

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year II
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1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Ratcutter's tip of the day
"Lickin' ain't cheatin'. Everybody 'nows that."

BREAKING NEWS

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The traditional Winternal concert at Scrapbridge conducted by "Eat shit and die", the coolest, most cranked-up and destroyer band in the whole Wasteland, is cancelled due to reasons beyond the organization's control (if there was an organization). It seems several of its members can't be available in the designed days for several reasons. This Gazette has known that one of them has joined the Black Blood Children and she now goes around burning crazy stuff (more or less as she did before, actually), while there are rumors that another one is kept captive by the V Reich after being surprised pissing all over their tents while laughing like a drunk maniac. A third one is on the run after The Judges distributed some flyers with the drawing of a face quite similar to his, concerning some robberies around the Farms. Will the group disband after this? We really hope not, because these guys are fragging awesome on a stage.

At last the rumors got confirmed. Maybe it is because we kinda suck or they feel sorry for us after the attacks, but the Interregional Ball-kicking Championship celebrated every four years will be held here in Scrapbridge. Hell, dudes, I am touched and all that shit. We will finally be able to see in our stinky settlement such living legends as Iron Ball, Jack "Squeaky" Jackson or "For whom the bells toll" Gutiérrez.

Remember that in this edition every contestant must submit to a fondling test, after last edition's suspicions about some of the participants being a nutless mutard or even one of those moustached women from some of the southern settlements.

Don't overhunt those fluffy martabbits, because their fur prices are decreasing. There are so many bands out there trying to catch as many creatures as they can, all mutated and fat, that merchants are not willing to buy all their available soft skins. Not because they are in danger of extinction or some shit like that, as these little fuckers breed by the hundreds, but because there is not enough market to sell them afterwards.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

We accept gifts, donations and food for Winternal. Not to give away to people, just for me, I won't lie to you.
Ref. 25D - Pablo

The Eye of Fire cult wants to invite everyone who might be interested to a simple vigil this Winternal at our haven at Shrine of the Watch, west of Scrapbridge. We will serve snacks and hot drinks.
Ref. 777 - The All-seeing eye

This year you won't catch me unprepared again, you red-dressed asshole. You try to sneak into my crib again, and I beat the crap out of your fucking soul.
Ref. 13 - Jack



NEWS OF THE MONTH

Another year has passed and we already have at hand the awaited Winternal holidays, in which the World of Before celebrated the birthday of some guy in red who went around the world giving gifts away or kicking asses, as it fucking pleased his whims.

In spite of the sad events we all suffered some months ago, and from which Scrapbridge has yet barely recovered, the local Council wants to maintain this highlighted date as a public holiday. The spirit of the citizens will for sure skyrocket (anyone knows what a rocket is?) after two or three days of booze binging, piglike eating, receiving some gifts (from that ripped guy living on the lower level, or the buxom barmaid at the den you always stop by, if you are lucky enough) and, in general, surviving Winternal another year in a row.

Enjoy these holidays, my beloved fellow citizens, as this humble Wasteland chronicler intends to do, because the toxic storm pending on the Scrapbridge horizon is going to change our lives forever. And after living here for my whole fragging life, I can bet my ass on these changes not being for the better. Hell no, not in the slightest. This is going to be a real fucked-up mess. But apart from that, enjoy these days and happy holidays!