

THE SCRAPBRIDGE

Year IV
Issue XLI
1 bullet

GAZETTE



Old Rattcutter's tip of the day

"You don't need to wash until your crabs leave by their own will."

STIFF CORPSES

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The "Everything for a bullet" franchise wants to say farewell, in the first day of his commercial expansion across the Wasteland, to Marvin the Hooded one. This fella was a bit simple, not very good in trading or in anything else for that matter, but it was a pleasure to strip him clean of his few pins in the lizardcock races. This desert will be a bit more dry without you.

Ruby, after shooting down the Son with the Can and another one of those bald fuckers... finally saw the light after a heated argument with the Flamekeeper. We hope she can keep scavenging in the Heaven of Gears, not in the Valhalla with those other filthy fire-eaters.

Vito Porcini. Mutard hard as few. Luckily, because he died in his first raid. Your 18 brothers, sisters and other things will miss you dearly.

Mama Brains, you always covered the world in your tarry spits, really nasty emanations, but we always thanked you when you aimed them at others and not us or our belongings.

BREAKING NEWS

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The V Reich is itching badly lately. I don't know what the frak can be happening now to those fanatic inbreeds, but it seems that being left behind the great expedition to the Final Waste has busted their balls for the last time (as I see it, they could have gone with the rest if they wanted to, because the invitation was on their table). Thing now is that from Festung Germania we are hearing increasingly hateful messages and Aaron is recruiting new blood as fast as he can so things can turn into a shitstorm in no time. This is a really bad moment for all this to be happening, as the best fighters from the main bands have left with Lizzy to investigate the Waste, so Scrapbridge is now quite helpless. Maybe I shouldn't have written this, on a second thought.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS

¡NEIN, NEIN, NEIN, NEIN!
H31L - Aaron

The Royal Club for Ladies of Samantha is not a brothel, you filthy little perverts!
WH083 - Sammy

I fond an ugly, dirty little girl in Yellow. Come get her soon, because the little brat eats a lot.
34T - Theresa

¿Diesel or gasoline? In the Tex'co refinery we don't give a fuck, we just pump raw oil into your machine.
T3XC0 - Ignatius



NEWS OF THE MONTH

After the brief calm achieved when almost all the factions banded together after the Prometheus affair, it seems things are back to normal and everyone is jumping at everyone else's throats. A feud about a bunch of racing lizardcocks seems to be behind several bands busting their faces and kicking their asses big time.

Although usually these fights only end with some limp scumbag or a punch drunk cultist, bodies have been also piling lately. Their corpses get dumped in the Blossomfield waste ground, that lame shithole where people use to bury their less lucky fellows. You can see a lot going on there, from funeral dirges to praises to the fallen comrades, or curses to the motherfucker who dared dying with a lot of bullets owed here and there which will now never be collected...

We are people with hearts and all (black, rotten and dead hearts, but hearts anyway) and we get paid a handful of bullets for doing so, so we are adding to this Gazette an obuti... orbitu... ¿arbitrary?... well, some sentimental shit written by their former band fellows or the people who knew them best.