Wasteland survivor and one of the last known humans to roam its devastated plains driving a kick-ass car from the World of Before, will be coming to Scrapbridge this very month.

Mel, who will most likely come to town in the company of his inseparable canine buddy Meatball, will meet the Council leaders as their honour guest and will no doubt tell us some of his "war stories" from his youth when he was a wandering merc gathering precious gas across the barren Wasteland sands.

If you want the chance to meet such living legend in the flesh, you'd better go to take your place in the square, because there is plenty of people aching to shake the last great hero's hand, touch is leather jacket, rob his boots or beat the crap out of him to prove they are meaner. We can't tell for sure how long will he stay on the billboards in town, but if you don't attend this one-in-a-lifetime show you will probably regret it for the rest of your pathetic, miserable, wretched and useless life. A most welcome distraction from the last series of devastating misfortunes.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

I need protection and am looking for my lost daddy. I will pay 10,000 bullets to the one who finds him.
Ref. BS1 - Lil' Sister

It is in my hand for you to arise from the ashes. What a lovely, lovely day!
Ref. 51515 - Immortal Joe

Put your shit together and help rebuild Scrapbridge. Workgroups are assembled in the Covenant square every day. Booze and munch for free each working day.
Ref. C80 - The Council



NEWS OF THE MONTH

The junker gang led by Klaus de Marco has fallen prey to those filthy Black Blood nuts. It seems that these pumpingheads have decided to expand their territory to much pain of those who come near to their fortress-sanctuary, and the Klaus crew has been the first to be entirely taken hostage.

So here in Scrapbridge we have started a communal funding campaign to pay the bullets these grease monkeys are asking for their safe return, so they can be set free as soon as possible and come back to town. I know many of you think junkers are weird, unstable and dangerous folk, and you even call them nasty things such as scavengers, raiders or worse, but truth is they always bring nice and basic things to trade here in the city (basically some strong booze to help stand all the whiners around here, specially after that horrible blast that wiped out one third of the bridge).

Come on, don't be some stingy rats, do your bit and give some bullets in advance, pretty please... If they were mutards I wouldn't say a word, but they are goddamn junkers, almost ordinary human beings just like us! And besides, if the city can gather the requested amount, we will even bring Eightfingers to make some exhibit... fake fight of those. Do you really want this city to go down the drainpipe, you bastard?