

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year II
Issue XIV
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day

Everyday there are fewer pools from which to get the salt of the Earth. So if you need to salt some buffamel bacon, best idea is to get it from dry sweat. The Majaushuwi or whatever it is said, grab some dude, bury him chest-high, shave his head completely and leave him out of the sun so he gets really hot but without dehydrating. Then they feed him with a lot of water and hot chilli peppers, and with a knife they take his sweat off, which after drying on tanned skin leaves this "sour salt" behind. So if you need to torture someone the Majasushi method is more useful, although much less fun, than the balltwister one.

BREAKING NEWS

BREAKING NEWS

BREAKING NEWS

Price of the gas has gone up rocketin' again, since those Children of the Black Blood psychos has been giving us the evil eye. Shipments have been few and scarce, and most of them have been raided by some hinkbillies who left no witness behind. So now you know, if you see someone starting a bike notify the Judges at once, or smoke the bastard and tell them afterwards.

Now that the hottest months in the year are quickly coming up (yeah, because the rest of the year we are freezing out here in this nuclear summer, you bastard), the Scrapbridge population is advised to keep their eyes peeled for the presence of moscorpion swarms.

We know this is the time of the year they dig to bang like animals and multiply out of control, as heat seems to make them horny as hell, so our advise is to take real care not to leave any window or door open so they can't get into your cribs and fuck you up you while you snorin' like chainsaws. You will then cry and hurt, but if you get bitten in your nuts it will be your fault alone.

Junkies from Druggietown held a demonstration out in Shithole claiming for a fair treatment as human person-beings; maybe they are some wretched lowlifes, but at least they demand not to be treated as fucking mutards. Although many of them are so fucked up and degraded that they could possibly be some of these Nature's deviations, they still are little people with little hearts who bleed if you shoot them in their little faces. The dozen or so junkies rallied in the area after being expelled out of Footlicker by an angry mob, and ended up arguing over a wine carton brik, so they returned early to their shacks. "We cool, man, we really cool... Can you spare me a fiver, dude?", stated the rally spokesman right before being hit with a wooden plank in his head.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

I sell my shack next to Ratcutter's. Motherfucker won't shut up even underwater. Cheap.
Ref. M17 - Toothless

Funding partner needed to start a new breast milk bottling business. Maybe now you find it disgusting, but "Titty-Cola" is the future! Titty-Cola, the very first and last you will ever drink!
Ref. 1990 - Stan da Man



NEWS OF THE MONTH

As we mentioned in last month's Gazette, elections have been made for both spokespersons in the Scrapbridge Council from the wasted neighborhoods of Titgrab and Facesmack, substituting those missing since the brutal attack.

The peredi... pridec... what we told you turned out to be true, and Rosie Vegas and Rictus Erectus will be the chosen ones to seat in the Council (if they seat at all, ok? I haven't been to any of their meetings, so maybe they don't even have a single bloody chair).

Rosie Vegas asserted herself in a secret and quiet polling day among the pimps and madammes from Titgrab, although gossiping tongues say that there was no other candidate for the post to vote for and that many of the twisted arms, broken noses and limping legs seen around that day were due to Miss Vegas' "aggresive campaign".

On his part, the muscle-ripped mountain known as Rictus Erectus won his election by bashing faces, breaking bones and cracking skulls in front of a cheering crowd. At the end, injured and beaten up but victorious, he climbed to the top of the half-unconscious rivals' body pile he had been ruthlessly wasting, took out his well hung cock and pissed all over them with great shouts of laughter to certify his victory.